

THE ALAMANCE GLEANER

VOL. LV.

GRAHAM, N. C., THURSDAY JUNE 6, 1929.

NO. 18.

WHAT'S GOING ON

NEWS REVIEW OF CURRENT EVENTS

House Passes Tariff Bill Boosting the Duties on Nearly All Articles.

By EDWARD W. PICKARD

IMPORT duties on many agricultural and industrial products are raised to new high levels by the Hawley tariff bill which was passed by the house of representatives. The final vote was 204 to 147. Twelve Republicans voted against the measure, but on the other hand twenty Democrats, mostly from the Southern states, voted for it. The dozen Republicans in opposition were: A. H. Andresen, Victor Christgau, Frank Clague, G. G. Goodwin and C. G. Selvig (Minn.), Merlin Hull (Wis.), E. H. Campbell (Iowa), C. A. Christopherson (S. D.), T. J. Halsey (Mo.), W. F. Lambertson (Kan.), F. H. La Guardia (N. Y.), and James M. Beck (Pa.).

The Republicans from central agricultural states voted against the bill, chiefly because of failure to boost duties on dairy and other farm products high enough and because of the imposition of duties on building materials. The increased duty on sugar was the chief reason for the adverse vote of Representative La Guardia.

All of the more important changes made in the tariff by the measure are upward except that the rates on children's books are reduced. So, too, is the rate on carillons, if any.

The bill ends the terms of members of the present bipartisan tariff commission and provides for the appointment of seven new members on a nonpartisan basis, with salaries of \$12,000. The flexible tariff system is retained, but with a change in formula for the ascertainment of costs.

The senate finance committee, to whose hands the Hawley bill is now committed, will take several months to rewrite the measure, after which it will be debated by the senators. During that period, it is hoped, congress can take a recess and escape some of the hot weather.

BY THE decisive vote of 57 to 26 the senate passed the combined census-reapportionment bill that was so obnoxious to the dregs of the South. Its main features have been told before in these columns. Passage of the measure by the house was considered a certainty.

PRESIDENT HOOVER'S first Memorial day address, delivered at Arlington National cemetery, was an earnest plea to all the nations of the world to join in the peace movement by making the Kellogg pact effective. He urged that they all reduce their naval armaments and navy building programs to the limit required by the needs of national defense. The maintenance of permanent peace, the President declared, would be the highest honor that could be accorded the memory of those who had died in war.

MRS. MABEL WILLEBRANDT resigned as assistant attorney general in charge of dry law prosecutions, and the President accepted the resignation in a letter expressing deep regret at her leaving the government service and appreciation of the work she has done. She is to become Washington counsel for the Aviation corporation.

Reports that Mrs. Willebrandt planned to leave the government had been current since it became known that President Hoover had no intention of placing her in charge of all prohibition enforcement when the dry bureau is transferred from the Treasury department to the Department of Justice. It was stated in Washington that Mr. Hoover would not select Mrs. Willebrandt's successor until about the time she retires, which will be June 15.

PRESIDENT HOOVER'S special law enforcement commission held its first meetings and began the work of organization to get in readiness for its gigantic task which it is believed will keep it busy for two years. In

a brief address to the commission the President said:

"It is my hope that the commission shall secure an accurate determination of fact and cause, following them with constructive, courageous conclusions which will bring public understanding and command public support of its solutions. The general public approval of the necessity for the creation of this commission and the extraordinary universality of approval of its membership are in themselves evidences of the responsibility that lies upon you and of the great public concern in your task and of the hopes that you may succeed.

"I do pray for the success of your endeavors, for by such success you will have performed one of the greatest services to our generation."

