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## WHAT'S GOING ON

### NEWS REVIEW OF CURRENT EVENTS

#### Democrats and Radicals of Senate Defeat Hoover on Flexible Tariff.

By EDWARD W. PICKARD

THIRTEEN Republican senators, nearly all classed as "radicals," united with the Democrats last week to administer a decisive defeat to President Hoover in the tariff bill battle. By a vote of 47 to 42 the senate adopted the Simmons amendment to the measure taking away from the President the power to make changes in the duties under the so-called flexible tariff provision which has been in effect for seven years. Mr. Hoover had urged that this feature of the bill be retained, but the majority of the senators decided that it represents a delegation of the taxing power by congress to the executive branch and might lead to further usurpation of the powers of the legislative branch of the government. Anyhow, that was their story and they stuck to it, although unbiased observers thought their action had more of a political basis. The President's position in the matter had the approval of nearly all the big firm organizations, but the radical Republicans, most of whom claim to represent agricultural states, disregarded this fact and took advantage of the opportunity to hit Mr. Hoover. The Democrats are not at all sure of keeping a solid front on the rate schedules, so they made this showing on an administrative feature, only four of their members voting against the Simmons amendment.

Under the amendment adopted, the President would be required to transmit promptly tariff commission reports to congress, adding his own recommendation if desired. Sole authority to make changes in duties would be vested in congress. To prevent the opening up of other tariff matters congress would be prevented from considering any amendments to bills embodying tariff commission recommendations which were not germane to the particular item. Senator Johnson said the tariff would be "infinitely more flexible" under the amendment than under the present law. Of course the house may reject the amendment.

ONE hundred and seventy-five convicts in the Colorado state penitentiary at Canon City mutilated, murdered half a dozen guards and barricaded themselves in one of the cell houses, defying the warden's forces and a detachment of National Guardsmen. The convicts had few guns but plenty of ammunition, and before they were conquered it was found necessary to use machine guns, dynamite and finally a 75-millimeter field piece from the rifle range at Golden. During the fierce battle Warden F. E. Crawford himself was badly wounded. The mutineers, who were led by one Danny Daniels, demanded unrestricted freedom, threatening the death of guards they had captured if this were refused. The state forces would not listen to any such proposals. The warden's men were reinforced not only by the militia but also by police from Denver and other cities and hundreds of armed citizens.

WILLIAM B. SHEARER, the "observer" for American ship building concerns at the Geneva naval conference of 1927, was a voluble and sensational witness before the senate committee that is investigating propagandist activities, and after hearing him the committee adjourned its sessions until the visit of Prime Minister MacDonald is concluded. This probably was wise, for Shearer had brought into the record and handed to the committee a document which would be internationally startling if it were genuine. This purports to be a letter addressed to David Lloyd George and was said to be "reek[ing] with hostility to the United States." Shearer attributed it to Sir William Wiseman, whom he called the chief British spy in the United States during the war and who is now with Kuhn, Loeb & Co. of New York. He said it was given him by a Mr. Summers of Los

Angeles, who received it from a Mr. Wheeler, who got it from Ben McLenden, who extracted it from the files of the British consulate in New York during the war; and that he showed it to navy officers and to the then Senator Reed of Missouri, and it played an important part in shaping the naval policy of the senate.

Sir William Wiseman denounces the document as a "clumsy, absurd forgery." W. S. Summers of Los Angeles says he knows Shearer but knows nothing of the letter. L. B. Wheeler, formerly a federal secret service operative, says he never knew Shearer; and A. C. Merrill, a Navy department expert, has given an opinion that the document is spurious. All of which did not seem to abash Shearer. Several well-known newspaper correspondents who were at the Geneva conference and whose names were dragged into his story by Shearer, have declared that gentleman's statements to be lies.

BRIG. GEN. F. P. CROZIER of England, right hand man of Lord Robert Cecil in disarmament efforts, sent to Ambassador Dawes a letter stating that in 1927 a man calling himself "Sherman" offered him large sums of money to cease his advocacy of a reduction of the British army and navy, and that in the newspaper portraits of Shearer he recognized likenesses of that man. Shearer denies having approached General Crozier, saying he had not been in England since 1918 and never heard of the general.

