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HAPPENINGS OF THE WEEK

NEWS REVIEW OF CURRENT EVENTS

Five More Aviators and Two Planes Thought Lost in Atlantic.

By EDWARD W. PICKARD

FIVE more lives apparently have been sacrificed to the overweening ambition of aviators to make trans-oceanic flights. And there may be further additions to the list before this reaches the reader. Tuesday the great monoplane Old Glory, owned by William Randolph Hearst, took off from Old Orchard, Maine, on a projected nonstop flight to Rome. Lloyd Bertand and James D. Hill, both experienced flyers, were the pilots, and with them as passenger was Philip A. Payne, managing editor of the New York Mirror. Near midnight the plane was sighted about 350 miles east of St. Johns, N. F., flying well, though the night was foggy and the sea rough. About four o'clock Wednesday morning steamers and shore stations received the dread S O S call from the plane. The radio men and the ships sent out frantic calls for position and six minutes later came the reply:

"Five hours out from Newfoundland bound west."

The steamships Carmania, Transylvania, California and American Merchant, all somewhere near the estimated position of Old Glory, carefully searched the sea for hours, but no trace of the plane had been discovered up to the time of writing. Seemingly it was lost without there being an inkling of what had happened to it, even as was lost the St. Raphael and other land planes in which trans-oceanic flights have been undertaken. Anthony H. G. Fokker, designer of the plane, said he thought only engine trouble would bring the plane down. Doctor Kimball of the weather bureau eliminated the weather as a cause, saying there was no severe storms in the plane's path, although there was fog and cloudiness.

There was some hope that the plane might still be afloat even though rescue ships were unable to find it. The huge gasoline tank had a dump valve by which it could be speedily emptied and it would then provide buoyancy for some time. A collapsible rubber raft was carried, but probably the sea was too rough for its use.

On board the Old Glory was a wreath which the pilots had prepared in tribute to the French flyers who had made the first attempt. On it was written, "Nungesser and Coll: You showed the way. We followed. Bertand and Payne and Hill."

Undeterred by bad weather and ignorant of the supposed loss of the Old Glory, Capt. Terry Tully and Lieut. James Medcalf in the plane Sir John Carling hopped off from Harbor Grace, N. F., for the last lap of their trip from London, Ont., to London, England, on Wednesday. At this writing nothing has been heard of them, and it is assumed they, too, perished in the ocean.

Schlee and Brock in the Pride of Detroit were making good progress in their globe circling flight for a new time record, despite the fact that they were delayed at Constantinople by red tape. The most perilous part of the trip was the jump from Calcutta to Rangoon. At this writing they are in Hongkong. In Tokyo they planned to install a new motor for the flight to Hawaii via Midway island and thence to San Francisco. Their Detroit friends were trying to persuade them not to undertake the flight across the Pacific, and Schlee's brothers chartered a boat to meet them at Tokyo and bring them to San Francisco, believing that in that way they could still lower the round-the-world record.

Frank Courtney and four companions, who started from Plymouth, England, for New York, via the Azores, in the flying boat Whale, ran into head winds and were forced to land at Corunna, Spain.

Numerous persons around the Maracaibo river in Venezuela saw a plane, supposed to have been that of Paul Boffern, on August 27. It was headed

southeast toward the delta of the Orinoco, which is uninhabited except for a few Indians. There is a chance that the Georgia flyer may be found in the jungle.

CHARLES EVANS HUGHES returned last week from a two months' trip through France, in robust health and so chipper that the reporters who met the boat said he had never been so genial. At once he was put high in the list of possibilities for the Republican Presidential nomination, and though he declared to the interviewers that he believed Mr. Coolidge would be renominated and re-elected, he declined to say that he still stood on his "top old to run for the Presidency" statement, made last May. Politicians in Washington think that of all the potential nominees Hughes would be the one favored by Mr. Coolidge. Many persons have thought Hoover was the President's first choice, but the indications are that these two men are not in such accord as formerly.

