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DOINGS OF THE WEEK

NEWS REVIEW OF CURRENT EVENTS

Opponents of Obregon in Mexico Lead Revolt—One Is Executed.

By EDWARD W. PICKARD

REVOLT flared up in Mexico last week, the anti-re-electionists in many parts of the country taking arms against the government, which supports Obregon for the presidency. Parts of the garrisons of Mexico City and Torreón and troops in the state of Vera Cruz mutinied under the leadership of many of their officers, and there were uprisings in other towns. Gen. Arnulfo Gomez, one of Obregon's rivals for the presidency, was at the head of the entire movement, and Gen. Francisco Serrano, the other opposition candidate, was declared to be in full sympathy with the revolt. The mutineers from the capital were soon defeated by loyal troops and Serrano, with a dozen of his aids, was either captured in Cuernavaca or seized in Mexico City and taken there secretly. The prisoners were immediately tried by court martial and shot, and the same fate was meted out to many other officers who were caught.

Gomez, however, for a time eluded the Calles troops and at this writing is reported at the head of a considerable force and marching to attack the city of Vera Cruz. He had been joined by Gen. Hector Almada, leader of the Mexico City mutineers. Federal troops were advancing on a part of the rebel forces at Perote, and the strong Vera Cruz garrison, commanded by Gen. Jesus Aguirre, was reported ready to meet the attack of Gomez. The prospects at this time are that Gomez will be defeated, and if he is captured it is almost certain that he will be executed. President Calles is apparently so strongly supported that there is small chance for the success of a rebellion. The greater part of the army is loyal to him, as is the navy, and the Mexican Federation of Labor is pledged to support him.

This attempted revolt has at least cleared the presidential situation in Mexico, for since Obregon is supported by President Calles and his only two rivals are now eliminated, the election of the former president seems an absolute certainty. Immediately after the start of the uprising 25 deputies who opposed Obregon were expelled by the congress.

FRANK O. LOWDEN received at his Mississippi farm several thousand central Illinoisans who urged him to announce his candidacy for the Republican nomination, supporting the plea already made by delegations from Nebraska, Iowa and other states. Mr. Lowden entertained his guests handsomely but the most they could get from him concerning his candidacy was a reiteration of his previous statement, namely: "I know of no man in all our history who has run away from the Presidency, and no one who appreciates the solemn responsibility of that high office will run after the Presidency." Mayor Thompson of Chicago has let it be known that if Lowden enters the preferential primaries in Illinois, he will present himself as a candidate, and his friends said if he did this he would capture large numbers of Southern delegates in the national convention. An immediate result of the Thompson announcement was the almost complete elimination of Chicago from the list of cities seeking the convention. San Francisco and Cleveland now seem to be in the lead, with Minneapolis and Detroit still in the running. The Republican national committee will decide on the location December 6, according to Chairman Butler. That gentleman and other members of the committee were the guests of President Coolidge at a breakfast and obtained the impression that he was sincere in his determination not to accept renomination. Conferences of the leaders in Washington brought out the opinion that Hoover would run better than Hughes in the West and South, though the latter would have the bet-

ter chance to defeat Smith in New York.

Frederick I. Thompson, Democrat and the publisher of five Alabama newspapers, in an interview in New York, said the Republicans could break the solid South by nominating Hoover, providing the Democrats name Al Smith. The campaign for Smith has been actively opened in several Western states, notably Kansas and South Dakota.

CABINET members, high army and navy officers and hundreds of other persons, gathered at the Aberdeen proving grounds, near Washington, Thursday, and witnessed demonstrations of the newest things in weapons and automotive equipment, the most elaborate display of the kind since the World War. Tanks, tractors, bombs, smoke curtains, anti-aircraft guns, machine guns, field artillery, weapons and rifles were exhibited and tested. Many of the models shown have been available for some time but lack of funds has prevented their adoption. It is hoped this condition will soon be remedied.

