

THE ALAMANCE GLEANER

VOL. LIII.

GRAHAM, N. C., THURSDAY AUGUST 18, 1927.

NO. 29.

WHAT'S GOING ON

NEWS REVIEW OF CURRENT EVENTS

Sacco and Vanzetti Given Twelve-Day Reprieve—Gen. Wood's Death.

By EDWARD W. PICKARD

SACCO and Vanzetti, who were to have been executed August 11, were granted 12 more days of life by Governor Fuller of Massachusetts, after Justice Holmes of the United States Supreme court and Judge Anderson of the Federal Circuit court had denied appeals for a writ of habeas corpus on the ground that they had no right to issue the writ unless it was shown that the court which tried the case was without jurisdiction. The reprieve was given the condemned men with the approval of the state executive council in order to allow a ruling on a writ of error by Justice Sanderson of the state Supreme court which, if approved, would take the case to the full bench of the Supreme court. Celestino Madeiros, sentenced on another murder charge to die at the same time, was included in the reprieve. Justice Sanderson let the matter go to the full court.

It is to be hoped by all right-minded Americans that this new delay in the leisurely course of justice was not due in any way to the noisy, violent demonstrations which radicals and sentimentalists have been staging in nearly all parts of the world. That the bombs, threats and sloppy appeals of those people, who are certainly misinformed, to say the least, could have any influence on our courts and governors would be humiliating indeed. Meetings of protest against the execution of the condemned men were held, or attempted to be held, every day in Boston, New York, Chicago and other American cities and also in cities in Europe, and South America. Hostile mobs in various places threatened American embassies and consulates, and in Casa Blanca, Morocco, a gang of radicals tore down the American flag, desecrated it and burned it. The police, here and abroad, did what they could to break up these demonstrations and many arrests were made. Congressman Johnson of Washington, chairman of the house immigration committee, warned all aliens domiciled in this country that if they partook in anti-government demonstrations they would be liable to deportation under the act of 1919. Although President Coolidge has more than once let it be known that he does not consider he has any right to intervene in the Sacco-Vanzetti case, he was again asked to do so in a telegram from Victor L. Berger, Socialist congressman from Wisconsin.

ONE of America's very best soldiers and citizens and its most eminent colonial administrator passed away when Maj. Gen. Leonard Wood, governor general of the Philippines, died suddenly in a Boston hospital following an operation for a tumor in the skull. On Tuesday he was buried, with full military honors, in Arlington National cemetery among the dead members of the Rough Riders whom he led so gallantly in the Spanish-American war.

Born in New Hampshire in 1860, Leonard Wood was graduated from Harvard medical school and in 1885 entered the army as a contract surgeon. His rise thereafter was swift and spectacular. While serving with General Miles he captured Geronimo, the notorious Apache, and won the congressional medal of honor. When the war with Spain broke out he was made colonel of the Rough Riders recruited by Theodore Roosevelt and was promoted to brigadier general. As military governor of Cuba he did such excellent work that the islanders will ever revere his memory, and already they are preparing to erect a monument to him. President McKinley made Wood a major general in the regular establishment, and previous to the World war he was the most vigorous proponent of preparedness. When America entered the war, General Wood trained the Eighty-ninth division with characteristic skill and

thoroughness, but President Wilson and Secretary Baker did not permit him to go to France as its commander. Instead he was kept in this country except for one observation trip to Europe. In 1920 he was a popular but unsuccessful candidate for the Republican Presidential nomination. President Harding appointed him governor general of the Philippines, and he held that troublous post until his death, administering the affairs of the islands with the greatest ability and firmness in the face of the continuous opposition of the native advocates of independence and of a change in the form of government.

Rich Indian Victimized, Says a Federal Judge

Jackson Barnett, an aged Creek Indian, made wealthy by discovery of oil on his land in Oklahoma, was "solicited and importuned for donations, kidnaped and married by an adventuress, and harassed and annoyed by his attorneys." Federal Judge John C. Knox declared in New York in ordering Barnett's funds and property turned over to the secretary of the interior for administration and

thoroughness, but President Wilson and Secretary Baker did not permit him to go to France as its commander. Instead he was kept in this country except for one observation trip to Europe. In 1920 he was a popular but unsuccessful candidate for the Republican Presidential nomination. President Harding appointed him governor general of the Philippines, and he held that troublous post until his death, administering the affairs of the islands with the greatest ability and firmness in the face of the continuous opposition of the native advocates of independence and of a change in the form of government.

