

# THE ALAMANCE GLEANER

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## WHAT'S GOING ON

### NEWS REVIEW OF CURRENT EVENTS

#### President Justifies His Nicaragua Policy and Accuses Mexico.

Explaining and justifying his Latin American policy, President Coolidge in a special message to congress related the events that have led up to the administration's action in the case of Nicaragua, and directly accused the Mexican government of promoting the revolution in that country that, he said, is endangering the lives and property of American citizens and the interests of the United States in Nicaragua—the latter being the canal route rights and the lease of a navy base on the Gulf of Fonseca. These rights and American investments, Mr. Coolidge asserted, placed a "peculiar responsibility" on the United States in Central America.

While disclaiming any desire of intervention in their internal affairs, the President declared that "the stability, prosperity, and independence" of the Central American republics "can never be a matter of indifference to us," and served notice on President Calles of Mexico and all others concerned that the United States will not tolerate "the jeopardizing of American interests" and impairment of constitutional government in that region.

"I have the most conclusive evidence," said President Coolidge, "that arms and munitions in large quantities have been on several occasions since August, 1926, shipped to the revolutionists in Nicaragua.

"Boats carrying these munitions have been fitted out in Mexican ports and some of the munitions bear evidence of having belonged to the Mexican government. It also appears that the ships were fitted out with the full knowledge of and, in some cases, with the encouragement of Mexican officials, and were, in one instance, at least, commanded by a Mexican naval reserve officer."

The President told of the starting of the revolution and the election of Adolfo Diaz as president-designate by the congress, arguing that that election was quite constitutional. On Wednesday Secretary of State Kellogg, appearing before the senate foreign relations committee, presented the same arguments, amplified the administration policy and then declared his department was in possession of documentary proof that the Mexican government had been active not only in arming the Nicaraguan revolutionists but also in plotting the bolshevik penetration of Central America to the injury of the United States.

Senator Borah, chairman of the committee, was unconvinced and made a long speech attacking the administration's policy. It was predicted in Washington, however, that the message and Mr. Kellogg's statement would serve to bring a majority of congress to the support of the President in the course he is pursuing. The house committee on foreign affairs also undertook an examination of the situation but spent much of its time in partisan squabbling.

Meanwhile efforts were being made in Nicaragua to bring about peace. Leading liberals proposed a conference and the conservatives seemed willing to hold such a meeting with Rear Admiral Latimer as arbitrator. Sacasa vetoed the plan but it seemed he might be ignored by a large faction of his party. Considerable reinforcements to the American naval forces in Nicaraguan waters were on their way, and Admiral Latimer established new neutral zones.

FROM the Mexican government came a denial, in general terms, of the accusations in President Coolidge's message concerning anti-American plotting in Central America. With this disclaimer was a suggestion that any American aggrieved by enforcement of the oil and alien land laws file a claim for compensation with the Mexican-American mixed claims commission constituted while Mr. Hughes was secretary of state.

However defiant he may seem to be, it is certain President Calles is not looking for trouble with the United States, for he has enough of that already within his own country. There was a new outbreak of Catholic uprisings in various regions in which scores were killed in street fighting and other scores were executed by the government. Bishop Pascual Diaz, secretary of the Catholic episcopate, and other prelates were arrested on charges of sedition, and Monsignor Diaz was taken to Vera Cruz, presumably to be exported. These arrests immediately followed the proclamation, issued in El Paso, Texas, of a state of revolution in Mexico, and the setting up of a government with Rene Capistrano Garza, a Catholic leader, as provisional president. Jose F. Gandara, "chief of military operations," said fifteen thousand rebels were under arms in Mexico, not including various independent groups in the south. Durango and other towns were reported captured by the revolutionists, and an American correspondent says the rebel bands are burning bridges and ranch houses, wrecking railways and generally harassing the government forces.

