

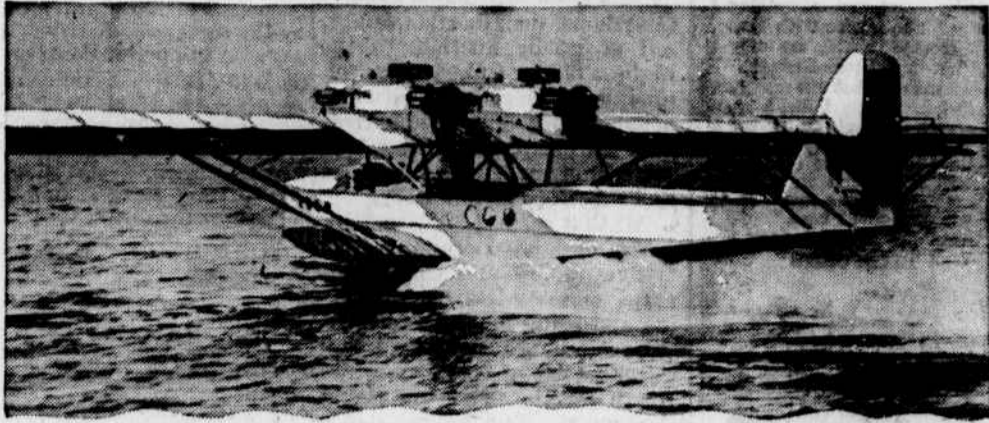
THE ALAMANCE GLEANER

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NO. 14.

Monster Plane Ready for Service



The huge four-motored all-metal Dornier-Superwal flying boat which will carry 25 passengers in the new winter service between Washington, D. C., and Miami, Fla., and summer service between Detroit, Cleveland and Buffalo.

Americans Don't Plunge Any More

Few Are Seen at Monte Carlo and Resorts in French Riviera.

Monte Carlo.—Are Americans abroad beginning to lose their proverbial interest in gambling, and are the famous casinos of the French Riviera failing to attract the American visitor as they used to? This possibility is fast becoming a reality, if what has been seen recently along the azure coast may be taken as an indication.

Americans, by tradition the most conspicuous and daring players around the green cloth, are to be seen less and less among regular gamblers at Monte Carlo, Nice and Cannes, where during the winter season baccarat and roulette are the chief diversions of smart society. By curious contrast, German visitors—who ever since the war have been increasing in number here from year to year—are now as numerous in the big casinos as the English.

"Americans are playing less and less," an official of the Sporting club in Monte Carlo, said. "A few of the old standbys are as much in evidence as ever, but in general the American element is getting smaller each winter. Even the most casual tourist used to try his luck on a few rounds at least. Now, if he plays at all, he's as cautious as a pawnbroker and gets scared away at the slightest turn of luck."

Schwab a Regular.
One of Monte Carlo's "old standbys" is Charles M. Schwab, the steel magnate, who for 40 years has visited the famous principality every winter. He arrives at the Casino at about 11 a. m., plays until one, often returns after lunch, and is nearly always there in the evening. The duke of Connaught, uncle of King George, is another perennial visitor. He frequently plays beside Lord Melchett, who has had a brilliant run of luck this season at baccarat and is still winning steadily.

But it is the Cannes Casino which has gained the reputation in recent years of entertaining the smartest international crowd in the world. Here the absence of Americans from the gaming tables is most remarkable.

In Cannes sensational gambling coups are the order of the day, but Americans are seldom found in the play.

Some great gains and losses have been registered since the opening of the season. Princess Hohenlohe of Austria, one of the most indefatigable players, has in the last three weeks watched 3,000,000 francs vanish from her hands.

Lord Derby, Lady Coats, and the famous Marquis de Soriano, Spanish sportsmen, have been steady winners. Americans are few in number, and

have chalked up no unusual feats one way or the other. Mr. and Mrs. Dudley Gilroy, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Lewisho, and other prominent members of the Cannes villa colony play nightly.

Gene Tunney a Visitor.
Mrs. Paul Dubonnet, who was Mrs. Jean Nash, "the best dressed woman in the world," is a consistent winner among the Americans. Mr. and Mrs. Gene Tunney spent several days in Cannes recently and were seen in the gambling saloons, but the fighter did little playing.

