

THE ALAMANCE GLEANER

VOL. LIII.

GRAHAM, N. C., THURSDAY NOVEMBER 3, 1927.

NO. 40.

DOINGS OF THE WEEK

NEWS REVIEW OF CURRENT EVENTS

Senator Curtis of Kansas Desires to Head the Republican Ticket.

By EDWARD W. PICKARD

WE NOW have one openly avowed candidate for the Republican Presidential nomination. Charles Curtis, United States senator from Kansas, has informed his friends in that state—and the public at large—that he will be pleased to be the candidate of the Kansas delegation, and with the announcement comes evidence that he is going after the nomination in dead earnest. He believes that he adequately represents the interests of the great West and that as a conservative who, nevertheless, is liberal on many issues, he will be acceptable to the rest of the country.

Senator Curtis came to his decision after President Coolidge had scolded Senator Fess for the latter's insistence on a third term for the present incumbent. This incident convinced the Kansas senator that Mr. Coolidge really would not consent to be drafted and therefore he sent to his boomers a letter in which he said: "Having served in the house and senate for more than 35 years, I know the great responsibility of the Presidency and the arduous duties of the office. Nevertheless, if my friends of Kansas desire to send a delegation to the next Republican national convention favorable to my nomination, I shall be greatly pleased to be their candidate. However, I will not consent to become a candidate if the delegation is to be selected with a view of voting for me for a few ballots as a 'favorite son.' As I stated when the question was first to be put to me, I will not allow myself to be used as a stalking horse for anyone."

Already there are Curtis for President clubs in every county in Kansas, and the movement in his favor has many followers in Missouri and Oklahoma. He will have the solid Kansas delegation back of him, and in Washington it is considered that even if he does not get first place on the ticket he will be in position to do effective trading that may get him the vice presidential nomination.

Growth of the Norris boom, which is fostered by the radical Republicans and supported by Senator Borah, is admittedly hurting Lowden's prospects in the West.

DETROIT has been enjoying a spectacular mayoralty campaign that has attracted the attention of the whole country. Mayor John W. Smith, candidate for re-election, is an avowed wet and declares prohibition never can be enforced and is the greatest force for evil in America today. If he is re-elected, a liberal policy will continue in Detroit, and many of the city's big business men support him because, they assert, that policy has greatly benefited the city, especially in the way of attracting hundreds of national conventions. Opposing Smith is John C. Lodge, candidate of the dries, who has been president of the city council and before that a member of the legislature and a newspaper man. He declined to do any campaigning and says little or nothing on the subject of prohibition.

CAROL, former crown prince of Rumania, decided that perhaps he should be placed on the throne and so wrote a bunch of letters to his leading supporters and Rumanian politicians stating his position. These were entrusted to M. Manolescu, former undersecretary of state, who was arrested with the documents in his possession. Determined to suppress any movement to enthronize Carol, the government grabbed hundreds of his friends in various parts of the country, and put Rumania under martial law with large bodies of troops placed in strategic positions and a strict censorship established. Premier Bratiano announced that the plot had been entirely squelched, but at this writing the news that is seeping across the border indicates that the Carol movement is assuming more

alarming proportions. Opponents of the government in Bukharest were said to be greatly aroused, especially after it was reported that Bratiano intended to arrest Juliu Maniu, leader of the national peasant party.

General Avarescu, once the ally of Bratiano but now his enemy, is credited with starting this Carolist movement. The prince is at St. Malo on the French seacoast. Recently he ostentatiously separated from Magda Lupescu, for whom he deserted his wife. It is said that among the seized letters was one from Magda to her parents saying the announcement of her break with "a dear friend" was a formality only.

EIGHTY miles off the Brazilian coast opposite Porto Segura, the boilers of the Italian liner Principessa Mafalda, from Genoa to Rio de Janeiro, exploded and the vessel went to the bottom in less than four hours. Fortunately the sea was calm and the steamer's radio calls for help brought several other steamships to the rescue, so that of the 900 passengers and crew of 240 all but 63 were saved. Most of the passengers were Italian emigrants who were celebrating their arrival when the accident occurred. The captain and crew are credited with great heroism and coolness in preventing a panic and getting many of their charges launched in lifeboats. The French liner Formosa was the first ship to arrive in response to the S. O. S. call, and her commander's daring exploit in maneuvering close to the Mafalda and taking 110 persons from her decks before she sank was hailed by the survivors as being one of the great deeds in the annals of the sea.