When the committee resumes its hearings it will call Sir William Wiseman, Former Secretary of State Kellogg and others whose names have come up in the inquiry. Under a resolution introduced by Senator Caraway the senate, through its judiciary committee, also will start an investigation of all lobbies operating in congress.

GERMANY lost its foremost statesman last week when Dr. Gustav Stresemann, foreign minister, died of a heart attack following a stroke of paralysis. He had been in poor health for months but recently had so far recovered as to be able to take part in the reparations conference at The Hague and the session of the League of Nations assembly in Geneva. Doctor Stresemann, who was born in Berlin in 1878, was president of the German People's party, a member of the reichstag and was several times chancellor of both the empire and the republic. It was he who put into effect the policy of reconciliation with Germany's former foes and who brought his country into the League of Nations. He was looked upon as the backbone of the present Mueller cabinet and Berlin politicians doubted whether the coalition government could be held together without him.

THAT tropical hurricane that swept westward from the West Indies, after killing some twenty persons and doing great damage in the Bahamas, struck Florida with devastating force, tearing its way upward from Key West to Pensacola and then veering over to the Atlantic coast region and dissipating itself in furious rain storms. The Floridians, being forewarned, had taken all possible precautions, but the property losses were considerable though the deaths were few. The rains in the Carolinas and Georgia added to the already serious flood situation there, the Savannah and other rivers having risen to stages unequalled in many years. All the way up to New England the storm crippled land and water transportation and wire service.

RAMSAY MACDONALD must have been gratified with the reception accorded him by the officials and people of the United States. The prime minister's ship, the Berengaria, was escorted into New York harbor Friday morning by the cruisers Memphis and Trenton, and at quarantine he and his party were taken in hand by Mayor Walker's welcoming committee and landed at Battery Point. There they were met by Secretary of State Stimson and British Ambassador Sir Esme Howard and then a procession was formed to the city hall, where Mr. MacDonald was granted the freedom of the city. Soon thereafter the party took train for Washington, where the prime minister and his daughter Isabel

went first to the British embassy. On Saturday Mr. MacDonald became the guest of President Hoover at the White House and the conversations on Anglo-British relations and naval reduction, the purpose of the visit, began. The social program arranged in the National Capital included functions at which Isabel was the central figure.

While the prime minister was on the high seas, Arthur Henderson, minister for foreign affairs, and Yefimov Bogalevsky, Soviet ambassador to France, got together and signed an agreement for full resumption of diplomatic relations between Great Britain and Russia, including an exchange of ambassadors, and for the settlement of questions outstanding between the two governments. This agreement is subject to the approval of parliament.

QUESTIONING of the members of the federal farm board was continued by the senate committee on agriculture and the board was subjected to further criticism for not using huge sums of money to force up the prices of this season's wheat crop. Samuel R. McKelvie, of Nebraska, the wheat member of the board, had a sharp clash with Senator Brookhart on the question of whether or not the board was authorized to fix prices, the Iowa senator insisting it was.

Mr. McKelvie said that the board members hope that the new grain marketing corporation which is in process of organization at Chicago, will be ready to operate in such a manner as to stabilize wheat prices next year. If that was the opinion of the board, he said, that it was not feasible to commence stabilization operations this year. In Chicago William H. Settle, chairman of the organization committee, said the grain marketing corporation would be completed within a week. At the call of the farm board the wool growers of the nation held a meeting in Chicago to discuss plans for a similar central marketing and financing agency for their industry.

THE American Legion, in annual session in Louisville, held the greatest parade in its history and then got down to business, adopting a lot of resolutions most of which concerned the care of disabled veterans and like matters. Woodlawn post of Chicago won first place in the drill team competition and Electric post of Milwaukee won the band contest. Boston and Los Angeles sought next year's convention and it was awarded to the Massachusetts city on the first ballot.

O. L. Bodenhamer of El Dorado, Ark., was elected commander unanimously. He was a school teacher who enlisted as a private in 1917 and was discharged two years later as a major. Mrs. Donald Macrea of Council Bluffs, Iowa, was chosen national president of the American Legion auxiliary.