OVER in China, where our naval forces are active or ready to become so at need, matters seemed to have quieted down a little pending the expected movement of the Cantonese armies against Shanghai. The foreign authorities in that city have formally warned the Chinese against invading the foreign concessions and their police force and volunteer units have been ordered to keep them out by force of arms. Warcraft of the several foreign nations concerned, including the United States, are concentrating at Shanghai. Admiral Williams went from Manila to the U. S. S. Pittsburgh and resumed command of eight American destroyers already there, and Admiral Sir Reginald Tyrwhitt arrived to command the British squadron. All up the Yangtze, whence foreigners were fleeing, the anti-foreign feeling was growing stronger and the prospects for a serious conflict at Shanghai were good.

Eugene Chen, foreign minister of the Cantonese government, urges the United States to take no part in the opposition to the occupation of Shanghai by the Nationalist forces, saying the Cantonese would enter that city, not as conquerors, but as conservers of the work done by the foreigners during the last century. The British authorities in Hankow are reported to have demanded the speedy return of the British concession there. Representatives of the Peking government are said to have "suggested" that the foreign concessions in that city be handed over to the Chinese.

DEFEATED in all their efforts for a "big navy" except a provision for the construction of a new dirigible, the advocates of strong national defenses last week turned their attention to the War department supply bill, seeking to boost the budget bureau figures by about \$8,000,000. Here is what they wanted to do:

1. To increase the army's enlisted personnel from 115,000 to 118,750.
2. To increase the daily ration allowance 5 cents a day per man.
3. To increase the allowance for the National Guard establishment by \$800,000 and that for the officers' organized reserves by \$460,000.
4. To provide increased funds for the reconditioning of the army transport grant and the purchases of 725 additional mules and 15,000 horses.
5. To provide \$310,000 for the erection of sorely needed buildings at West Point.

The house committee rejected most of the budget bureau economies.

FULL indorsement of the new McNary-Haugen farm relief bill was laid before the house agriculture committee by four farm organizations—the American Farm Bureau federation, the Cotton Growers' exchange, the Corn Belt federation and the executive committee of twenty-two. In view of this organized action Chairman Haugen said his committee might not wish to consider further either the Ashwell or Curtis-Crisp bills, particularly since the equalization fee, which has been the center of farm-relief controversy, was approved by a 13-to-6 vote.

The Big spring, which is situated near Manistique.

The immortal hunting grounds of Hiawatha, famed by Longfellow, have changed little since the red men roamed the woods. The advance of civilization has not marred the lonely silence, and a primeval hush protects its traditions.

It was Henry Rowe Schoolcraft, one time Indian agent at Mackinac Island, and Sault Ste. Marie, friend of the Ojibways, who detailed Indian life and

OSTENSIBLY because of his connection with railway and coal companies, the appointment of Cyrus E. Woods of Pennsylvania to the interstate commerce commission was disapproved by the senate committee on interstate commerce by a vote of 8 to 6. The contest thus was transferred to the floor of the senate, where it was expected the senators from Virginia, West Virginia, Tennessee and Kentucky would lead the opposition to Woods and those from Pennsylvania would support the nomination.

The committee held to be unfounded the charge, made by Senator Steck of Iowa, that Senator-elect Brookhart of Iowa had been a paid lobbyist for Woods. Mr. Steck already had withdrawn the charge.

THOROUGH investigation of reported graft and scandal in the operation of the "under cover" branch of the prohibition service will be made by the senate, which adopted a resolution to that effect introduced by Reed of Missouri. Mellon, Andrews and Blair are instructed to furnish all the correspondence in the department relating to the special agents, their orders and their expenditures. This inquiry is expected to bring out the facts concerning the operation by A. Bruce Bielski of a speak-easy club in New York to trap bootleggers and patrons, and also concerning the reported operation of stills by dry agents.

GOVERNOR RITCHIE of Maryland, on his third inauguration, reaffirmed his stand for the rights of states against "encroachment of centralized federal government" and declared summary laws regulating personal practices and relations. He didn't mention next year's Presidential campaign and its possibilities, but all through the hall were gold banners bearing the words: "Ritchie for President."

