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WHAT'S GOING ON

NEWS REVIEW OF CURRENT EVENTS

Floods and Tornadoes Work Havoc in Middle West—Atrocity in Mexico.

By EDWARD W. PICKARD

WIND and water wrought havoc throughout the Middle West during the week. Scores of lives were lost, many thousands of persons were driven from their homes, and immense damage, as yet impossible to estimate, was done to property. All down the lower Mississippi valley the river levees were giving way and the waters, increased by heavy rains and driven by high winds, were rushing through towns and submerging farm lands. Refugees by the hundreds were gathered, often unsheltered, on higher ground awaiting succor and in some of their camps, notable along the St. Francis river in Arkansas, measles, whooping cough and mumps broke out.

In southwestern Kansas the rivers were fed by cloudbursts and rose to record heights, inundating vast areas and isolating many towns. The Neosho, Verdigris and Cottonwood rivers were out of their banks. In the region surrounding Kansas City the high waters of the Missouri and Kansas rivers caused extended floods.

Monday and Tuesday a series of tornadoes swept across north Texas, Oklahoma, Missouri, parts of Kansas and through central Illinois. About fifty lives were lost in these storms, twenty-two of the fatalities being in Illinois, and hundreds were injured. Property losses in towns and on farms were severe.

Relief for the flood and storm sufferers was swiftly started by the Red Cross and by state and municipal governments. The War department supplied tents and the soldiers and medical officers of the National Guard in the states affected gave efficient aid.

MEXICAN bandits broke all records for atrocity in that country when they attacked a passenger train near La Barca in the state of Jalisco. The cars were filled with people returning from the Holy week holidays at Lake Chapala and a guard of fifty soldiers was aboard. The bandits, numbering about 500, derailed the train, killed all the soldiers with gun fire, slaughtered many of the passengers and then locked the cars, saturated them with gasoline and set them afire. The scene that followed was horrible beyond description. Scores of persons, mostly women and children, were burned to death and many of those who broke out of the cars were shot down or clubbed mercilessly. It was believed that more than 100 were killed, in addition to the military guard. Only the passengers who were in two steel Pullman cars escaped death or injury. Among the victims was Donna Refugio Obregon de Ponce de Leon, eldest daughter of General Obregon, former president of Mexico. It was believed the bandits were under the command of a chieftain named Jesus Barajas.

President Calles issued a statement charging that the massacre was perpetrated by rebel bandits under the leadership of Catholic priests and that the latter "received instructions from the episcopate." He said the military escort put up a three-hour resistance against the attacking band, which was headed personally by the priests Vega, Pedraza, and Angulo, the lawyer Loza, who was a member of the League for Defense of Religious Liberty, and a bandit known as "El Cutore" (Number 14).

MODERATES of the Chinese Nationalist party formally established their capital in Nanking, with Gen. Chiang Kai-shek in control, and the split between them and the communists at Hankow seemed definite. The moderates impeached the Hankow group, and the latter in turn deposed Chiang as commander in chief and ordered his arrest and punishment; Marshal Feng Yu-hsiang, formerly called the "Christian general,"

was named to succeed Chiang. The moderate leader continued his efforts to drive the Red labor unions out of business in Shanghai, Canton and elsewhere. His new commissioner of foreign affairs, Quo Tai-chi, stated his belief that the "real Kuomintangists," including Mrs. Sun Yat-sen, Tan Yen-kai, Sun Fo, and others, shortly will desert Hankow for Nanking. He does not expect armed clashes between the Nanking and Hankow factions and declares General Chiang will immediately continue the campaign against Gen. Chang Tso-lin and Gen. Chang Chung-chang along the Tientsin-Pakow railway.

Respecting the future attitude of the Nanking government toward the powers, Quo declared: "There is absolutely no change in the Kuomintang party's program respecting the foreigners. We will treat those nations as equal which accord Nationalist China equal treatment."