THAT President Coolidge meant his "do not choose" to be a positive declaration of a renomination is now accepted by nearly every one, but some of his strongest supporters still have hope that he can be successfully "drafted." Senator Simeon D. Fess of Ohio, who himself has been mentioned as a likely possibility for the nomination, visited the President in the Black Hills and pleaded with him not to make his decision irrevocable.

"If they can't get along without me now, what will they say four years from now?" the President replied, according to Senator Fess.

Mr. Coolidge reiterated his thought that "this is not a one-man country," and gave Mr. Fess the impression that he wanted to be relieved of the burdens of the office.

Senator Fess told the President that the logic of the situation called for his nomination by the convention, and said he believed the convention would seek to draft Mr. Coolidge.

"Don't echo that sentiment," the President replied, according to Senator Fess.

Whatever the attitude of the President, Ohio will instruct her delegation for Coolidge or nobody, the senator said.

On Wednesday Mr. Coolidge went to Rushmore mountain, on the face of which Gutzon Borglum is to carve the heads of Washington, Jefferson, Lincoln and Roosevelt, and dedicated it as a national monument, delivering an address on "The Spirit of Patriotism."

VICE PRESIDENT DAWES, in his address at the dedication of the Peace bridge between Buffalo and Fort Erie, Ontario, created something of a sensation by his comments on the recent futile naval disarmament conference. Though he said the parley was not altogether a failure, he plainly indicated his belief that the inability of the American and British delegations at Geneva to agree was due to insufficient parliamentary preparation and the preoccupation of the conferees with the needs of their own countries. His implied criticism of the American delegates was resented by administration officials in Washington.

Secretary of the Navy Wilbur conferred with the President and it was stated that they saw no need for radical change in the administration's naval policy because of the failure of the Geneva conference. This policy is the completion of the moderate building program determined upon long before the conference at Geneva was called, and now to be carried out by congress as if this conference had never been held. The President sees nothing alarming in the situation. He does not think the Geneva conference will make an increase over this five-year program necessary. Consequently, there is a prospect of another contest in congress next winter between those who approve this moderate program and the advocates of a bigger navy.

WITH about a dozen planes almost ready for the race from California to Honolulu in competition for the Dole prize of \$35,000, the flight committee and the Department of Commerce recommended that the start be postponed for not more than two weeks because some of the planes and crews were believed to be not yet properly equipped or qualified. The Honolulu committee vetoed the postponement, but all the pilots signed an agreement not to start before noon of August 18. The demand for better preparation was partly due to the death of two contenders, Lieuts. George W. D. Covell and Richard S. Waggener of the navy, when their transoceanic mount crashed near San Diego and burned.

SUIT has been filed in Cleveland against the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, alleging that notes, properties and securities "of little or no value" had been "unloaded" by the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers Co-operative bank there on the Brotherhood Investment company, the holding company of all the brotherhood's financial undertakings.

The suit, brought by two stockholders of the investment company, asks for an accounting of all profits made by the bank in its dealings with the investment company, and that all transactions be declared null and void which resulted in loss to the investment company.

ASSISTANT SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY LOWMAN announces that the treasury's plans for the resumption of the manufacture of medicinal whiskey this fall have been abandoned, because there is no shortage now and supplies in government warehouses should last for seven or eight years. Although no recent gauge of the amount of whiskey actually on hand had been taken, it is estimated that at least 20,000,000 gallons of aged whiskey is now safeguarded in bonded warehouses. Another 10,000,000 gallons of brandy and other medicinal beverages are available for prescription use. The withdrawals during 1926 were 1,880,338 gallons.