Governor Moore of New Jersey in his annual message advocated a state prohibition referendum and repeal of the state enforcement act.

GOVERNOR PINCHOT of Pennsylvania has refused to certify, in the usual form, the election of W. S. Vare as senator, according to a letter from him read to the senate. Certifying "that on the face of the returns Vare appears to have been chosen by the qualified electorate," Governor Pinchot expressed the opinion that his nomination was "partly bought and partly stolen" and that the election, as well as the primary, were tainted with frauds.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA may be relied on to keep the country supplied with scandals. Just as the Almee Semple McPherson sensation died with the dismissal of the charges against her, Mrs. Charlie Chaplin began suit for divorce from the famous screen star, whom she accused of all sorts of things, including cruelty and infidelity. Charlie had left Los Angeles, whereupon a court there appointed receivers for all his property and his palatial residence and movie studio. Mrs. Chaplin in her bill estimated her husband's wealth at \$16,000,000, of which she declared \$10,000,000 is community property; from which it is seen that she will demand approximately \$5,000,000 if a decree is granted.

DR. JULIUS CURTIUS, former minister of economics and member of the People's party, has been appointed chancellor of Germany by President von Hindenburg and is trying to form a new cabinet based on a coalition of the bourgeois parties. He has the support of Foreign Minister Stresemann, the chief figure today in German politics, but Herlin is skeptical about his prospects of forming a government that will stand up.

SEVENTY-FIVE children were killed and many others injured as the result of a blaze in a moving picture theater in Montreal. When the flames broke out the children rushed in panic for a door leading from a balcony, and in less than ten minutes the tragedy was over, most of the deaths being from smoke asphyxiation and suffocation.

To the northward broods the solemn and overwhelming majesty of Gitchi-Gumi, Big Sea Water, the mighty Superior. To the south stretch Michigan and Huron. Between these latter sparkles the northern jewel, the Fairy Isle, called Michillimackinac by the Ojibways.

The Tahquamenon or "Black Water" falls are the largest of the northern falls, 50 feet in height and 200 feet wide. Far from the haunts of men, as yet, they are accessible only by river trip from Newberry.

### SECRETS IN THE OLD DRUM

By H. M. EGBERT

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JIMMY SPENCE looked wistfully at his grandfather. He was only five years old, and did not understand many things, but he wondered especially why he must not speak to the old gentleman to whose house he went sometimes.

Nobody would tell him that, not even his grandmother, who was so kind to him. But nothing had ever stood between Josiah Spence and his happiness except his pride. He was called hard, but it was the hardness of a man ready to melt if the proper solvent could be applied.

If his only son, Tom, had been willing to say he was wrong, Josiah would have forgiven him. But the boy had never said he was wrong, not even when he was a baby. So the two had lived within three blocks of each other, and had not spoken for ten years.

Tom was married, and Josiah knew his wife quite well by sight, though he never recognized her. He knew that his wife and Tom's met at Tom's house, and when little Jimmy began to be brought to his home Josiah said nothing. But he would not recognize the lad, or admit his existence.

If Tom had only said he was wrong! Upstairs, in the attic, were Tom's playthings, the woolly horse, the broken soldiers, and the big drum with the slip in it. Sometimes Josiah went up and looked at them and thought of the days when Tom had been his little boy, before the stubborn nature developed in him.

The mother felt that it was Tom's duty to make up with father. Josiah was growing old. If Tom would say he had been to blame! But Tom refused, and it seemed likely that his father would go to his grave without a reconciliation.

She had hoped that little Jimmy's advent would change the situation. But Josiah, although secretly moved by the sight of the child, did not budge from his position. Let Tom say he had been wrong, and he would open his house to him and his wife. In despair, the mother made a final appeal to Tom.

"I won't say I was wrong, because I wasn't," was Tom's answer.

