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WHAT'S GOING ON

NEWS REVIEW OF CURRENT EVENTS

Teapot Dome Lease Is Canceled—Woman Fails in Atlantic Flight.

By EDWARD W. PICKARD

FINAL victory has been scored by the federal government in its three years' fight to regain the valuable oil fields that were leased to others by Albert B. Fall when he was secretary of the interior. Last week the Supreme Court of the United States vitiated the Teapot Dome lease held by Harry F. Sinclair. The decision sustained the ruling of the Circuit Court of Appeals which reversed a Wyoming federal court that upheld the validity of the lease. This brings back to the government Wyoming oil lands estimated to be worth \$100,000,000, plus \$3,000,000 in cash now in the hands of the court's receivers; \$2,000,000 worth of oil taken out by Sinclair before suit was started and for which he must make restitution, and more than \$1,000,000 worth of oil tanks, pipe lines and other improvements constructed by Sinclair, but for which the court denies him equity because of the leasing form.

The court's decision last March, similarly denouncing the Doherty lease of the Elk Hills (Calif.) naval reserve as illegal and fraudulent, restored even more valuable oil lands to the navy. A survey just completed by oil experts estimates that the Elk Hills lands contain 720,000,000 barrels of oil, or nearly three times the amount previously estimated. Its value is placed at fully \$300,000,000. The government also recovered \$24,000,000 for oil drilled out by Doherty and for value of tanks, etc. Last week's decision, which was unanimous, branded Fall as "a faithless public officer." It held that the Teapot Dome lease to Sinclair's Mammoth Oil company was contrary to the oil conservation policy of the government. Fall's contention that development of the reserve was necessary to prevent drainage was denounced as a representation made in "bad faith."

RUTH ELDER, daring and skillful Florida aviator, almost achieved her ambition to be the first woman to fly across the Atlantic. With George Haldean as co-pilot, she drove the plane American Girl to within about 1,000 miles of Paris despite strong head winds that forced them off their course, and then a broken oil line forced them to come down in the ocean. Fortunately the Dutch tanker Barendrecht was close by and picked up the two flyers unhurt. An attempt to salvage the plane was made, but a gasoline tank exploded and it was burned. The rescue took place about 300 miles northeast of the Azores and the aviators were taken to the islands, whence they were to continue their trip to France by steamer.

Miss Elder and Haldean were in the air more than 41 hours and flew 2,574 miles—a record for all-water flights. The storm they encountered reduced their average speed from the expected 100 miles an hour to about 72. The last five hours of their flight was made with no oil pressure in their motor.

AMERICAN workers still yearn for their beer and have not given up hope of getting it. The American Federation of Labor, in convention in Los Angeles, adopted by viva voce vote a resolution demanding that congress modify the Volstead act "so as to permit the manufacture and sale of wholesome beer."

President Green's policies were upheld when the convention voted, 135 to 82, against application of the federal quota law to Mexican immigration. The executive council, after a year's investigation of the relationship between labor and the government in Mexico, reported that it did not consider the Mexican government a trades union regime, though the relations between it and the labor movement are "very intimate."

Max S. Hayes of Cleveland, who was Farmer-Labor candidate for vice president in 1920, offered a plan for a labor

party, but the convention almost unanimously supported Mr. Green's alternative proposal that "we work for the friends of labor in both national parties at the polls." The delegates also rejected resolutions denouncing the government's policy in Latin America and China, and approved the Monroe Doctrine.

MEXICO'S latest revolutionary movement is, as predicted, effectively suppressed and Calles is more firmly in the saddle than ever, with Oregon assured of the succession to the Presidency. General Gomez and his band of followers in the state of Vera Cruz were attacked at Chualuco by loyal troops under General Escobar and utterly routed, bombing planes playing a considerable part in the engagement. Gomez and his staff officers, seeing the day was lost, fled into the hills. Felix Palavicini, a journalist who has been deported, lays all the blame for the mutiny on General Serrano, who was caught and executed. Oregon says that when he becomes President he will follow Calles' policy in compelling Catholics and other religious denominations to respect the laws, since this policy has the support of the majority of the people of the country.

YUGO-SLAVIA and Bulgaria have practically settled their row over raids by Bulgarian comitadjis or irregulars along the border, but now Poland and Lithuania are on the eve of a break which may have serious consequences. The Lithuanian government has closed Polish schools and confiscated Polish estates in Lithuania, and plans to declare Vilna the capital of the country, despite the fact that that city was seized by Poland seven years ago. Then, last week, a number of Poles were arrested in Lithuania on charges of having plotted the assassination of President Smetona. The Polish government sent an ultimatum to Kovno threatening action unless Lithuania should radically alter its policy within one week. Marshal Pilsudski, dictator of Poland, wishes to avoid the use of force if possible, but the British minister to Warsaw reports that the situation is fraught with danger.

