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## WHAT'S GOING ON

### NEWS REVIEW OF CURRENT EVENTS

#### Europe Worried by Prospect of War Between Poland and Lithuania.

By EDWARD W. PICKARD

WAR drums were beating again in Europe and there was "alarm in the chancelleries" last week. Marshal Pilsudski, dictator of Poland, displayed renewed intention of attacking Lithuania, and the Lithuanian troops were being concentrated at strategic points along the Polish frontier. Germany especially was worried and the Berlin foreign office offered to mediate and warned the Polish minister to Germany.

Pilsudski was quoted as saying: "I'll march into Lithuania's capital of Kevne in September at the latest. If the Lithuanians then form a government prepared solemnly to give up all claim to Vilna, I might be induced, perhaps, to withdraw my troops." The marshal already had ordered his military organizations to meet in Vilna on August 12 and quarters were being prepared there for 40,000 men. The German official fear was that this army, fully equipped, would be used by Pilsudski to carry out his threat and that if the Poles once got a foothold in Kevne their next step would be the invasion of East Prussia, which is separated from the fatherland by the Danzig corridor. Berlin sent a note of warning to Warsaw and also asked France to help preserve peace, but meanwhile the Poles were serving out ammunition to the troops along the Lithuanian border and the police partly closed the frontier. Lithuania is frankly counting on the support of Soviet Russia if open warfare results, and France is tied up with Poland to a considerable extent.

FOR three months Sir Austen Chamberlain and M. Briand, foreign ministers respectively of Great Britain and France, have been working on an agreement to end naval construction rivalry between the two nations, and last week it was formally announced that this had been accomplished. Each government is to communicate to the other at least a year in advance its naval building program and desires, and the fleets of the two countries are to be complementary and not antagonistic. England and France have taken this action as founder members of the League of Nations.

The agreement apparently has to do largely with the size of cruisers and the question of submarine construction, matters on which the United States did not agree with England and France at the naval conference in Geneva. It was said both sides tried to avoid anything that might annoy the American government, but that some objection was expected from Washington on the clause relating to the size of cruisers. A compromise was reached on the question of limitation by the total tonnage or the category system.

It was said in Paris that proposal for another naval conference would be discussed when Secretary of State Kellogg, Sir Austen Chamberlain, M. Briand and delegates from Italy and Japan meet there to sign the Kellogg treaty outlawing war. The British wish such a parity to be called by the United States.

AMERICA'S independent action in granting tariff autonomy to China is having the expected effect in bringing other powers around to the same position. Shanghai reported that France had notified the Nationalist government of its willingness to make a new treaty, that Great Britain was soon to open negotiations to the same end and that the Japanese government had decided to modify its position. Finance Minister Soong believed all the powers soon would be in line with the United States and that China would enjoy tariff autonomy by next January.

The fifth plenary session of the Kuomintang or Nationalists' party opened in Nanking. It is considered the most important in the history of

#### Social Workers in "Speechless" Session

Social workers of the world held a conference in Paris, France, at which not a single speech was delivered and probably less time was lost in "mutual admiration" than on any similar occasion.

The United States' delegates for the fortnight of discussion on all branches of social work were outnumbered only by those of France and Poland.

the Nationalist movement, and will consider questions of financial reorganization, troop disbandment, and reconstruction, as well as the questions of national defense, the development of a standing army of 500,000 men, compulsory military training in the schools, and the question of foreign policy.

Japan denied that it had forbidden Manchuria to unite with Nationalist China, merely asking it to defer a decision. But whatever it was, the Manchurians decided to ignore it, for they made an agreement by which the three eastern Manchurian provinces will co-operate with the Nationalists with a view to complete union later.

GENERAL NOBILE is still a hero among his countrymen, even if he has lost some prestige with the rest of the world. The unfortunate commander of the Italia and his rescued comrades reached Rome last week and were welcomed by cheering thousands that could not be restrained by the police cordons. There and at all points in Italy on the way to the capital the explorers were warmly greeted and showered with gifts of flowers and wine. Government officials were equally cordial toward them.