COLORADO'S coal mine strike, which is managed by the Industrial Workers of the World, is becoming more serious. Two of the state's largest coal fields are closed and new mines are involved daily. The leaders persist in picketing mines despite the law and court injunctions and up to this time they have done this peacefully, though they threaten to "march through the state with cannon" if any of their pickets are killed. Governor Adams says the strikers are violating the state law which prescribes that thirty days' notice shall be given before a walkout, and he will not deal with the members of the I. W. W. which Colorado does not recognize as a bona fide labor organization. The governor, however, has declined so far to send troops into the field, stating that the county officials must preserve order until they are ready to admit that they are unable to do so. The people of Colorado fear a repetition of the civil warfare that swept the state in 1913 and 1914, culminating in the battle of Ludlow. The miners demand a wage increase from \$5.50 a day to \$8.50, an eight-hour day and a five-day week.

REAR ADMIRAL MAGRUDER, who was so presumptuous as to criticize the management of the navy in a magazine article, was relieved of his command at Philadelphia by Secretary of the Navy Wilbur and ordered to report to Washington because he had "talked too much" since the publication of that article. "I do not feel," the secretary said, "that the secretary of the navy should be compelled to get information from naval officers concerning plans for the navy organization by obtaining newspapers or magazines in which such information is published. Such officers are paid by the government to render this service to the people and such information should be presented to regularly constituted authority by appropriate channels."

Admiral Magruder sent to President Coolidge a letter asking for a revocation of the order detaching him from duty at Philadelphia, but the chief executive declined to interfere or to see the admiral.

FALL and Sinclair won a point in their trial in Washington for conspiracy to defraud the government when the court ruled out the testimony given in the senate oil inquiry. Much of the evidence last week was concerned with the Liberty bond payments allegedly made to Fall by Sinclair. Though unable to connect Sinclair directly with this transaction, the government sought to prove that he was interested in the Continental

Trading Company, Ltd., of Canada; that with profits from this concern \$300,000 in Liberty bonds were purchased, \$200,500 of which went to M. T. Everhart, Fall's son-in-law, and that Everhart with part of this paid off debts of companies in which Fall was interested, and turned over bonds valued at \$90,000 to Fall direct.

A volume of evidence to support the government's contention that deception and secrecy surrounded the Fall-Sinclair transaction was laid before the jury. Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., assistant secretary of the navy at the time the lease was signed, detailed what he understood to be the policy of the navy on the disposition of the oil reserves. He declared he did not learn that the entire Teapot Dome area was to be opened by leasing until some time after the Fall-Sinclair negotiations were consummated. His understanding was that only offset wells were to be drilled.

THURSDAY, the birthday of Theodore Roosevelt, was celebrated throughout the country as navy day. Naval vessels, navy yards and stations were all open and many navy officials delivered addresses. The keynote of the day was "Develop American sea power and merchant marine."

DWIGHT MORROW, our new ambassador to Mexico, arrived in Mexico City and was warmly greeted by Mexican and American residents alike, all of whom feel that he will go far toward ending the uncomfortable relations existing between the two nations. On Saturday President Calles formally received Mr. Morrow in the great hall of ambassadors and by his order there were present the entire cabinet, members of the foreign relations department and all military officers not on duty elsewhere. The American Chamber of Commerce, the American club and many leading business men also attended.

FIFTEEN universities in the United States are openly teaching socialist beliefs, while proponents of communism and internationalism are using the Federal Council of Churches, the Y. M. C. A., the League of Women Voters and college organizations to foster distrust of the government, according to Fred Marvin of New York. He made this statement in an address before the annual convention of the Reserve Officers' Association of the United States in Milwaukee.

Those engaged in subversive work against the government are using the Y. M. C. A. with great effect to further their ends," Mr. Marvin declared. "The leaders in this work are secretaries of the organization who were in Russia during the revolution. While this is being done without the consent or knowledge of the great bulk of men and women who support the organization, the proponents of communism are in executive positions and are having their own way."

Relative to the League of Women Voters and the Federal Council of Churches, Mr. Marvin said: "These are high-class organizations formed by high-minded persons, but in some localities they have been misled into supporting the policies of the subversive forces. The Y. M. C. A. and the Federal Council of Churches are innocently led to support those who seek to destroy the government in the belief that the propagandists are tending to advance the teachings of Christ and promoting world peace."

BANKERS of the United States, at their annual convention in Houston, Texas, devoted a lot of attention to flood control and agricultural relief, on both of which they urged legislation. Thomas Ross Preston of Chattanooga, Tenn., was elected president.

