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DOINGS OF THE WEEK

NEWS REVIEW OF CURRENT EVENTS

Secretary Kellogg States Administration Policy in China Mix-Up.

By EDWARD W. PICKARD

AMERICAN lives and property in China will be protected by the government of the United States so long as the Chinese authorities fail to protect them, and Admiral Williams, in command of the naval forces sent there, has broad instructions to act either alone or in co-operation with the forces of other powers. Our government, however, feels sincere friendship for China and looks with sympathy on the efforts of the Chinese to reorganize their government, and is ready to negotiate new treaties with them as soon as conditions are right.

Such, briefly, is the administration's policy as set forth by Secretary of State Kellogg in a public statement which was called to China and other countries.

"The government of the United States," says the secretary, "has watched with sympathetic interest the nationalistic awakening of China and welcomes every advance made by the Chinese people toward reorganizing their system of government."

"The government of the United States expects, however, that the people of China and their leaders will recognize the right of American citizens in China to protection of life and property during the period of conflict for which they are not responsible. In the event that the Chinese authorities are unable to afford such protection it is, of course, the fundamental duty of the United States to protect the lives and property of its citizens. It is with the possible necessity for this in view that American naval forces are now in Chinese waters."

"This government wishes to deal with China in a most liberal spirit. It holds no concessions in China and has never manifested any imperialistic attitude toward that country. It desires, however, that its citizens be given equal opportunity with the citizens of the other powers to reside in China, and to pursue their legitimate occupations without special privileges, monopolies, or spheres of special interest or influence."

Great Britain has recognized the growth of Chinese nationalism and the necessity for revising the unequal treaties now existing, but she is determined that the British concession at Shanghai shall not be taken from her by force. Therefore 15,000 or more troops are being sent there from England and India, the forces including airplanes, tank corps, hospital ship and nurse and medical units. The first of these troops to arrive in Shanghai were the royal Indian Punjab troops from Hongkong. A thousand marines led the movement from England, and they were followed rapidly by other detachments. The foreign concessions at Shanghai were surrounded by strong barbed wire entanglements, all approaches were covered by heavy artillery and machine guns, great stores of munitions were laid in and warehouses and public buildings were turned into barracks. The foreign settlement authorities planned the establishment of a neutral area five miles wide about the city, and the conservative leaders of the Chinese nationalists endorsed this idea, asking United States Consul General Gann to undertake establishment of such a zone. They said the landing of British troops was likely to precipitate anti-foreignism and that the Cantonese were ready to agree not to advance their troops nearer to Shanghai than 25 miles in order that peace might be preserved there.

By a unanimous vote—79 to 0—the senate adopted the Robinson resolution endorsing arbitration of the dispute with Mexico over the right of the Calles government to expropriate the properties of American citizens acquired before the Mexican constitution of 1917 went into effect. This

senate is on record as opposed to the policy of the administration, which has been in effect that the right to confiscate those properties without compensation is not subject to arbitration. Should the President carry out his implied threat to withdraw recognition of the Calles government he presumably would not be backed up by the senate, and the house might follow the example of the upper chamber.

Though they all voted for the resolution, some of the senators expressed doubts of its wisdom, among them being King of Utah, Democrat, and Lenroot of Wisconsin, Republican. Hefflin of Alabama broke loose again, advocating the measure, attacking the Catholics and Reed of Missouri and giving the discussion a political and personal color that was not warranted. It is generally understood that the adoption of the resolution was brought about largely by the extensive campaign of propaganda carried on by Protestant church organizations. It is a re-affirmation of the national desire of America to settle quarrels by arbitration rather than by arms, but its practical benefit in this particular case is doubtful. Probability of war with Mexico was and is most remote, and even in Mexico the government authorities seem to think their government will not accept the conditions laid down by the American senate as necessary for arbitration. What effect the senate's action may have on American politics and the next Presidential campaign is a matter of conjecture. President Coolidge and Secretary Kellogg appear to have been willing that the senate should relieve them of the responsibility of selecting a course to be pursued by the administration in dealing with an exceedingly troublesome controversy.

Insurgent Catholics in Mexico have been defeated in numerous engagements, and now the rebels are putting forth statements seeking to enlist the sympathy of Americans and other foreigners.

HOUSE and senate conferees agreed on a new radio bill whose passage seemed assured. It creates a radio commission of five members, one from each of five zones into which the country is divided. They are appointed by the President and receive a salary of \$10,000 each for the first year and \$30 a day thereafter while engaged on the work of the body.