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE, after delivering an excellent address at the unveiling of the monument to Col. William Colville, hero of the battle of Gettysburg, at Cannon Falls, Minn., made another excursion from the summer White House later in the week. Accompanied by Mrs. Coolidge and their son, John, the President visited the iron range of northern Minnesota under the escort of W. A. McGonagie, president of the Duluth, Missabe & Northern railway. They saw the big mines at Hibbing, Virginia and other places, the huge Virginia Rainey Lake lumber mill, and other sights of the region and then returned to Cedar Island lodge.

HERBERT HOOVER and Governor Smith both returned from their vacations, the one in northern California, where he found the fishing in different, and the other on Long Island, where he had good swimming. While Mr. Hoover put the finishing touches to his notification address his campaign managers carried forward their plans to try to break the solid South. They professed to have real hopes of accomplishing this but were held back somewhat by the question of funds. They feel that about all the money they can raise will be needed in the East and Middle West.

Democratic campaign managers are concentrating to a considerable extent on capturing the farm vote, and George N. Peek, farm leader of the McNary-Haugen persuasion, visited Governor Smith and Chairman Raebob and told them how, in his opinion, some of the Middle Western states might be wrested from the Republican column. The Presidential candidate has not indicated how far he will go in satisfying the disaffected farm leaders, and the chairman was still studying the equalization fee.

Defections from parties by individuals continue about equal, apparently. Last week Vance G. McCormick of Harrisburg, Pa., former Democratic national chairman, announced he would support Hoover because of the prohibition issue; and Brig. Gen. William Mitchell, retired, declared himself for Smith, saying the Republicans had been dishonest, selfish, inefficient and hypocritical and deserved to be turned out.

William Allen White of Emporia, Kan., who dug up Al Smith's record as a member of the New York legislature and speaker of the house and based a lot of accusations thereon, drew from Smith a spirited rejoinder and then withdrew his charges concerning Smith's record "in so far as they affect his vote on gambling and prostitution, but not his position as to the saloon."

CONSTERNATION prevailed in the swift sets of New York when a federal grand jury returned indictments against 138 persons connected with the night clubs of the city for violation of the dry laws. Among the proprietors indicted were Texas Guinan and Helen Morgan. It was disclosed that prohibition agents, working un-

The conference was called not to make decisions nor to pass resolutions, but simply to give the delegates a chance to exchange views.

Though the American delegates were handicapped because foreign languages were spoken almost entirely, they derived much benefit from information presented concerning the organization of governmental social work in Europe, they said. This was the one department of social effort in which they were not either aided or derided.

known to Administrator Campbell of that area, obtained the evidence by the expenditure of something like \$60,000 for liquor and set-ups. Federal Judges Atwell of Texas and Meekings of North Carolina were in New York handling the booze cases with uncompromising rigor. The national capital also had a dose of this law enforcement when Judge Hatfield granted a permanent injunction against Le Paradis, a fashionable oasis, and ordered the premises padlocked for one year.

REDUCED air-mail postage rates went into effect on August 1, the new rate being 5 cents for one ounce or fraction thereof and 10 cents for each additional ounce. The result was an immediate and large increase in the air-mail business that gratified the post-office officials. Plans to handle a much larger volume of business have been made by air-mail contractors, of whom there are 17 operating 25 air-mail routes in the United States at present, who have been transporting more than a quarter of a million letters a day.

JOSE DE LEON TORAL, slayer of General Obregon, testified at his preliminary hearing in Mexico City that Manuel Treje, who gave him the gun used, did not know he was going to kill Obregon, and then went on to accuse Mother Superior Concepcion Acebedo de la Lata of having indirectly influenced him to commit the crime. He said she told him the troubles of Catholics in Mexico would never be over until Obregon and President Calles were dead. The nun took the stand and denied that she had ever influenced Toral to kill anyone.

