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HAPPENINGS OF THE WEEK

NEWS REVIEW OF CURRENT EVENTS

Cruiser Bill Fight Nears the End; Supply Measures for Army and Navy.

By EDWARD W. PICKARD

BROUGHT to time by threats of night sessions made by Senator Hale, chairman of the naval affairs committee, the senators opposing the fifteen cruiser bill abandoned their filibuster tactics and consented to limitation of debate on the measure. This was to take effect at noon on February 4 and the prospect was that a vote would be reached by the middle of the week. If the pacifists succeed in attaching amendments to the house bill making necessary the appointment of a conference committee, there might be a final filibuster against the conference report. One amendment was favored by President Coolidge—the elimination of the clause fixing dates for commencement of the construction of the cruisers. It was made known at the White House that if the bill passed even without the time clause, the President will ask for an appropriation for an immediate start in the building program.

Representative Britten of Illinois, urging passage of the bill, said early in the week that he was "sure the time limit will be pleasing to President-Elect Hoover." But that gentleman immediately telegraphed to President Coolidge that he had made no public or private statement upon this question, and added: "As you know, I warmly support your views and you may so inform others if you wish to do so." This telegram was handed to Senator Hale, who read it to the senate, and at the same time he read a message from Paul V. McNutt, national commander of the American Legion, urging passage of the bill with the time clause, on behalf of the Legion.

Senators Borah and Walsh both spoke in favor of elimination of the time clause, arguing that such action was proper as a preliminary to another disarmament proposal. Senator Reed of Missouri, who retires to private life on March 4, delivered what will be one of his last speeches, exercising his great powers of ridicule and sarcasm against the pacifists and arguing strongly for preparedness.

RESPONDING to the appeals of Secretary of the Navy Wilbur, the appropriations committee of the house reported a naval supply bill calling for approximately \$351,000,000 and providing funds for the addition of 500 enlisted men to the naval establishment. This would bring the navy personnel up to \$4,500. The recommendations of the budget being thus exceeded, the committee, in order to make up the deficit, advised the de-commission of older ships and the transfer of their crews to newer vessels. The bill's total is about \$15,000,000 less than was appropriated for the current fiscal year and \$70,000,000 less than the estimates submitted to Secretary Wilbur by the heads of the naval bureaus.

The War department supply bill, which had been passed by the house, was reported to the senate by its appropriations committee with an addition of \$5,000,000, for purely military activities, made to the \$447,000,000 total of the house measure. Of the funds added by the senate committee, approximately \$3,000,000 will go for the purchase of new bombing, pursuit and training planes for the air corps, \$626,000 for the National Guard maintenance, new construction and an increase in the ration allowance, and approximately \$1,000,000 will be turned over to the organized reserves.

Other senate changes included the addition of two items providing \$81,000 for forage for 1,000 horses owned by army officers and \$82,500 for the purchase of 500 additional horses for the cavalry, engineers and artillery. Both items were approved by the budget, but had been stricken out by the house.

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE, delivering his farewell address at the semi-annual meeting of the business organ-

ization of the government, dwelt upon the extraordinary prosperity which the nation is enjoying, but warned the country that this can be continued only by the exercise of rigid economy in federal, state and local expenditures. While admitting that as a result of the expansion of the country federal expenditures show a tendency to rise, Mr. Coolidge warned that the greatest menace to continued prosperity now lies in the rapidly mounting costs of local and state governments. This heavy drain on the earnings of the people, he said, "is a red flag warning us of the danger of depression and a repetition of the disaster that overtook the country in the closing days of 1920."

The President warmly defended his policy of drastic economy in federal expenditures, and was seconded in this by Director of the Budget Lord.

RECEIVING few political visitors and devoting part of each week to fishing, Herbert Hoover is having a fine time down in Florida. Most interesting of his callers last week was Al Smith, who was stopping in Coral Gables. With John J. Rascob and W. F. Kenney, the recent Democratic standard bearer drove over to Belle Island and spent half an hour chatting with the man who defeated him. Later he said to the newspaper men: "I found Mr. Hoover very friendly and affable. We told each other some of the funny things that happened during the campaign to each of us, but did not talk of anything important. I can't go into that any more."

Thursday Mr. Hoover, still eager to catch a sailfish, went to Long Key on the yacht *Santander*. His guests were Justice and Mrs. Harlan F. Stone, Verne Marshall of Cedar Rapids, Iowa, and Mr. and Mrs. Mark Sullivan. Correspondents at Miami Beach now believe that Mr. Hoover has decided on his cabinet but will not announce his selections until immediately after his inauguration. They are satisfied that neither Ambassador Morrow nor Ambassador Fletcher will be secretary of state. There was a report that that portfolio or the attorney generalship might be offered to Thomas Nelson Perkins, the Boston lawyer who is one of the American alternates in the reparations conference of experts. It was believed Mr. Hoover wanted a New Englander in the cabinet.