LEADERS in the prohibition cause led to the number of a score met in Washington and organized the "co-operative committee for prohibition enforcement" which is intended to coordinate the activities of the country's numerous dry organizations. The headquarters will be in Washington and the chairman is Patrick H. Callahan of Louisville. The committee proposes to lay a scientific groundwork for a campaign of education as to the benefits of prohibition.

President Hoover appointed John R. McNab of San Francisco as head of a special body which will study and formulate changes in federal administration and judicial machinery. In announcing the appointment the President said the recommendations of this group would be submitted to congress for the more effective enforcement of the laws under the Eighteenth amendment.

FRIEZE VON OPEL of Germany, wealthy automobile builder and race driver, made the first flight in a plane propelled by rockets as was the car he recently tried out. He flew for about six miles at terrific speed and then, the rockets being used, came down in a crash that wrecked the plane though he escaped unharmed.

Coste and Bellonte, the French pilots who started from Paris eastward on an endurance flight, were believed, toward the end of the week, to have landed in some remote Siberian forest.

Kilauea which stands in the southwestern part. It is about twice as high as Kilauea, rising to an elevation of some 8,200 feet and bearing several well-marked cones on its summit, as well as a number of craters on its slopes.

Mauna Loa, which Doctor Jagger has warned may join Hualalai and Kilauea in a great triple eruption to relieve the swelling lava tide now rising beneath the island, is the highest of the active volcanoes in the Pacific area, rising to 13,679 feet.

#### Fear Hawaiian Volcano May Resume Activities

Hualalai, the Hawaiian volcano for which Dr. T. A. Jagger, noted volcanologist, has predicted possible eruptive activity within a month, is normally one of the quietest of all volcanoes known to be active. In a statement which was issued to Science Service Dr. Harry Washington of the geophysical laboratory of the Carnegie Institution of Washington, D. C., himself a leading authority on

### BRINGING DOWN THE HAWK

(By D. J. Walsh)

LINDY RAND heard a chicken squawk. Almost instantly a hawk whistled triumphantly. She leaped to the door. The children, Jack and Elsie, ran to her, screaming at the top of their voices: "He got it!" Against the blue afternoon sky sailed a great bird with a half-grown yellow chicken clutched in its talons.

"We were keeping watch, mother, honest!" Six-year-old Jack said earnestly. "But he just swooped right down!"

"It was the chicken with the droopy wing, mother!" said five-year-old Elsie, half crying.

"He'll be back after more," Lindy sighed. She was almost overwhelmed by this new difficulty. A woman alone with two small children, she had to fight more than hawks.

The hawk had perched on the branch of a tree within plain sight of the house and was coolly making a meal. When he had finished he came back for more. Round and round above the chicken yard he circled.

Lindy watched him anxiously. She was desperate. Every chicken meant money. She needed money as never before.

Suddenly she turned and went into the house. Her husband's shotgun rested upon wooden pegs against the kitchen wall. It had never been touched since the last time he put it there. It was loaded. Lindy knew how to shoot, although she had a horror of firearms. She took the gun down and went out of doors again.

"Mother! mother! The hawk! Look, the hawk!" shrieked Jack and Elsie.

Lindy had a glimpse of gleaming wings, low to the ground. As the bird lifted into the air with another chicken in his talons she raised the gun to her shoulder and fired. The weapon kicked so violently that she was almost thrown over backward.

"Mother! You got him!" shouted Jack.

Breathless, shocked, Lindy saw the bird flounder before her. The shot had broken his wing. She laid down the gun, grabbed an empty chicken coop and put it over the bird.

Down the dusty road from town came a powerful car driven by the one person in the world whom Lindy feared and distrusted. This was Abe Akroyd, the man who had sold the place to her husband. Payment and interest were due that day, and she knew that Abe had come to see about it.

The car stopped under the great spruce tree that shaded the shabby house and Abe stepped out. He was a heavily built man with a gray-bristled jaw and small hard eyes. He had a gold tooth that gleamed hugely when he spoke. Somehow in that moment he made Lindy think of the hawk, potent, relentless, predatory. But she had worsted the hawk. That knowledge gave her courage to face the man.