Mayor Thompson of Chicago, who has been ballyhooing about flood control, received a letter from Representative Cole of Iowa asking him not to "make vaudeville stuff" out of efforts to solve the Mississippi river problem. What assistance the congressmen are in need of, Mr. Cole said, ought to be supplied by scientists and engineers, "and not by mass meetings assembled by running excursion trains." He added that brass bands or big sticks would not be needed by the house in considering the subject.

In any museum in the world, this, however, is a modern one which is in the Field Museum of Natural History, Chicago.

WHEN JIM CAME BACK HOME

(By D. J. Walsh.)

MARIA MATTHEWS sat by the table in the living room in sorrowful silence. Outside the weather was in accord with her melancholy mood. The future loomed before her lonely, forbidding, hopeless.

Two years before to a day a steamboat had gone down on the Atlantic with all on board, including her husband—big, bluff, jolly Jim Matthews. His name was on the steamboat's list of passengers. Before embarking he had sent her the letter which she now held in her hand. Tears fell from her eyes as she read it for the hundredth time.

"Dear Maria: When you receive this I shall be on my way to South America. That last informal quarrel we had settled it. The way you looked at me—something you said—well, I made up my mind that we had better be apart for a while. Everything we own is now in your name. Good-by and good luck.

"Jim's wife was a tiny creature, full of sparkle and life in her girlishhood, but now subdued through trouble and sorrow. She went over the old ground again and again in her mind until her brain was weary.

"Jim meant to come home. He never meant to desert me," she told herself fiercely. "Why, oh, why—of all aforesaid—must the steamer that carried Jim be the one to go down?"

Why had God punished her so terribly? For punishment it was, she had no doubt of that. She acknowledged to herself that she had been hard to live with—exact, unreasonably, aggravating. She had a caustic tongue. Jim had thought her sharp speeches "cute" at first. Perhaps he did not admire them so much when he himself became the object of them. Brother Tom had once said to her: "Maria, you can say the most cutting things in that confounded drawl of yours of anybody I ever knew."

As for that "last quarrel," it had been like all their quarrels. She could not even remember what it was about.

No caustic remark was on the tip of her tongue today. The snapping black eyes were soft and humid, with dark rings around them caused by much weeping. Jim's photograph, in a pretty frame, stood on the table. She gazed at it lovingly, hungrily.

Suddenly she started to her feet. A baby's voice was calling "Ma-ma! Ma-ma!" Maria went into the bedroom and, lifting the child in her arms, came back to her seat, holding him tightly to her bosom. A beautiful baby boy, rosy, from sleep, he was health and beauty personified. He reached out eager hands toward the portrait, and cooed cunningly: "Pa-pa, Pa-pa."

Maria kissed him passionately. "Papa would never have gone away if he had known God was sending a little Jim to bridge the chasm between us," she lamented.

Every one who saw the child declared him to be the "dead image of Jim Matthews." Indeed he was ridiculously like big Jim, even to the mole in the middle of his forehead, which on the little face seemed ludicrously incongruous. There was the same fine head with the rippling fair hair, the same fearless blue eyes, the same straight nose, square chin and mouth with upward curving corners, always ready for a laugh. The elder Jim was impatient, so was little Jim.

"Ma-ma—milk," he commanded imperiously. And, of course, milk was immediately forthcoming. It was Saturday afternoon. Saturday night supper had always been a festive occasion—when good humor happened to prevail. Maria cooked something especially appetizing, and Jim brought home a treat which he knew his wife would enjoy. Often it was a box of candy, sometimes rare fruit, and more often than anything at this time of the year a big California melon, golden and luscious. Maria's mind dwelt upon this now, and like a child she began to pretend. She would have a make-believe party.

"I shall go mad if I keep on thinking," she declared abruptly. "I may as well make a fool of myself one way as another. If I can get any pleasure out of pretending that Jim is coming home to supper, whose business is it?" She bustled about adding coal to the fire and getting out cooking materials from the pantry.

and china, being careful to select a special cup and saucer, decorated with blue forget-me-nots and bands of gold. A Christmas present from her to Jim. She paused for a moment to bury her face in a man's coat that hung on a nail behind the kitchen door. Jim had not stopped to take any of his belongings. "Two years today since the boat went down!" she moaned. "Poor Jim!"

Baby was in his high chair by the kitchen table, making a deafening din with a spoon. Maria felt that it was safe to leave him while she hurried, taking time to make herself pretty for the occasion. A knot of crimson ribbon at the throat relieving the somber hue of her black dress, and a gold chain and locket Jim had given her. The biscuits were baked to a beautiful brown, the cake was waiting on the table. Everything was ready but the tea. She never put the tea to steep until Jim came. Baby Jim was nodding sleepily. She must lay him in his crib. This done, she sat down in the rocking chair by the window to watch for Jim.