The sudden shift of Nationalist headquarters from Hankow to Nanking was rather embarrassing to the powers, which were gathering war vessels at the former place apparently for the purpose of enforcing their demand for reparation for the Nanking outrages. The British press in Shanghai thought the forming of the new government was a scheme to avoid responsibility for the Nanking incident.

Marshal Chang in Peking announced that examination of partly burned papers found when the Russian military attaché's office was raided revealed a document from the Third Internationale at Moscow giving directions for the massacre of all foreigners in order to bring about intervention in China as a preliminary to a world revolution. The Peking government sent word to Moscow that the raid was not on the embassy proper but on other buildings in the compound; that while diplomats enjoyed special immunities, they did not have the right to carry on illegal practices.

In carrying out the defense program of the legation quarter in Peking, with consent of the Chinese authorities, it was found the gates of the Russian compound were locked. American marines scaled the wall and forced the gates, after which the guards of the other powers entered and took control of the wall.

Northern troops still were holding Pukow, on the Yangtse opposite Nanking, and firing between the two cities was carried on daily. Several times the northerners fired at American and British vessels that were passing and the latter returned the fire effectively. It was reported in Shanghai that Marshal Sun Chuan-fang, formerly overlord of Shanghai and five rich provinces, and who recently defeated the Nationalists along the Yangtse, had joined that party and had been made defense commissioner of northern Kiangsu, the chief salt revenue area.

JAPAN is experiencing a financial crisis which already has brought about the temporary suspension of several banks; although the Bank of Japan is aiding the smaller financial institutions. The Bank of Formosa also was in trouble, following the failure of the great exporting and importing house of Suzuki, and the cabinet planned to assist it. But the privy council did not approve so Premier Wakatsuki and his ministers resigned. Baron Tanaka was made premier and formed what was agreed upon as a strong cabinet, himself holding the portfolio of foreign minister. The public felt reassured by the financial troubles were not over, for on Wednesday the Fifteenth bank, one of the largest in the country, suspended for three weeks.

IN THE course of the week's desultory fighting between the government forces and the liberals in Nicaragua the latter several times fired on detachments of American marines which were guarding railways. The marines, who suffered no casualties, dispersed the attackers with machine gun fire, killing a few of them. It is the impression in Managua that the rebels are making attacks on the marines in order to force the American government to take charge of the country. Henry L. Stimson, investigator for President Coolidge, is holding conferences with various officials

rumblings of growing opposition in various groups that aim to be prepared to assume power in event of "an emergency."

Lack of harmony among the followers of Pilsudski is pronounced. He is supported by a majority of the country, but the support is purely personal. He has made no attempt to create other ties than sentiment for himself. Pilsudski is a man of today. Tomorrow may take care of itself.

The lack of consistency of the Pilsudski cabinet is partly explained by

and business men, and there is a good chance that what he recommends will amount to active intervention for the restoration and preservation of order.

FEDERAL DISTRICT JUDGE G. M. BOURQUIN at San Francisco has ruled that the seizure of the steamer Federalship on the high seas, the arrest of its captain and crew and the confiscation of its million dollar cargo of liquor by coast guard vessels was illegal and a "sheer aggression and trespass" by the United States authorities, contrary to treaty. He also declared that, "a decent respect for the opinions of mankind, national honor, harmonious relations between nations and avoidance of war requires that the contracts represented by treaties shall be scrupulously observed, held inviolate and in good faith, precisely performed—requires that treaties shall not be reduced to mere scraps of paper."

