

THE ALAMANCE GLEANER

VOL. LV.

GRAHAM, N. C., THURSDAY NOVEMBER 28, 1929.

NO. 43.



1—View in chapel of University of Chicago at installation of Robert Maynard Hutchins as president of the institution. 2—Omaha's new \$500,000 Coliseum, built for conventions, stock shows and prize fights. 3—Thousands of persons gathered at the grave of Rev. Patrick J. Power in Malden, Mass., where many miraculous cures are reported.

NEWS REVIEW OF CURRENT EVENTS

Industry and Finance Give Assurance That Nation's Business Is Sound.

By EDWARD W. PICKARD

UNLESS President Hoover and the leaders of finance, industry and labor are all wrong, the country's business structure is on a firm basis and there is no reason why prosperity should decrease, despite the stock market collapse which in six weeks reduced stock prices by about 37 per cent.

What the leaders mentioned think about the situation was brought out in the conferences called in Washington by the President. First to gather were the presidents of a number of railroads, together with William Butterworth, president of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States; Julius Barnes, chairman of the chamber's board; Secretaries Mellon and Lamont and Ernest L. Lewis, chairman of the Interstate Commerce Commission. President Hoover thus told of the results of this meeting:

"The railway presidents were unanimous in their determination to cooperate in the maintenance of employment and business progress. It was stated that the railroads which they represented would proceed with full programs of construction and betterments without any reference to recent stock exchange fluctuations; that they would canvass the possibilities of further expansion, and that amongst these particular railroads it appeared that the total volume of such construction work already indicated an increase during the next six months over the similar period of last year."

Later in the week, at the annual meeting of the Railway Business Association in Chicago, the rail officials of the country gave out more definite information of their plans for expansion and betterment which will call for the expenditure of a billion dollars.

The second group to assemble in the White House included the twelve members of the advisory council of the federal reserve system and the members of the federal reserve board, together with government officials. They gave assurance of the soundness of the business structure and the probability of cheaper money. Each member of the council reported that business and banking throughout his district were in a sound condition.

On Thursday morning the nation's industrial leaders assembled, with Julius Rosenberg, Henry Ford and Owen D. Young of the General Electric company at their head. Included in the conferees were the chiefs of nearly all the great corporations—an impressive gathering indeed. The President asked these men to cooperate in maintaining their business activities on the same plane as in past months and to make expansions wherever possible. What the President particularly desires to avoid is a curtailment of industrial activity in anticipation of a possible business slump due to the stock market collapse. He received the assurance that the constructive activities of the various industries would be continued, and even expanded to take up the slack in employment.

That afternoon William Green, president of the American Federation of Labor, and other prominent labor leaders, together with Secretary of Labor Davis, conferred with Mr. Hoover. And it was announced that on Monday there would be meetings of the leading public utility magnates and of farm leaders.

Thursday evening Mr. Hoover announced that a truce between capital and labor had been made; that the big industries of the country would not reduce wages and that organized labor would make no demands for increased pay. Both groups, he said, had pledged themselves to assist the President in his endeavor to maintain business stability and progress.

Soon after this Henry Ford announced that a general wage advance was to take effect immediately in all his automobile plants, benefiting about 135,000 men. He gave his views on the industrial situation, maintaining that prices of commodities are too high and must come down, while wages are too low and must be raised.

As a result of the series of conferences it is planned to set up some sort of an organization to act as a clearing house for the activities of the different groups. Mr. Barnes and Mr. Butterworth, in co-operation with Secretaries Mellon and Lamont, will figure prominently in this work.

JAMES W. GOOD, secretary of war, died in a Washington hospital following an operation for acute appendicitis. The news of his demise was heard with deep regret throughout the country for Mr. Good was regarded as a most efficient servant of the nation and was popular with a host of friends. President Hoover was especially grieved by the death of a man who had been his close associate for years and who held his high regard. The war secretary was given all military honors at the funeral services which were held in the east room of the White House and were attended by the President and Mrs. Hoover, the members of the cabinet and as many other high in the government as could be accommodated. Then the body, on an artillery caisson drawn by six bay horses, was escorted to the railway station and taken on a special train to Cedar Rapids, Iowa, Mr. Good's boyhood home, for burial. It was accompanied by committees representing the administration and the senate and house and by Acting Secretary of War Hurley and General Summerall, army chief of staff.