How beautiful everything looked, even to the purple chrysanthemums in their cut-glass bowl in the center of the table. Jim's slippers were beside his chair, ready to put on the moment he came in. "He is late," she whispered, with a forlorn attempt at a laugh.

She sat very still, her mind wandering back and forth from the present to the past, from the past to the present. Whether she dozed for a few moments she never knew. She was aroused by the sound of footsteps—brisk, energetic, familiar—moving quickly along the sidewalk. They passed through the front gate and around the side of the house, pausing for a moment outside the kitchen door. Maria trembled violently. Was she awake or dreaming? The footsteps crossed the kitchen floor, the hall, and stopped in the doorway. She was afraid to look up, but did at last manage to raise her eyes.

"Well, Maria, here I am at last," said the big man who stood looking down at her. "Supper 'most ready? Here's your melon."

Maria had risen to her feet. One glance in the man's face and she dropped down upon the lounge in a dead faint. The basket dropped from Jim's hand. The melon rolled under the table. Jim knelt by the lounge and took his wife in his arms. "I ought to have written!" he told himself accusingly. "I ought not to have taken her by surprise." It was relief unspeakable to him when she opened her eyes.

"Jim!" she uttered, imploringly. "Oh, Jim, you are not dead! I thought you were dead!" Her eyes demanded an answer.

"Not me!" declared Jim ungrammatically. "In fact, I'm very much alive. That confounded boat went off and left me staring at it like a fool from the dock. Great Scott! What's this?"

Little Jim as enterprising as his father had learned a new trick. Roused from his nap by the sound of voices he had managed by considerable ingenuity and a great determination to get one fat leg after the other over the top of his crib. From that perilous position he descended to the carpet with a soft thud. This accomplished, he started on a tour of investigation.

"Pa-pa? Pa-pa?" he was hisping intently, his blue eyes staring up at those so like his own.

"Good heavens, Maria, is it true?" demanded Jim in an awed whisper, staring as if fascinated at that tell-tale mole.

Maria nodded, her eyes filled with blissful tears, while both hands clutched the sleeve of Jim's coat as if she feared he would disappear as suddenly as he came.

"Well, all I've got to say is this," said Jim, gathering baby and mother in a huge, engulfing embrace, "you've played a mighty mean trick on me, Maria."

What to Do for Sties. Sties may be due to a number of causes, the principal of which are lowered resistance of the body and eyestrain. In case you have a sty or get one pull-out the eyelash in the middle of it and apply 1 per cent yellow oxide of mercury ointment nightly. Then have your eyes examined and tested for glasses.—Pathfinder Magazine.

Heart of Polynesia



Native Tahitian Girl.

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

TAHITI lies far from the feverish activities of modern industrial life. It is more than 1,000 miles below the equator, in longitude about 150 degrees west; 3,000 miles from Australia, 3,000 miles from San Francisco, 4,500 miles from the Panama canal, 6,000 miles from Asia. By old trade routes—via the Suez canal and Australia—it is nearly as far from New York as all these distances combined, but the Panama canal reduces this to 6,500 nautical miles, thus effecting a saving of 10,000 miles.

Ever since its discovery by Wallis in 1767, the Tahiti of early exploration days—or King George the Third's Island, as this navigator called it—has been famed as an isolated jewel remarkable in contour, rich in verdure, blessed with a pleasant, healthful climate, and inhabited by friendly people of handsome physique.

Tahiti is an extraordinary work of creation—a jagged, fertile cinder from volcanic pits, perhaps, or a verdant fragment of a sunken continent. It is indeed a steeped gem of wondrous green within a teeming coral ring.

This captivating heart of Polynesia presents abundant evidence that in its adornment nature was in a liberal mood. Here the eye is delighted by leafy luxuriance stretching from palm-fringed beach to loftiest mountain crest; by the brilliant colors of land and sea; by the high physical standards of the natives, both men and women.

Here the ear is soothed by the wash of an inner sea; by the flow of gentle streams or of bolterous mountain torrents. Here the tired or distressed mind is composed and renewed by lasting quietude, and by the knowledge that madly competitive centers are far away.

Overshadowing all are the mountains. In every colossal pile there is distinctiveness. Here a mighty slab rises high above a valley; there a peak with a triangle summit shoots thousands of feet upward; beyond, lofty columns hundreds of feet in thickness stand in solitary grandeur; another turn and a shaft cuts the sky with an edge like an enormous knife—an edge to which tree, shrub, fern and vine cling tenaciously.