OVER in China the pendulum has swung back and the Shansi armies that had defeated Marshal Chang's troops and threatened to take Peking have themselves been beaten in battle and at last reports were retreating westward in considerable disorder. About 10,000 of the Shansi soldiers were captured and sent into Manchuria. The northern forces began operations for the capture of Shansi province and against Gen. Feng-Yu-hsiang in Honan province. Peking's feeling of relief was modified by the knowledge that it had been saved partly by the calling in of a horde of 15,000 Mongol cavalry, reputed to be the fiercest and most cruel fighters in all Asia.

SPAIN began its return to a constitutional parliamentary government last week with the formal opening of the new national assembly by King Alfonso. But it was only a faint start that way, for the assembly membership is picked by the dictator, Gen. Primo de Rivera, and so seems certain to do the bidding of the directorate which he heads. Two of the women delegates, the duchess of Parcent and Countess San Luis, resigned just before the assembly opened.

SENATOR JAMES A. REED of Missouri, who stands ready to accept the Democratic Presidential nomination if Gov. Al Smith cannot get it, was endorsed as a candidate by the Missouri state committee at Sedalia, and then delivered to a big assemblage of Democrats what was considered the keynote speech for his party in the coming campaign. He denounced Republican rule as no less corrupt now than during the Harding administration and scored Mellon, Daugherty and Fall. Making a plea for unity, the senator said:

"Let us make our fight beneath banners proclaiming the right of each citizen to regulate his own personal conduct—chart his own course through life—determine his own habits and to control the affairs of his own household, free from all restraints.

"If this people are to remain free, railroads, 21 to 28 days of exposure to malaria, yellow fever, mosquito-infected marshes and the extreme cold of mountain air are required for the journey. By air it can be made in a little more than two days. Lieut. Frank B. Tyndall, United States army air corps, at the request of the Peruvian government, has been granted three months' leave to assist in the construction of a regular aerial transportation work, where altitude flying, such as crossing the Andes mountains, is necessary.

local self-government and the sovereignty of the states must be preserved. The march of centralization must be arrested. Government by boards and bureaucracies must cease.

"Let us demand: 'The honest administration of government. 'The swift and sure punishment of all public plunderers, bribemongers and other malefactors. 'The equalization of the burden of taxation. 'The repeal of all laws creating special privileges. 'The dismissal of an army of spies, snoopers, sneaks, and informers."

RADICAL Republican senators have been holding a series of conferences in Washington, and it was reported their purpose was to promote the Presidential boom of Senator Norris of Nebraska. But some of them issued a signed statement disclaiming any "third party" intentions and denying they planned insurgency within their party. Their purpose, said these gentlemen—Borah, Norris, Frazier, Nye and Brookhart—was to form a strong Western bloc and "get some unity of purpose and some solidarity of action" among Western senators and to impress upon the Eastern states and their representatives in congress that, as Senator Borah explained it, "a large portion of the United States lies west of the Allegheny mountains."

Friends of Norris, it is said, intend to enter his name in these fourteen preferential primary states: California, Illinois, Massachusetts, Nebraska, New Hampshire, New Jersey, New York, North Dakota, Ohio, Oregon, Pennsylvania, South Dakota, West Virginia, and Wisconsin.

MAYOR DUVALL of Indianapolis, convicted of political corruption, was sentenced last week to thirty days in jail and fined \$1,000, and disfranchised for four years. He will appeal the case and says he will not resign until this appeal has been carried through the State Supreme court. The prosecutors believed he would be forced to quit office, in which case his wife, now city controller, would succeed him. Numerous civic groups are determined to oust both the Duvalls.

FEDERAL JUDGE F. P. SCHOONMAKER at Pittsburgh issued one of the most sweeping injunctions in the history of labor disputes, restraining the United Mine Workers of America, its officials and its members. Virtually every activity of the union against the nonunion Pittsburgh Terminal Coal corporation was forbidden. The union and its members were restrained from violence of any sort against company employees and prospective employees and against company property. Union pickets were restrained from putting their foot on company property, but were allowed to establish a single picket post on each road leading to the mines. Such pickets were cautioned against using abusive language, but were permitted the use of peaceful persuasion.