There matters rested, and the years began to go by. Little Jimmy was seven now, and still his grandfather had never spoken to him. Jimmy wondered more and more. Some day he would have to be told.

Josiah Spence was seventy-five. He was growing weaker, and he was softening toward Tom. But he longed for a reconciliation as only a stubborn nature longs for what it cannot obtain.

He was seated in the attic, where he often went now, thinking of the boy he had lost. He was looking over Tom's toys and shaking his head.

"He would never say he was sorry," he muttered. "Let him say he was sorry. If he said that I'd forgive him. Let him say it."

As he fingered the drum the convex edge, brittle with age, parted in his hands. The drum came apart in his hands. To the old man's astonishment he saw that the interior was filled with scraps of paper in a faded, childish writing. He recognized it as Tom's. He picked up one of them.

"Dere father," he read, "I am sorry that I broke the pane of glass yestiddy."

Josiah started. The pane of glass! He remembered that as well as he remembered anything. Tom had thrown a stone and it had gone smash through the window. Tom had hung his head when taxed with it, but had refused to say he had been wrong.

Josiah picked up another. "Dere father," it ran. "I am sorry that I tor my trousers yestiddy."

Josiah did not remember that. Tom must have torn a good many pairs of trousers in his boyhood.

"Dere father," another read. "I am sorry that I got a bad repot from skool."

That Josiah remembered. Tom had done very badly that term, and he had been wilfully defiant. He had even bragged of it.

Josiah picked up scrap after scrap. There must have been fifty of them, covering almost the entire period of Tom's boyhood. The latest of them, in the firm writing of a young fellow of nineteen, ran thus:

am throwing it up because I mean to start out for myself in the electrical business. I would have told you if you had been willing to listen to reason. But you would have it I was wrong. And so I have said nothing. For having wounded you I am sorry."

Josiah laid down the drum and put back the scraps of paper. Tom had made good. Tom had been right. And that was the one time where he should not have said he was sorry. He, Josiah, had been wrong there.

The tears came into his eyes as he thought of the ten years of loneliness. Ten years of missed happiness, and not many more to come. At seventy-five one does not look forward to a great deal. The old man wept.

Presently, moved by an uncontrollable impulse, he took up a pen and paper. "Dear Tom, I am sorry for everything," he wrote, and thrust the scrap of paper into the drum.

He glued the broken ends together lightly and went out with bowed head.

The next day a wonderful thing happened to little Jimmy. His grandfather gave him a drum.

It was so amazing that he was quite incoherent when he got home with his treasure. He showed it to his mother.

"What did he say?" she asked, excitedly.

"Nothing, mamma. He just put it in my hand. Look what a fine drum! Give me something to hit it with, mamma!"

That evening, when the little boy was asleep in bed, she told her husband and showed the drum to him. Tom looked and looked at it.

"It's my old drum!" he cried. "I recognize it. Jean, do you suppose the old man means anything by it?"

"We can't tell, dear," she answered. "Oh, Tom, if only you could say you are sorry."

"And I'd give everything in the world if I could, Jeanie," answered her husband. "But I can't. It's a physical impossibility for me now, because I've never said it. I used to try to when I was a boy, and never could."

"Perhaps your father is the same way," answered Jean.

"Well, there seems to be nothing we can do," said Tom. "But I wonder why he gave Jimmy that drum?"

He took it in his hands, and as he did so the glueing came apart. The drum parted; it dropped the little heap of old letters. Tom stared at them speechlessly as the memory of them came back to him.

"What is this, dear?" asked his wife. "Look! Dere father, I am sorry I sat on yore hat."

"I wrote them," answered Tom grimly. "I used to slip them in there. I couldn't say it to his face."

"Why, they are all confessions, Tom," said Jean. "And who wrote this? 'Dear Tom, I am sorry for everything?'"

Tom took the paper in his father's writing and looked at it. Gently he laid it down. When Jean looked at him she saw that his eyes were full of tears.

"I guess we were both the same, after all," he said.