COL. CHARLES A. LINDBERGH and Miss Anne Morrow were married Monday afternoon at the Morrow estate just outside of Englewood, N. J., and the cohorts of reporters and news photographers, who have dogged every move of the young couple, knew nothing about it until the affair was all over and the bride and groom had sped away in an automobile. Much as the people of the United States are interested in Lindy and his doings, a gleeful chuckle ran all across the continent when it was learned that he had put one over on the press and camera men. The wedding ceremony was of the simplest, with no bridesmaid or best man and with only members of the families present. The nuptial service was conducted by Rev. Dr. William Adams Brown of Union Theological seminary, a close friend of Ambassador Morrow. At its conclusion Colonel and Mrs. Lindbergh entered a waiting automobile, cleverly evaded pursuing reporters who thought they were just going for a ride, and disappeared entirely from the ken of the public.

MME. ROSIKA SCHWIMMER'S long fight for naturalization in the United States came to an end when the Supreme court affirmed the decision of the Chicago Federal District court that the famous Hungarian radical and pacifist is unfit for American citizenship. The majority of the high tribunal, in an opinion read by Justice Butler, reversed the Circuit Court of Appeals and found with the Chicago District court, that Mademoiselle Schwimmer's admitted lack of nationalistic sense and boasted "uncompromising pacifism" make her "unable to be incapable of that attachment for and devotion to the principles of our Constitution that is required of aliens seeking naturalization." Justices Holmes, Brandeis and Sanford dissented.

ANOTHER decision by the Supreme court upheld the Presidential "pocket vetoes" which have been used by nearly all Presidents to kill legislation they deemed undesirable. The opinion interpreted for the first time that section of the Constitution which provides that bills not signed by the President within ten days or returned without his signature before congress adjourns shall not become law. It came as a blow to those advocates of government ownership and operation who insisted that the Muscle Shoals resolution, "pocket vetoed" by President Coolidge at the end of the first session of the last congress, became law without his signature.

Senator Norris at once introduced another resolution identical with the one killed, and it was reported favorably by the committee on agriculture, but the Nebraska had little hope that the senate could act on it before the summer recess.

THERE is a great to-do over governmental affairs in the Philippines. Insular Auditor Ben F. Wright refused to issue a certificate releasing the million-dollar fund for a wharf development scheme at the city of Ololo, asserting the contract was invalid. He was sentenced to prison for this refusal but has been set free by a habeas corpus writ granted by Supreme Court Justice Street, and thus the case will come before the full court in July. Americans in the islands say Mr. Wright sought to protect American funds and faced the penalty for protecting the treasury, which in turn represents millions in bonds issued by the bureau of pub-

lic works and chiefly held by Americans. If he loses in the island courts he contemplates carrying the case to the Supreme court of the United States. Opposed to Mr. Wright are Manuel Quezon and his followers, who are striving for complete autonomy.

PEACE, at least to a degree, has come to Elizabethton, Tenn., for the striking workers in the textile mills voted to accept the terms of the employers and apply for reinstatement in their old jobs. The settlement was largely due to the efforts of Miss Anna Weinstock, who was sent to the scene by the federal Department of Labor. She obtained from the rayon mills an offer that was much more conciliatory than any previously made. The companies agreed not to discriminate against any former employee because of his or her affiliation with the union, provided the employee's activities were legitimate and were not carried on at the plants. The management agrees to meet a committee of employees for the purpose of adjusting any grievance.

THERE was great excitement among the universities of the Middle West when the faculty committee of the Western Conference, usually known as the Big Ten, expelled the University of Iowa from the conference, effective January 1, 1930. Put in a few words, the reason for this drastic action was that Iowa had been administering so-called athletic funds for the support of individual athletes. The Iowa authorities, from President Jessup down, professed to be exceedingly surprised by the expulsion, and the student body in Iowa City was tremendously worked up. There were ominous threats that the action would result in the breaking up of the Western Conference because other institutions also were vulnerable. It seems not unlikely that the date of actual expulsion was set so far ahead in order that the trouble might be adjusted meanwhile and Iowa permitted to retain her membership, and there are predictions that this is what will happen.

The championship track and field meet of the Big Ten was held at Northwestern just before Iowa was expelled, and was won by the University of Illinois. Two new world records were set. Tolan, young colored sprinter of the University of Michigan, ran 100 yards in 10 5-10 seconds; and Rockaway of Ohio State university negotiated the 220 yards low hurdles in 22 8-10 seconds.

