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HAPPENINGS OF THE WEEK

NEWS REVIEW OF CURRENT EVENTS

Capt. Lindbergh Is Recipient of Unprecedented Honors in France.

THE notable event of the week ending May 27 was the completion of Capt. Charles Lindbergh's successful crossing by airplane from New York to Paris at 10:21 Paris time, Saturday night, May 21, after 33 hours 29 minutes in the air.

Paris gave the intrepid American flyer a wildly enthusiastic reception, in which there was no evidence of the reported enmity for American contestants in this transoceanic air race that had resulted in the loss of two French flyers, Captains Nungesser and Goll. From the moment his plane came to a stop on Le Bourget flying field, just outside the French capital, he became the acclaimed hero of the civilized world. In Paris no such tumultuous scenes have been witnessed since the signing of the armistice at the close of the World war, and for the week following the landing he has been sought for and feted by all classes. The king of Belgium wired him an invitation to be his guest at Brussels, King George of England extended him an invitation to visit him in London, organizations of many kinds contended for the honor of being host to him; the French government conferred upon him the medal of the Legion of Honor. From Captain Lindbergh's own countrymen came hundreds of offers of employment at fabulous salaries. Motion picture producers, vaudeville theater managers, managers of lecture courses, offered large sums for his services, and if he wishes, it is estimated that he could within the next twelve months easily make a million dollars as a result of his heroic exploit. So far he has refused to consider any of the offers, asserting that he had no idea of commercializing the flight which he made solely for the purpose of advancing the science of aviation.

It is not known at this writing when he will return to America. Before doing so he will accept the invitation from the kings of Belgium and England and will visit Stockholm and other European cities. The United States government has offered to bring him back on board a battleship as the guest of the American people and it is probable that he will accept this invitation.

Captain Lindbergh covered the distance from San Diego, Calif., to Paris—8,725 miles—in actual flying time of 36 hours and 46 minutes. He left San Diego, Calif., on the afternoon of May 10 and arrived in St. Louis—1,600 miles—the next day. After a rest there he hopped to New York—900 miles—crossing the American continent in an actual flying time of 23 hours and 15 minutes. After a few days' rest he started from New York to Paris—3,800 miles. This is a new world's record for nonstop straight line distance, the previous record being 3,400 miles.

ANOTHER event of importance in the field of aviation was the attempted flight of the Italian aviator, Francesco de Pinedo, from Newfoundland to the Azores Islands, a distance of 1,200 miles. He left Trepassy Bay, N. F., Monday morning, May 23, but became lost in the fog and landed on the ocean some 300 miles from his objective point and his plane was towed into port by a sailing vessel that had picked him up.

A MOVE of unusual importance in the field of international relations was the break between Great Britain and Soviet Russia following the revelations resulting from the raiding by the British government of Arcos, Ltd., the Russian trading company operating in England, and the official Soviet trade delegation. In the house of commons Prime Minister Baldwin announced that on the basis of Sir Windham Child's findings in documents seized in the raid on May 12 the British government had decided to break off diplomatic relations with Russia.

Airmen Will Resume Fighting Forest Fires

The little band of former service aviators who annually patrol the great forest areas of the West to detect and aid in the fighting of fires will be on the job again this summer despite a shortage of planes.

The War department, which for the last eight years has been furnishing the forest service with machines for this purpose, has found a way to get around a shortage and aid a dis-

In his address the prime minister referred at length to the documentary evidence of the Soviet Internationale's network of Bolshevik plots in England, the United States, Canada, New Zealand, and said:

"In the face of these breaches of the trade agreement and International comity, his majesty's government has shown patience and forbearance which is probably without parallel.

"Diplomatic relations when thus deliberately and systematically abused are in themselves a danger to peace, and his majesty's government therefore has decided that unless the house expresses disapproval on Thursday, the government will terminate the trade agreement, require the withdrawal of the trade delegation and Soviet mission from London, and recall the British mission from Moscow.