WHEN the "White House spokesman," in reply to rumors that Secretary of State Kellogg was to resign and was to be succeeded by Secretary of Commerce Hoover, declared that Mr. Kellogg had no intention of quitting his post and that if he did, Mr. Hoover would not be given it, a lot of people assumed that this was meant as a slap at Mr. Hoover. To counteract this impression a warm tribute to the secretary of commerce was made public at the White House. It explained that President Coolidge rather assumed in denying published reports that Mr. Hoover was slated to succeed Mr. Kellogg that it was unnecessary to make mention of his high regard for Mr. Hoover's abilities. The President recognizes that Mr. Hoover's reputation is so well established both in this country and abroad that he doubts very much if he would be able to shake it even if he wished to do so. Mr. Hoover has achieved big things, the President realizes, and the public everywhere has confidence in him. The President regards Mr. Hoover as possessing the ability to fill any position in the cabinet which he might be willing to accept.

STOCKHOLDERS of the United States Steel corporation at the annual meeting ratified the proposal of the directors by which the outstanding share capital will be increased from \$868,583,600 par value to \$1,071,904,000. Of this \$203,321,000 in common stock will be passed along to stockholders in the form of a 40 per cent stock dividend.

Actually the stock dividends, the first distribution of the kind in the corporation's history, is worth to the stockholders \$294,815,450, which is the market value of the additional shares on a "when issued" basis. The entire outstanding share capital of the corporation will have a market value when issued of approximately \$1,671,000,000. The new stock will be placed on the same 7 per cent annual dividend basis as the original common shares.

GOV. AL SMITH'S eagerly awaited reply to Charles C. Marshall's article in the Atlantic Monthly is printed in that magazine and is about what his admirers hoped for. He stands, as "an American Catholic," for complete separation of church and state. His answer embodies a creed that recognizes no power in his church superior to the Constitution of the United States and holds all churches equal before the law and the public school "as one of the cornerstones of American liberty."

UPON motion of defense counsel, Judge Raymond at Detroit granted an order of mistrial in the million-dollar libel suit of Aaron Sapiro against Henry Ford. The reason for this action was that Mrs. Cora Hoffman, one of the jurors, had granted an interview the substance of which appeared in the Detroit Times. Judge Raymond expressly cleared Mrs. Hoffman of allegations made in a series of affidavits by Ford detectives and other employees that she had discussed a \$10,000 bribe with one "Kid" Miller, and that she had wrongly stated she was a qualified juror, and asserted disbelief that Sapiro had indulged in any misconduct, as asserted in the affidavits.

the lack of unity among its members, as royalist land-owners collaborate with difficulty with the Socialist leaders. These discussions often are manifested by the activities of individual members in open contradiction to the policy of the cabinet as a whole.

Roman Dmowski, who has been endeavoring to form a strong organization which would be the nucleus of a government system after the end of the present dictatorship, hopes to step into Pilsudski's shoes, and is working toward that end.

WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN

(By D. J. Walsh.)

MYRA LANE crossed the threshold and sat down mute before the question in her husband's eyes. Finally he spoke. "Well?" She shook her head. "He says he cannot wait any longer. He says the mortgage is long past due, both on the house and on the furniture. He says the only sensible thing for us to do is to go and live with our children. Our children!" bitterly.

The old man smote his hands together in despair. "If it had not been for my sickness we might have managed. Oh, God! It is awful to be old and sick and poor."

"Strange you didn't get any word from Will or Nellie when you told 'em we were going to be turned out?" She said nothing, and he studied her face. "Mother, did you hear from the children?" A spasm of pain swept her face. "Mathew, I just couldn't bear to tell you, and I guess you'll have to know. Our children have no room for us."

The old man stared at her in shocked incredulity. "Myra! Our children said that?" The look on her face convinced him, and his head sank on his breast. He raised pathetic eyes to hers. "Mother, I wished we might have died before we knew that. Our Will and Nellie! I knew they were selfish, but I never thought they'd do that." He covered his face with trembling hands.