STANDARD OIL COMPANY of New Jersey got ahead of all other similar concerns the other day when its president signed an agreement with the German dye trust for the mutual exploitation and development of patents. The dye trust owns the Bergius process for making crude oil and gasoline from coal and lignite. The products of this process, it is expected, will be on the market soon. Also, the chemists predict that the by-products will yield rich returns. Although the details of the agreement were carefully guarded, there is a conjecture that many millions of dollars will flow from the United States to the fatherland as compensation for the dye trust's giving the Standard Oil the use of its patents.

KING FUAD of Egypt, on his way home from England, stopped in Rome for a visit and achieved the distinction of being the first sovereign of a non-Christian country to be formally received in private conference by the pope. Moreover, Pius XI decorated Fuad with the order of the Golden Spur, and the two exchanged miniature oil portraits of each other. The pope sent an elaborate escort for Fuad, but the latter, who had been the guest of the Italian government, had first to move to a hotel.

RESUMPTION of military operations in the Chinese civil war were seen in the mobilization by the Christian general, Feng Yu-shiang, of 50,000 of his best troops on the border between Honan and Shantung provinces. He plans a flank movement against the northern troops controlling Shantung.

Seemingly the Japanese have failed to force a compromise between Gen. Chiang Kai-shek, the Nanking commander of Nationalists, and Marshal Chang Tso-lin. A Shanghai correspondent says:

"Since the Japanese are policing the entire Shantung railway for the obvious purpose of blocking a movement northward, complications are almost inevitable, particularly since General Chiang already has declared his intention of treating the Japanese troops the same as the northern militarists if the Japanese try to interfere. General Chiang recently seized several shiploads of German war supplies intended for Marshal Chang."

INDIANA wets rejoiced when Rev. I. S. Shumaker, superintendent of the state Anti-Saloon league, was adjudged in contempt by the state Supreme court and was sentenced to 90 days on the state farm and fined \$250. Jess E. Martin, an attorney for the league, also was found guilty of contempt, but was not sentenced, being absent from the state. Legal steps to save Shumaker from serving his sentence were taken at once. The prohibitionists of the state and some ministerial organizations rallied to his support with offers of sympathy and money.

Baptist society as the controller of the university.

The alleged incompetency of the Indian was stressed in Judge Knox's decision. In reviewing the case, he said: "Here is an illiterate Indian, now in the neighborhood of seventy-seven or seventy-eight years of age, who, until he became wealthy, was allowed to shift for himself. Oil was found upon his land. From that time until the present he has been the shuttlecock in a game of battledoor in which the stakes were high."

ALL THINGS END

(By D. J. Walsh.)

ELSIE BOYD wiped dishes with an occasional glance at the heavy snowstorm which was enshrouding everything in a wintry fleece. Upon a day like this her mother was always worse. Mrs. Boyd was the kind of sick woman whose system demands sunshine quite as much as medicine. Knowing this, Elsie had not dared tell her that something had gone wrong with the furnace, that the grocer had presented his bill and that she had found a damp spot on the bedroom ceiling where the roof had sprung a leak before a mild rain had turned into the present snowstorm.

To Elsie, washing dishes, these things mattered terribly. Moreover, it was left for her to find a remedy for the pressing necessities that threatened them. It was winter, their income was just half big enough. Elsie could not leave home because she had to look after her mother. There were no boarders to be had or even roomers. It all seemed discouraging enough. Besides—

"Elsie!" called a voice from the downstairs bedroom.

"Yes, mother!" Elsie dropped the glass pitcher she was polishing and entered the room.

Her mother lay bolstered up with pillows. She didn't look to be a vital, sick woman; a nervous one, perhaps, but not one near death.

"I've just been thinking," Mrs. Boyd said to her daughter, who leaned on the footboard of the old-fashioned bed. "Mrs. Scott told me something yesterday. I don't know as I ought to tell you. I thought maybe I wouldn't at first, but you ought to know."

"Well, what is it, mother?" Elsie gripped the footboard, but her wide gray eyes did not waver before her mother's dark puzzling gaze.

"Francis Hurd is going with Julia Scott—you didn't know it, did you?" "Why, yes," Elsie answered carefully. "I've known it a good while. He hasn't been here in a long time, you know, mother."