Mr. Coolidge also was in Florida last week, but only for a brief period. Accompanied by Mrs. Coolidge and a few others, he ran down to Mountain Lake and on Friday delivered an address at the dedication of the bird sanctuary and singing tour established by Edward W. Bok. After a dinner and brief rest at Mr. Bok's home, the party returned to Washington, arriving Saturday evening.

FOR the time being Gen. Bramwell Booth is winner in his fight to retain his personal control of the Salvation Army. But the high council hasn't given up yet. The chancery court in London decided that the council's action ousting the aged general was void because the commander's legal representatives were not permitted to plead his cause before the council voted against him. Therefore the council had to start its proceedings all over again. One of the leading members said that the position of the reform element had been consolidated by the legal proceedings, and that there was no doubt the council would reiterate its previous decision and proceed to elect a new general without further parley. It was said the outstanding candidate for the position was Evangeline Booth, sister of the general and commander of the Army in the United States.

UNDER proclamation by the Nationalist government all China celebrated "Customs Autonomy day" on Friday because Japan, the last of the powers to hold out, has finally recognized the new Chinese tariff and thus admitted China has the right to regulate its own customs rates. As the proclamation says, China "is at last able to throw off the economic yoke imposed eighty years ago by European imperialists."

The proclamation points out the benefits expected to accrue to China as the result of customs autonomy, the first of which is the enhancement of China's position in the family of nations. Second, it opens a new chapter in China's foreign diplomatic relations; third, marks the downfall of

foreign imperialists, and fourth, opens the way to Chinese national economic development, enabling China to enter the world's markets on an equal footing. Lastly, the change is declared to mark the definite passing of unequal treaties, including the abolition of extraterritoriality, the rendition of foreign concessions, as well as the termination of foreigners' rights to navigation in Chinese inland waterways.

SPAIN had another of her abortive rebellions last week. In Ciudad Real, a hundred miles south of Madrid, a body of artillery revolted and ran their guns out into the streets ready to shoot up the city; and in some other places there were incipient uprisings. The government troops were sent into action promptly, and promises of immunity to all privates and noncommissioned officers induced the mutineers to return to their barracks. Their officers were all arrested for trial by court-martial, and Sanchez Guerra, former Conservative party leader, was seized at Valencia.

WALDEMAR, dictator of Lithuania, said he had uncovered a plot against his regime by men who were acting with the knowledge of President Smetona, and he caused the arrest of the chief of staff of the army and eighteen high officers of the Kovno garrison. The dictator's opponents declare he has been supporting the Soviet policies against Poland.

LEON TROTZKY, that thorn in the side of the Russian Soviet government which he helped to create, has reaped the reward for his continuous plotting against it. He was taken from his place of involuntary retirement in southeastern Russia and doomed to exile. At first no country could be found that would receive him, but finally Turkey consented to let him be sent there. So he, at latest reports, was on his way to Angora. His friends, in Berlin and elsewhere, believed he would be assassinated on the way, and there was a rumor that the murder already had been committed.

IN THE case of Glen Jennings, coast guard charged with the fatal shooting of J. D. Hanson, secretary of the Niagara Falls lodge of Elks, the jury could not agree on a verdict and was discharged. Jennings will be tried again, probably in May. The jury deliberated for twenty hours and at one time stood 11 to 1 for conviction.

ELINOR SMITH, the "flying flapper" who is only seventeen years old, went up from Mitchell field in an open cockpit plane in extremely cold weather and established an endurance record for women of 13 hours, 16 minutes and 45 seconds. This broke by one hour, 5 minutes and 45 seconds the record made recently by Miss Bobby Trout of California.

OSCAR UNDERWOOD, former United States senator from Alabama and for years one of the ablest leaders of the Democratic party, who died at his country home in Wood lawn, Va., was buried at Birmingham, Ala., with simple but impressive rites. Mr. Underwood was the last survivor of the big figures of the Democratic convention of 1912 at Baltimore. In that convention and again in 1924 in New York he was an active candidate for the Presidential nomination. His service in congress was long and distinguished. He retired voluntarily from the senate in 1927.