The long strikes of coal miners has been ended in Illinois, Indiana, Iowa and other Middle Western fields, the men temporarily receiving the wages called for by the Jacksonville agreement until the question of pay has been settled by commissioners to be appointed.

WILLIAM T. COSGRAVE, President of the Irish Free State, obtained a majority of six votes in the new Dail Eireann and was re-elected. The followers of De Valera and the Labor party voted solidly against him, and the Redmondites refrained from voting. The chief attack on Cosgrave was delivered by Sean T. O'Kelly, a De Valera man, who declared the President was the tool of England and attacked his financial and economic policies. Next day Cosgrave announced his cabinet, which was approved by the same vote, and also announced that the Farmers' party had fused with the government party.

DEATHS of the week include those of Bishop P. J. Muldoon of Rockford, Ill., a leader in the Catholic church; Col. F. J. Dillon, member of the federal rail commission; F. D. Stout, one of the ten wealthiest men of Chicago, and Dom Miguel, duke of Braganza and pretender to the throne of Portugal.

EACH WOMAN'S WISHES

(By D. J. Walsh.)

EDITH LESTER entered her mother's bedroom like a breeze of the May morning. She was a vivid young woman in becoming motor clothes of the most expensive make, but her gay smile gave way to a frown of disapproval as she saw the work upon which the older woman was engaged.

"Mother! You're not darning those old stockings!"

"They're not old, dear. And they're for too good to throw away. You'll never notice the mended place. I'm taking lots of pains."

"I know," Edith laid her hand on the slender drooping shoulder, then lifted it to her mother's white hair and rearranged a lock tenderly. "But, dearest—I had laid those away to go to the cook. I—I don't have to wear darned stockings now and you most certainly don't have to darn them." She was instantly sorry that she had said this when she saw the faint tremor of pain that crossed her mother's delicate face. "Come!" she went on brightly. "Put away your work and go with Marc and me. We're going for a run into town, lunch at the Spafford Inn and a bit of shopping afterward. It's too glorious a morning to spend indoors."

Again that faint tremor. Mrs. Sherman glanced from the window at the big gray car, standing at the curb, and then up at her daughter's questioning face.

"Dear child! If you will just go without me, I—I've got some little things I want to do. I—"

"Nonsense! Come, mother," Mrs. Sherman sighed.

"I'd rather stay here—" but she half arose.

Edith bit her lip. Mother certainly behaved most provokingly at times.

"Never mind. Stay if you choose. Of course, I want you to do what you like best," she said rather shortly and ran out of the room, struggling with tears of disappointment.

"Wouldn't she come?" Marc Lester asked as his wife appeared. Edith merely shook her head in silence.

As her husband drove toward town she sat beside him thinking about her mother. She felt that she no longer understood her mother. Now that Marc's new influence made it possible for them to do everything for Mrs. Sherman she seemed willing to accept no more than she had in the past. It was not that mother was old or ill; mother with her lovely spirit could never be old or ill. It was simply a pronounced indifference to the things that Edith found so delightful—the motor trips, the charming dinner parties, the fine house with its beautiful furniture and obliging servants.

She was as disappointed as a child in not having her mother with her. Then a pretty thought came to her. Why not take a bit of town back home to mother? If she could find the thing she wanted!

She did find the very thing she wanted in an exclusive shop—a gown of dull blue with a touch of lace, a gleam of rhinestones. Think of mother in that dress with her white hair waved! She would be beautiful. Her heart was light as they sped homeward.

Carrying the box she ran upstairs to mother's room. Mother sat in the sunny window knitting lace. Knitting lace! She arose and kissed her daughter. And then Edith took the dress from the box.

"For you, dearest! Put it on. Let me see if it fits."

It did fit. But that odd little tremor crossed mother's face as she looked down at the rich breadth, touching lace and ornament with her small, crooked-fingered hand.

"It's lovely. But—I've never worn color, you know, dear, since your father died. Won't it look foolish on an old woman like me? Besides, it must have cost a lot of money?"

"What difference does that make?" Edith cried, almost sharply. "Money is of no consequence if you are pleased."

"You are sweet, dear, and Marc is generous." But mother's face did not light because of the gift. "I had company. Sally came over to lunch. We had it up here—on a tray. I thought you wouldn't mind."

"Of course not! You're to do exactly as you please in this house. But Edith felt again that wave of disappointment. She had failed again to reach her mother.

the doorstone knitting lace which looked oddly familiar sat a stout, sweet-faced woman, who smiled welcome through her glasses.

"Dear Mrs. Rollins, you are mother's dearest and oldest friend. Can you tell me what's the matter with her?"