RAY KEECH won the 500 mile automobile race in Indianapolis, his average speed being 95.555 miles an hour. Louie Meyer was second. Billy Spence was killed when his car was overturned. Out of thirty-three starters, thirteen finished, dividing the prize money of \$100,000.

JAMES KELLY and R. L. Robbins, flying a re-conditioned plane over Fort Worth, Texas, shattered all records for sustained flight, remaining up for 172 hours and 31 minutes. They came down then only because their propeller blades had been cracked by hail. Lieut. W. G. Tomlinson of the navy won the Curtiss seaplane trophy, making a new speed record of 175 miles an hour.

REPARATIONS experts reached an almost complete agreement in Paris and if the German reservations can be adjusted the great problem will soon be solved. As the plan stands Germany will pay a total of about eight and a half billion dollars over a period of fifty-eight years, the annuity figure being approximately \$487,000,000. Payments under this Young plan are to begin on September 1. The matter of early evacuation of the Rhineland, being purely political, was not considered by the experts. Dr. Gustav Stresemann, German foreign minister, announced he would be in Paris Monday, when it was hoped the Belgians and Germans would reach a settlement of certain disputes that hampered full agreement.

AMANULLAH has abandoned his efforts to regain the throne of Afghanistan and has passed through India on his way to Italy, where he will reside. The former king does not believe Bacha Sakao, who seized the throne, will be able to retain it very long, his possible successor being Gen. Nadir Khan.

which housed under one roof a little city of 2,500 people.

The annual rings built up by growing trees have formed a perfect calendar that extends backward without a break from the present to 1260 A. D. A period of 700 years is covered by the beams from Pueblo Bonito, but between the two series a gap exists that must be closed.

During the "gap" period the ancestors of the Hopi Indians dwelt in the open, and the beams they used have rotted away. The only hope is to dis-

cover ruins in which charred beams which resist rotting may be found.

The expedition will be under auspices of the National Geographic society, in continuation of researches inaugurated some time ago.

In the party will be Dr. Nell M. Judd, curator of American archeology of the National museum, Washington; Dr. A. E. Douglass of Steward observatory, University of Arizona; Dr. Harold S. Colton, director of the Museum of Northern Arizona, and Lyndon Harravay of the same institution.

SAVED THEIR NEST-EGG

(By D. J. Walsh.)

RUTH sat with her hands clasped tightly in her lap and listened to Mr. Ellington, her new employer, explain their product. The offices were glaringly new; new rug, new yellow oaken furniture, new typewriter and a lecture room adjoining with several rows of new yellow chairs, facing a brand new blackboard.

"You see," said Mr. Ellington with eloquent gestures of his fat, bejeweled hand, "we have them in nearly all the largest cities in the country; Chicago, New York, Boston, St. Louis, San Francisco—the greatest little money-maker ever invented. People must eat! All right! These machines are filled daily with box lunches, compact and sanitary—sandwich, pickle, fruit, pie or cake, see? And these pasteboard boxes are fitted into slot machines which are refilled by our wagons from the factory several times a day, see? These machines are set up near factories, schools, recreation centers, office buildings and so on. They deposit a quarter and presto! A lunch! Bound to sell! Can't help it! Now our part here in this office is to sell the machines. We are putting on a force of salesmen who will cover the city and sell these slot machines to individuals at \$150 each, see? And out of the daily proceeds from the lunches purchased, the owner of that machine gets half. Greatest little money maker in the country—the machine pays for itself in a year at the rate these lunches sell when they get started, and then it is all clean gravy, see?"

Ruth nodded absently. Mr. Ellington smelled of hair tonic. "Now," he continued, "we will start on folding these circulars and getting them ready. The ads for salesmen are in all the papers today and they will be coming in here by the dozens. Tomorrow we start our lectures and next week there will be several machines in operation. Greatest little money-maker in the world, Miss Harrison."