Among the many German enthusiasts, Prince Schaumburg-Lippe is the most frequent winner in the big stakes. He is a yearly visitor to Cannes, and well known at Monte Carlo also. King Olaf of Norway and King Gustav of Sweden were recent interested spectators in the Casino.

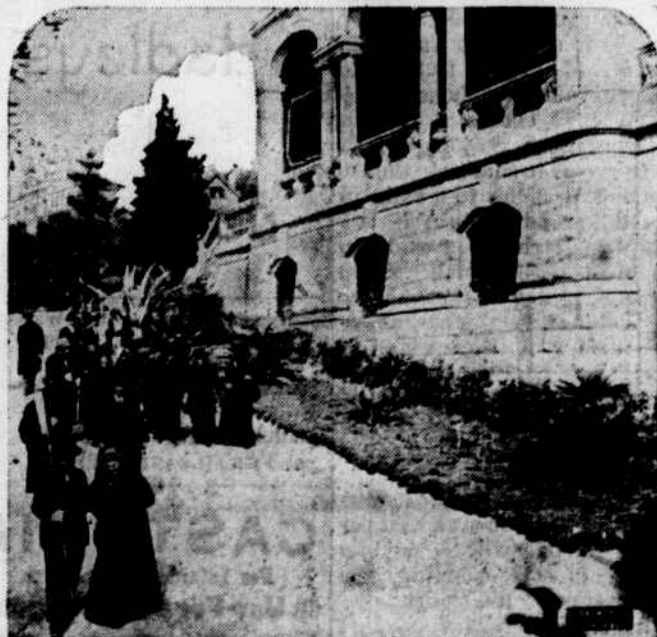
The Dolly sisters, famed for their sensational play in casinos all along the Riviera, have not visited here as yet this year.

Frank J. Gould's newly opened pleasure palace, the Palais de la Mediterranee at Nice, which was recently ranned a financial failure and may be abandoned at the end of this season, has seen little gambling of any importance up to the present. When the great casino first opened its gambling license had not been issued by the French government, and for some time there was no play allowed. The luxurious saloons are now in full swing, but the delay in starting is supposed to be a chief reason why the Mediterranee has been some what under the wet blanket.

The other big casinos in Nice, especially the Municipal casino, are reported to be making money as fast as the Gould enterprise is losing it. At the most recent estimate the Palais de la Mediterranee is said to be combating a loss of 75,000 francs daily.

Horse Loses "Docility" and a Plane Is Blamed
San Francisco.—One of the leading air mail operators of the West has just received a bill from a farmer for \$75. His horse's "docility was damaged" to that extent, the agrarian complains, when a mail pilot, seeking his way under a "low ceiling" of clouds, flew over the stock yard.

Royal Residence Given War Bereaved



View in the grounds of the Villa Margherita in Bordighera, on the Italian Riviera, favorite residence of the late mother of King Victor Emmanuel, which his majesty has donated to the mothers, widows and children of Italy's fallen soldiers of the World war.

Offered \$125 for Each Day Passed in Prison

Boston.—Serving time behind the bars isn't so bad when you are paid \$125 a day for your trouble.

Benjamin Collins of Lowell probably will be compensated on this basis—\$500 for four days' imprisonment—because he was sent to prison as a bag-snatcher when he was innocent. The house of representatives has approved the compensation bill and the senate is expected to concur.

Remains of Tylosaur Found in West Kansas

Lawrence, Kan.—A new species of tylosaur, a huge reptile which hundreds of centuries ago flourished in the cretaceous inland sea in western Kansas, has been placed in the Dyche museum at the University of Kansas here.

The specimen of mosasaur was found by H. T. Martin, curator of the department of paleontology at the university. In the chalk beds of western Kansas, and has recently been mounted by him.

The specimen is unusually important, according to Martin, as it represents a new species of the tylosaur group and is probably the smallest specimen of this family thus far known.

The skull of the animal is missing, but if complete would measure about twelve feet, Martin said. The largest tylosaur from the Kansas cretaceous formation measured 40 feet.

Sex Determination in Cattle Accomplished

Warwick, England.—Experiments in sex-determination in cattle, which were expected to be valuable in breeding race horses, have been conducted with almost perfect success by E. G. Wheeler-Breene.