American Ambassador Morrow, speaking before the American Chamber of Commerce in Mexico City, praised highly the calmness with which President Calles and the Mexican people have met the crisis in the country's affairs.

CAPT. CHARLES T. COURTNEY, British aviator, and three companions, flying from the Azores to Newfoundland on a world-circling tour, were forced down in midocean. Their radio called for help and gave their position and within a few hours they were picked up by the steamer Minnewaska.

WILLIAM S. TAYLOR, central figure in the notorious feud over the governorship of Kentucky 28 years ago, and indicted for connection with the murder of his successful rival for the office, William S. Gobel, died last week in Indianapolis. He fled to the Indiana city when indicted and had resided there ever since, the Hoosier governor not honoring requisition papers for his extradition.

Delphia M. Delmas, who was attorney for Harry Thaw in the latter's murder trial more than twenty years ago, passed away at his home in Santa Monica, Calif. Other deaths included those of T. B. Walker, multimillionaire lumberman and art patron of Minneapolis, and Federal Judge D. C. Westenhaver of Cleveland, Ohio.

BOWLING dam project is now being investigated by the new board of engineers and geologists appointed for the purpose, and Secretary of the Interior Roy O. West told the board members he wished them to inquire into the matter thoroughly and impartially so the administration may determine its policy. He emphasized the fact that they are to regard themselves as entirely independent from the domination of himself or other officials of the Interior department and that they are to report with complete disregard to the effect upon the department's policies. The board elected Gen. William L. Sibert chairman and Prof. Charles P. Berkey secretary and agreed to meet again in Denver, where much of the needed data is available in the offices of the reclamation service.

THE Seaman medal for the best record in the saving of life in the field of sanitation and accidents has been awarded by the American Museum of Safety to Herbert Hoover for his "great public service from the standpoint of human values, and particularly for his conspicuous work in the Mississippi flood relief."

A series of exhibitions relating to social work was one feature of the conference. The international exhibition of housing and social progress was of particular interest in connection with the huge building program of the French government, calling for the construction of moderately priced lodgings.

Within a few months a date and place of meeting of another conference of this nature may be fixed, probably in a European city.

### THE RAINY-DAY HUSBAND

(By D. J. Walsh.)

FROM her kitchen window Alice watched the Houghlands depart on their annual vacation. She watched Mrs. Houghland rush to the fence and hand Aunt Carrie, who had just finished pinning darning white sheets on the line, a house key and a big purring cat. Alice smiled as she drew back the curtain and waved an encouraging farewell.

Aunt Carrie came in with a noisy bang of the screen door. "They're off!" she laughed. "Wonder what Jim'll say now?" she speculated, depositing the cat on a chair and giving Alice the key for safekeeping.

Alice stroked the cat's velvety head absent-mindedly. "The usual prediction of the Houghlands coming to grief, I suppose, and next summer instead of seeing them wallowing in debt we'll wave good-by when they start out on their vacation." She frowned at the purring pussy.

Aunt Carrie chuckled. "Leave it to Maude Houghland to get away each year. She's a wise little woman. Last year when the children had been sick, all winter we thought doctor bills would keep them home, but Maude told me that she and the children needed the sea air and off they went!"

"But this year," protested Alice feebly, "Mr. Houghland was out of work three months. They can't afford it, really!"

"Maude said they could not afford to stay home! She said her husband needed a change, that he was all run down from worry and they'd all come home ready for a winter of hard work. And Mr. Houghland agrees to anything she says," added Aunt Carrie pointedly.

Alice's cheeks grew quite pink. "That Albert Houghland!" she tossed her head, "why he couldn't let Jim's shoestrings. How does he take care of his family? Has he a cent laid up for a rainy day? Answer me that? Does he own his own home? Or build a new sun porch like Jim did this spring? How about the new living-room suite Jim bought this winter? And the real Chinese rug? And Mr. Houghland tripping over the hole in his parlor carpet night after night?" She worked herself into a heat.