"Tom, dearest—"

"I'm going to him."

And, twenty minutes later Josiah Spence, implacable, unswerving, opened the door, to see Tom and his wife standing there together. He controlled his emotion with a violent effort, and waited. But the words died on Tom's lips. Then Jean stepped forward.

"He can't say it, but I can," she said. "He's sorry. Tom, aren't you sorry, dear?"

Tom nodded.

"And you, father? Aren't you a tiny little bit sorry?" she continued, to Josiah.

"Sorry? For what, madam?" demanded the old man.

Jean wasn't fazed. "Never mind your tongue—just nod," she said. "You're both the same, you men. Now—aren't you a tiny bit sorry?"

"Not in the least," Josiah answered—and nodded. And with a cry of happiness Jean drew the two men's hands together.

Jimmy is nine now, and he has almost forgotten the days when his grandfather did not speak to him. They are the best of friends and spend hours together in the fields and countryside. Then there are the happy evenings by the fireside, when grandfather tells wonderful stories of Tom's childhood. On the wall hangs the drum. It is cracked and broken, but sometimes grandfather will take it down and show Jimmy how Tom used to march when he was a little boy of his own age.

#### Original Steeplechase

Steeplechase is a horse race in which the competitors have to surmount obstacles, such as hedges and ditches, in order to reach the winning post. The first race of the kind was run in Ireland by a party of fox-hunters, who actually made a distant church steeple the goal of the impromptu race. Such matches soon grew in favor, and steeplechasing became a recognized branch of horse racing.

## North Carolina



Wild Ponies of the Banks.

(Prepared by the National Geographic Society, Washington, D. C.)

WHILE many Southern states are feeling the burden of a huge cotton crop at low prices, North Carolina, which not only raises cotton but has also come to manufacture cotton goods on a large scale, can see the other side of the picture.

North Carolina is passing through a renaissance. Due to her steadily intensifying shift from cotton fields to mill centers and from once-idle streams to throbbing dynamos, she has suddenly rediscovered herself on the threshold of industrial power.

The legendary North Carolinian who in the '60s called his three daughters Rosh, Tar and Turpentine, would today be naming them after cigarette brands, furniture trademarks and cotton-goods patterns.

Charlotte, situated between the big hydroelectric developments along the Catawba and Yadkin rivers, is a plexus of this new industrialism. In the last 25 years the number of textile mills operating within a 100-mile radius of that city has been increased fivefold, with a present spindleage of 10,000,000.

An hour's ride beyond Charlotte is Gastonia, one of the largest textile centers in the United States. Of its 20,000 people, about three-fourths are workers in the 42 mills whose tall stacks cut the sky. Yet, in the town's broad, tree-shaded streets, lined with neat cottages on well-kept, flower-fringed plots, one feels no oppressive sense of concentrated industry, but rather the restfulness of some model suburb, widespread to sun, air and surrounding countryside.

With mill workers' cottages rentable at \$3 a month, with water and electric light free, and a mild climate, necessitating little fuel, which is obtainable at cost, it is not uncommon for mountain families to work at Gastonia long enough to pay off their farm mortgage and then return to the Blue Ridge. Gaston county contains 98 textile mills, which represent one-sixth of the state's total spindleage and consume almost one-third of her cotton crop.

#### Winston-Salem's Factories.

Another center of importance in North Carolina's new industrialism is Winston-Salem. It has been designated "the twin city" since its component towns were merged in 1913, but no twins ever showed greater dissimilarity than old Salem and youthful Winston. Here one has the stately Eighteenth century and the industrial Twentieth century side by side, with a mere street or so acting as the hyphen.

Salem signifies that "peace" which was sought by the persecuted Moravians who founded it in 1753. And that "peace" has never forsaken old Salem. Cross a few streets and one is amid Winston's humming beehives of industrialism, where 15,000 wage-earners are turning out their daily trainloads of manufactured tobacco, furniture and textiles on a scale that leads Uncle Sam to rate Winston-Salem as the South's second industrial city.