"The Soviet government itself cannot escape the responsibility for the action of the trade delegation and the abuse of the facilities afforded it," the prime minister continued, "but the matter does not rest there, because it is difficult to believe that, while one organ of the Soviet government was breaking its solemn undertaking, the Soviet mission and Soviet government did not pass on these proceedings."

The prime minister explained that the police for months had been watching the activities of the Soviet secret agents who had arranged for photographing secret documents in the Soviet house. Their suspicions were confirmed early this year when two British subjects employed by the air force were discovered stealing two documents for the Reds, he said.

Mr. Baldwin then referred to a "further document of an official and highly confidential character," which turned up missing and which was discovered by the police to have been photographed on the Arcos premises. Armed with this knowledge, the police staged a raid, going straight to the subterranean photostat room, where they found a cipher clerk known to be connected with the secret agents.

Documents found in another room showed that this clerk's chief function was the carrying out of secret communications abroad. In his possession were found codes in envelopes addressed to well-known Communist individuals and organizations in England and the United States. The envelopes contained directions from the Red Internationale to Communists and organizations in both countries.

"The investigation shows," said Mr. Baldwin, "that both Arcos and the trade delegation habitually used subversive propaganda. The correspondence dealt with the Communist seamen's club, the 'hands off' China movement, the anti-trade union bill, the distribution of Communist propaganda and industrial affairs in America."

This action on the part of the British government means again outlawing Russia in the family of nations, and the lining up of England with the United States in its attitude toward the Soviet government. The American government has consistently refused to recognize in any way the Soviet government of Russia on the basis that that government was engaging in propaganda with the purpose of undermining other governments with which friendly relations had been perfected. This government has refused to permit any official representative of the Soviets to land in the United States, and this investigation on the part of England has demonstrated the wisdom of the officials at Washington.

SECRETARY of the Treasury Mellon has announced the resignation of Assistant Secretary L. C. Andrews, effective August 1. At the same time announcement was made of the appointment of Dr. James M. Doran as prohibition commissioner to succeed Roy A. Haynes. The resignation of Mr. Andrews was unexpected. Secretary Mellon announced that he has recommended to President Coolidge the appointment of Seymour Lowman, former lieutenant governor of New York, to succeed him.

It was indicated by Mr. Mellon that while the new assistant secretary of the treasury will have supervisory authority over the bureau of prohibition, as well as over the bureau of customs and the coast guard, he will not have such broad powers as Mr. Andrews.

Doctor Doran, it was stated, will have full authority as prohibition com-

missioner, although general determination of policies will remain in the hands of the secretary of the treasury. The date of Haynes' retirement was not indicated.

GERMANY claims that with the recent blowing up of the 27 concrete dugouts on its frontier at Koenigsberg it has completed the disarmament provided for by the Versailles treaty, and is now demanding that the allied troops evacuate the Rhineland provinces. The allies are insisting that the interallied military commission must inspect the work of dismantling the fortresses, but Germany holds that the interallied military control commission expired on February 1, as promised by the allies, and that for reasons of prestige, Germany cannot permit a renewal of the interallied control. There the matter stands with nothing definite as to when the remaining French troops will march out of Germany.

FLOODS continue to ravage Louisiana parishes. Five additional parishes, with an area of 1,100,000 acres, and the homes of 80,000 people were thrown open to invasion by the inland sea when the river tore aside the protection barriers at McCreia and spread over the low lands of Pointe Coupee parish. Before the flood waters have vanished into the Gulf of Mexico they will have cut a path 50 miles wide and 200 miles long from the Arkansas border to the gulf.

AT WASHINGTON Justice William Hitz sentenced Harry F. Sinclair, millionaire oil operator, to serve three months in jail and to pay a fine of \$500 for contempt of the United States senate in refusing to answer questions in connection with the investigation of the Teapot Dome lease scandal in 1924. The sentence was more severe than had been generally expected by those who have followed the case and who did not believe that the term of imprisonment would exceed the minimum of one month which had been imposed, in an earlier case, on Elverton R. Chapman, a New York stock broker, in 1896. In sentencing Sinclair, Justice Hitz declared that he believed the decision of the United States Supreme court in the Mal Daugherty case was binding on him.