"I thought he hadn't, but, of course, I didn't know. What was the matter? For my part, I'm glad it's all ended. I didn't see how I was going to let you get married with your health the state it's in. I need you to take care of me, Elsie."

Elsie drew a long breath. Without replying she did some little soothing things about the bed and passed out of the room. But instead of returning to her dishwashing she hung a shawl about her and ran out of doors. The touch of chill snowflakes cooled her burning cheeks, their enveloping softness soothed her.

A sound drew her attention from herself. It came from the foot of the garden. It resembled a child's voice. The brook! Where the children waded in summer and skated in winter. She ran toward it as fast as she could go.

The fence across the back of the garden did not stop her, nor the steep bank that jutted out over the brook. She could not see for the storm, but she called cheerily, "I'm coming! I'm coming!"

How could she grope her way to the place where an accident might have happened, especially as the childish voice had ceased? Oh, if she could but brush away the opaque veil of snow!

Something scampered to her feet barking. A little dog! He ran away from her, still barking, urging her to follow. He led her to the spot where rain and snow had rotted the icy covering of the brook. There in a deep hole where he had broken through was a small boy, exhausted, ready to let go of the drooping branch that kept his head above water.

She pulled him out all sodden as he was, stripped the shawl from her own shoulders and wrapped him in it. She ran all the way back to the house. The little dog followed, the anxious bark becoming a note of joy at the rescue.

In the warm kitchen Elsie slipped the child's clothing from his body, wrapped him in a warm blanket, placed him close to the oven door and gave him a hot, stimulating drink. Even then she did not recognize the little fellow. He told her his name but it did not convey any meaning to her. She had never heard it before. Neither had her mother. Fright and exposure and a peculiar impediment in his speech made it impossible for him to express anything further than his name.

But Elsie shrank from going to the

Scots.

"I'll go down to the grocery and inquire there," she said.

She put on her hat and coat and again entered the storm. At the corner grocery she found a group of men about the little coal stove talking excitedly.

"You haven't heard whether they have found the Wells boy yet, have you, Elsie?" old Mr. Stern asked.

"The Wells boy?" Elsie stared at the old man.

"Yes, Mary Wells' boy. Francis Hurd has got the police looking everywhere. His sister is going crazy, they say, unless they hear something before long. She thinks the child fell into East creek. They couldn't keep him away from it. Probably that's where he is—Hey! What's up?"

But Elsie had gone. Down the street she sped until she came to the dingy office which had Francis Hurd's name on the window. She could see him within at the telephone. There was a man with him.

As she opened the door he turned his fine grave face upon her.

"Elsie—"

"I've got him, Francis!" In her excitement she forgot everything but her mission. "He's all right. Only he called himself Bob Bell, so I did not know."

Francis Hurd smiled. Without doubt the strain had been very great.

"That is Robert, all right. He can't say W and he prefers to be called Bob. All right, Ben. You can call in your rescuing party. I'll telephone his mother. Then I'll go home with you, Elsie, and recover my nephew."

He told her more about it as they walked through the storm together. His mother wasn't well and his sister had come on to stay with her for a few days, bringing four-year-old Robert. Mrs. Wells lived in a city apartment and the glassy brook had fascinated Robert. He had stolen away with his little dog. They had been searching for hours. But for Elsie he would not have been found alive.

Robert pranced into his uncle's arms from the rocking chair trailing his blanket behind him. As Francis held him close he looked over the sunny tawny head at Elsie.

Mrs. Wells was very grateful to Elsie. She sent her a beautiful gift of a fur neckpiece and made her come to dinner. She had never seen the girl before, for the Hurds were newcomers in the town, and she was charmed with Elsie's gentle, beauty and sweet personality.

"Mother isn't going to be here long," she told her brother. "I am sorry to have to tell you, dear, but it is a fact we must both face. And you'll need a wife in this house, because I can't be running down constantly to look after you. If you are wise you will stop letting Julia Scott make trouble between you and Elsie."

Francis flushed.

"Elsie-Elsie is so difficult. She never acted as if she cared whether I went to see her or not—"

"Of course she wouldn't. She is a nice, modest girl. Yet all the time she might be breaking her heart over you."

"I'll find out if what you say is true," declared Francis.