The commission during its first year is given power to classify radio stations, prescribe the nature of the service to be rendered by each class of licensed stations and each station within any class, assign bands of frequencies of wave lengths, determine the location of classes of stations or individual stations, regulate the kind of apparatus to be used by stations, make such regulations as it may deem necessary to prevent interference between stations, establish areas or zones to be served by any station, and make special regulations applicable to radio stations engaged in chain broadcasting. After the first year the commission becomes an appellate body, the Department of Commerce assuming original jurisdiction.

ASSISTANT SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY ANDREW S. BLAIR reported to the senate concerning the activities of "under cover" agents of the prohibition unit. They admitted and partly justified three outstanding instances of the methods of those agencies, but disavowed the adoption of a policy of "enforcement by entrapment." The report revealed the fact that Federal Judge Frank Cooper of the Northern district of New York had suggested one entrapment scheme to catch liquor smugglers on the Canadian border and later had inflicted the maximum penalties on violators brought before him. Representatives Celler and La Guardia of New York introduced resolutions for an investigation of Judge Cooper's action which may yet lead to his impeachment.

WHILE the army's good will flight aviators are making their way gradually and fairly successfully down the west coast of South America, another squadron of our force has been on a similar though much less ambitious excursion into Canada.

to be paid out for pensions of one kind or another, a total of \$350,000,000 out of a budget of about \$2,000,000,000. The pension load equals 70 per cent of all payments, including reparations, which Germany is making as a sequel to the war. More than 57,000 former civilian officials, 36,000 army and navy officers, who served under the former emperor and the republic are drawing as much as \$8,000 a year each. War casualties number 768,000, to which are added 370,981 war widows,

Twelve scout planes from Selfridge field, Michigan, flew up to Ottawa and gave a fine exhibition to admiring thousands. Thence they went to Montreal, and from there down the St. Lawrence river and across Lake Ontario to Buffalo, and back to Michigan, passing north of Lake Erie. Major Lanphier was in command of the squadron.

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE'S nomination of Cyrus E. Woods of Pennsylvania to be a member of the Interstate Commerce Commission was rejected by the senate by a vote of 28 to 49. Confirmation was opposed by both Republicans and Democrats from West Virginia, Virginia, Tennessee and Kentucky, which states are arrayed against Pennsylvania in a pending coal cargo case. A petitioner in that case is the Pittsburgh Coal company with which Mr. Woods formerly was connected. He also admitted that he holds more than \$200,000 in securities of railroads and coal concerns. The insurgent Republicans voted solidly against Mr. Woods. It was said at the White House that the President would accept the senate's action as final.

BEN B. LINDSEY, founder of the juvenile court of Denver and a national figure, was ordered ousted from the bench of that tribunal by the Colorado Supreme court, which decided that he was defeated in the 1924 election by Royal R. Graham, who died more than a year ago. Judge Lindsey declared he would continue in office until the next general election produces a qualified successor. Other authorities thought the decision left the position vacant until filled by appointment by the county board.

OF THE several sensational court cases current last week, one came to a close when Rev. J. Frank Norris, militant pastor of Fort Worth, Texas, was acquitted of the charge of murdering D. E. Chipps, friend of persons whom the minister had been attacking in sermons. The jury accepted the theory of the defense, that Norris shot Chipps because he thought the latter was about to kill him. The verdict was expected.

Efforts to have the separation suit of "Peaches" Browning against her millionaire husband heard in private were frustrated, so the newspaper-reading public is being regaled with the unsavory details of the married life of the New Yorker and his child bride. These were bad enough in all conscience last week, and worse was predicted.

The Chaplin divorce case is for the present a contest between the government and Mrs. Chaplin for possession of the screen comedian's discovered funds, with Uncle Sam seemingly holding the winning hand. Mrs. Chaplin wants to collect the alimony allotted her, but the government tied up the money by claims for income taxes. Charlie was allowed to post a bond and get the money he had in a New York bank, but the funds in California remained under a lien.

DATU TAHIL, a Moro chief, and several hundred followers, have been entrenched in a fort on Sulu island for some time, defying 200 members of the Philippine constabulary. This is not an unusual occurrence, but is made especially interesting by the fact that one of the Datu's wives is Princess Tarbata Kiram, daughter of the sultan of Sulu and not long ago a coed in the University of Illinois. She sought to dissuade her husband from revolting, and, failing, cast in her lot with his. The constabulary commander delayed his attack on the rebels because he feared she would be killed and that this would cause a general uprising. At this writing the outcome of the affair is not known.