Ruth sat at the bright yellow desk and started to fold the circulars before her. She didn't like Mr. Ellington; she didn't like the job. She longed for the daily orderly routine she had followed for seven years over in Mr. Alken's law office; the position she had left just yesterday, so that Don couldn't find her. She would show him! He would be calling up this morning and no one knew where she'd gone.

It had been a bitter quarrel and Don had said—although his eyes had told her otherwise—that he never wanted to see her again until she had taken back what she had said. She had replied she never would, but of course, Don would come back to her. He just couldn't stay away. They loved each other; they had been engaged three years, and were to be married in June! The thousand dollars which they had set as their goal was in the bank—their "nest-egg" with which to furnish their little apartment. Don had worked hard to accumulate that money and they were both very proud of the little bank book Ruth had kept until she gave it back to him—the night they quarreled.

"Finest little money-maker in the country—" Mr. Ellington was saying to a shabby, tired looking young man who had come in in response to the ad. "Our salesmen make \$35 on every machine they sell and the salesmen in St. Louis average around \$400 per week. Just come back tomorrow and attend our lecture. We show you how—'Tell you how—'"

The Happy Hooligan Lunch company flourished the first few weeks. Their advertising drew salesmen by the dozens, and they sold the machines. Business was good—and then it lagged. Ruth was very unhappy. There had been two letters from Don the first week and one night he had called at the house and urged Mrs. Adams, her landlady, to ask Ruth to the door, but the good woman faithfully followed Ruth's instructions. Then he had written her a note. "You won't give me a chance and I've tried to see you. I'm through. The next move will be yours."

And then the "Happy Hooligan Lunch company" met with serious reverses. The civic organizations investigated and there was considerable publicity. Mr. Ellington and his assistants were worried. The salesmen dropped off one by one; men came into the office and held long conferences. Ruth saw suspicious correspondence handed over her desk, and it was on the day that she thoroughly realized she was in the employ of fake promoters who had gained disrepute in other cities, that one of the few remaining salesmen on the force rushed into the office waving a paper in his hand.

"I got that bird at last, but he was a hard nut to crack! But I got him—to the tune of six machines. One

thousand and fifty dollars! Told him he would be rich in a year! I am going to meet him at 12 o'clock at the National bank and get—cold cash! Come on, Ellington, sign your John Hancock to a little check for me—1 need it!"

Mr. Ellington beamed and rubbed his fat hands together raspingly. "That is fine, O'Connor—fine! That will add a little impetus to our arguments today. Miss Harrison will you prepare this contract ready for our prospect's signature this noon, and I can show it to those three who promised to come in at 11." He turned to leave the office. "And O'Connor, I'll pay you your commission when I see that thousand fifty—cold cash—and his name on the dotted line."

Ruth inserted a contract form in her typewriter and looked down at the paper on her desk. A name jumped out of the scrawl—"Donald Mullen." Don—One thousand and fifty dollars! Their "nest egg." At 12 o'clock that precious savings account would be in the hands of the "Happy Hooligan Lunch company," lost. She saw O'Connor leave the office at 11:45. She could not leave until on the hour. The bank was four blocks away and the usual noonday crowds thronged the streets. It was 12:10 when she sped through the portals of the National bank. At the further end before the tellers' window she saw Don—dear Don—counting a sheaf of bills in his hand. O'Connor stood expectantly near, hand outstretched.

She was just half-way down that long stretch of floor when Don started to hand the money to the salesman.

"Don," she cried, "Don! Oh, don't." Donald looked up quickly and O'Connor made a move to take the money. Ruth darted between them, breathless. "Don," she whispered, "Don—don't—don't—lose—our—nest—egg. Let me explain."

He took her arm gently. "Why, Ruthie, what is it?" O'Connor broke in gruffly: "Well, let's settle this business first, Mullen, so I can be on my way. Ten fifty—and here is the contract."

"The business is settled, Mr. O'Connor. Mr. Mullen is not going to buy—one of—those machines." Ruth spoke clearly, slowly.