"Well," answered Aunt Carrie tranquilly, "Chinese rug or not, Albert Houghland takes his family on a vacation every summer and let me see, you've been married eighteen years, and you haven't left this town except once to go over to Coalville to your uncle's funeral."

"We did intend to go last year," Alice explained, "but there was such a wonderful opportunity for Jim to invest his savings in that Jones property. And this spring we built the sun porch and now Jim's paying off on a bond. Maybe next year," she added.

"Next year!" sniffed Aunt Carrie. "Jim Stover will be straining to meet another investment. I know his kind, so intense saving for that rainy day that he has no time, nor money to enjoy the sunshine of today."

"He's making good with his firm," Alice protected her husband loyally, "and it's just because he pleases Mr. Pulver and you know he never endures vacations. It's his brother, you know, always going off on vacations and getting into some trouble."

Footsteps in the front hall stopped the conversation and both women hastily busied themselves with the cooking dinner.

"Hello, there!" Jim Stover came noisily into the kitchen, positively beaming.

Alice looked up with concern, for Jim was usually very quiet and not given to beaming at all. "Dinner will be ready in five minutes," she anticipated his usual urgent query.

"No hurry," he remarked genially, and Aunt Carrie was so astonished she dropped a fork. "Great day, isn't it?" They stared at him in dismay for Jim never mentioned the weather except with reference to the future rainy-day period. "Say, Alice, how'd you like to run down to Atlantic City with me for a week?"

Alice hastily put down the pot of potatoes she was draining. "Mr. Pulver suggested it today," Jim explained, nonchalantly.

Alice gave a little squeal of delight as she flew to him.

Aunt Carrie looked at them doubtfully. "There's a string to it somewhere, Jim. Old Pulver isn't urging anybody to go on vacations!"

Jim laughed boisterously. "No string to this, Aunt Carrie! I guess the Stovers can afford a week at the shore. There happens to be a shoe exhibition at Atlantic City and Mr. Pulver mentioned that I should drop in and look the thing over."

Monday morning they were off, laughing and talking excitedly like two adventurous children. "Mr. Pulver told me the Brandon was as good

a place as any to stop at, so I wrote for reservations," Jim mentioned in the train.

Alice gasped. "The Brandon? Why Jim, it's one of the most expensive hotels down there!" Her gray eyes danced with delighted expectation.

For a moment Jim felt heavily out of his holiday mood. "They'll soak us, I'm afraid. I have the address of a good boarding house, but Mr. Pulver may ask me when we come back how I liked the hotel and then he said he might run down himself over the week-end, so I guess we'd better go there."

"Oh, it'll be heavenly!" Alice sighed rapturously, "but did you take money enough along, Jim?"

"Drew every cent out of the bank. One hundred and fifty dollars. Guess that ought to see us out, eh?"

At the hotel, which towered above Alice's most extravagant dreams, Jim's holiday mood received another dent when he heard the price of the room. He might have changed to the boarding house but Alice firmly refused to move.

The dinner in the vast fairy-lighted dining hall with soft-footed attentive waiters and dreamy, entreating music was to Alice an hour of exquisite joy well worth waiting eighteen years for, but Jim grew heavy with concern.

Out on the boardwalk he told her. "We can't eat there again, Alice. Eight dollars and twenty cents for that dinner!"

"Oh, Jim," she remonstrated, "it was worth a hundred!"

The next day he led her to a cafeteria on a side street where in a din of noise and a smell of fish they ate a lukewarm dinner in less than fifteen minutes. Right there in Alice's breast rose a great protest backed by a tremendous determination. Nothing could move her, she would eat at the hotel; she had some money with her, saved from her allowance. Jim argued, but he could not convince her. This was her first vacation in eighteen years and she was going to enjoy it to the fullest extent.