The night Elsie told her mother she was going to marry Francis Hurd Mrs. Boyd sat upright.

"Well, I see what I've got to do," she said. "I've got to get out of this bed."

Tactful Guest

A Park avenue hostess, who gave a dinner for a friend who had lost his entire family in the sinking of an ocean liner, asked all her guests to avoid the subject of boats and water travel. One of the guests happened to be an Englishman who had just arrived in New York, and when the situation was explained to him he naturally agreed to refrain from commenting on his sea trip. After dinner the hostess inquired if any one had asked him about his crossing. "Yes," he admitted, "but I gave them the impression I flew over."—New York Evening World.

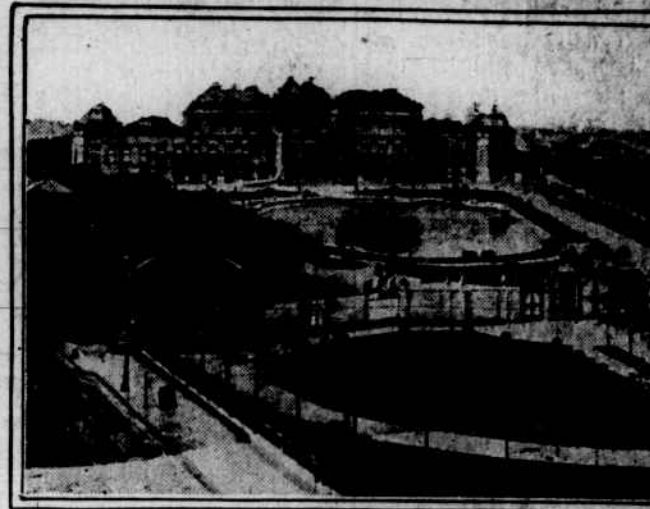
Gray Wolves Vanquished

Depredations of the large gray wolf are believed to be almost at an end in the West because of the unremitting activities of the United States biological survey and other agencies against them, says Popular Mechanics Magazine. In New Mexico, only eight were caught last year and thirty-one the preceding year. Arizona reports that no wolves are now known to be within the borders of that state. A constant patrol is kept along the international boundary to prevent invasions by timber wolves and mountain lions from Mexico.

Eel's Two Hearts

The Smithsonian institution says that the eel has an organ in its tail that pulsates, and fishermen consider it a second heart. This, however, is not a real heart. On the other hand, if an eel is struck in this region it has the same fatal effect as a blow across the heart.

Vienna Still Beautiful



Belvedere Palace in Vienna.

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

VIENNA, torn by recent riots, has had since the World war a vastly different atmosphere from that which enveloped it a decade and a half ago under the Hapsburgs. But physically it has remained the same beautiful city.

Until recently one of the richest and gayest cities on the continent and the center of Europe's oldest empire, she is today the capital of a few mountains and rivers that occupy a small corner of her former dominions. The dissolution of an immense polyglot empire has brought Austria close to ruin and put Vienna largely in pawn to the world.

On the edge of a shrivelled little republic of 6,000,000 insolvents, Vienna for several bitter years lived on alms, while her currency dropped until it took many thousand of her twenty-cent pieces to make one American dollar.

Surrounded by countries that nursed ancient grudges against her, dependent on them for nearly all her food and fuel, and with only worthless money with which to pay her bills—this was the fate which brought almost unparalleled national misery upon a highly civilized people in a famous center of learning, art, and culture.

Recent years, bringing a loan guaranteed by the League of Nations, and a replacement of worthless money by new units, have seen considerable betterment over the dark days of seven years ago; but even so, Vienna, and the sadly shrunken territory of which it is the capital can hardly be said to be wholly out of the economic woods.

Despite the tragic atmosphere that has clung round her recently, Vienna is still a beautiful city, with the cosmopolitan charm of Paris. In area she can compete with London, for her limits embrace more than 105 square miles. The city, however, is not built up to its limits, but is surrounded by a belt of meadows and wooded hills known as the Wiener Wald, from which many of the beautiful trees have been cut down in recent years.

Many Beautiful Buildings.