"This is infamous, Miss Harrison. I shall report you to Mr. Ellington at once."

"Please do. Also tell him that he can have my half-week's salary. He will need it to get back East on. You can tell him I have resigned to get married—and that that money is going to buy furniture—no sandwiches, pickles and cake machines—and he will understand."

Clay-Marshall Duel

Before the famous Humphrey Marshall became a United States senator, he was a member of the Kentucky legislature. At the time Henry Clay was speaker of the same body, Clay's initial act in the interest of protective tariff was to introduce a resolution that the legislature should wear only clothes of domestic manufacture.

Marshall and Clay crossed in debate on the subject, had an altercation and a duel with pistols was the result. Both were slightly wounded in the encounter on the "field of honor," but nothing more serious was the result.—Detroit News.

Largest Locomotive

The Railroad Traloman says that the largest steel locomotive in the world has been constructed for the Northern Pacific railroad. It is 125 feet long and was built by the American Locomotive company, Schenectady, N. Y. In working order with coal and water, it weighs 1,110,000 pounds. It has a mechanical stoker which is capable of closing, delivering and distributing to the firebox hourly a maximum of 45,000 pounds, or 2 1/2 tons of coal. Its tender has a capacity of 22 gallons of water and 27 tons of coal.

Face Bound to Tell

Not long ago a Times Squarefarer was housed in the Tombs for littering at the Volstead law, reports Willard Keefe, our Tombs representative. Unable to get bail, he did six weeks there, when a pal called. The chum marveled at the fellow's decided change in appearance, the night-life pallor having yielded to the healthy glow provided by regular hours, sleep and wholesome food.

"Yeah," sighed the jailbird, "I guess the pace in here is beginning to tell."—New York Evening Graphic.

It Pays

Senator Borah was talking about the hero of a financial scandal.

Sea of Marmora



View of Brusa, Asiatic Turkey.

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

TO SAIL on one of the cargo boats from Constantinople that feels its way, according to the available freight, from port to port along the shores of the sea of Marmora, is to obtain a charming mixture of contrasting ages.

Perhaps you will touch first at the Princes Islands, which can be visited by motor boat. Of these, Halki especially breathes of an untouched simplicity and charm which is the more appreciated when one's marine glasses reveal across the way the cloudy city where live Constantinople's teeming thousands.

Instead of the monster summer hotels which the proximity of an American metropolis would bring to such a spot, one finds nothing of Constantinople among these pine-darkened, sea-commanding heights except hill-topping monasteries, where medieval emperors, blinded or in chains, passed their exile.

Sheep bells tinkle among the olive orchards. Down the road, with his laden donkey, comes the seller of charcoal or drinking water. In the tiny square sit silent, net-mending fishermen. And that is all, except the monastery bell clanging its angelus under the glow of a sea sunset. Constantinople might be oceans away.

The exile ground of emperors and dogs—that spells the melancholy history of these lovely islands. Constantinople's age-old dog pest developed under the Koran's benign injunction of kindness to dumb creatures—a stumbling block which the young Turks of 1908 sought to circumvent by offering the entire canine population to a Christian glove manufacturer. Upon his declining this dog concession they shipped the round-up of pariahs to barren Ozia, one of the Princes group, where the outcasts incidentally devoured one another.

From the islands it is only a step across the Marmora to its Asiatic coast, and a forty mile run up the charming gulf of Ismid. A dirty hillside town, passively enchanting under the springtime glow of fruit blossoms, turns out to be all that remains of Nicomedia, the one proud city of Diodotian (modern Ismid).

But Rome's bridges have outlasted her empire, and a few years ago the inhabitants of Greek villages which had been burned by Kemal's irregulars came thronging across the stone archways built of old for the passage of Roman legions into Asia Minor.

Relics of German Ambition

Descending the gulf, one passes at Derindje a relic of the latest bid for empire in the shape of a vast warehouse containing a million and a half square feet of floor space, constructed by German engineers for the storage of grain arriving over the Bagdad railway.