"Well, Lindy, how are you coming?" he began. "You know what day this is, I suppose?" He took a small black book from his pocket and consulted it. "Payment and interest—\$330."

"I can pay only the interest," Lindy looked pleadingly into the coarse face. "My chickens came on slow. In the fall—"

"Now, now! I expected better than that of you, Lindy. You've had a whole year in which to get righted since John died."

"A whole year!" Lindy's lips quivered.

Abe consulted the book again and shook his head.

"Business is business. You know that, Lindy. I'd like to accommodate everybody. But if I begin with you the rest of 'em will be on my back. I've got a good bit of property trusted out around the country. And I live by what folks owe me. I got to treat all alike; if don't pay to get too soft-hearted."

"I don't expect anything but fair treatment, Mr. Akroyd. I am doing the best I can. A year isn't very long for a woman that's working alone with two small children to earn \$300 or \$600 outside her living expenses. All I ask is an extension of time, Mr. Akroyd."

Abe squinted upward at the roof of the small house. A corner of the loosely shingled roof had blown off in a recent high wind. When Abe sold a piece of property he always demanded that the buildings be kept in good condition.

"That looks bad," he commented. Lindy knew it. She bit her lips.

"Lindy," said Abe, putting the black book back into his pocket, "I'll tell you what you better do. You better give up this place and move into town. You'll find work there. You're never going to get this place paid for, that's fair and square, Lindy."

Lindy went white. She clutched at her throbbing throat. The place was home to her and the children; it had been John's home while he lived. He had brought her there a bride. They had planned to pay for it and improve it and continue there in their old age. She couldn't give it up.

From her pocket she took a purse, opened it and with trembling fingers counted out \$30 in worn bills. The interest. She held out the money to Abe, but he refused it with a gesture.

"All or nothing, Lindy. I hate to do it, but I got to be firm. I'll pay you back cash for every cent due you. The money will give you a start somewhere else. I'm offered more for the place this minute than I asked when I sold it to John Rand. Ed Holmes wants it, Lindy, I can't turn down a good cash offer for it, you know."

"Ed Holmes!" Lindy's face was scarlet now. "I've seen him snooping round on my hill yonder. I don't know what he's looking for. But he's going to keep off the premises as long as I occupy them—or I'll drive him off with a shotgun!"

"What's this?" Abe looked in astonishment at the palpitating little figure of the young woman.

Lindy pointed toward the chicken coop within which the hawk was glowering.

"I just shot him," she said.

"Yes, mother did, too!" cried loyal Jack.

Abe looked at the hawk, which he hadn't noticed before.

"Guess I'll have to warn Ed to stay away," he said. Then as Lindy again held out the money to him pleadingly he turned from her and went to his car. Stepping in, he drove swiftly away.

Weak and faint Lindy sat down on the doorstep. Abe had refused the interest. That meant he was determined to get rid of her. He wanted to let Ed Holmes have the place. What did Ed want to do? What was he doing up there in that stone patch?

"Jack and Elsie," she called. "You stay here and watch the chickens. I'm going up on the hill for a little while."

She hadn't been on the hill since John died. It was nothing but an old rock pile anyway; no good land. John had paid much more than the place was worth and now Abe Akroyd was squeezing her for the payments.

She climbed up to where she had seen Ed Holmes a few days before. Just inside the woods she stopped again. Before her some freshly dug earth and chippings of rock. Ed Holmes had been digging into her land. What for? What did he hope to find in a barren place like this?

Lindy ran all the way back to the house.

Ten minutes later she was racing toward town, the two children bobbing on the back seat of the old silver.

Down Main street she drove, past all the lawyers' offices until she came to a shabby house, where on the porch, sat an old man reading a big book.

"Mr. White!" Lindy said, going up to him. "You've read just about everything. John always said you were the best informed man in these parts. I've got a mystery to solve. You know what my land is. You know what that hill back of the house is. What would a man like Ed Holmes find there to interest him?"

"Been snooping round there, has he?" inquired the old man.

"Digging dirt, clipping off pieces of rock."

"Ed Holmes, you know, Lindy, has made a great study of the rocks hereabouts. He prides himself on being a genuine geologist. Yes, yes. Guess I'll go home with you, Lindy, and see what I make out."