Forecasts of the next offspring of 30 cows were correct with only one exception. Rules worked out from years of statistical tabulation were followed.

The statistics showed the intervals at which cows calve govern the sex of the next calf.

Temple to Be Playground
Peking.—The extensive grounds of the Temple of Heaven in Peking, where the emperor used to worship his God, are to be turned into a modern recreation field for New China.

Mother-My-Love-



O MOTHER-MY-LOVE, if you'll give me your hand,
And go where I ask you to wander,
I will lead you away to a beautiful land—
The Dreamland that's waiting out yonder.
We'll walk in a sweet-rose garden out there
Where moonlight and starlight are streaming,
And the flowers and birds are filling the air
With fragrance and music of dreaming.

There'll be no little tired-out boy to undress,
No questions or cares to perplex you;
There'll be no little bruises or bumps to caress,
Nor patching of stockings to vex you.
For I'll rock you away on a silver-dew stream,
And sing you asleep when you're weary,
And no one shall know of our beautiful dream,
But you and your own little dearie.

And when I am tired I'll nestle my head
In the bosom that's soothed me so often,
And the wide-awake stars shall sing in my stead
A song which our dreaming shall soften,
So Mother-My-Love, let me take your dear hand,
And away through the starlight we'll wander—
Away through the mist to the beautiful land—
The Dreamland that's waiting out yonder!

—Eugene Field

Mothers' Virtues Put on Record

Most Beautiful Description of Wife and Motherhood Ever Penned Found in Book of Proverbs.

By Right Rev. James E. Freeman, Bishop of Washington.

In her tongue is the law of kindness. —Proverbs 31:26.

No finer tribute to feminine graces is contained in the Bible than that recorded in the thirty-first chapter of the Book of Proverbs. It is a glowing tribute to wifehood and motherhood. "The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her; she will do him good and not evil all the days of her life." Of her unflinching devotion to her household the prophet says: "Her candle goeth not out by night; she stretcheth out her hand to the poor; yea, she reacheth forth her hands to the needy."

"She looketh well to the ways of her household and eateth not the bread of idleness." Little wonder is it that her children "arise up and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her." It is a lofty conception of the mother of the household. Nothing that is here written concerning her is more significant than the passage, "In her tongue is the law of kindness." There can be little higher in the way of the fulfillment of the graces and virtues of motherhood than this.

The Understanding Heart.
The law of kindness implies a gentle and understanding heart. It will not be hindered or distracted through misunderstandings nor will it yield to the petty annoyances that day by day cause friction and unhappiness. The law of kindness will not reckon with these. It recognizes with understanding sympathy temperamental inequalities and those elements that render members of a household dissimilar in thought and practice. The law of kindness resists and overcomes the unconsidered and thoughtless utterance and readily forgives the unwitting act of disobedience. The mother of the household, like Mary of old, penetrates beneath the surface of things, weighs with fine discrimination the differences in those who constitute the household and exercises a judgment that finds its inspiration in the law of

kindness. It is safe to say that this supreme gift of mother love is one of the mightiest factors in the shaping of character, and that it contributes more to an orderly and peaceful home life than all else. It is the source of contentment and the inspiration to higher thinking and living. Subtract this from our home life and we impoverish it.

True Kindness.
We are not thinking, concerning this great virtue, of that kind of cheap sentimentality that discloses itself in indiscriminating kindness. Kindness without the loving word of counsel is futile. Kindness that reckons not with an ordered and orderly household whose discipline contributes to the strengthening and enrichment of character inevitably produces impairment of domestic felicity.

Mother's Sunday compels us to think more definitely of those fundamental things that constitute the strength and sanctity of home life. It is demonstrable that the homes of a nation have the power of making or unmaking it. They either exalt its standards or debase them. They either contribute to the wholesomeness of our social life or they gravely impair it. Indeed the home standards affect for good or ill every phase of our corporate life. No home liveth to itself. We are living in an age in which the duties and privileges of women have been infinitely broadened. They are equal sharers with the men of the nation in its large concerns and opportunities. They have to do with the making of policies and the shaping of national ideals. All this should make for greater refinement and wholeness in all that concerns our well-being.