An Amiable Country. As its indulgent climate might well suggest, Tahiti is an amiable country. Along all its shores one sees smiling, care-free faces, bright, liquid eyes expressing contentment and inviting confidence, and generous hands outstretched in welcome. Everywhere one hears musical voices carrying notes of kindness and sympathy; daily the visitor is gladdened by the gracious "Haere mai!" or the social "Iorana!"

Tahiti is not an abode of savages. It still has primitive life, but of barbarism it has none. There life and property are safe; compulsory education quickens the mind of the youthful; and the church, the vernacular religious press, and contact with the Caucasian broaden, in a limited way, the intellect of the adult.

It is most impressive to gain one's first view of Tahiti at dawn. To the right and left strangely shaped mountains cleave the sky, and in their dense wooded depths flit fantastic outlines of crag, peak, and precipice. On a coral-strewn shore tall palms flap a lazy welcome. In the distance rise the green spires of La Dindeme. Between them and the jutting reef, Papeete, drowsy capital and metropolis of Tahiti and its far-flung dependencies, gently rises and falls in a mirroring sea. As the ship anchors inside the reef,

the sun is ready to surmount its lofty obstruction. Shafts of gold shoot over the island. Suddenly sunbeams bathe mountain summit and valley floor. The great Ra of the Polynesian is now well advanced on his daily march across the sky. In the altitudes of the interior, dark with luxuriant foliage, vapor shadows fantastically flit about. In the burst of light one sees more clearly the strange features of rocky height, the palm-sheltered shores, and the secluded town beneath leafy sunshades.

Straight ahead is the long, high ridge of Aorai, culminating 7,000 feet above the tides. Standing at the head of the historic Fautau valley, it overlooks La Dindeme and lesser heights and guards a difficult entrance to the innermost recesses of the island.

The Great Mountain Crown. To its right rises a great crown of nature's fashioning—La Dindeme of the French, the Maiauo of the Tahitians. The loftiest of its jutting spurs, which fancy has sculptured into king-like insignia, towers 4,000 feet above the sea and seems to be covered to its tip with vegetation. Between Aorai and the lengthy ridges to the right is a mighty gap. Through this the Fautau river cuts its way, spilling itself, six miles from the sea, in a cascade more than 600 feet high.

In the foreground, mirrored in a deep and clear harbor that swarms with marine life of great variety and diversified color, runs a fringe of algaroba trees. Back of them are sequestered avenues of "flamboyan," tamarind, mango, and breadfruit. From these rise an occasional red tile roof, church spires, white flag-staffs, and tall coconut palms.

At the copra-scented dock hundreds of Tahitians and scattered pairs and groups of Americans and Europeans are on hand to meet the boats from Africa. It is a variegated throng. There are as many colors and shades of complexion as there are of dress and some of the feminine possessors are beautifully proportioned and move with queenly grace. Their dark hair, crowned in some cases with a wreath of the tiare, the flower of love and friendship, hangs low on their backs. Their brilliant dark eyes sparkle with good will and merry resolution.

Everyone in Papeete rises early except the tourist. The capital believes in making the most of the cool hours of the dawn. The market opens at 5:30, the shops remove their shutters 30 minutes later, and the laborer begins work at the same hour.

Only the Carts Move Rapidly. All this activity, however, is quiet bustle. The only noise is the rattle of lantern-lighted carts driven furiously by native Jehus. These men of the whip love speed, and they insist on getting it, even though the horse they drive looks like a cadaver.

At 11 o'clock, and in some cases an hour sooner, Papeete pauses to take a siesta of an hour or two. During this period all places of business are closed, barring Chinese shops, which keep open uninterruptedly until bedtime.

The most animated moment of the town's daily life begins shortly after its 5,000 inhabitants awaken. The site of this activity is the market square. Sunday is the chief market day of the week. At that time neatly dressed men and women from many parts of Tahiti assemble at the market half an hour before the opening bell clangs its signal. Within 30 minutes after the first customer is served the fish benches are stripped, and the butchers, bakers and vegetable men, have parted with more than half their stock. In an hour the market is almost deserted.

Uncover a Skeleton of Tsimshian Period

After reopening under ancient shells and refuse, and covered by the stump of a huge cedar tree—the stump indicating an age of at least three hundred twenty-five years—the skeleton of one of the earlier British Columbia residents has been partly uncovered by archeologists engaged in research for the Canadian government. It will be placed in a museum as a relic of Canada's early native peoples.

For some time the archeological party has been exploring in the northern part of Prince Rupert. An ancient refuse heap is in the process of being cleared away. On top of the heap stood a huge cedar tree, whose remains show an age of three hundred twenty-five years.