"Why, there isn't a single living thing the matter with your mother, Edith. She's as well as I am, and that's saying a good deal."

"Oh, yes, I know her health's good. It isn't that. It's—oh, Mrs. Rollins! You know how I love my mother and how I want to repay her for all she has done for me, and how willing and able we are to give her all the lovely things she has had to do without all her life. When we go in the new car she prefers to stay at home. When I buy her pretty things she does not enjoy them. Nothing I do seems to give her pleasure. It is a tragedy. It—its breaking my heart." Edith's head went down with a sob.

The older woman patted her head gently.

"You're making too much of it, Edith," Mrs. Rollins said. "I guess maybe it's because you don't understand your mother as well as I do. We're old together, you see, just as we were young together. I know how poor your folks always were. Your father did his best but he was never a great earner. Your mother had to skimp and save. Probably you didn't know how much, but I guess your mother had to cut all the corners while she was bringing you up. Of course you're grateful as any loving child would be, and now that Marc's making so much money you want to heap your mother with favors. You want to make her dreams come true. She's been showing me things today that you've given her and if you could see how she cherishes them, how proud she is to be remembered. But she doesn't really want fine lace and sable neckpieces. I shouldn't wonder if most of the things you do for her are way over her head, like that music you took us to hear the other evening. It was mostly sounds to me till they played Home, Sweet Home."

As the older woman talked Edith lifted her head, looking into those honest, loyal eyes. She even smiled now faintly.

"When your mother sees you happy and fortunate she's got all she ever wished for," Mrs. Rollins went on softly. "She's happy to see you happy. But she does appreciate not having to think about money troubles. She sits in that pretty room with her work-basket and pile of religious journals and feels all the contentment and peace of mind that she's never known before. Her requirements aren't many now—just quiet and love and seeing you happy. Those are her wishes. There's an old saying I heard long ago. 'Each woman's wishes are her heaven.' It's true. Your mother's got her wish, Edith."

Edith grasped the caressing old hand and put it to her lips. It was all clear to her now. She had misunderstood mother. Mother didn't want blue dresses or parties. Mother had her wish.

It was an enlightened Edith that flew home to mother. Her mother still sat by the window but she was not working now. She was gazing at something she held in her hand—something she tried to put out of sight. But Edith gently got possession of her mother's hand and drew the little secret forth. It was a tiny photograph of a little girl in checked gingham with pigtails.

"Mother, darling!" cried Edith, then suddenly they were both laughing tremulously yet heartily over that funny treasure of mother's—the picture of Edith herself when she was seven.

Sad Day Coming

Four-year-old Buddy was speculating on the sad future that life held for his little one-year-old sister.

"Mother," he said, "Betty's a little girl, isn't she?"

"Yes, dear."

"Well, does she know she's a girl?"

"She probably hasn't given the matter much thought," replied mother.

"Gee! I'll bet she'll be sorry when she finds it out, don't you, mother?"

Beautiful Idea of Death

What is our death but a night's sleep? For as through sleep all weariness and tightness pass away and cease, and the powers of the spirit come back again, so that in the morning we arise fresh and strong and joyous; so at the last day we shall rise again as if we had only slept a night, and shall be fresh and strong.—Martin Luther.

Trees for Six Poets

Six American poets were honored when trees were planted on Riverside drive, New York city, says the American Tree Association. The poets are Whitman, Bryant, Whittier, Longfellow, Emerson and Joyce Kilmer, author of the famous poem on trees. The trees were planted by the Women's League.

Formosa's Head-Hunters



Kampanzan Savages of Formosa.

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

FORMOSA, where a recent earthquake took heavy toll of life, is still inhabited by savage head-hunters who have resisted the development of the island's resources. Formosa is larger than Maryland and Rhode Island combined but the region extending from the mountains that form the backbone of the island to the rocky eastern coast is yet to be wrested from the tribesmen.

The civilized agricultural regions along the western side of Formosa were so menaced by the head-hunters during the middle of the last century that the government of China, which owned the island at that time, built a high metal fence for more than a hundred miles along the border of the wilderness. Some sections of the fence are now charged with electricity. The Japanese who took the island from the Chinese in 1895 have extended the barrier until the tribesmen are shut off from civilization. Heavily guarded gates at frequent intervals permit the savages to trade with the Formosans but no savage is allowed to come into the "foreign" territory and no "foreigner" is allowed to enter the savages' domain without special permission of the Japanese police and a well-armed guard.

Back in the mountain recesses, the tribesmen live in compact villages, so camouflaged that one is within their confines before realizing it. The huts are built of large slabs of slate with thatched roofs that resemble the thick foliage of the forest. There is no furniture. When the savage rests, he squats as if ready to spring upon his prey, or lies on the floor.