Still farther along, at Hereke, is a palace which was built almost overnight by Sultan Abdul Hamid for the purpose of entertaining his friend William when, in 1910, the German emperor passed en route for his tour in Syria and Palestine. Here, in this charming, sea-bordered villa, sultan and emperor dined and chattered for three hours, while the special train waited; then they parted, and this creation for one Arabian night, untenant before or since, passed into the realm of yesterdays.

A few hours' run along the Asiatic coast brings one's ship within sight of the somnolent little port of Mudania, where the victory-flushed Kemalists decided not to swoop across the allied-held straits to Constantinople.

Olives are taken aboard and you find that you will have time, if you choose, to visit nearby Brusa.

Snaking upward through the hills lie narrow-gauge rails, and a wheezy trolley from a toy train warns that it positively will not delay its departure beyond half an hour or so on your account. You catch it in just 20 minutes.

Gradually widening vistas, where mile on mile of olive and mulberry groves clothe the sea-skirting hills, reveal the countryside's two staples. The olive, the cocoon, the seaboard—for centuries the Anatolian Greek identified himself with this trio. The trio remains; but the Greek, because of the post-war shift of populations, has departed.

Rising ahead the Asian Olympus recalls by its very name that Greek colonists were here, christening landmarks in honor of sacred spots at home, many centuries before the Turks began their big westward push across Asia Minor.

Along the flanks of overshadowing Olympus, Brusa scatters itself like some great patch of white wild flowers, almost fairylike in its aerial grace, with mosque domes resembling rich blossoms and minarets the slender stalks, as they rise against the somber cypress groves. So many mosques are there that one is tempted to imagine that, flowerlike, they seated themselves at random whenever spring winds blew. "A walk for each day in the year, a mosque each walk," runs the proverb of Brusa.

Silk Industry of Brusa.

Today the sultan and sultana of Brusa are a pair of white, brown-spotted worms. Indeed, they produce a royal fabric, whereby, to Near Eastern peoples, the name Brusa connotes silk just as Kimberly connotes diamonds. Moreover, a Brusian treats them as royalty to the extent of turning his house over to them in the feeding season; for whenever his attic floor becomes covered with mulberry leaves, each with its hungry worm, he carpets the rooms downstairs with more leaves and sleeps out in the garden.

During the war, when the silk factories were destroyed, the workers dispersed, and the very mulberry trees cut down for fuel, Brusa's ancient industry was, to all appearances, dead; but in 1919 returning refugees found, to their amazement, that its germ had survived. A mere handful of old women, who had remained in the town, had saved a few mulberry trees and had guarded, season after season, the cycle of cocoon, moth, hatched-out eggs, and feeding worm. In time of war they had prepared for peace.

The silkworm has a voracious appetite for a creature 3/4 inches long, and during its brief life of thirty days it consumes six times its own weight in mulberry leaves.

Scenes of War for Ages.

Leaving Mudania, your boat is soon dipping seaward through the Dardanelles, where fortress-bearing heights gradually slope, on the Asiatic side, into Troy's plain, and on the European into the sparsely clad spit of Gallipoli.

Surely, in the New world, magnificent residences would crown such sea-commanding heights. Instead, only a few mean villages dot the shores of that 43-mile passage, along which two continents face each other almost within shouting distance.

Those sixteen hundred yards which separate Sestos from Abydos have been dedicated to war for over two thousand years. There the ancient Persians crossed by boat bridges to invade Europe. There the Greeks under Alexander crossed to invade Asia; and in the middle of the Fifteenth century the Orient's turn came again when the Ottoman Turks passed over at the same spot, planting their banner in Europe for the first time.

It is the ferry to conquest—or disaster. Legends of a seven years' siege beckon from the abutting Trojan plain, while just opposite, off Gallipoli, the Aegean ran blood-red with the terrible allied losses of 1915. Today some acres of wooden crosses alone mark the desolate scene of that modern Iliad.