Mother's Responsibilities.
If these new privileges and opportunities detract in any wise from the high claims and responsibilities that peculiarly belong to mother life and mother influence, they must ultimately work disaster. No social occupations, no indulgence in those things that concern the state and the nation, may be substituted for those hollower responsibilities that have to do with home and family life. The greatest trust that God has committed to His children is that which is given to the mother of the household. She, more than all others, determines the moral worth and strength of our domestic and social life. To her hands is given the incomparable privilege of shaping the characters of her children. The moral and spiritual ideals of the nation, as a whole, are largely determined by its mothers.

Thought For the Day

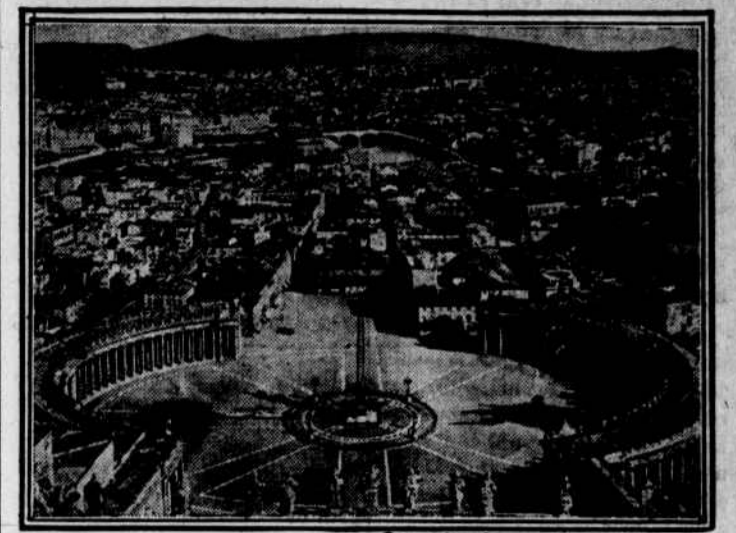
WHAT would you think of a boy who would strike his mother? You hate to think of anything so unpleasant, don't you? Words cannot express your opinion of one who would intentionally injure his mother.

NOW stop a minute. Probably some time in your life you have had a bloody nose or a skinned knee. And probably some time in your life some one has made an unkind remark that hurt you dreadfully. Which really hurt the worst? The nose or the knee was better in a few hours or a few days, but your injured feelings bothered you for a long time after that unkind remark.

THE meaning of all this is clear: You have only contempt for a boy who would strike his mother, but do you realize that an unkind word to her may hurt her feelings more than a blow? Boys—and girls, too—are so much more careless with their tongues than with their fists. Don't you be one to let your tongue inflict pain.

THAT'S a good thing to think about on Mother's day.

Rome's Glories



View of Rome From St. Peter's Dome.

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

WITH the signing of an agreement between Italy and the Vatican, Rome has become a center of world interest. It is a way of Rome's. It was the first of all the Italian cities to shake the world, and it has been the imperial center of civilization, culture, politics and religion. Two of civilization's periods developed in Rome and bear forever her stamp and sign. Her first period gave to the world lessons in discipline, centralized government, colonial policy and control, civil law, military science, hygiene and water supply. The very persecutions of that age stimulated the primitive Christians throughout the empire into banding together until the early church took definite shape.

Though the situation of Naples, with its enervating charm, worked nothing but evil to that city, the location and physical character of Rome—hills for defense a river for navigation, broad surrounding fields for grazing—proved the greatest asset of her people. It had so many natural advantages that every warring tribe which captured it was itself captured and quickly became Roman, thus making the city always the strongest in the peninsula, because it was the home and fortress of the strongest people.

And from being the strongest city of her district, and then of her whole country, Rome naturally expanded until she dominated all the world of her time. One of her mightiest weapons was her malleability, her willingness to learn of others, even though her inferiors. So she progressed swiftly, irresistibly, originating here, improving there, experimenting yonder, with the result that the ichor flowed from her sturdy veins throughout the whole world in inspiration and example.

Rome's Sewers and Water Supply.
At first Roman genius concerned itself only with useful works, such as sewers, bridges, viaducts. The Cloaca Maxima, the great sewer that still drains the Forum into the Tiber, is probably the oldest true arch in Europe, and testifies both to the Romans' study of Etruscan models and to their skill as architectural engineers. And what aqueducts they built—simple, grand, splendid! Witness the towering Acqua Claudia, 45 miles long, that comes striding over the low, flat Campagna like a giant on stilts—a hundred feet high in places.