Ordnance officers state that in the field of artillery new weapons have been produced which are far superior to the old in range, accuracy, and breadth of the field of fire. In some cases, notably that of the newly perfected 75-millimeter pack howitzer, ordnance experts say the new weapon is so far superior to the ones it was built to replace that there is virtually no comparison. Another example disclosed was that of the new American 75-millimeter gun, which, ordnance experts say, has a range almost twice as great as the famous French 75-millimeter gun used during the war.

The newest anti-aircraft gun automatically sights its target. It is controlled by a sensitive instrument which detects the position of a moving airplane by sound waves. At night a huge searchlight throws its beam directly upon the airplane simultaneously with the discharge of the gun.

FRANCE'S tariff increases continue to be the subject of official notes, semi-official statements and unofficial arguments and protests, and a settlement of the controversy is not in sight. Meanwhile our Treasury department announces the assessment of countervailing duties on certain French products, as a direct result of the higher French tariff rates.

The action was mandatory under six paragraphs of the Fordney tariff act, which makes provision for countervailing duties. Under these paragraphs the articles affected bear specified rates of duty or are on the free list subject to a proviso that if any nation imposes a higher duty, imports of the particular commodity from that nation shall be subject to that rate. The same action has been taken in the case of a few German products.

DESPITE the rigid censorship imposed by the Peking government, the correspondents in China have sent over enough information to prove that Peking is in grave danger of capture by the armies of Shansi province, which are allied with the southern Nationalists and are led by Yen Hsi-shan, military governor. Yen took Kalgan and the Manchurians withdrew before his advance, planning to make a stand at the Great Wall or at the Nankow pass about forty-five miles northeast of Peking. Marshal Chang sent his aviation and heavy artillery units from Peking to Tientsin and it was thought he might be preparing to evacuate the capital. The situation caused considerable concern in Washington and London. Dispatches from Tokyo said the Japanese government was seriously considering the sending of troops from Manchuria to Peking and Tientsin if matters in China grew worse.

MOSCOW ignored two friendly notifications from Paris that the Soviet ambassador, Rakovsky, was persona non grata, so the French government last week formally demanded his recall. This step was forced by the violent press campaign against the continued presence of Rakovsky. Russia had made efforts to smooth over the situation by increasing its

offers of debt settlement, but without avail.

D. R. V. N. POLOVESA, a woman, Soviet representative of the Russian Red Cross in London since 1921, was expelled from England by order of the home office. She is the first woman to be denied the privileges of the country since the raid on the Russian Trading company's headquarters by Scotland Yard men in search of propaganda.

THIRTY persons, who were said to be members of a Communist lobby, were detected trying to "bore from within" at the annual convention of the American Federation of Labor in Los Angeles. One of them, Sid Bush, was arrested and booked on suspicion of criminal syndicalism. The police said Bush had in his pocket a letter from William Z. Foster, secretary of the Communist party of America, instructing him to obtain the introduction of certain resolutions in the convention and naming the Communists with whom he was to work.

One of the most important developments at the convention was the withdrawal of the building trade department of the federation from association with the national board for jurisdictional awards in the building industry on the grounds that the board had failed to render definite decisions.

COAL miners of Illinois and Iowa ended their long strike and went back to work, having reached a compromise with the operators whereby they are to receive temporarily the same wages as under the Jacksonville agreement. A joint board is to take up the wage question in each state. It was believed a similar agreement would end the strike in Indiana mines.

THREE German aviators and an actress from Vienna started from Berlin in a huge Junkers plane to fly to America via Lisbon and the Azores. They were not after a record, so they stopped first at Amsterdam for fuel. Then, flying southward, the plane was forced to descend into the sea off Cape Roca, Portugal. A tug was sent to the rescue and it was announced that the plane was uninjured and the flight would be resumed.

William A. Yackey, war-time ace, president of an aircraft company and a close friend of Col. Charles A. Lindbergh, was killed at Maywood, Ill., when a plane he was testing crashed and burst into flames. The son of a St. Louis business man, Yackey was a member during the war of the Italian flying forces and later of the American army.