No tribesman's hut is complete without a skull shelf just outside the door. His shelf may have a hundred pigeonholes, each containing the skull of a human being. It is as indicative of his glory as the trophy cabinet of a modern Olympic star.

Women Insist on Heads.

The women have been blamed for maintaining this ghastly custom, for among some tribes the maidens will not listen to the pleadings of a suitor until he has at least one skull on his shelf. When there are no victims within easy reach of the village the ardent swain goes to the borderland of civilization, sometimes digging his way under or climbing over the fence. The first person who crosses his path is his victim. Falling in this, he may attack a member of a neighboring tribe.

It is so common for a Chinaman living near the savage border to lose his head that little attention is paid to the incident unless his relations band together to avenge the murder. Freshly severed heads must be displayed at various savage festivals, religious rites and on other occasions too numerous for the safety of the Formosans.

Since the Japanese have owned Formosa, towns more modern than those in Japan and China have been built, schools established, harbors improved, and a railroad built nearly the entire length of the island. Now there are approximately 4,000,000 inhabitants. More than three-fourths of them are natives who are of Chinese extraction or an admixture of Chinese and aborigines. The aborigines number about 84,000. The remainder of the population is made up of Japanese and foreigners.

Taihoku, the capital, lying 18 miles inland from the port of Keelung, has been called the most modern city of the Japanese empire. Wide, well-paved streets, fine parks, large handsome government buildings and a bo-

tanical garden give it mofe of a Western than an oriental appearance. For a busy city of 180,000 inhabitants, it is unusually quiet. There are no street cars, and automobile traffic is not yet large enough to disturb the population. Hundreds of jirikishas are propelled through the streets by Formosan "chauffeurs" in spotlessly clean white uniforms and large picturesque mushroom hats. Save for the pitter-patter of their soft shoes as they carefully transport their fares, and the occasional rumble of a heavy wooden-wheeled cart, one hears only the sing-song of oriental tongues.

Its Products Are Large.

Although thousands of miles of the island have scarcely been touched by civilization, in a recent year Formosa produced approximately 25,000,000 bushels of rice, 25,000 tons of sugar, 12,000 tons of tea, 1,000,000 tons of coal, 3,000 tons of camphor, and 5,000 tons of camphor oil. Petroleum, gold, silver, copper, jute, opium, tobacco and salt also are important products.

Opium is sold only to old licensed smokers and the number of users is reduced each year. Among the natives both men and women smoke tobacco in long-stemmed bamboo pipes and many chew betel nut.

The need for new sources of camphor has been one of the principal causes for the development of the island. When the trees on the civilized side of the boundary fence have been leveled and supplies diminished, the fence is moved back into savage territory; for the constant demand for the product is too great to await the maturity of new trees that the Japanese have recently planted. This gradual encroachment on the savage domain and the plan to penetrate certain parts of the interior with roads and railroads, should bring the entire island under Japanese control in a few years.

Peril of Camphor Workers.

Many of the camphor stations are near the head-hunters' district. While the Japanese are bringing the savages more under control each year, and a heavy guard is constantly on duty among the workers, raids on these stations are not uncommon occurrences. The huge trees are felled and then chipped with a scopic cutting instrument. When small cars, that the workers push on a narrow gauge track, are filled, the load is consigned to a camphor still where the cuttings are transformed into pure camphor by a boiling process. Attached to the still bamboo pipes take off the camphor oil. A large quantity of the world-production of camphor of which about three-fourths comes from Formosa, is used in the manufacture of celluloid, perfumes and drugs. As is the case with many of the larger industries of Formosa, the Japanese government has a monopoly of the camphor business and dictates its own price by which the product is purchased from the individual producers.

In the wilderness, one cannot mistake a head-hunter for a harmless native if he keeps his head long enough to see one approach. For clothes they wear a single piece of cloth that reaches from their armpits to their knees, arrouiJ their hips is a huge knife encased in a bamboo scabbard, and some of them carry bows and arrows to assist them in their head-hunting activities.

Most of them are tattooed with a blue substance that adds to their ready uncanny features. Every savage child is forced to submit to cruel operation.

Arrange for Airplane Route Across Andes

A regular airplane route will soon cross the Peruvian Andes and shorten by about 20 days the trip between Iquitos, small town center of a rich agricultural region, and Lima, the Pacific coast capital and industrial center.

Only about 800 miles separate Iquitos, at the headwaters of the Amazon, and Lima. By present methods of