A circle enclosing Winston-Salem with the denim center of Greensboro and the furniture center of High Point delimits an industrial patch 30 miles across, representing an annual products value of more than \$300,000,000. Winston-Salem's stamp-sticking machines consume annually the most expensive meal in the world—a matter of \$100,000,000 worth of Uncle Sam's familiar blue imprints. That is the sum of her federal tobacco taxes, which represent one-half of those paid by North Carolina.

From the tobacco standpoint, North Carolina's civic twins are really Winston and Durham. At Durham the

first perfected cigarette-rolling machine was used, and her fame for the "makings" dates back to the Civil war.

Durham finely symbolizes education springing out of industrialism, for it is the seat of Duke university, which is destined by recent bequests to become one of the country's greatest centers of learning. Social welfare springing out of education is as finely symbolized by the nearby state university at Chapel Hill.

#### Land of the Sky.

But all is not industrialism in North Carolina. In the west is Asheville, the gateway to what North Carolinians have well named the Land of the Sky. Never was an altitude of a half mile above sea level so unobvious, in all but the tonic atmosphere. Set in a vast bowl, Asheville is encircled by mountains whose 20 highest peaks top all altitudes in the Eastern states.

It was on the Biltmore estate, near Asheville, that, with the founding of a forestry school, the first steps in American forest conservation were taken. Today there are established in this region, for the protection of watersheds and hardwood reserves, the Cherokee, Nantahala, Unaka and Pisgah national forests. With a boundary which encloses more than 1,700,000 acres, the government had acquired, up to July, 1925, somewhat less than a fourth of this area. In the Pisgah, established in 1916 as a game preserve, native bear and deer roam, trout streams are stocked, and herds of bison and elk have been implanted.

Surrounded by the modernness of Asheville, one scarcely realizes that only 50 miles away mountaineers are living a ruggedly simple existence behind hand-hewn timbers and on small "switchback" farms, with revolutionary looms and spinning-wheels alongside their chimney pieces of native rock.

#### The Coastal Region.

A totally different part of the state is the coastal region with its low lands, its numerous sounds and channels and its off-shore islands of sand—"the Banks." For centuries wild horses have been roaming the Banks, and current tradition has it that they are descended from Barbary ponies which were brought over by Sir Walter Raleigh's colonists. From time to time these "banker ponies" are rounded up and driven into corrals made of timber from old wrecks. It is a scene with a far Western tang, flying hoofs, swinging lariats, and the flash of branding irons. After the branding and calling out, the likeliest animals are auctioned off. They bring now only \$6 a head. A few years ago these putative descendants of Raleigh's "little Barbary ponies" were bringing from \$50 to \$125 apiece.

On the ocean side of the Hatteras banks one finds the greatest wreck area on the Atlantic coast. Along the beach are the skeletons of what were once ships, now blanched victims of the sea and sand, their upstanding ribs resembling files of gravestones, their forests of protruding spikes being the grisly grass of the desert-like expanse. At one point there are 14 wrecks within 100 yards.

Off the great apex of the Banks are those dreaded quicksands, the Diamond shoal. They are the more to be dreaded because off Hatteras, due to the enormous tonnage of steel hulls embedded in the Diamond, there is a magnetic deviation sometimes amounting to eight degrees.

The farther northward one follows the Banks, the more remote and resourceless seems the life of the people. Often it appears to be mere existence, as of castaways who have taken root on this two-mile width of sand bar, 40 miles off shore.

#### Move in Michigan to Save "Hiawatha Land"

Four state parks in that section of Michigan's upper peninsula called Hiawatha land may be purchased by the state to preserve a share of the Indian country if a project under way by the state department of conservation is successful. The sites, now privately owned, are Tahquamenon falls, the Pictured Rocks, Porcupine mountains, in the vicinity of Ontonagon, and, most unique of all, Kitch-it-ki-pl.