GEORGE REMUS, ex-convict and former super-bottlelegger, is in the limelight again. Last Thursday, as he and his wife were on their way to court in Cincinnati to settle their domestic difficulties, Remus fired a volley of bullets into the taxicab in which were the woman and her adopted daughter. Mrs. Remus sustained several wounds and died in a hospital. Remus had accused the woman of "framing" him and having him railroaded to the Atlanta penitentiary four years ago, and after his release she filed suit for divorce, charging cruelty.

LAST week it was the turn of Great Britain and King George to entertain the American Legion tourists known as the "good will party," and the job was well done. On their arrival in London the Legionnaires formed in procession on the Embankment and, led by Howard P. Savage, retiring commander, marched to the Cenotaph, where Mr. Savage deposited a wreath. They then proceeded to Westminster abbey, where another wreath was laid on the grave of the Unknown Warrior. The first entertainment was a luncheon given by the British Legion and presided over by the prince of Wales, who assured the Americans that they were as welcome as they were ten years ago. Following this was a series of functions, including a reception by the king and queen.

Before going to England the Legionnaires visited Belgium and were warmly received by King Albert and Queen Elizabeth.

ing on it were in government files. The plot was reported to him as head of the army intelligence service in his district at the time by a German who overheard the plotting through a register in the floor in his room.

The informant said that he had been asked to join with the conspirators and that a quantity of explosives was stored on the premises of the East side lodging house where the conspirators lived. Trevor said that his staff raided the house, but the plotters escaped.

"The point I wanted to make is mentioning the incident," said Trevor, "was that this German was registered as an alien, and while he might have reported his discovery to the authorities in any case, again he might not have. I believe that registration of aliens is almost as necessary in peacetime as it is in war.

"There are some 3,000,000 aliens in this state illegally and most of them criminals," Trevor charged. He urged that firearms should be sold to no person.

SPANIEL REDEEMED HIMSELF

(By D. J. Walsh.)

"DASSENT! Oh, I dassent!" screamed the tall, slippery youth, squirming to escape. "He'll kill me if I do, an' he'll kill me if I don't get back an' tell quick. He said twenty minutes, knowin' I'm quick and spry, like an eel, an' he'll do it. He did to 'otter one I sa-ay!" struggling yet more frantically and wild with terror, "let me—go! Ye've kept me a half hour now, an' I ain't told a thing, an' I won't tell a thing. He'll kill me! I'll die first. I will go!"

He was a supple youth, of the kind to spin porch pillars, twist out on slender limbs, drop from eaves upon cat-feet and into manholes at suspicious shadows, and even to rain tears and protests and supplications when they would serve his purpose best. Now his muscles suddenly became flabby and he sank toward the floor a dead weight, but before reaching it and while the grasp of his captor was shifting for a new hold, the muscles of the bent legs suddenly bunched as a mountain lion's—or jackal's—about to spring, and the body shot forward through the window, taking glass and part of the sash toward the ground, twenty-five feet below.

The man rushed to the window and looked out. Below was a great mass of laurel and rhododendron, ending at the edge of the fish pond. It was a good hiding place.

Beyond the fish pond was an angle of the lawn and beyond that the woods. Several men were mowing and raking up the grass of the lawn. They started toward the house at the crashing of the glass.

"In the rhododendron bed somewhere!" shouted the man. "Sneak thief!" Hout him out!"

As he was turning back into the room there came a frenzied "Ki-ow oow, yo-ow, ki-ow!" and a little black spaniel rushed from the bushes and almost turned a somersault in his haste to gain the shelter under the steps. The man looked down at him disdainfully.

"If I'd bought any kind of good watchdog instead of you this thief problem would be solved in about two minutes," he grumbled. "Never mind, though, your place is ornamental. The men will soon get him out."

"Oh, Hugh, what do you suppose it means?" shuddered a woman who had appeared at the doorway of a connecting room in time to hear what the man had said. "Who's going to kill him—what made him so scared?"