"Oh, Mathew, don't take it so hard. Of course they each had reasons, and expected the other to take us. Nellie said that with such a houseful of young people as she had she thought Will should take us, and Will's wife wrote that their apartment was so small, and Nellie having a big house, she thought we had better go there." She hesitated for a moment, then with her habit of facing things squarely she went on. "I'll have to tell you, Mathew. We have used our last dollar and there is no food in the house, even if Morley had let us keep the house longer. I am—I am afraid we will have to go to the poorhouse, or—" She stopped, afraid to say what was in her mind, but he spoke with unaccustomed resolution. "We won't go to the poorhouse, Myra. We have always tried to do what was right and bore our troubles without complaining, and I know the Lord won't hold it against us if we refuse that cup. We are so old that it could not be for long anyway, and no Lane ever went to the poorhouse." His wife's face brightened. "I hoped you'd feel that way, Matt. It cannot be so very wrong. If young Matt were here things would be different." The old man sighed. "Yes, he was always a good boy, but a rover. I wish we might have seen him again."

In the morning Myra rose, bathed and dressed herself in her best. She then aroused Mathew and assisted him to bathe and dress himself in his decent black suit. This done she made a cup of tea and toasted a little bread, all she had, and they ate their breakfast together. She put the house in order, then stood in thought, her gaze fixed on the picture of her children, which hung on the wall. She took it down, wrapped it carefully, then sat down and wrote a letter.

"Dear Will and Nellie," she wrote. "We have to give the house up today; so we are going away. Do not worry about us, for we are going to a kind friend who will let us need for nothing. If your brother Mathew comes back, give him our dear love, and tell him we thought of him always."

"You, Loving Father and Mother." This she addressed and sealed, and put in plain sight. Her preparations completed, Myra brought Mathew's hat and cane, put on her own cloak and hat, took up the picture she had wrapped, and assisted Mathew to rise. Outside, she locked the door, put the key under the mat where every one knew where to find it, took her husband's arm in a quaint, ceremonious fashion, and the two walked slowly down the village street to the shore of the lake.

At the water's edge they got into Mathew's old boat in which he used to go fishing. A neighbor who was working on a boat nearby greeted them. "Well, Mr. Lane! It is good to see you out again," he called cheerily. "Going fishing?" Mathew shook his head gently. "No; just for a little boat ride, John." The neighbor came up to them. "Let me push the boat off, Mrs. Lane. It is too heavy for you."

She thanked him courteously, took the oars, and with steady, resolute strokes pulled away across the water.

As the noon train slowed into the little lakeside village an eager-faced young man sprang down the steps.

With quick nods to the loungers who gazed at him in surprise Matt Lane hurried along the street. As he went up the path that led to his childhood's home his heart sank. It looked too quiet. He tried the door, and finding it locked, searched for the key in the old hiding place. He went from room to room, but with sinking hopes. He noticed the letter on the table, and disregarding that it was addressed to his brother and sister he opened and read the brief farewell. Lying beside it were the letters from Will and Nellie, and he read them.

"The ingrates! The cold-blooded ingrates! I never dreamed but they would look after them till I came home. I must find out where they have gone." As he hurried down the street he almost collided with John Harris, the neighbor who had spoken to his father that morning.

"Well, if it ain't young Matt Lane, and looking like a million dollars. He shook the man's hand heartily. "Guess you're looking for your pa and ma? They went for a boat ride this morning, and I guess they ain't back yet."

"Mr. Harris," said Matt anxiously. "I just found this note. What friend do they mean they are going to live with? We have no relatives that I know of." Harris read the letter, glanced quickly at the young man's face, then read it again.

"Guess, we'd better take my power boat and try and locate 'em," he said quietly, and without waiting for the younger man's assent made off with long strides to the lake. As the boat sped through the water he asked: "How come you came home just now? Grace said you were planning 'o come next month and surprise the old folks."

With worried eyes scanning the water the other explained: "I had a telegram from Grace telling me that I had better come at once. I had told her not to let on to them that she knew where I was, but she was worried about them, and wired me. I have traveled night and day. I am doing well in the West, Mr. Harris, and have a fine home built. It will be ready to take Grace and mother and dad back with me. Of course Grace told you, but I was planning a big surprise for them. That is why I didn't write, but I had no idea they were—" He stopped and turned his face away.