Back toward home raced Lindy with the one person she felt she could absolutely trust. She boosted him up the hill; she hoisted him up. He knelt down. He picked up a bit of rock. He held the specimen close to his eyes. The light and life of youth streamed into his old face.

"Blue granite!" he said. "Yes, yes, Lindy, don't you breathe a word of this to anyone. There's a plot on foot to rob you. But you'll fool 'em, Lindy, if you just keep your mouth shut."

For the second time that day Lindy raced to town. It was near sunset when she located Abe Akroyd. Mr. White had lent her the money to make the last payment, and Abe reluctantly received it.

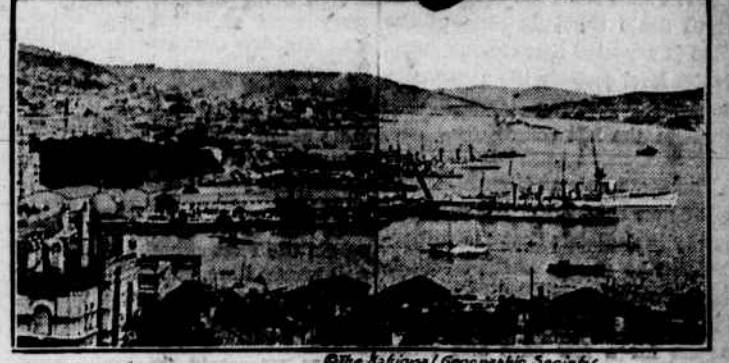
Ed Holmes had not let Abe know why he wanted the Rand place. When he found out that he couldn't have it he was furious, but not half so furious as Abe himself.

As for Lindy, who had outwitted them both and who found herself about to become a rich woman, she went home and commiserated with the captive hawk.

"Keep up your courage, old boy," she said. "Your wing is going to mend nicely. And then you'll be able to fly again. I owe you something and I always pay my debts."

Love's Demands  
We can sometimes love what we do not understand, but it is impossible completely to understand what we do not love.—Mrs. Jameson.

## Trans-Siberian Railway



Part of the Harbor of Vladivostok.

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

RUSSIA'S Far Eastern problem lies at the end of the world's longest railway, the Trans-Siberian. It was a tremendous task to build this railway, and it has been equally a great task at times to keep it in efficient operation.

The distance from the Pacific terminus at Vladivostok to Moscow is 5,201 miles, and to Petrograd 5,481. Much of the road is still single track, and the tremendously heavy traffic of the war years levied a heavy toll on both equipment and roadbed. While in the main grades are fair, yet it is not to be expected that on a road of such length these could be compared to the grades obtaining on our own principal lines. The result is comparatively short trains, many engines, and slow progress. Fast trains now require about ten days for the trip from Moscow to the Pacific, when they traverse the Chinese Eastern tracks through Manchuria.

On leaving Moscow, the Trans-Siberian road runs through about 300 miles of the great western plain of European Russia to the city of Ufa at the foot of the Ural mountains. Some 520 miles east of Moscow is a pyramid on the one side of which is inscribed the word "Europe," and on the opposite side the word "Asia." This pyramid stands on the very apex of the Urals. The railroad at this point is 1,550 feet above sea level. Between Ufa and Tchelyabinsk the road rises from 310 feet elevation to 1,850 feet and drops back again to 700 feet. At the latter place are huge wooden barracks where immigrants entering Siberia were quarantined in prewar times, waiting for railroad transportation.

Across the vast stretches of western Siberia the Trans-Siberian railroad passes grassy steppes inhabited by horse-breeding Kirghizes, through long reaches of virgin forest, and through many important agricultural regions. Crossing out of the Tomsk government into that of Yeniseisk, the road shortly reaches Atchinsk, the northernmost town on the railroad. Its latitude is the same as that of the middle coast of Labrador. Indeed, at no time after it leaves Moscow until it enters Manchuria does the Trans-Siberian ever touch further south than the northern coast of Newfoundland.