"Blest if I know," gloomily. "What's bothering me now is how the rascal got away. I lay down on the couch for a few minutes' rest after the run from town and must have fallen asleep. I woke suddenly and saw his face reflected in the mirror. I'm good on a quick spring and have thought myself sure on a grip till now. Who's going to kill him, you ask. Nobody, I guess, unless it's his voice paralyzing him from too much exercise. All bluff, though I did believe him till he worked that drop on me."

"It was real," affirmed his wife. "Such terror as that couldn't be simulated. What do you suppose he wanted—or the other man—if there is one? Could they suspect?"

"Impossible. I stepped in the bank office for a moment to speak with the bank president, and the money was handed me there. It wasn't in public sight at all. Only you and I know of its existence. And this afternoon I shall take it to the factory superintendent to pay off the men. So you see it will be in the house less than three hours. It was rather bulky, so I placed it in the desk."

He drew a key from his pocket, opened his desk and slipped a hand confidently into a drawer. Then he looked rather hurriedly into other drawers. He rushed to a window. "Don't let him escape," he called. "He's taken a lot of money from my desk. I'll give \$100 to the one who first finds him."

"Nine thousand dollars!" he shouted as he flung himself from the room and rushed out, but half an hour's searching failed to reveal him.

"Not there," said the man perplexedly.

"Not so sure of that," doubted his gardener. "The ground's tangled with the big roots of them old plants an' a feller like you say he is might twist in among 'em like a snake, so we wouldn't see him 'less we stepped on him."

"If we only had a dog," complained the man.

"Ki-ow-ow! Yi-ow! Ki-ow!" answered the black spaniel. Several laughed.

"Here's a chance to redeem yourself, you skulker," impatiently, "Go and find the man. Get along!"

The spaniel's tail dropped and his

eyes implored the speaker, wavered, struggled and grew straight. The tail stiffened.

"Ki-ow! Yi-ow!" he protested, and shot into the shrubbery.

"The mite's waking up, I do believe," said the man in surprise. "But he's too small to be of any use. Does any one know of a real dog that we can—"

A wild outcry of rapid, exulting barks came from the shrubbery.

"Treed him, by Jock!" cried the gardener. "Bet the feller crawled into a root like a muskrat an' Blackie's calling for us to dig him out. In we go."

But as they pushed in, the vociferous barking moved down rapidly. They followed as fast as they could through the tangle, those outside running along outside abreast of the barking.

A shot rang out followed by an agonized howl. A few moments later the man came to the dog hopping on three legs and holding up the fourth, through the paw of which the shot had passed. "Why, you poor chap!" he exclaimed. "You got it, after all."

But at sight of him the dog gave a recollecting "ki-yi-ow" and plunged on. When they emerged from the shrubbery the dog was barking furiously at the pool. Men were standing off on either side watching.

"Seen anything of him?" called the owner.

"Not a thing, sir. He ain't come out."

"Then the dog must have been trailing a muskrat that slipped into the water—or no, there's the shot. Find him!" For the dog had made a long spring into the pool.

He swam straight to where the lotus and pond lily pads were thickest, and made a sudden dive into them. A hand reached out and jerked him under water.

"Stop that!" yelled the owner, and without throwing off coat or shoes he sprang in and struggled toward the pads. "Keep your guns on us, men."

Several policemen came into sight, running. One of them threw himself into the pool to help. Another five minutes and the owner and the dog were on the bank, and the man, too, in the grasp of the policeman. But the man was a big, thick-set brutal-looking fellow.

"This isn't the one," protested the owner to the officer. "The one who stole my money is young and thin."

"One we want," was the answer. "Toughest kind of tough we've been looking after. Maybe he has a confederate."

"Must have. But how happened you here so timely?"

"Your wife phoned there was likely to be trouble, and for us to hurry—"

"Is—is—he—safe—tied, handcuffed—dead to rights?" asked a voice.

"Safe enough for the next ten years," was the answer. "But who are you?"