PRESIDENT HOOVER has completed the delegation to the naval conference in London by naming as additional members Secretary of the Navy Charles Francis Adams and Ambassadors Charles G. Daves, Dwight W. Morrow and Hugh S. Gibson. The others, previously selected, are Secretary of State Henry L. Stimson, Senator David A. Reed of Pennsylvania and Senator Joseph T. Robinson of Arkansas. Admiral William V. Pratt, commander of the United States fleet, and Rear Admiral Hillary P. Jones, retired, will accompany the delegation as naval advisers.

The addition of Secretary Adams and the three ambassadors to the delegation was a measure taken to pacify Admiral Jones, who had threatened to refuse to go along because he thought the administration was not giving proper consideration to the navy and the naval authorities who have been opposing what they considered too great concessions to Great Britain. It was said the admiral is now satisfied.

FINDING it was impossible to complete its version of the tariff bill this month, the senate voted, 40 to 33, to adjourn the special session of congress sine die on Friday night, and the house concurred. This gives the lawmakers an intermission of ten days before the regular session convenes on December 2. The adjournment was proposed by the Democrats and the old guard Republicans voted for it because they are disgusted with the tariff measure as it now stands. The new grouping of younger Republicans, headed by Senator Allen of Kan-

sas and called "Young Turks" by Senator Pat Harrison, tried to keep the session alive, believing much more progress with the schedules could be made. The tariff bill retains its place on the senate calendar as unfinished business, and though the Vane case comes up for disposal during the first week of the regular session, the senate leaders hope the tariff measure can be passed before the Christmas recess.

Dolings of lobbyists in behalf of high and low tariff on sugar were investigated by the senate committee on lobbying during the week, and the information elicited was interesting though not especially incriminating. Most important of the witnesses was President Rentscher of the National City bank of New York, which institution is deeply interested in Cuban sugar plantations and refineries.

HARRY F. SINCLAIR, oil magnate, completed his term of imprisonment for contempt of the senate and the District of Columbia Supreme court and was given his freedom after 198 days of confinement. He seemed happy and healthy and posed obligingly for news photographers, declared he was guilty of no moral turpitude and asserted his imprisonment was "in violation of common sense and common decency" to make him the scapegoat for corrupt politicians.

TWO of our new ambassadors presented their credentials last week at the courts to which they are accredited. John W. Garrett was received with all due ceremony by King Victor Emmanuel of Italy after being conveyed with his staff to the Quirinal palace in three gala coaches. In the royal palace in The Hague Ambassador Gerrit J. Diekema was received by Queen Wilhelmina of The Netherlands.

MOST of New York, New England and the maritime provinces of Canada were startled by a series of violent earthquake shocks early in the week. At first it was believed no material damage had resulted, but in a few hours the cable companies found that nine of their twenty-four Atlantic cables had been broken. The center of the disturbance was at sea between Nova Scotia and New York, and several liners that were in that region were brought up standing as if they had run against a reef.

Toward the end of the week came the belated news that the quake had caused an immense tidal wave which hit the Burin peninsula on the south coast of Newfoundland. Several villages were swamped by the water and at least thirty-six persons were killed.

GEN. PASCUAL ORTIZ RUBIO was elected president of Mexico, defeating Jose Vasconcelos by a large majority. Rubio may be relied on to carry on the policies of President Gil. He is of an old Mexican Indian family, tracing his ancestry to the last of the Tarascan kings of Michoacan. He has had an adventurous life, taking part in all the revolutionary activities since his youth.

SOVIET RUSSIAN forces, invading Manchuria, captured Dalai Nor, the key position of the Chinese front line defenses in the "Three Rivers" district, after nineteen hours of bloody fighting. The Russians thus cut off the Chinese position in Manchouli and opened the way for a drive on Hailar, besides gaining possession of valuable coal mines.

T. P. O'CONNOR, called the father of the British house of commons and familiarly known to the world as "Tay Pay," died in London at the age of eighty-one years of septic poisoning. Famous as an Irish Nationalist and as a journalist, he had served as a member of parliament for forty-nine consecutive years.

THE FORGOTTEN DAY

(By D. J. Walsh.)

HILDA WAYNE had forgotten all about it until she saw the figure nine staring at her from the calendar. Her birthday! She smiled grimly. As far as she knew there wasn't a person in the world who remembered that today she was fifty years old.

Fifty years old made her an old woman, at least she had always supposed it would. But when she looked into her mirror she couldn't see that she looked so terribly ancient. Her tight-fitting little black hat hid the few gray threads in her pretty fair hair; her complexion, if not exactly school-girlish, was fine and clear. She wore glasses only for close work and her throat didn't have the fatal pouchiness which women desperately strive to chase away with astringents. Her figure, too, was trim and graceful. And she didn't slump as she walked.