So Alice ate delicious, expensive meals at the hotel and Jim patronized dairy lunches and cafeterias. Between meals they were mostly together, both tactfully not mentioning the subject of eating, though Alice noticed Jim was continually munching peanuts or salt water taffy. She wondered, a little conscience-stricken, if he were hungry.

Sunday morning Jim came in with a telegram. "Mr. Pulver wants to see me Monday morning early—it's important—so I'll go down and settle the bill while you pack. Let me see"—he flashed out his roll of bills—"twelve dollars a day for this room." He did a little reckoning—"I'll just have enough for the bill, tips and our return tickets."

Alice, who was finishing dressing, grew a little pale. "But Jim," she faltered, "the bill will be much more. You see, I just signed checks for my meals, and the money I had with me is all gone but \$3. I bought some linens and a dress and—"

They began to figure, Alice straining to remember the amount of her meal checks. Jim fishing in all his pockets for loose change. It was all of no use, they were nearly \$50 short.

"It's Sunday," Jim was saying in a hard, flat voice; "I can't telegraph the office. No use to offer a check, I have no funds at the bank. We don't know a soul here to borrow from. Can't stay till tomorrow—got to be in the office and straighten out that misunderstanding or the firm'll have a bad lawsuit." He looked at Alice in reproachful disapproval. "You think I enjoyed eating at those miserable little places? You know how I love good food! You always think all my sacrifices are foolishness; perhaps in the future you'll be more willing to save. This is the result of thoughtless extravagance. Well, I'll go down and face the music!"

She rushed over to him. "Jim, oh, Jim, what can happen?" She clung to him, trembling; "they couldn't arrest us?" Was Mr. Pulver right? Did all vacations end with trouble?

She insisted upon going down with him to the office. If only she had brought her engagement ring with her they might offer that as security! And Jim's watch was just gold filled! She shrank against Jim at the cashier's cage when after several unsuccessful efforts her husband asked in a low voice for their bill.

"The bill?" the cashier fumbled in a file. "Oh," he brightened, "there isn't any. Mr. Pulver—he's patronized our hotel for years—wrote us that he is taking care of that end of your visit. I hope you had a pleasant stay with us, Mrs. Stover?"

Up in their room the Stovers stood looking at each other for one brief second, then Jim, throwing back his head, burst into a great boyish laugh. "Alice," he gasped wiping his eyes, "don't ever tell a soul, will you, about my being hungry and all, and honey," he drew her close, "we'll have a vacation every year and save a little less!"

### SURPRISES IN PEKING



The Great Wall North of Peking.

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

ALTHOUGH Peking has been renamed Peking, and Nanking is to supersede it as capital of China, the old town, with its structures and traditions that have played their part in history, cannot but continue as an important center of Chinese life.

There is much that the tourist to Peking finds that is unexpected, and every visitor to the old capital has pretty definite ideas of what he is to find. For one thing he expects to find the town corrupt and contented; nor is he disappointed. In the palaces, the government offices and the multitude of barracks which surround the city, some self-seeking gangs of grafters who have plundered the Chinese people since the overthrow of the monarchy are still to be found. But the age-long Chinese tradition which would have centers of government also centers of learning has, in spite of reactionary rulers, filled the capital with thousands of eager students for whom Peking is not only a city of splendid memories, but a city of hopes.

There is the Peking university, a first-class American mission institution; the University of Peking, an equally high-grade government school; the new Chin Hwa college and a score of lesser schools.

It was among the students and teachers of Peking, particularly among those of the universities, that the liberal movement of recent years in China started, and continued in the face of wholesale arrests and suppression by corrupt officials. By the Peking students the movement was spread throughout the land.

To find Peking the source and center of this forward-looking movement for reform is not the least of the surprises which await the visitor.

Buddha and Confucius.

In the great Lama temple in the northwest corner of the city, with its seven sunlit courtyards and its hundreded deities, one may see on any forenoon three-score yellow-robed novices droning the morning lesson, cross-legged, before the many-handed God of Mercy, or half a dozen monks in purple pailments celebrating a Lamiist mass with rice out of a silver bowl and wine from a gold-mounted chalice fashioned from a human skull.