Pending an appeal to the United States Supreme court Sinclair was released on \$5,000 bail.

PAYNE WHITNEY, prominent sportsman, one of the richest Americans, son of the late William C. Whitney and brother of Harry Payne Whitney, died suddenly May 26 on the tennis court of his country home at Manhasset, L. I., of acute indigestion.

Payne Whitney was born in New York 51 years ago, the second son of William C. Whitney. Like his father and elder brother, he went to Yale, where he was graduated in 1898. While there he achieved fame as an oarsman and was captain of his college crew.

After leaving Yale he took a law course at Harvard, and in 1902 he married Miss Helen Hay, daughter of the late John Hay, secretary of state and at one time ambassador to Great Britain.

Mr. Whitney was for many years a power in financial circles, although comparatively little was heard of him in that field. He was an active philanthropist in a generous but unostentatious way, so that almost nothing was known of his benefactions.

Wall street estimates his wealth as more than \$300,000,000, basing the estimate on the income-tax payments that Mr. Whitney made for the years 1924 and 1925.

SOME progress was made at Philadelphia in the efforts of the union miners and operators to negotiate a new wage agreement.

After two days of discussion of conditions in the Pennsylvania soft coal fields and in the bituminous territory generally a sub scale committee of six members each was appointed to get down to work and attempt to arrive at a basis for negotiations.

It was made clear by both sides, however, that no concrete proposition had yet been advanced. The miners said the joint conference was called by the operators and any proposition must come from them.

obsure forest from ground look-out stations and reconnaissance to determine where best to concentrate fire fighting forces are the chief duties of the forest air patrol.

Eight planes were used last year to protect the main forest regions of California, Oregon, Washington, western Montana and northern Idaho. From June to September, the season of greatest fire hazard, a total of 483 flights were made for a flying time of 1,002 hours. The cost of the work amounted to \$43,530.

tressed neighboring branch of the government.

As a result planes will be operated again this summer from Glendale and Sacramento, Calif., Eugene, Ore., and Vancouver and Spokane, Wash., in an effort to cut down the \$20,000,000 annual fire loss in the national and private forests.

Transporting fire fighting tools and supplies and dropping them where needed on the firing lines, scouting of fires after severe electrical storms and fires after severe smoke and haze

HELEN WAS ON THE JOB

(© by D. J. Walsh.)

HAROLD JENNISON resented the strident peal of the doorbell. It was his afternoon off and he wanted to spend it in peace. Helen should be there to answer it, anyway. That was her job. Harold was very particular about doing anything that was Helen's job—that is, what he considered to be her job.

He opened the door scowling. It was a little boy with a basket of vegetables. Before he had opened his mouth to solicit Harold had said "No" quite firmly and shut the door.

He settled himself again in the big wing chair he liked so much and spread his paper. Was it going to be impossible to rest even at home, he wondered. Such a good chance, too, with Helen away for the day. She wouldn't be there to keep on asking her eternal questions.

Why was he so late getting home? . . . Yes, he was late—fifteen minutes later than he was last night. . . . She had been so worried about a train wreck or something. . . . What would he like for dinner? Did he care for the potatoes boiled or fried tonight? Well, she just wanted to know about it. . . . She had thought that fried ones would be a change. The telephone interrupted his thoughts. He felt like pulling the instrument from the wall.

"Is Jimmy there?" came a strange voice.

"This is Main 6350," said Harold with a great deal of patience.

"Oh!" came a peevish voice at the other end and Harold heard the click of the disconnection.

"Well, it wasn't my fault that she got the wrong number," snapped Harold to the transmitter. "She might have said, 'Sorry!' at the very least!" He very carefully inserted a thick cardboard between the bells then. Well, that was that.