Back and forth Harris drove the powerful little boat. They saw row-boats, canoes, motor boats, but no glimpse of the old flat-bottomed punt they knew so well. At length Harris put the fear of both of them into words: "You know, Matt, that boat was good, and they couldn't sink it. Don't seem as if they were strong enough to row very far."

They moved slowly along, anxiously scanning the shore for a drifting shabby old boat. Then, as they rounded a point, they saw it. It was pulled up on the beach, and sitting on the sand in the scanty shade of a clump of cedars was the forlorn old couple. Myra had spread her cloak for her husband, and he lay asleep. She had unwrapped the picture of her children and held it in trembling hands.

When the motor boat shot toward the shore she looked at it in dully. Then as she recognized the tall figure running across the sand she rose to her feet. At the realization of what might have been she put her hands to her eyes and swayed weakly. But her son's strong arms caught her and crushed her to him. Harris came up, grinning cheerfully.

"I just couldn't make this youngster wait till you got home, Mrs. Lane, so we thought we'd come and find you. Talk about a best girl! He couldn't even wait to see Grace." He gave Matt a warning glance and bent over the old man. "Come, wake up, Mr. Lane. I've got a surprise for you." Matthew Lane sat up, bewildered. Then, recognizing his "baby," as he always called him; he raised his hands to heaven. "Now, Lord, I thank Thee, and I ask Thy pardon for my sinful doubts." Matt picked his father up and held him close.

That night as they again laid themselves down to rest in the home which was really their own now, Mathew said: "Tell me, mother, why did you decide to put it off till tonight? Did you have a sort of a—a—warning?" "No, Mathew, I waited because it would be dark then, and I could not see your face." His hand sought hers, and then with hands clasped they slept like two tired children.

Alundum

Alundum is an electrically fused alumina of exceptional purity and great power of resistance to heat, which has been produced for use in making furnaces and other objects in which a material able to withstand excessive temperature is required. It is made by calcining bauxite and fusing it in a water-cooled electric furnace. The less pure products are used for abrasive purposes. Alundum comes from the furnaces in pigs of five tons each, which are crushed and moldered with a refractory bond of a ceramic nature. Attempts to make articles of cast alundum have been only partially successful.

Warsaw Since the War



Polish Peasant Woman at Market.

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

THE Poland of today still shows the effects of the World War which freed the country of political dependence on Russia.

This is especially marked in Warsaw, the capital. The porter who meets one at the train was but yesterday a millionaire. Fantastic figures gave birth to fantastic habits. Until recently no one asked for change. With a mass of brain-cluttering zeros, it was easier to deal in round numbers. Then came the zloty, worth a gold franc, twenty cents, or 1,800,000 Polish marks.

There were no zeros to toss around and many travelers, likewise reduced from the ranks of millionaires, prefer to carry their own bags; hence there are three porters for every job. Each must live from the proceeds of a day, two-thirds of which is taken up in having his services refused.

As a drowsy rolls up the blue-coated driver in a leather cap hands his number to a policeman, who slips it onto one end of a broken ring. A duplicate number hangs between the shoulder blades of the caddy. When an arriving passenger wants a carriage a number is slipped off the other end and the driver of that number wins the fare, according to the first-come-first-to-serve principle.

Occasionally, when demand for droschki exceeds supply, a number never gets onto the ring, and instead of a lot of tags representing idle carriages there is a queue of potential patrons.

At the hotel a long succession of military heels, relief committee boots and suit case salesman's shoes has reduced to paper thinness the carpets in which one once walked through luxury. Exasperated guests have killed flies against the wall paper. Careless bacchantes cooling their brows have broken the bottoms out of the wash-basins. After years of war and depreciation, funds must be found to restore the hotel to its former state. On top of the necessarily high price the municipality imposes an 80 per cent surtax, plus a dollar for a passport inspection each time one returns to town.