Just across the street from these idolatrous lamas, who represent the debased Buddhism of Tibet and who minister chiefly to the Mongols of the North, is the quiet, shady cloister of the temple of Confucius, wherein are neither monks nor idols. Here the master is represented by a simple wooden tablet bearing the letters of his name. It is but little more exalted than the tablets of the four notable philosophers and the twelve particular disciples who share the hall with him, and the two and seventy famous scholars whose names are recorded in the long, low building on the sides of the court.

The initial reaction of the visitor to much that he sees in Peking is apt to be one of disappointment, followed by surprise, then by delight and admiration.

Exploring the Western Hills.

When he leaves the city gates and goes to the western hills, there is surprise and delight, but no initial disappointment. Perhaps that is because he has heard so much of the city and so little of the hills that he goes expecting nothing; perhaps it is because the hills, in spite of their barrenness, are altogether lovely.

However that may be, half the charm of Peking is not in Peking at all, but in its surroundings. Shrine upon

shrine, palace upon palace, lie without the city walls. They dot the surrounding plain; they lodge in crevices of the wide-circling, treeless hills—those quiet hills, slow curving, like billows after storm; verdant and velvety in summer; in winter bare and red-brown, deepening into twilight purple. To understand Peking and to love it, one must feel its glory in the setting of the hills, not see it through the critical dust of the streeted plain.

One of the most pleasant ways in which to explore the hills is by rickshaws. Blankets and quilts must be taken, for every provident traveler in China carries his bed with him. Away one goes three and a half miles, at a dog trot, to the western gate, thence seven more over the willow-shaded highway to the Mountain of Ten Thousand Ancests, a pleasant wooded hill-top.

Before it lies a broad lake and on its slope stands the far-famed Summer Palace. Though several centuries more recent than Kublai Khan, this is indeed the stately pleasure dome of the poet's imaginings. Kublai might well have decreed it, with its graceful, spire, triple-roofed pavilion set upon a massive four-square base of stone, towering above porticoes and pailons, kiosks and summer houses, grottoes and labyrinthine passages, islands and lily ponds, bridges of marble, and grotesque dragons cast in bronze.

Another jog of seven miles takes one past the Jade Fountain pagoda, past leisurely camel trains, beyond the high road and the dust of tourist autos, under the shadow of somber, square, beacon towers, marching in single file, at half-mile intervals, out over the hill crests.

Pushing on deeper into the hills one comes at Li Yip Sui, to the temple of the Green Jade Clouds, the loveliest temple in the north.

Trip to the Great Wall.

One of the most fascinating trips to be made from Peking is to the Great Wall. It is wonder enough for one journey to walk atop the wall and look out over the dusty brown plains of the north where Tatar horsemen once swarmed toward the passes, and to see trains of pack-mules straggling through the great stone gateways oblivious of the traffic on the nearby rails, their backs laden with merchandise as were the backs of pack-mules two thousand years ago.

Like so much in or near Peking, the Great Wall is at first disappointing. It is disappointingly small. It is, in places, only twenty feet high and as many broad, while the city wall of Peking is twice as high and, at the base, thrice as broad.

When one stands close under the Peking city wall it looms above with the massive grandeur of an abrupt high cliff; but when the traveler gets off the train at the Nankow pass and sees the bit of wall scrambling up the hillside before him, he wonders why it is called "great."

That, however, is only at first. He has only to climb up out of the pass and follow the wall for half an hour and he begins to understand.

Away it goes before him, and behind, up, up the topmost ridges of the hills—bending, swinging, climbing, leaping like the supple, agile dragons of the palace-garden screen. It undulates, it sways, it marches before, it takes the curve of the hills like a swift auto on a mountain road, on and on and on, across the farthest gully, beyond the farthest peak. Where the mountains blend into the clouds, there it is; where the last horizon vanishes, it is there.