It all came, of course, of her rigid determination to appear young enough for her job. That precious job with its unflinching weekly pay envelope. Just enough to keep her comfortably housed, fed, warmed and clothed; just enough to permit her to enjoy a few simple pleasures like music, plays, books and movies; just enough to enable her to lay aside a bit for the rainy day which experience had taught her comes sooner or later to most mortals. A job, she reasoned, was a body's best friend when you lack relatives and dependable acquaintances. Hilda loved her job. She strove for it, earned her right to it by every gift she possessed.

Fifty years old! She ought to be good for a decade yet. She bit her lips. Then, with a brave lift of her chin, she struck out to join the stream of workers that flowed toward the business places.

There was a new girl in the office that morning. A young girl, a pretty girl, just out of business school, with soft, pink hands, shy eyes, a timid self-conscious flush in her smooth cheeks. The kind of girl who lives at home, safely nurtured, and spends her wages as she pleases. The kind of girl who works, waiting until she achieves the eternal triangle of the feminine heart—home, husband, babies. Hilda had once been just such a girl. But the husband had not materialized, therefore the other two elements of a perfect existence became lacking. The right man as far as Hilda was concerned had come, but he had soon gone away again and married the girl Hilda considered her worst enemy. Oh, well! It was all over long, long ago. But the memory of it made her glance now and then at Alice Fancher, whose youth and charm refreshed her. She hoped that the right man would come for Alice before it was too late—before she was fifty, afraid to lose her job, unexpectant of what the future held for her.

At noon Alice Fancher came to Hilda and timidly asked if they couldn't lunch together, Dick Smith style. Hilda asked what Dick Smith meant and Alice told her it was another term for Dutch treat.

They went together to the quiet restaurant where Hilda was accustomed to eat her noonday rolls and salad. Over the food they got acquainted.

"Yesterday was my eighteenth birthday," Alice confided, her blue eyes sparkling at the remembrance. "I wish you could have seen the fun we had. Mother made me a great white-frosted cake and stuck eighteen pink candles in it. My brother, Edgar, gave me this wrist watch—" She displayed the timepiece on her slender wrist. "Honestly, I got so many presents that I could hardly count them. It was a beautiful birthday."

"I've no doubt of it," Hilda said, heartily. But she looked long into her teacup. The brew tasted bitter, somehow.

From her side of the table Alice Fancher gazed long and thoughtfully at the older woman.

All afternoon Hilda had a curious feeling, almost of being an attachment to the machine she operated. At closing time she decided to avoid Alice Fancher. She couldn't stand any more of that joyous home talk. It created too great a need in her own heart. She hung around, putting things at her desk to rights more elaborately than usual. Then she donned her hat and coat and started for home.

As she came out of the building into the teeth of an icy gale she heard a young voice calling her name. "Miss Wayne! Miss Wayne!" She looked up and down. Then she saw right at the curb before her a shabby little closed car with Alice's face at the window. The car was driven by a good-looking young man who opened the door.

"Come, get in here!" cried Alice. "This is my brother Edgar. You are

going home with us to dinner. I telephoned mother and she sent you a special invitation. We're going to have—"

"Now, Alice! You promised you wouldn't tell her that," Edgar said reproachfully.

The open door of the sedan looked very inviting. Alice's face, Edgar's, had real welcome in them. She had on her thin coat and the gale cut like a knife. Hilda got into the car.

"What made you think of doing this?" she asked as Edgar drove skillfully through the boiling current of the afternoon traffic.

"I like you," Alice answered simply. "You know how liking comes—something in your face, your voice, your manner gets one all of a sudden. I hope you'll like me. There's no reason why a girl shouldn't make a friend of a superior woman person, is there?"

There was welcome and to spare in the small house on the quiet street. Mother was another Alice grown older. Dad was the proud happy head of his beloved family, there were a pair of girls and a boy younger than Edgar and Alice.

Alice's birthday roses graced the dinner table. There was an abundance of hearty, tasty food. Everybody waited upon Hilda, beamed upon her, listened to her. And Hilda warming under this pleasant influence blossomed out into a charming youngish person, who had delicious stories to tell which could make even grave little Bobbie double up with laughter.

After dinner everybody danced to lively tunes from the radio. Hilda thought she had forgotten how to dance, but she picked up the new steps like a girl, as Edgar and Dad swung her round. She found herself growing light-hearted, light-footed and supple again. Everybody bumped into everybody else, for space was limited, but it only added to the fun.

It was ten o'clock before the shabby sedan led Hilda to her own door. She ran up to her room. She was tired through and through, but in a lot of new spots, and her mind was rested. She hummed a snatch of fox-trot as she switched on the light. Let her bogies pounce upon her if they dared! She'd drive them to their corners. She wasn't afraid of bogies any more.