LYMAN J. GAGE, secretary of the treasury under Presidents McKinley and Roosevelt and for many years a leading banker in Chicago, is dead at his home in Point Loma, Calif., at the age of ninety. One of his notable achievements was the popularizing of the American war loan during the Spanish-American war in 1898. The entire loan of \$200,000,000 was subscribed in amounts of less than \$4,500 by more than 320,000 persons.

Buffalo milk is being tried in China.

THE MOVING SPIRIT

By GEORGE E. COBB

(Copyright by W. G. Chapman.)

"NEW neighbors, Exra," announced Mrs. Perkins.

"That so? Hope we don't lose them as quick as we did the last ones."

"Maybe that was our own fault," submitted his wife. "They sort of perked up with their stiff city ways and it nettled me. You was down with that spell of rheumatism most of the time and Walden was away at school. It's lonesome and dismal to see the place next door vacant all the while. Besides, every new family we try to stay helps the town. Let us try and make this new family stay."

"Who are they?" inquired Mr. Perkins.

"Their names is Purteile—father, mother, young lady."

"Just match us, don't they?" suggested Mr. Perkins. "Well, you're the moving spirit, Janet, and me and the boy will follow the leader."

Ned Perkins and his father humbly took heed to quite a lecture that evening. Mrs. Perkins showed that she not only had studied out a plan as to the treatment of their prospective neighbors, but had pursued certain inquiries that had resulted in the gleaming of a good deal of information regarding them.

"They never lived in a country town before, I understand," said Mrs. Perkins. "Mr. Purteile has just retired from business and his wife has worn herself out with her social duties, fusing for company, I suppose that means. The girl is just out of school. She is in love with flowers, chickens, everything that grows and runs. They are real nice people."

"I don't doubt it, if you say so, fanet," observed her husband. "And they will be good neighbors."

"You said a young lady in the family, eh?" remarked Ned thoughtfully.

"Yes, and you be good to her—them, Ned," warned his mother.

"I will to her—them," pledged Ned, with a broad smile.

"Now the city people are slow to get acquainted with," went on Mrs. Perkins. "Don't intrude yourself. Be pleasant, but dignified. Show them all the kindness you can. Above all, do everything in your power to set them in love with the country life. Now, Ned, do spare enough time from your athletics and fishing to pay some attention to these good people."

"Mother mine," responded Ned with unsightly alacrity, "I'll do just that thing, and as to the fishing—why, I'll have this Miss—Miss—"

"Yes, Edna Purteile."

"Miss, Edna a member of the Anglers' club inside of a week!"

"Don't be too forward, Ned," warned his mother.

That evening two big vans loaded with furniture arrived, and nearly all night long their drivers were putting up shades, laying down rugs and getting the house generally in order.

It was not until after dusk the next evening that two members of the Purteile family, mother and daughter, arrived. Ned was away fishing at the time, but his mother informed him of the circumstances upon his return.

ing mother," demurred Edna, and ran into the house.

Ned was charmed. More than that, he was smitten. He managed to be at his post in the garden immediately after breakfast. He observed Edna looking wistfully towards the cherry tree at the back of the Perkins house.

"I never saw cherries grow before," she said wistfully.

"Why don't you get a basket and pick some?" he insinuated, "in your own orchard?"

"Our orchard?"

"Why, yes. That strip back of you is free to you. Lot law out in the country, you know?"

Edna regarded him keenly and suspiciously, but his face was an innocent blank. The audacious fellow did not explain to Edna that it was a continuation of the Perkins lot that went around the new neighbor's domain.

She went wild with delight as he got a stepladder, held the basket and let her pick the ripe, bursting globes in "her orchard." In fact, up till nearly noon they were together and Ned forgot all about his fishing.

Later that day a coop of chickens arrived. Edna filled over the fence to know if Ned couldn't come over and get the new arrivals into the chicken house. This led to an introduction to Mrs. Purteile, who showed herself well pleased with the young man.

"And when will there be some eggs? When do the chickens lay most?" flattered Edna.

"Why—well, night times mostly," reported Ned unflinchingly.

"Then there will be some fresh eggs for breakfast in the morning!" cried Edna delightedly.