Ogden Mills, New York financier and father of Ogden L. Mills, under secretary of the treasury; George J. Charlton of Chicago, passenger traffic manager of the Alton railway; Alexander T. Brown of Syracuse, N. Y., inventor of shotguns and typewriters; and Robert L. Slagle, president of the University of South Dakota, were among others who died last week.

GOV. HENRY S. JOHNSTON of Oklahoma pleaded not guilty to eight impeachment articles voted by the lower house of the state legislature, and announced he was ready for immediate trial before the senate court. The case was set for February 11. Members of the state supreme court also are under fire, grave charges against them being made by witnesses before a legislative subcommittee that is making a general investigation.

with the police of Preston, Lancashire 198 miles away. When the hookup of all police stations is completed police headquarters can maintain constant communication with the entire police system.

Underwater Cat
New London, Conn.—Uncle Sam's navy boasts the most versatile underwater cat in existence. She is mascot of the submarine O-4 and is one of the first below deck at the order to submerge.

THE SILVER SPOON

(Copyright.)

EMILY NASH found the small parcel lying on her dresser where it had been placed by the hand of Mrs. Dickey. Usually the boarders at Mrs. Dickey's found their mail on the hall table downstairs, and the very fact that so much pains had been taken with this parcel proved that it must have been considered of some consequence.

Emily tore off the wrapper and opened the white box. Within the box on a bed of white cotton lay a gleaming silver spoon marked with her initials. A tiny card snuggled beside it bore the name of Helen Dixon.

She had known Helen Dixon so slightly that she had never dreamed of receiving any sort of gift from her, much less a solid silver spoon. The dear, beautiful, shiny thing! She held it in her hand tenderly, breathed upon its glossy surface where the vapor spread as on glass, saw her own quiet, sweet face reflected, and smiled to think that this was her first and only wedding present.

She was to be married next morning at eight o'clock and go at once to her new home, a small house in the quiet suburb which she and her fiancé, Charles Burchell, had discovered after much hunting. They were going to rent until they could afford to buy, and that might not be in years. But they were both resolved to begin modestly. There was to be no elaborate wedding, no trousseau, no trip. She had always thought that she would never be married until she could have white satin, orange blossoms, a veil. But that was before her father died and she had to earn her own living. She still thought with regret of the veil, but to have Charles was to have all that one needed for happiness. He was so good, so sensible, so honest. Her one desire was to make him a worthy mate.

She stood looking at the silver spoon for a long time. Besides the few things already packed away in her trunk, bits of bargain linen and the like, it was her sole contribution toward home-making. She had earned so little, and it had taken so much to live. Dear Helen Dixon! She would never know what happiness she conferred.

Next day she showed the spoon to Charles. They were in the tiny house, rented furnished, beginning their married life by unpacking. "See what Helen Dixon gave me!" she said.

"Who is Helen Dixon?" "A girl who used to come to the store where I worked and buy of me. One day I saw her looking at my engagement ring, and I knew she understood. Yesterday she sent me this. She must have guessed I was going to need it soon."

"It's a beautiful spoon, sold. No, I," Charles said, with the air of an expert. "I believe this came from our shop. At least we have a pattern like it. A whole set like this would be worth something." He named a price.

"Maybe some day I can have a whole set like it," Emily said, smiling.

"I hope so. It's one of those good, sensible patterns that never go out of style," Charles spoke with the conviction of a jeweler's assistant who loved his work and meant to have his own shop some day.

From the first life flowed smoothly with Emily and Charles Burchell. They were the king of young married people for whom there are no stagnant shallows, no exciting rapids. Charles interests were in his work, his home, their future. He was always on time if the car was. He always warned Emily of his arrival by whistling, and when he entered the house he was always glad to see her, hungry, and often with a treat to hand her—a pound of candy, maybe, or some fruit, or a magazine. And Emily never failed in her welcome by having a smile, a warm, nourishing meal, a clean house for her breadwinner. She kept the little home beautiful and yet so fragrant and Charles' salary went a great way.

Both had an object to plan for, save for, hope for. With Charles it was a business of his own, with Emily it was a home of her own. They used to laugh about it sometimes. Emily had a stout box with a hole punched in the cover into which she slipped every spare nickel, dime and penny. The silver spoon had given her the idea of saving for a whole set of spoons. But it was three months before she proudly selected and paid for the mate to Helen Dixon's gift.

On her birthday Charles gave her another spoon. She now had a spoon for each of them, and one for company, as she said laughingly. But they did not have any company, and

as for themselves, they were content to use the cheap plated spoons which she had picked up at a bargain sale.

The first year Emily achieved a set of six spoons. She used to take them out of their box and fondle them and admire them. It is only the woman with the true home instinct who can understand how this little wife felt about her household treasure.