He settled himself in the wing chair again. The house was quiet as death. It seemed as if some disaster were impending. He rose and adjusted the cushions once more.

There was so much he needed to think out. First, of course, there was Helen. He had known for a number of months now that he no longer cared for her. It wasn't anything he could help, you understand, but they had simply grown apart instead of growing closer together. It wasn't his fault, of course. Neither was it hers—exactly.

Three years before he had thought she would be the only one, but how young and foolish he had been! A man is bound to change as the years pass. He had his business and the stimulating influence of keen business competition. He would naturally progress. Helen had allowed domesticity to get her. She couldn't think farther than the butcher's bills of last month.

He realized and admitted with a twinge that she had helped him quite a bit. She had been thrifty. It was that as much as anything that had given him this good start. But he was no sick of her infernal domesticity. He hated to be asked what he wanted for dinner and what he would have for breakfast. She didn't seem to realize that she had repeated herself for three years on the same subjects. Day after day.

If she only knew a little about the topics of the day. If she would brush the cobwebs from her mind and use it he had no doubt she might be interesting. But it was going to be hard to tell her. Rather bad for him to say: "Well, Helen, I am going to the club to live after this. I am utterly sick of the sight of you!" He winced. It would hurt her, of course. But what was a man to do?

It was worse to stay on and pretend something you did not feel. No, there was no other woman—not definitely at least. It was just—all other women. They kept so young and interesting in life and affairs.

He stirred uneasily in his chair. He looked at his watch. It was past five and she hadn't arrived yet. What on earth could be keeping her?

He removed the card from the bell of the telephone. It whirred impatiently. He frowned as he put the receiver to his ear. Calling, no doubt, to tell him she would be late. That was like her. As if he 'dn't know that now.

"Oh, Harold," shrieked a woman's voice. "Something awful has happened. Helen is on No. 4 and it's wrecked—in the ditch!"

"On No. 4!" he repeated dazedly. "What was she doing on a train?"

But the hysterical voice had rung off. He couldn't even think who it might have been.

He strode up and down the room. What was she doing on that train—any train? Great guns! Could it be

that she was leaving him? Why the thunder should she want to leave him—him, her husband?

Suddenly he realized the terrible import of that message. She might be injured, dead. Dead! His wife lying mangled.

He hurried out the door, forgetting even his coat. He started the car and dashed down the drive. It was one of his pleasures to keep the car for his own use. Helen never had it. If he had allowed her to use it today, his mind accused, she wouldn't be lying in the ruins of a wrecked train at this minute—perhaps dead.

He followed the road along the tracks, expecting at any minute to come upon the blazing ruins of the wreck. His imagination pictured varied and terrible panoramas of that chaos. Curse it, anyway. Why did he think so much?

Only once did his thoughts suggest to him very slyly that if Helen should chance to lose her life, that would be such a simple way out of their mess. He swung the car violently about as he thought of that. He didn't want to dwell upon that. It angered him that his mind had played him such a trick.

He had gone miles and miles and still no sign of the wreck. All at once then he knew that he had been going the wrong way. It must be down the line instead of up. He turned and sped through the town again and out to the other side. It was miles and miles and miles that he traveled.

He turned the lights on the car and hunched over the wheel, his drawn face turned to the road ahead. Livid pictures of Helen raced about his mind. Why hadn't he allowed her to take the car? It was as much her as any one's. Then his fevered mind suggested that they might have taken Helen home by the time. No sooner had the thought come than his car whizzed about and was traveling again toward the city.

Lights blazed in the house when he brought his car to a stop. He dashed, a gaunt, anxious figure, into the hall. He saw Helen come through the room from the kitchen. He saw her come toward him, but she must be a ghost. Presently she would vanish in a puff of smoke. Sweat stood out in beads on his forehead.

"Where have you been?" she asked first. "Why do you stare at me so. Harold—hurry—dinner is waiting. I fried the potatoes for a change," she rambled on in a monotonous voice.

Still he looked at her. "The wreck?" he muttered through cracked lips.