In the Eastern states, according to wise observers, the Republican leaders think Vice President Dawes has the best chance to win the nomination, though they admit Lowden will be hard to beat and that Hoover is perhaps the ablest man in the field.

Among the Democrats not much is heard except "Smith" and "anti-Smith." The popular governor of New York was attacked by Assistant Secretary of the Treasury Lowman in an address at Buffalo for the failure of prohibition enforcement in the Empire state. Explaining why the federal government does not step in and police the state of New York, he declared that in the face of the "open opposition of the state and local officers, it would require an army of 30,000 prohibition agents to handle a proposition like that."

Congressman Boylan, Democrat, of New York, sent to Secretary of the Treasury Mellon a vigorous protest against Lowman's speech as a "gross abuse" of his federal office.

NEW ENGLAND coast guardsmen are involved in another liquor scandal. In Boston five of them and six other men were indicted by a federal grand jury for a run-running conspiracy. Federal investigators charged that protection was obtained in landing liquor by payments of a certain fixed sum per case. It is further charged that coast guard boats were used in assisting in landings which would otherwise have been difficult. One of the accused men was executive officer of the coast guard base in East Boston.

While on the subject of booze, it may be noted that the province of New Brunswick, Canada, ended its eleven years of prohibition last week. The intoxicating liquor act went into effect and retail liquor stores under control of the government were opened. Purchase permits are not required.

PROHIBITION lost its ablest supporter when Wayne B. Wheeler, general counsel and legislative superintendent of the Anti-Saloon league, died at a sanitarium in Battle Creek, Mich. He had been undergoing treatment for a kidney ailment and was taken to Battle Creek for an operation, but had improved so much under treatment that it was decided not to operate. Then he took a sudden turn for the worse, and died on Monday afternoon. The funeral was held in Columbus, Ohio, and Mr. Wheeler was buried beside his wife, who was burned to death a few weeks ago.

Whatever may be thought of the merits of national prohibition and of Mr. Wheeler's methods in bringing it about, there can be no question about the skill and perseverance with which he conducted the affairs of the league. He repeatedly demonstrated his power in influencing legislation and the selection of men for office, and as the general of the dry forces proved himself to be one of the shrewdest politicians in the country. The league could scarcely find one man to fill his place, and it is believed two will be named to take over his work. E. B. Dunford, Wheeler's confidential legal adviser, may become general counsel, and some one else the legislative superintendent. The three leading candidates for the latter position are: A. J. Davis, superintendent of the New York State Anti-Saloon league; Rev.

A. J. Barton of Nashville, Tenn., a member of the national league's executive committee, and James White, former superintendent of the Ohio State league.

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE'S last week in the Black hills was uneventful, and he started back to Washington much benefited physically by his summer vacation and ready to tackle such big matters as taxes, ambassadorial appointments, naval building and other questions. The White House, renovated, repaired and with a fine new roof, was all ready for his return. All the inhabitants of Rapid City gathered at the station to bid Mr. and Mrs. Coolidge farewell, and the President made a little speech expressing his appreciation of their hospitality. The eastward trip was interrupted briefly Saturday at Brookings, S. D., where the President dedicated the Lincoln Sylvan theater, built for lectures and entertainments for students of agriculture.

LAST week was not a good one for Russian Communists. Down in Bolivia the government made public conclusive proof that the Third Internationale was plotting communist revolt there and in other countries of South America; and at the same time a number of Red leaders were arrested in La Paz and quantities of explosives were seized. French Nationalists and Conservatives united in demanding the resignation or recall of Christian Rakovsky, soviet ambassador to Paris, because he signed the Trotsky manifesto urging "all foreign soldiers to join the great Red army" and inviting the Reds of all countries "to work actively to defeat their own governments." The French foreign office sent such strongly worded dispatches to Moscow that Chicherin, soviet foreign minister, had to disavow the manifesto, and Rakovsky tried hard to persuade the French that he was not trying to stir up trouble in France. At the annual meeting of the British Trade Union congress in Edinburgh the Communists were overwhelmingly outvoted and a resolution was adopted cancelling all relations with the Russian trade unions and the Third Internationale. The Pan-German league adopted resolutions demanding the dissolution of the Communist party in Germany and the suppression of its organs. The league represents the Nationalist extremists and bases its demands on the recent world-wide demonstrations in favor of Sacco and Vanzetti.