What seemed a knot on the limb of a big tree rapidly unwound itself and slid to the ground. "Money's in the sole o' that feller's right shoe," he squeaked. "He's lame, an' has a sole two inches through, with a spring pocket. Do I get the \$100?"

"No," dryly. "You get what's coming to you, with a recommendation for mercy. The spaniel gets the \$100 in the shape of a good home and friends for the rest of his life."

Spontaneous Combustion

When large quantities of soot, linen, paper, cotton or woolen stuff, ship's cables, etc., become soaked with relatively small amounts of oils (especially drying oils) and are exposed to a limited access of air, they may take fire sooner or later. The presence of moisture, frequently aids spontaneous combustion, and piles of damp hay, freshly mown grass, sometimes take fire spontaneously. The phenomenon is not, however, without a clearly defined cause. Fats and oils can be shown to undergo a slow process of combustion at but slightly elevated temperatures. Combustion of a small amount of oil causes the evolution of a corresponding amount of heat; rise of temperature accelerates the combustion, producing a further degree of heat, until at a given moment the temperature may become so high as to cause the mass to burst into flame.

Her First Trip West

A little New York girl, Marjorie Hardesty, is visiting the Middle West. She has never been along real country roads before. Friday she saw a sign on Victory highway. "Fresh Cow For Sale," "Oh, look at that cute sign," she laughed. "I've heard plenty of people called fresh but I never heard of a cow described that way." The significance of "fresh" as applied in nature was explained to her. The next day as she and her hosts drove across a bridge Marjorie read a sign which had been placed there by a fisherman. "Well this," she exclaimed. "Is the most amazing thing I've learned yet! That sign we just passed says 'fresh catfish for sale!'—Capper's Weekly.

CAPITAL of the HITTITES



Hittite Double-Headed Eagle Found at Boghaz Keouy.

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

IN THE heart of Asia Minor, about a hundred miles east of Angora, the traveler interested in the past will find a rich field. It is Boghaz Keouy, the ruined capital of the Hittites.

Boghaz Keouy means the "village of the throat" for it is at the end of a deep valley that the modern Turkish village lies, in northern Cappadocia, and the Hittites of the Sixteenth and Fifteenth centuries B. C. built their great fortified city on the rocky hillsides above the mouth of this valley.

Whether it was Subbi Lulumu or some other musically named gentleman who laid out this city of many great buildings and strong fortifications, he certainly possessed an appreciation of natural beauty as well as statesmanship, for, as one climbs from point to point—from the palace up to the great citadel; from one rock, crowned with massive ruins, to another still more stupendous—one hardly knows which to wonder over and admire more, the strength and skill displayed in these three or four thousand-year-old remains or the glorious views that greet one's eyes at every turn.

From one corner of the citadel, by the remains of a round tower, you look straight down four or five hundred feet of rock into the gloom of a narrow gorge, at the bottom of which a stream flows darkly, and you can see little but the rock over which you lean, and the swallows that flash in and out of the gorge, and the eagles that sail to their nests on the opposite crags. On another side of the citadel, at the foot of the precipice, the same stream winds softly through trees and grass and flowers.

On the less steep side of the citadel several trenches, have been dug by excavators. In the earth thrown out of these trenches peasants have planted their grain, and thus, fertilizing their seed with Hittite remains, they have raised an abundant crop with little labor.

All over the flat top of this acropolis, as well as everywhere else in the city, one may pick up any quantity of broken pieces of ancient pottery—brown, black, and every shade of red and every degree of fineness. Much of this pottery is painted, most of it with simple decoration resembling that on the proto-Corinthian or geometric vases. Some of it has a beautiful glaze; some is covered with a white slip and painted in three or four colors, while most of it has simply black or dark red markings on red pottery.

Modern Symbols Used by Hittites.

A visit to Boghaz Keouy not only makes one feel quite intimate with the Hittites, but also one sees here that they did many of the things that we associate with much later peoples. Did the Turks first use the star and crescent; or even the Greeks of ancient Byzantium? No, indeed; here at Boghaz Keouy (and in the later Hittite city, near Alintab, in South Turkey) the star and crescent may be seen where it was carved in the rocks a thousand years before Byzantium was founded.