The second year Emily was unable to buy spoons, for Charles came—Charles named after her father, but with her mother's sweet eyes, and lovely expression. Charles was better than a whole outfit of silver; she was silver, jewels, flowers, music, all the priceless and beautiful things of life. There was a new joy in the small house, rented furnished, and a new incentive for saving.

"Charles' education and my silver, a house and your shop, can we ever accomplish them all?" Emily asked playfully.

Charles laughed.

"Sure. We're bound to." The house came first. There was a darling bungalow going dirt cheap. They bought it and moved in. This necessitated some furniture, but where there's a will there's a way. Then Charles had to have some things—a crib and a carriage. She was getting big enough for dolls and picture-books! A great girl with five teeth!

Sometimes it took close figuring and some worried frowns to get everything paid for, but even so, Emily found a nickel or dime now and then to slip into the box with the hole punched in the top, which always stood on her cupboard shelf. One could wear a frock for ever so long, but with a daughter growing up one simply must have tasteful accessories. Charles, even if she were not born with the proverbial silver spoon in her charming mouth, was still going to have a silver spoon to eat her porridge with.

And so somehow the bungalow got paid for, and by the time Charles got old enough to handle a fork and knife there were those utensils in good durable silver.

A year or two later Charles had a little money left to him from an unexpected source. Then it was he opened his own little shop. And because he had been careful and painstaking and had learned the business so well, he was a successful jeweler almost from the first.

One day Emily found that she had new neighbors in the house across the way—young married people with their two children, who had grown tired of the city. When she went to call she found Helen Dixon. Helen Dixon married, happy and, oh, so glad to find an acquaintance in a suburb where she had expected to meet only strangers! Call it a coincidence or whatever you wish, it was still a very pleasant thing, and in no time at all the two families were on terms of intimate friendship.

Yesterday Charles had a birthday party and Helen assisted Emily.

"What beautiful silver you have, dear!" she exclaimed.

Emily laughed. "Yes, and it all started from that silver spoon you gave me," she said. "I just had to live up to it, and—"

"You have," returned Helen admiringly.

Doing Research Work on African Mountain

A lonely mission is being carried out by four Americans in South Africa. They are W. Hoover, his wife and infant, and Fred Greely, who for the last two years have camped on Mount Brukkaros in southwest Africa, 2,900 feet above the level of the surrounding plateau. They have a small house on the mountain top, but formerly they had only a cave for shelter.

The reason for this out-of-the-way life is that the party is doing research work for the Smithsonian Institution of the United States, measuring solar radiation. Besides their work, these people have books, cameras and a phonograph, and a cow, dog and cat.—Exchange.

Unhurt by Long Fall

Twelve-year-old Edward Walsh of Brooklyn stumbled and fell through the glass cover of an airshaft and dropped five stories to the cellar without injury. His playmates rushed to the top of the airshaft and a council of war was held. They raided all the neighborhood yards for clothesline, tied the pieces together, lowered it and hauled Walsh up three stories to a projection, where he made a safe landing. Then a doctor who examined him found only a tiny laceration over his right eye and a slight cut on his right shoulder.

Conservation.

An economical mother has a young son who persists in bringing hick-chums to the apple bin in the cellar. She told the generous lad to have the boys eat the mellow ones. He was heard telling the young hungry tribe, "Now, be sure and eat the mellow ones, because mother wants to keep the good ones."

IN TAHITI



Native Tahitian Man and Woman.

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

EVEN a short visit to Papeete, capital of the island of Tahiti, while the steamer pauses, is interesting; but to really understand something of life in this gem of the South Seas one must journey inland. The usual method of travel is by carriage but more enjoyable to many is a leisurely walk with a guide, pausing at native villages.

Any guide one chooses is likely to carry among his meager belongings some sort of musical instrument, for all Tahitians love music. They delight in singing, and from ancient days have drawn sounds from crude bamboo and wooden instruments. The favorite instruments now are the accordion, harmonica, and Jews-harp. One sees the first in all parts of the island. In Papeete groups of young persons of both sexes will be seen squatting on lawn or street, wreathed with flowers and accompanying an accordion with voice or limb.

The way out of Papeete lies between coconut groves and banana fields; beside coral-littered beach; in the shade of the flowering puaa (wild hibiscus), and past the lowly sensitive plant.