OPENING its eighth annual assembly in Geneva, the League of Nations was a decidedly gloomy gathering. This was due to the failure of the league's disarmament conference in the spring and the collapse of the Coolidge naval parity in August, to which was added the fact that the economic conference was practically devoid of results. Among the notable absentees were Lord Robert Cecil and M. de Jouvenal, resigned, and Baron Ishii of Japan. Dr. Alberto N. Guani, Uruguayan minister to France, was elected president of the assembly. Supported by the Belgians, French, Germans and Hollanders, Beelaerts van Bloklands of Holland submitted a resolution asking for the revival of the nonaggression protocol of 1924, declaring the failure of conferences of the past year had proved that actual disarmament was impossible for the time being. Japanese and Swedish delegates criticized the league severely for its failure to bring about reduction of armaments and to curb the quarrels of some of the nations of Europe. Poland's demand for an eastern Locarno guaranteeing its security against Germany and Russia was supported by France, but Sir Austen Chamberlain and the British delegates looked on it coldly.

CHINA'S Nationalist government has disclosed the contents of an agreement with Japan whereby the Nationalists undertake to guarantee the protection of lives and properties of Japanese in Nationalist territory. It is said this agreement led to the Japanese decision to withdraw their troops from Shantung, which movement was accomplished last week. The Christian general, Feng Yu-hsiang, wired the Nationalist government that he was launching an offensive against the Northern troops in Shantung province from Honan.

Widespread expansion of air, rail and ship traffic, completion of currency and budgetary stabilization in nearly all countries, advances in savings and a reduction of unemployment by normal postwar exploitation of colonial projects, were some important strides he found.

As to the attitude toward American business, Doctor Klein said the value of American loans had been "too keenly appreciated to permit of any serious interference through impulsive, superficial hostility."

have shaken off the "calamity complex" or mental hazard for a stronger business morale.

He also noted an almost complete absence of "any bitterness or hostility" toward the United States in European business circles, finding instead "a steadily increasing appreciation of the need for mutual transatlantic good will for the facilitation of capital advances and the steady increase of merchandise movements, which have been growing regularly in both directions."

THE UNLOVED WIFE

(By D. J. Walsh.)

MARGARET BINNER walked slowly home. She had been to the post office for the mail and had stepped into one or two stores to do some necessary shopping. She had met several persons whom she liked and knew and had paused for a word or two. But now she was going home, and home did not mean as much to her as it formerly had, because Margaret was drinking the bitterest cup which fate raises to the lips of wifehood; she had begun to suspect that her husband no longer loved her as he had once done. She had tried to blind her eyes to all the evidence in the case, but at last it had been made all too plain; she could no longer conceal the fact from herself and she suspected her friends could see as plainly as she that she was fast becoming an unloved wife. A great pity for herself welled up in her heart and tears smarted her eyes as the shame of it came to her. What should she do; would it be right to go on living with John when she was certain that he was perfectly indifferent to her?

Upon reaching home Margaret entered the house—she hardly thought of it as home now—and throwing aside her hat sank down upon the big davenport. She must try to think it all out—to plan, if possible, some course of action that would bring some sort of peace to her mind.

She and John had been married almost two years. He had been an ideal lover and husband up to within a few weeks, when suddenly he had seemed to change. He no longer proposed going to places and had no little surprise for her when he came home at night from the office. He always kissed her, it is true, when he came in and still seemed to enjoy the food she prepared for him, but he did not praise it as often as he had. He did not seem quite as gay either when he came in. And after the evening meal he would sink into a big easy chair, adjust the floor lamp at an angle to suit him and bury himself either in a newspaper or book. Now, that was another thing that gave proof that John did not care for her. He knew well enough that she hated to have him move that floor lamp. At first he had laughingly given in when she protested and called her his fussy little housekeeper, but now, without a word, he would calmly move the lamp and say nothing about it. Now, Margaret did not mind staying at home occasionally, but lately night after night John settled himself for the evening, and if she protested or suggested going out he would say he would much rather stay at home, and, finally, one night he told her if she found him dull to run along alone.