There was, notwithstanding that Ned had discovered that the imported brood consisted mostly of roosters. In the morning with a scream of wild joy Edna discovered nearly two dozen eggs, surreptitiously placed in the nests before daylight by the obliging Ned.

Again a day of rare companionship, Cupid forging the chains closer and closer as the sunny hours went by. Then Edna was full of the theme of the little chicks. A "setting" was duly provided for by Ned.

"And when will the little darlings be ripe?" inquired the eager novice in rural ways.

"Well," responded Ned slowly with cold devoted serenity, "with warm weather, by morning."

"Oh, I shall be awake at daylight!" declared the excited enthusiast.

"So will I!" voted Ned, and he was. At the weird hour of midnight he had substituted a new brood of their own for the setting.

Mr. Purteile arrived at the end of the week. He stared hard at Edna, as she introduced Ned, as if he were some old-time chum. Then there was a closer acquaintance of the members of the family all around. One day the truant pair came home consciously flustered.

"I asked her and I love her," Ned told Mr. Purteile promptly.

"Humph!" growled Mr. Purteile, good naturedly enough, "and what about the false pretenses of cherries, eggs and the like?"

"Oh, that shows his kind disposition, papa!" chirped Edna. "I saw through the humbug of his 'lot law' and twelve-hour chickens all the time, but he was so obliging—so anxious to please me, that I led him on because—why, because," acknowledged the blushing maid, "I—I loved him."

At England's Tip



Land's End, Southernmost Tip of England.

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

THE coast of England's southwestern peninsula that tapers out to Land's End is an unfriendly coast with its heavy sea and winds and thick fogs, and a dangerous one. Its rocks are ever ready to tear holes in the stoutest vessel; its currents are ever ready to drive them on. But it is a picturesque coast; a wonderfully beautiful coast, both upon summer days and in winter storms; a coast with many harbors, none too easy of entrance by reason of rocks and tides, many impossible for any but the smallest craft, but all made as serviceable as natural difficulties permit.

There is Penzance, the sunny pleasure-loving little sea city, whence came those picturesque stage pirates that made tenuous our youth. The coast is so more beautiful here on Mounts Bay than elsewhere to east or west; not so rugged or so wild as on Cornwall's northern shore, but the curve of green cliff is very smooth and lovely, the sun shines warmly; the roses bloom; every baby ripple murmurs a sea story; every tiny breeze brings a legend. It is a fascinating place not only for what it is, but what it suggests.

There is Little Mousehole, on her right, beyond Newlyn—lovely Newlyn, beloved of fishermen and artists. Mousehole ("Mousel," in local speech) was an important port before London was a town.

As for Marazion, to her left, who shall measure her years? According to Cornish history, "in the days of Ezekiel the prophet" it was already an important city, to which Phoenician merchants came for tin. For a town which has entertained Phoenicians and giants and has looked for centuries at a castled island floating in a marvelous sea, Marazion is remarkable dull. No one goes there except to visit the island which gives the bay its name.

St. Michael's Mount.

St. Michael's Mount, little brother to Mont St. Michel off the Breton coast, is a rocky islet 230 feet high and a half mile from shore, with which it is connected by a natural causeway uncovered for about three hours at ordinary low tides. With southwest gales the island may remain an island for weeks, and with high seas be inaccessible even to boats. It is a most picturesque pile; its steep grassy slopes, in spring-time yellow with a million daffodils, crowned with the irregular jumble of chapel and castle and ringed by a gleaming sea.

It has much history. Like the other St. Michael, it stood once in a forest and was pagan, Christian, druidical; it has been tenanted by saint and dinner, soldier, monk, and knight. Dearest to the heart, perhaps, is the story of Cormoran, whom later Jack-the-Giant-Killer slew, dearest perhaps because of the memories of little girls and boys who loved the story long ago.

We may follow the coast-line eastward and southward to the Lizard, passing the great wireless station upon Poldhu, or cut across the little neck of land to Falmouth, a very fair harbor. Mezavissey, beyond, is but a fishing port, where pilchards sometimes become sardines; but Fowey, to which we next come, has considerable past importance and present pride.

Polperro a Charming Place.

Eastward from Fowey upon the coast, in a cleft so narrow, so jagged, so rocky one wonders why men chose it for a home. It is Polperro, the most picturesque, the most unspoiled of Cornish fishing ports, retaining all its ancient dignity of life and labor unflattered by the summer villas now beginning to crowd the cliffs above its head.