In alarm at one's tread, hundreds of land crabs run in ungainly fashion to their holes, some raising militant claws, others bending all their energies toward flight. Under foot tiny ants forage; in the shallows of the sea the blue otu fishes for its breakfast; farther out brown fishermen poise pronged spears from reef or boat; to the right and to the left the leisurely inmates of thatched homes prepare their breakfasts or saunter about with an air of luxurious ease. Both young and old among them salute passers-by with the national "Iorana!" and the curious stare with questioning eyes.

Sights Along the Way.

As one walks there is much to see. One moment it is the curling surf thundering on the reef, or an inspiring view of the toothed island of Moorea; again it is flower and tree—the pandanus, the medicinal miro, or the dye-producing eufa. On every hand the breadfruit shares yard and roadside with the prolific mango; over wave-washed shore and high on breezy hill lean the nut-borne palm; and afar, on mountain slope, branch the glossy fel (a type of plantain).

After sundown one may experience one of the greatest pleasures of the tropics—travel by moonlight. When the elements of the air are in a placid mood, an evening stroll is a delight. Waving palms and gently sighing wind, roar of surf on distant reef, and ceaseless wash of tide, combined with pictures of contentment and hospitable greetings of young and old from roadside and dooryard, produce sensations foreign to the most radiant day.

Chinese Are Storekeepers.

Travelers must put up for the night in native homes. If the house of a reasonably well-to-do family is chosen it will probably be a one-story, unpainted wooden structure. The floor and walls will be bare, and the roof will be of galvanized iron sheeting, the common covering for wooden buildings in the South Pacific.

In Tahiti it is difficult to

know when one has crossed what might properly be called the line between village and plantation. But practically every village center is marked by a group of two or three smoky-looking Chinese stores. Wherever they stand, there is the village square, where the gossipers gather; and, in the harvesting season, the perfume of vanilla beans drying on canvas spread before the open doors, makes the place fragrant.

There the native exchanges his coconuts and scented pods for bread and brown sugar and American canned salmon or New Zealand canned butter and beef, and there the traveler is refreshed by coffee or tea, figure-eight doughnuts, and twisted roll. In Polynesia hospitality exhibits itself in many novel ways. In Tahiti, for example, the host sometimes spreads a new tablecloth at every meal. When a housewife wants to grace the family board, she goes into the yard and gathers for that purpose a banana branch or a few hibiscus leaves.

For breakfast one may have orange tea and coconut milk. The first is brewed from the leaves of the wild orange tree, and makes a pleasant drink. Like coffee, it is prepared in a palm-fringed kitchen without walls and is served in a bowl. Most Tahitians are very fond of coffee and always eat it for breakfast. With it they eat unbuttered bread.

The islanders were taught to eat bread by the Chinese, and so wherever it is possible for a baker's cart to go, coffee and rolls form the morning's refreshment. At other meals fel, yams, and taro replace the loaf.

Prefer Fingers to Forks.

Tahitians still have an aversion for artificial aids in eating, for they believe that nothing surpasses their own digits as food conveyors. When Wallis visited the island a native who had been facetiously named Jonathan thought otherwise after he had put on European clothes, and he resolved to elevate himself in society by feeding with a fork. He made a heroic attempt, but every time he strove to establish a connection between the instrument and his mouth his hand encountered his lips, leaving the food poised at his ear.

From the villages the natives go into the mountains on hunts for fel. The fel is a species of plantain, and it is the island's most valuable article of food. It grows in the mountains and is available at all times of the year. It closely resembles the banana, but its leaves are darker. The fruit is from an inch and a half to two inches in diameter and is borne uprightly on the stalk in bunches that frequently have from 100 to 150 plantains. When ripe, these are a light red or yellow. There are many varieties.

The fruit is boiled or baked for eating, and after it is cooked it is customary to beat it with a stick to loosen its skin and improve its quality.

The fel grows far up mountain slopes, where it can be seen miles away. To get this staple, the woodsman must worm his way up almost impassable steep, and then down narrow, slippery paths he must descend, weighted with graying burdens of from 100 to 150 pounds.

Wireless Will Assist Scotland Yard Police

London.—"Set a wave length to check a crime wave." This may become the slogan of Scotland Yard with the increasing use of wireless in the work of criminal investigations department.

Already London police officials may wireless finger prints, by code, to New York or Australia and receive a reply within 48 hours. Scotland Yard is now planning to link the prin-

cipal police stations of Great Britain by wireless. This will remove the difficulty of instant communication with county police officials. It is estimated that the new system will save three hours' time in communicating with Glasgow or Edinburgh.

Receiving and transmitting sets will be installed in London's 200 police stations. Major Vittle, Scotland Yard's chief engineer, has prepared a code for C. I. D. messages and a car running at full speed through a London street recently communicated