"Run along alone! What wife," thought Margaret bitterly, "if she had a proper pride, would air the fact to her friends that her husband no longer found joy in her society?" And then a horrible thought struck her. "Of course that was it. John was either ashamed to be seen with her or there was another woman!" The thought fairly brought her to her feet. She began pacing the long living room and then her eyes chanced to fall upon the mail she had brought from the post office. When the postmaster had handed it to her he had bunched it in a newspaper. At first Margaret had been too busy and too agitated even to think of mail, and when she came home she had thrown it upon the davenport at her side. In springing up just now she had scattered the mail all over the rug and now right there in plain view lay a big, creamy envelope. "Ah!" she thought. She grabbed up the letter with the feeling that at last "she" had written. She tore open the envelope with shaking fingers without glancing at the address. She was startled when she read:

"Dearest: I will arrive on the 2:40 this afternoon. I am taking this opportunity of spending a few days near you. I am on my way East and cannot go through Spencer without seeing you. Now, honey—"honey, indeed!" thought Margaret—"don't let me spoil any of your plans, but just let me have every moment of your precious time you can manage to steal away from you—" Here the page turned, but the little red specks were floating so thick and fast before her eyes that Margaret could not go on for a moment and then she read—"steal away from your home. I know you are as much in love as ever, one with your constant nature could not change, but I must see and know it for myself. So good-by until 2:40 this afternoon. With love, hugs and kisses. From your cousin FANNY."

Cousin Fanny! And then Margaret picked up the discarded envelope and saw that it was directed to her and it was without doubt from her very

own frivolous cousin Fanny. She had not seen Cousin Fanny since she and John were married and this was the first time she had heard from her in months and months. The relief and disappointment combined turned her almost faint. Well, she would just have to put aside her problem and do what she could to make Cousin Fanny enjoy the few days she would be in the house. It would never do for Margaret to let this romantic creature know that John no longer loved her. Perish the thought. She must put on a brave front.

At 2:30 Margaret was at the station with her little roadster to meet Cousin Fanny. She wore one of her prettiest dresses and she had so carefully powdered her nose and bathed her eyes made red by recent tears that Cousin Fanny, when she impulsively kissed her, said she had never seen Margaret looking happier or prettier. Poor Margaret was thankful that she had thus far been able to conceal her breaking heart. But how was she going to keep on smiling—

That night when John came in, big, brusque, and found Cousin Fanny he was simply overjoyed.

"I'm so glad you've come, Fan," he said in his hearty way. "I am afraid it's been a little dull for Margaret here lately, but I've had so blamed much to do at the office that when I get home all I could think of was to sink into a chair and read. I tell you home is a great place to be in. It's like heaven to me to get home, have a good meal and be able to sit and smoke and think. I'll say, if every fellow had a wife like Margaret here the movies and theaters would soon have to go out of business. She makes me lazy, too, by feeding me. And, say, by the time I've eaten one of her good dinners—and believe me they taste good after that quick lunch I patronize at noon—I have no ambition to move. Some little cook I've got here, Fan, as you'll soon see. What have you got to eat tonight, Puss?" asked John as he put his arm about his wife and gave her a good hug. "I'm as hungry as a bear. Come on, Fan, let's see," and he led the way to the dining room.

Never in all her life had Margaret eaten such a good meal, never had she been so happy in all her life. She felt as if John had been restored to her, and when after dinner he seized the floor lamp and placed it behind his favorite chair and settled himself with his newspaper and pipe for a quiet evening she never even noticed that he had ruffled up a corner of the rug in his haste to get settled comfortably. Margaret suggested going out, but Cousin Fanny pleaded that she was tired and would rather stay in.