No finer buildings can be found in Europe than in this city of the Hapsburgs. Several races labored at building Vienna for more than a thousand years, and the artistry of many peoples is represented here. The buildings are a record of the changing taste of western civilization.

Baroque architecture, which came to grief in Rome and to perfection in Vienna, has many brilliant examples, particularly in the Inner city. This is the oldest part of Vienna and is enclosed by the famous Ring-Strasse, a boulevard 187 feet wide, with double rows of trees, and built, like the old boulevards of Paris, on the site of fortifications which once extended for three miles about the core of the city.

Within or on the Ring are the imperial palace buildings, the great Gothic cathedral of St. Stephen, the celebrated university, the parliament building—that Greek temple where the national assembly of the republic now sits—the immense twin museums, the Exchange building which is the city's pulse, the opera and the Hofburg theater, all in a setting of lindens and horse-chestnut trees, which frame the boulevard and avenues and line the walks of Vienna's lovely parks.

Outside the confines of the Ring are many palaces, embassies, chateaux, museums, hotels, and handsome stone apartment houses like those of Berlin.

In this splendid setting an economic upheaval after the armistice completely overturned every normal social condition and changed the destinies of all classes of the population. The working man is now on top of the heap and will be provided for as long as the Social Democrats are able to

make their governmental machine function.

Next down the new economic scale come the titled aristocracy and the other upper classes who used to live by "uneared increment." Many of these have spent their principal since the revolution and have come to bitter poverty.

Lowest on the scale is the middle class—the real tragedy of Vienna. Forming a fourth of the population and including the intelligentsia, this entire class, to whom the city in large measure owes its greatness, has suffered greatly since 1918.

The plight of this middle class is the last thing the traveler sees. If he is a casual person, who lives on surfaces, he may even leave the city with the impression that all is going well with the Viennese. There is nothing in the hotel district on the Ring to indicate to him that here is a city that is running along on mere hope.

How it Looks to the Tourist.

He will be served plenty of good food. He will see many luxuries in the shop windows priced beyond his pocketbook. Opera tickets are unobtainable, he may find, unless he tips a hotel porter to stand in line at seven o'clock in the morning. Gay crowds that beat freely will surround him at the races.

If he wishes to take tea at a smart cafe, he will have to get there early or he will find all the tables filled. Strolling about the Ring afterward, he will see scarcely a person who is not well dressed and well fed.

But all this is seen in the Vienna of the tourist, near the Ring, Dollars, pounds, francs, and lire keep the hotels and shops running at a profit. Here, too, come the exchange and war profiteers, known as the sciebers, who became wealthy while the rest of Vienna starved.

The galaxy which has always characterized the soul of the Viennese has an elastic quality which has enabled them to survive the most extraordinary hardships and soul-racking times without depressing their bubbling spirits.

As long as a man has his old Tyrolean hiking costume of leather breeches and a feathered cap, and a woman her peasant's costume, with its black bodice and red apron, they will pack raincoats, bread, and cheese into a knapsack, take their children by the hand, and start off for the country.

Every Sunday and holiday is spent in care-free tramping. Laughing and romping, the bare cupboard at home forgotten, they hike to the country, through sun or rain, to some favorite spot in the Wiener Wald.

At nightfall they turn back, entering the city as the opera and theater crowds are rushing to catch the last trams for the suburbs. Perhaps a bottle of wine has prepared them for their long walk back in the darkness and inspires them to shout and sing as they return to the scene of their privations.

Their sufferings have left no deep or bitter impressions. Like irresponsible children, many seem to regard the aftermath of the war as hard punishment, after which they were sent to bed without any supper. But tomorrow surely they will be forgiven and the good old times of plenty will come back.

Political changes have not altered the city's geographical situation, and the Danube still flows to Vienna through the opening in the mountain ranges, bearing ships and their cargoes for distribution in eastern Europe. Vienna is still and must remain a sort of inland seaport on the largest commercial waterway in Europe (except the Volga in Russia).

Vienna's position on the map gives promise of being her salvation.

Vienna is still and must remain a sort of inland seaport on the largest commercial waterway in Europe (except the Volga in Russia). Vienna's position on the map gives promise of being her salvation.