Ancient Rome is said to have consumed no less than 340,000,000 gallons of water a day; and one of the most noticeable features of the modern town is the prodigious effluence of its water, gushing from fountains of every conceivable size and design. The Trevi is the most magnificent in that city, its water—called Acqua Vergine, virgin water, because of its purity—the finest.

The time, the skill, the money the Romans put into their highways—among the most remarkable of all their engineering works—are almost incredible. No less than 11 of these great arteries radiated from the city—"all roads lead to Rome," runs the ancient proverb. The most famous, the Via Appia, was built in 312 B. C. It was kept in constant repair until the Middle Ages, and still connects Rome and Brindisi, a distance of 306 miles.

Though no burials were permitted in Roman cities, it comes as a surprise to find the finest roads lined with the ruins of all sorts of tombs; stranger yet to find that in medieval times the most magnificent of the tombs were turned into strongholds and crowned with battlements. The oldest and handsomest of the tombs on the Appian Way is the enormous circular mausoleum of Lady Caecilia Metella, more than 90 feet in diameter with a frieze of flowers and skulls of oxen.

Huge Impressive Tombs.
Equally impressive, though not a stronghold, is the slender, graceful, pyramidal tomb of Sir Caius Cestius,

116 feet high, which stands just outside the Ostian Gate, whence St. Paul emerged on his way to martyrdom. We probably never should have heard of Sir Caius but for this pyramid; the egotism of men sometimes lives after them.

Rome's greatest historic and traditional interest centers in the Forum Romanum, once a deep and marshy little valley between the Capitoline and Palatine hills. In the beginning it probably looked something like one of the present-day open-air markets. But it did not look like a market long, for temples and imposing public buildings were added more and more to the shops and stalls until the whole forum was a blaze of gilded bronze and marble, a magnificent show place worthy of the center of civilization.

And today? Ghosts and ruin! Here in a somber file are the stumps of the Colonnade of the Twelve Gods. That heavy basement of brick and mortar, with bits of cracked marble still bravely shining on it, was the orator's platform, where Antony came "to bury Caesar, not to praise him." Across the Holy Way all there is left of murdered Caesar's Basilica Julia is its brick foundation; beyond, the crumbling fragments of the palace of the Vestal Virgins, where a few melancholy, shattered statues of the high priestesses of this pure and lovely cult stand tranquilly amid the desolation.

Ancient Art in Modern Setting.

And hither and yon, from Palatine to Capitoline, from Tabularum to Colosseum, only ruin—brick, mortar, marble, columns, arches, statuary—all desolate and forlorn and broken. And the lamentable part of it all is that it was not the northern barbarian who accomplished the greatest ruin, though he did his share. For a thousand years any Roman who wished to build church or palace simply came here, tore down and carried away whatever he would. Worse yet, contractors actually demolished whole structures—to burn their marble for lime—and eventually peasants turned the buried waste into a vegetable garden and a cow pasture. It was not until 1870 that the Italian government began systematic excavation and unearthed the present panorama of destruction.

The Romans were late in developing artistic genius, for first of all they were men of action; fighters, strategists, politicians—imperialists. Their work reflects them—their vast strength, their love of lavish adornment, their lack of true refinement, and their carelessness of subordinate detail. Simpson points out in his "History of Architectural Development" that had they possessed the artistic sense of their Greek neighbors their architecture would have been the grandest the world has ever seen.

For all the destruction and modernizing that has transformed the Eternal City, its ancient magnificence crops out in unexpected places: in the blank wall of the stock exchange, eleven columns of Neptune's temple; in a narrow street, twelve arches of the Theater of Marcellus, filled with workshops; again, a few forlorn survivors of the once splendid Porticus of Octavia, and so on. At the end of one of the massive stretches that span the Tiber the gleaming solid marble of the exquisite little round temple of Mater Matuta—or whatever it may have been called—gems the bank like a great pearl.

A few paces farther along, thrusting indomitably up from the level of older days, all the beauty of pure Ionic ideals is crystallized in the so-called Temple of the Fortune of Men, soft-hued tufa and weathered travertine. The two stand almost intact, because of the early Christians whose eye for beauty—or was it their practical sense?—seized upon and preserved them as churches when the old gods ceased to call.