Warsaw Now Dark and Dull.

Beautiful parks and gardens surrounded by dull, gray, depressing streets are the first impressions which Warsaw, the capital city, makes upon the visitor.

The buildings are huge, impressive because of their size but not picturesque. Coupled with heaviness of construction there is a somberness whose psychological effect is disheartening. There is nothing depressing about a country scene, even on a night without a moon; but in a city, with the sky shut out, darkness weighs upon the heart.

From six to eight every evening young Warsaw parades the thoroughfares between Theater square and the Saxon garden. Polish men are supposedly vivacious. Polish women are reputed beautiful. For want of adequate lighting, what might be a brilliant concourse is a funereal gathering wading through such darkness as would ruin Times square in a single month.

The Poles are said to be the greatest dancers in the world, but the traveler seeking something peculiarly Polish in a public place finds an oily-haired banjoist pursuing a couple about the polished floor and a negro

trap drummer tossing his sticks in the air or coaxing a peculiar rattle from his drums with a wire fly-swatter.

Many Ornate Churches.

The Polish capital has many churches, massive and ornate, baroque outside and rococo within, full of memorials to those Polish exiles who did their work on foreign soil and to whom, under Russian rule, no public monuments could be raised.

In the Church of the Holy Ghost, in accordance with the great composer's wish, the heart of Frederic Chopin is buried. Business men enter with brief cases under their arms and sit or kneel beside peasant women with milk cans or vegetables protruding from their shawls.

Chic Polish women slide out past some stooping peasant in top boots. On the broad front steps old men and women in rags, a mother with a baby at her breast, await the alms inspired by brief communion with oneself or God.

The streets of the capital are humanized by news stands with papers in several languages, excellent illustrated journals, some innocent gaudy and much nudity in silk stockings. With the recent deaths of Joseph Conrad and Henryk Sienkiewicz and the Nobel award to Ladislav Reymont's "The Peasants," one might expect a considerable demand for the works of these Polish literary lions, but recently translations of Henry Ford's "My Life and Work," Morand's "Lewis and Irene" and a Claude Farrere novel were among the best sellers.

The Warsaw cigarette stand consists of a box which can be suspended from the shoulders and carried to a location chosen for the number of potential buyers who pass at any given hour. Brighter still are the soft-drink or refreshment booths with pink and yellow shirups, red and russet apples, shiny rolls of chocolate and various types of breadstuffs.

Scenes in the Markets.

There is a certain informality about the markets of Warsaw. The traffic in vegetables and flowers, chaplets of dried mushrooms, milk and eggs, live and dressed poultry, juicy pears and enormous English walnuts overflows from the two market halls into the streets and courtyards on all sides.

The practice of selling live poultry in a country where cold storage consists of a long winter makes for a more even market. If, after having twenty city women finger over her pet gander, the country woman finds no sale for him, a twist of the wrist ties him up in her shawl and back home she goes.

Near the food markets the fronts of several buildings are draped with piece goods, and across the road is a dimly lighted shambles, where the shoddiest of woven goods, comfortless underwear, cardboard suit cases and ugly finery are sold to those too poor to profit from buying honest goods.

North of these markets, watched over by bulbous-bodied country women with cheery, honest faces, one comes to the Nalewki, where Yiddish is the native jargon.

Warsaw's citadel, with its over-worked execution grounds and infamous Pavilion X, was built to punish the Poles for the November insurrection of 1830. Pavilion X has been torn down. In it was the cell where Pilsudski was imprisoned.

Poland Worrying Over Ruler After Pilsudski

Speculation as to what will happen in Poland when Joseph Pilsudski relinquishes his hold on the republic have become rife with reports that the health of the marshal is anything but encouraging, and that he is a very tired man.

Since the Pilsudski coup d'etat of last May the marshal has held the country in the palm of his hand, but more and more of late there have been