Did the Austrians or Russians, or the old Byzantines, or the German empire first use the double-headed eagle? None of them. Everywhere in Hittite sculptures we find this symbol. The first people, probably, who practiced the noble sport of falconry were the Hittites—so the sculptures tell us. And in that connection it was interesting to find that local Turkish gentlemen train and use falcons in hunting now.

Here on the citadel explorers unearthed a library of clay tablets all written in cuneiform characters, some of them in the Hittite language, but more in the Assyrian.

Of the tablets that have been read,

one gives the Assyrian text of the treaty between the great Rameses of Egypt and the powerful Hittite king, Khattu-Sil, that treaty of which the Egyptian text was already well known to historians.

Another great library was found in two rooms at the eastern side of the palace. Some of these tablets are very large, 12 by 8 inches in size; others are but two inches long. They are mostly of about the same time as the Tel el Amarna tablets, and so cover the age of Moses.

Professor Sayce also tells us that many of these Boghaz Keouy tablets were written by the same disaffected governors of Syrian provinces, who, in the Tel el Amarna tablets, write to Pharaoh of the difficulties in the way of maintaining the rights of the Egyptian government in Syria, but tell how nobly they were working in their lord's interests, while in these newly found writings of Boghaz Keouy the same men tell the Hittite king how they are pretending to be the humble servants of Egypt while really obeying the commands of Khattu-Sil, and the political intrigues that are here displayed and the polite sarcasm and meaningless phrases that pass between these old writers might give points to modern diplomats.

The sudden stopping of the history which the tablets tell, as well as the condition of the ruins unearthed, shows us that some time in the Thirteenth century B. C., the great city was destroyed, probably by a sweeping down of some barbarian horde, thus anticipating (long ages before) the story of the destruction of Ictea. And this Hittite capital was never again inhabited or rebuilt, for there is apparently no trace of Greek or Roman work or influence in the remains. The Hittite power, however, was not destroyed then. Cilicia and the southern part of Cappadocia have numerous monuments which show occupancy by Hittite people till about the Eighth century B. C.

Amazon on the Eastern Gate.

As one walks away from the citadel in Boghaz Keouy to see the various points of special interest within the five-mile circuit of the ancient walls, he comes first to the one place on this site where there has been found any inscription in the Hittite hieroglyphs (those hieroglyphs which are so common all through the more southern Hittite country). This one inscription of Boghaz Keouy is so badly worn by time and weather that it is quite illegible. Further down the hill slope is the Eastern gate. Like the other city entrances, this has two parts, with a square room between the outer and inner gate. The posts of the real door curve in toward the top, as if they once formed a pointed arch. This Eastern gate has long been known and is of grand proportions, but it is only relatively recently that workmen discovered, almost by accident, on the inner side post, a remarkable bas-relief. This is a figure, about ten feet high, of an Amazon, apparently, and bears little resemblance to the figures found in other distinctively Hittite places.

Following the wall, we come to the famous Southern gate, which admitted to the city the commerce and travel from Cilicia, and which is still guarded by the lion posts, always pictured in every description of Boghaz Keouy. Fine, upstanding lions they are, too, with wide-open jaws and curly hair.

From between the lions one looks outward and downward to a marvelous stretch of hill and dale, while on the inside he looks across the mile and a quarter of the city limits, sloping down from this point 870 feet to its northern end. Here and there on the slope rise the great rock fortresses, each bearing on its summit more or less of Hittite masonry.

Conspiracy to Kill Wilson Is Revealed

An alleged plot against the life of Woodrow Wilson during the war was disclosed at the New York state crime commission hearing by John B. Trevor, representing the state chamber of commerce. He told of the plot as an argument for registration of aliens in peacetime as well as war-time.

Trevor said he was unable to give details of the plot, since records bear-