John forgot his paper long enough to growl over his shoulder: "Say, girls, tomorrow afternoon I'll lay off and we'll all do the town. In the evening we'll take in a good show, too, if you say so," and then he relapsed into silence.

But for Margaret there was no silence, for within her heart was the singing as of a million birds.

April Fool's Day

Brewer's Dictionary of Phrase and Fable suggests that as March 25 used to be New Year day, April 1 was its octave when its festivities culminated and ended. "It may be a relic of the Roman 'Cerealia' held at the beginning of April. The tale is that Proserpina was sporting in the Elysian meadows and had just filled her lap with daffodils, when Pluto carried her off to the lower world. Her mother, Ceres, heard the echo of her screams, and went in search of 'the voice'; but her search was a fool's errand; it was hunting the gawk, or looking for the echo of a scream."

Valuable Meteor

The biggest lump of luck which exists on earth lies nearly 1,000 feet below the surface, near Holbrook, in Arizona. It is a meteor, which fell from the skies and buried itself. In doing so it scooped out a valley three-quarters of a mile long and 600 feet deep. A company has bored down to it and found that it is a mass of meteoric iron, mixed with nickel and other metals. Its value is computed at \$12,500,000.

Famous City of the Past

Nineveh was the capital of the ancient empire of Assyria, one of the most ancient nations in history. The city was destroyed in the year 606 B. C. The modern city of Mosul stands on the site of the suburbs of Nineveh, and Mosul has been assigned to Mesopotamia, better known as Iraq, a sovereign state established by the peace settlement of 1919.

Indians Had Popcorn

The Indians of the pre-Columbian period did have a variety of corn similar to our popcorn. In the Southwest this was called "little corn." It is doubtful, however, that the aborigines used such corn for popping purposes, but it is probable that our popcorn was developed from this Indian variety.—Pathfinder Magazine.

Victoria Falls



Perspective View of Victoria Falls.

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

THE best-known scenic attraction in Africa is undoubtedly the Victoria falls of the Zambesi, on the line between southern and northern Rhodesia. This is one of the three greatest waterfalls in the world, worthy to rank with Niagara and with Iguazu in South America.

From immemorial times an atmosphere of mystery and superstition has hung over these African falls, so profound that Livingstone, who discovered them in 1855, had the greatest difficulty in persuading his followers to accompany him, as they believed the region to be the home of monsters and devils of destruction. Vestiges of these traditions still exist, although the Cape-to-Cairo railroad, which crosses the river less than half a mile below the falls, is rapidly dispelling them.

Going by rail from Bulawayo one sees, some 10 miles before reaching the falls, five enormous columns of vapor shooting their roseate-tinted shafts hundreds of feet heavenward. This is a marvelous scene in the early morning. With the first rays of the rising sun comes a picture of color of wondrous loveliness. Delicate tints of violet, crimson, and beryl play through the mounting spray as it shoots higher and higher, ultimately disappearing as virgin clouds in heaven, while the ever-increasing thunder of the waters lends an added solemnity to the view.

Notwithstanding the magnitude of Victoria Falls, the first view of them is disappointing. Although nearly a mile in width and 400 feet in height, the grandeur of their proportions is eclipsed by the sudden disappearance of the river as it plunges into a narrow, rocky fissure extending across its entire width. Only at a single central point is there a breach in this fissure through which the falls can be seen and appreciated in their full proportions, where the converging waters rush madly to the zigzag canyon below. So restricted is this view that there is an entire absence of that awe-inspiring and almost paralyzing effect which strikes the visitor dumb with wonder and amazement when Niagara bursts on his near vision. On first sight of the Victoria falls one involuntarily exclaims, "Oh, how beautiful!" but they lack the majesty of Niagara.

Must Be Seen Many Times.

No single visit can adequately reveal the fullness of their charms, but repeated excursions must be made to their islands and precipices, their grottos and palm gardens, their rain forests and projecting crags, their rainbows and cataracts and many-sided views of their exquisite setting in the emerald framework of tropic forests, before their indescribable beauty can be appreciated. The fascination of discovering new and hidden charms from different points of view grows on the visitor and becomes one of the greatest attractions.