#### Many Tunnels and Bridges.

By the time it reaches Lake Balkal, it has climbed again to 1,500 feet, and in skirting that body of water has to pass through forty tunnels, through numerous giant cuts and over many bridges. It continues to climb until it reaches Sokhondo, 3,700 feet, where it penetrates a tunnel bearing on its western entrance the inscription "To the Great Ocean," and on its eastern entrance the inscription "To the Atlantic Ocean." After passing the junction of the road to Mukden, the Trans-Siberian drops down to 700 feet, then climbs again to 2,100, and thence falls to sea level at Vladivostok.

From this it will be seen that whether viewed from the standpoint of distance, which is one and one-half times that across the American continent by some of the longer routes from seaboard to seaboard; whether from that of latitude and climate, which places it at times 700 miles north of the main coast of Newfoundland and gives it at some points an average temperature in January of five degrees below zero; whether from that of elevation which gives it three mountain ranges to cross; or whether from that of trackage facilities and rolling stock supply, no other nation has ever had such a railroad problem to deal with in times of great crises as Russia has in connection with the operation of the Trans-Siberian line.

To guard against difficulties with China, such as those of recent months, Russia prepared two railway strings to her transportation bow: the shorter Chinese Eastern line, built by Chinese consent on Chinese soil; and the longer Amur river branch, entirely on Rus-

sian territory. This branch forms a bow north of Manchuria and meets the Chinese Eastern line again before reaching Vladivostok.

Across the Amur to the north lies China, or rather Manchuria, which, before the World war, was being rapidly Russified. Still, the river there is truly an international line, and this was proved, if by nothing else, by the extensive smuggling that went on across it.

When the Siberian railway was pushed through at the end of the Nineteenth century and the gigantic "cut-off" was made through Manchuria, it set things back on the Amur for a while. But after the Russo-Japanese war, Russia's hold on Manchuria was weakened and the empire began building the western half of the great railroad just north of the Amur where it would be entirely on Muscovite territory. Tremendous hardships were encountered in traversing bogs and forests and crossing great rivers; but the job was about completed when the World war broke out. This long stretch of railway paralleling the Amur from 50 to 75 miles north of it, is a valuable asset to the Amur region.

Blagoveshchensk, on the middle Amur, and connected with the Amur railway by a branch line, is the metropolis of the province, a town of about 45,000 inhabitants. Spread out along the river bank, with its spires and domes showing against the skyline, it makes an imposing appearance to the traveler on the river especially since it contrasts so noticeably with the little river towns. Across the river is a Chinese town known locally as Sakalin, but appearing under numerous aliases on the maps.

At the eastern end of the Trans-Siberian railway, by whichever route one goes, lies Vladivostok, "Mistress of the East." In some ways it can be compared to San Francisco, at the end of our "Trans-American" lines, more particularly in the latter's earlier Barbary coast days.

Vladivostok is younger than the city by the Golden Gate. It was founded in 1860. Had its normal development not been interrupted by the World war and the unsettled conditions that have followed, Vladivostok might soon have rivalled our own coast city in population and beauty.

#### Life in Vladivostok.

A tongue of hilly land thrust out into a land-locked bay constitutes the site of the city. The architecture maintains the European note struck by the station; which makes the presence of Oriental people, conveyances and customs all the more exotic. You no sooner accustom yourself to the dreary routine of bazaar buying, flourishing lotteries and babel of tongues than you encountered the more familiar telegraph office, motion picture theater, museum, club and university. You might dodge a European racing car, under an American electric light, and run plump into a coolie burden bearer despite the warning cries of a Russian policeman. The "Golden Horn" restaurant was the rendezvous of bon vivants of the world. The life of Vladivostok has changed greatly since those days, and none of the old prosperity is apparent.

Small wonder living was extremely dear in the old days and is dearer now, since the city subsisted formerly on supplies from China and Japan, Europe, and even America. Its growth seems due to some inexplicable exception that proves the rule that a city, to succeed, should be self-sustaining. Interchange products with the country around it, be thrifty, cultivate civic consciousness, be well governed, and possess some racial, cultural, or patriotic unity. It owed its commerce to the fact that it was the most nearly ice-free port of Siberia, by which virtue it became the terminus of the Trans-Siberian railway, and to the military and naval establishments maintained by the government of the Tsar.