"Oh, did you hear?" she asked, brightening. "Wasn't it lucky that I just missed taking that train?" Then her face clouded. "There's been something that I wanted to say to you, dear—"

He mopped his face wearily. Would she say that she was tired, that she wanted to leave?

"You won't like it, I am afraid," she began timidly. "That's the reason I haven't told you before." She stopped uncertainly.

He tried to tell her that he knew already, that he understood and didn't blame her at all. He had been a selfish brute. But the words wouldn't come.

"I've been giving lectures in the next town on the home and its duties," she went on, not looking at him. "That was the reason I usually took the train, but now they want me to take on more work—you had to know. It's in the college," she explained.

Helen, his wife, giving lectures in a college! He smiled blandly. A wonderful woman, his wife. Not another like her. He rose and straightened himself vigorously.

"Say now, that is a great idea—where's my coat?" he boomed. "I hope the dinner isn't cold—fearfully hungry," he went on as he got into the coat she held.

She smiled. The anxious expression had left her face. "I didn't know what you wanted for dinner," she apologized. "So I fried the potatoes—"

"Great! Fried potatoes are great!" he laughed. It seemed so funny. "Do you want to drive the car mornings to the college?" he asked finally.

"I can take the train," she murmured.

"But I prefer you to take the car," he insisted. "Trains sometimes are wrecked."

Made Matters Worse
He—I made an awful mistake just now. I told a man I thought the host must be a stogy old blighter, and it happened to be the host that I spoke to.

She—Oh, you mean my husband!

Preliminary Drum-Beating
"Does your wife ever suffer in silence?"

"Occasionally, but not until after she's made the deuce of a row over her grievance."—Boston Transcript.

Faith's Inheritance
Reason and faith resemble the two sons of the patriarch; reason is the first born, but faith inherits the blessing.—Calverwell.

Irish Vistas



On a Tipperary Road, Ireland.

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

IRELAND, which holds such a secure place in many hearts, is a large country. The longest line of land which can be drawn is three hundred miles—from Fair Head, in the northeast, to Mizen Head, in the southwest. Taking the country as a rough lozenge, the short diagonal from northwest to southeast is about two hundred miles.

The terrain itself may be roughly divided into three parts: a mountainous region in the north, an equally mountainous region in the south, and a great central plain.

What you will see as a visitor in Ireland depends on your own mind. Names, little crannies in cities, will work their white eye magic on you.

The walls of Derry (Londonderry) will make your heart beat faster, for no gallantry in Froissart rivaled that of the thirteen apprentice boys who locked the gates against James of the Fleeting and held the city for eight long months, not only against King James, but against famine and pestilence.

Things to See and Think About
On Lough Erne you will find that Saint Patrick's purgatory which enthralled the mind of medieval Europe and which is still a place of devout pilgrimage.

At Ballyshannon you may be fortunate enough to see the salmon, lying packed like sardines, awaiting the opportune moment to spring up the Falls of Assaroe, springing sixteen feet in the air against the foaming roaring water.

At Muckross the fantastic cliffs will hold you. In that one named the Market House you will see a blood brother of the rock out of which the African sculptor hewed the fearsome Sphinx.

In Donegal you will see the desolate Rosses, a tangle of small lakes and great granite boulders, and he who loses his way in that desert by night is the most luckless of beings.

The great mountain of Donegal is Errigal, and its white cap is not snow but white quartz. From its top, on a fair day, you can see the Scottish Hebrides, Islay and Jura, floating on the water like young brown gulls.

From Horn Head, sometimes out of a mist will emerge the rocky battlements of Tory Island, like something evoked by an enchanter's wand. The roar of the Atlantic crashing into that cavern known as MacSwine's Gun will shake the stoutest heart.

Belfast is about as Irish a city as Paisley is. It is of no antiquity and, except for commerce, of no importance; but within easy reach of it are the blue Mourne mountains, the great Dun of Downpatrick, where the country folk say that St. Patrick, St. Brigit, and St. Columkille are all three buried.