As the rainy season commences in Rhodesia in November and continues in the form of tropical showers until April, the most advantageous time to see the falls is in May, when the seething torrents are at their flood. November also has its attractions, when the river is low, for then the chasm is comparatively free from mist, disclosing vistas and views of the great abyss of rare beauty which before were wholly obscured by the whirling columns of spray.

The bridge of the Cape-to-Cairo railroad is the favorite point selected by artists, as the picture through the narrow gap at Danger point exhibits the full extent of the angry waters as they leap from the precipices to the abyss below.

There is a hotel near the railway. From its verandas a magnificent panorama of the canyon and Batoka gorge can be seen. A walk of half a mile brings one to "the place where the rain is born," as the natives call the Rain Forest. This is a phenomenon of rare beauty, especially to the botanist, for here the tropic heat and constantly falling spray produce a

wealth of vegetation of wonderful luxuriance and variety.

From the western extremity of the Rain Forest the leaping waters of the cascade can be seen to best advantage, while its entire front, bordering on the great crevasse into which the river huris itself, furnishes a superb view of the crest of the falls from end to end, except when interrupted by the whirling masses of spray that shoot from the seething cauldron below.

View From Danger Point.

But the most thrilling scene is from the eastern extremity of the Rain Forest at Danger point, where the treacherous vines and grasses, clinging to the rocks with hungry, desperate roots, tempt one to the very verge of the precipitate cliffs that seem to tremble with the terrific shock of the cataract. So dense here at times is the mass of vapor hurled from the seething cauldron that the sun's rays can no longer penetrate it, and complete darkness envelops one as he is deluged by the downpour, while the terrific thunder of the falls drowns all other sounds and makes his own voice inaudible.

Occasionally a violent blast opens a rift through the blackness and mist, disclosing a momentary view of the lashing waters in the boiling cauldron, whose heaving, battling surface and pyramids of emerald foam change with kaleidoscopic rapidity.

An interesting spot is the kloof, or palm garden, hidden in the first of the serpentine curves of the canyon below the falls and reached from the bridge by a zigzag pathway, which descends in comparatively easy stages through a tangled primeval jungle to the rushing waters of the gorge below. Here again nature, with lavish hands, has shown her prodigality. Palms of enormous size and variety, bathed by eternal spray, mingle so densely with other forest growths as completely to shut out the direct rays of the sun and form a safe refuge for the richly plumed parrots and monkeys that frolic in their branches. From the edge of the waters of this tropic jungle an upward view of the falls enables one to appreciate them in their full height and beauty, and to carry away a lasting impression of their majestic grandeur as seen from below.

The lip of the falls is broken by four islands, which interrupt its flow just as Goat island divides Niagara. The natives appropriately named the first of these Boruka Isle—"divider of waters." Between this point and the shore the river channel is deep and shelving, and the leaping waters of the cascade rush with fearful impetuosity, shooting clear from the precipitous walls in their mad flight to the abyss 250 feet below, while the echoing words ring with the thunder of their boisterous glee.

Formed by Erosion.

Livingstone, who discovered the falls, believed that some geologic cataclysm had opened a crack in the basalt plateau over which the Zambesi flows and that the river, pouring into this cleft, worked its way out on a lower level, leaving the great falls in the narrow gorge.

Geologists of the present day, however, deny Livingstone's theory regarding the phenomenon of the formation of the falls, claiming that it is due entirely to the processes of erosion, and that the river, by increasing friction through innumerable ages, has gradually frittered to granular atoms the dense rock and engraved the deep channels of the tortuous canyon. The basaltic rock which forms the greater portion of Rhodesia is of volcanic origin, proof of which is evidenced in the great lava-flows, which have been poured out in successive waves, covering the country in differing strata of varying porosity hundreds, if not thousands, of feet deep. Through this the percolating waters have deposited in the cavities the beautiful agates, chalcedony of various hues, quartz crystals, and nodules that are found in abundance along the projecting surfaces of these amygdaloidal rocks, many specimens of which are found in the