Polperro is a fishing town but it did not always depend upon fish for a living. In the days when smuggling was a profession, if not an art, Polperro had few rivals, and, reading old tales, one sees quite clearly why men chose these clefts for habitations. Conveniently near are coves and caves, undiscoverable by the keenest customs officers, and boatmen could sail in and out of these narrow rock-bound harbors fearing no pursuit.

Let us look attentively at Polperro at its closely huddled houses, built on and in and of the rock; its roses and fuchsias and clematis, which bloom as luxuriantly as in southern climes; for these rock clefts are sheltered from winter winds and warmed by the southern sun; at its little rock-bound gleaming harbor, where at high tide the boats rock lazily and at low water a thousand silvery gulls pick up their dainty feet discreetly in the ooze; at its steep, slippery cliffs whence one has such glorious breezy views of sea and rock and headland and of the warm sheltered valley at one's feet.

Polperro attends to its own business, and that does not include catering to tourists. There are, always artists at Polperro. They and the fishermen observe each other, become friends, perhaps; but business is not mentioned between them.

Clovelly fills a rock cleft on the north Devon shore as Polperro does upon the southern Cornish one, but there all comparisons end. Clovelly may be still an earnest fishing village, but her looks belie it. "The most exquisite village in England" some one called her, and she deserves the title.

From the coach-road where, at the top of the cliffs, you enter upon Clovelly's one street, to the sea; or if you come by boat, from the harbor to Hobby Drive, and the public road everything is dainty, elegant of its kind, groomed to impossible perfection. No whitewash gleams whiter or bluer or more delicately yellow than here at Clovelly; no roses, fuchsias, clematis, nor lilies bloom in more profusion; no trees are richer and greener, no vines more luxuriantly graceful than there. Never a bit of paper litter that one stony street, more stalwart than roadway; no speck of dust mars shining windows or spotless curtains; no noise of railroads, of trolley cars, of traffic, breaks the soft stillness of this village.

Tintagel of Arthurian Legend.

At Tintagel more than at any place, perhaps, what we bring measures what we take away. Come full of the Arthurian legend; come with Tennyson, with Hawker, with Mallory, and, in spite of "modern criticism," you will savor nought but romance. Here are the ruins of Tintagel about you; across the chasm the yet more formless remains of Terrabil, the twin fortresses known to the earliest Cornish earls, Roman, Saxon, Norman has built here; but it is not for architecture or archeology that one comes here; it is for romance. Tintagel is not a port. Occasionally a boat comes in under the cliff with supplies for the village, but houses are few and there is little fishing. Port Isaac, farther down the coast, is a typical Cornish port. A steep carriage road descends to Port Isaac; and the little stone houses of the village cling to the sides of the ravine as best they can. St. Ives sits by a smooth circle of sea into which a tongue of rocky land thrusts a bold curving headland, inclosing an inner harbor in the great sweep of the bay. Here by the sea dwells the "real" St. Ives, close-pressed, low-crouched, stone-built to withstand the worst storms of sea and time. At St. Ives we touch "modern conveniences" once more and can take a train—very reluctantly, so some say—back to London.

Germany Grumble at Nation's Pension List

The generous pension policy of the German Reich, which has caused numerous political battles in the Reichstag and has drawn fire from foreign countries on the ground that such a drain on the treasury impairs Germany's ability to pay reparations, is again stirring the parties of the left. The budget for 1927 reveals that 17.5 per cent of all governmental expenditures, excluding reparations, is

to be paid out for pensions of one kind or another, a total of \$350,000,000 out of a budget of about \$2,000,000,000.

The pension load equals 70 per cent of all payments, including reparations, which Germany is making as a sequel to the war.

More than 57,000 former civilian officials, 36,000 army and navy officers, who served under the former emperor and the republic are drawing as much as \$8,000 a year each.

War casualties number 768,000, to which are added 370,981 war widows,

917,000 orphans, 256,162 parents of the war dead; 31,000 widows of government officials.

Of the six former chancellors drawing pensions, Prince Bernhard von Buelow, who is wealthy, is listed as receiving 27,600 marks annually (about \$6,350). Dr. Georg Michaelis, who was chancellor for three months, 27,000 marks, and Dr. William Cuno, director general of the Hamburg-American line, 18,285 marks.

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