Near Castle Upton are some ruined buildings of the Knights Templars, of interest as a minor establishment founded by the Knights who escaped to Harris.

At Antrim is the greatest round tower of Ireland, nearly one hundred feet high. Near the town is Lough Neagh, the largest lake in the British Isles, bordered with orchards.

At Ballinerry Jeremy Taylor wrote his most important works, and near it, at Whitebenby, Anthony Trollope wrote the autobiography.

Nine Glens of Antrim
North of Belfast, at Larne, begin the Nine Glens of Antrim: Glencarn, Glencloy, Glencarriff, Glen Ballyemon, Glencann, Glencorp, Glendun, Glensheek, and Glentow. Near Cushendall is Ossian's grave. Thackeray called Glencarriff a miniature Switzerland.

North of Antrim is Rathlin Island, or Raghery, as the Gaels call it. The stormy sea between Ireland and Raghery is called Slouch-na-mara, or Gullet of the Ocean, and can only be sailed over in the finest of weather. Here is Bruce's refuge. It is a gallant little island, with an immensity of birds. It is mentioned not only by Charles Kingsley, but by Ptolemy.

Near Ballycastle is the famous Carrick-a-Rede, a ropewalk over a chasm sixty feet wide and ninety deep, a couple of planks lashed together by rope. The handrail, also a rope, swings away from you as you cross.

The Giant's Causeway, near by, is more curious than beautiful. The best time to see it is in a gale, when the tessellated terraces are assaulted by a cavalry of foam. Parts of it are called by fantastic names: the Honeycomb, Lord Antrim's Parlor, the Organ, the Giant's Loom, the Gateway, and the Lady's Fan.

Howth is northward, with the small islands of Ireland's Eye and Lambay. Through Swords and Malinbeg one travels to Drogheda, whose walls still show the effect of the lord protector's cannon, and whose river, the Boyne, shows so little effect of Ireland's greatest battle.

Westward of Drogheda is Newgrange, famous for its Druid burial mound, with a passage of great stones forty-eight feet long leading into a stone-roofed chamber. It is the oldest Celtic monument in Europe. The Norsemen are supposed to have rifled it, so that no man knows what it contained.

Tallaght, near Dublin, is the great burial place of the legendary legends of Partholon, who died of the plague. Kingstown is so modern as to be vulgar. Bray and Dalkey are pretty little coast towns.

Wicklow and Vale of Avoca
Going in Wicklow, you enter a world of glens, like Glen of the Downs, the Devil's Glen, and mountain lakes like Tay and Lough Dan. Glendalough, or the "Glen of Two Lakes," as the Gaelic name means, is a deep, solitary glen in a wild region, the upper lake of which has something terribly sinister about it. Here are the ruins of seven churches, which have stood for upward of twelve hundred years, and a round tower. It is the site of the hermitage of St. Kevin.

The Vale of Avoca and the Meeting of the Waters are the prettiest spots in Leinster. The scenery of Leinster seems to have a feminine, soft quality.

The road from Dublin to Killarney passes through Maryborough and Thurles, in which latter city Silken Thomas, the Earl of Kildare, burned the great cathedral in 1495 because he thought the archbishop was inside.

Moeroun castle, on the Kerry road, is the birthplace of Admiral Sir William Penn, the father of the founder of Pennsylvania. Gougane Barra is a place of the most dark and beautiful aspect. Steep mountains and a lake like black marble, and trembling silver rivers shining into the dark water.

The English poet, William Wordsworth, writing about Killarney, says: "In point of scenery this is the finest portion of the British Isles," which is treason to his own lake country. The name Killarney means "Church of the sloe bushes." The lakes are three: the Upper or McCarthy Moore's lake; the Middle or Tore lake; the Lower is called in the Gaelic Lough Leane.

In the Gap of Dunloe, the brawling Loe river expands into little lakes of water remarkable for their blackness. The Golden MacGillcuddy's reeks and the Purple mountains stand around this district like sentinels.