Upon the floor where it had been pushed in under the door lay an envelope. She caught it up, tore it open. Within was a birthday card, blue with a heavenly little house smothered in pink roses under a golden sky. The verse was homely and sweet. And scrawled underneath were these words, "Best wishes from Tom."

Tom was the man that married her worst enemy. Funny that he had remembered her birthday all these years, or even remembered her, for that matter. Dear old Tom!

She stood looking at the card, picturing Tom, fat, bald, wheezy by now as his father had been, picturing herself as she had romped through that last fox-trot. Maybe she was fifty years old but she was young in spirit. And the spirit only counted. Tomorrow she could face her future with a dauntless heart. Meanwhile, she expected to sleep like a baby.

Flier at Seventy-Five

Learning to fly at seventy-five—this is the record that has just been set up by Sir Horace Plunkett, the Irish statesman. And it was only a year or so ago that experts were gravely saying that thirty-five was the extreme limit of age for an airman. Even Hindenburg's idea of a holiday. The great German soldier and statesman took a vacation from the cares of state the other day—and went off to stalk chamois in the Bavarian Alps. This involves long tramps on the hills and prolonged spells of crawling on hands and knees. And President Hindenburg is eighty-two!

A Boring Job

The late Harry Lehr had been dining at the Fifth avenue palace of a self-made millionaire from the West, and a friend said to him afterwards: "So you've been dining with old Bill Bonanza, eh? Does he take any interest in society?"

"No," said Mr. Lehr. "He just supplies the capital. It's his wife and daughters that take the interest."

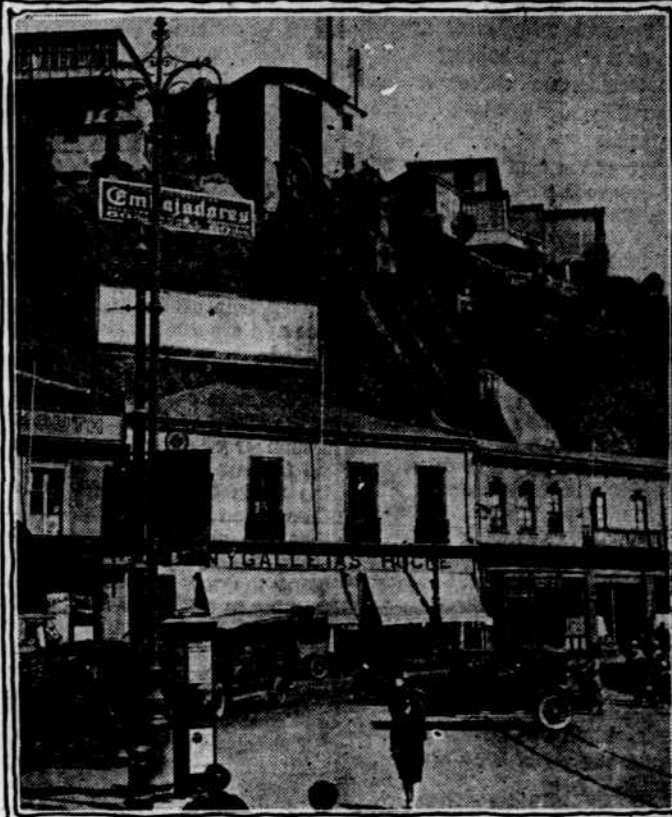
Norway Bans Big Estates

The large percentage of small farms owned by the farmers has demonstrated the success in the effort to discourage big estates in Norway. This is credited to the unique law that makes it possible for a farmer, or his descendants, to repurchase, within a certain time, any property that circumstances have forced him to sell.

Memorial to Charwoman

A memorial is to be erected in the Roman Catholic church of Our Lady and St. Patrick, Nottingham, England, to Miss Elizabeth Atkins, a former charwoman who attended the church for many years. Miss Atkins died last April at the age of seventy-four and left her life savings of \$3,750 to the church.

VALPARAISO



Elevators Up Valparaiso's Cliffs.

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

LIKE a vast jewel-studded sapphire, the long, curved shore line of Valparaiso flashes and twinkles before the traveler sailing into the roadstead after nightfall.

Straight handle and curving blade gleam for miles through the darkness, and in the distance the jewels rise higher and higher until they seem to join the stars of heaven, causing one to wonder where earth ends and sky begins.

When the morning dawns and its mists are burnt away the explanation of this magic night scene appears.

Out of the distance to the left comes the fine boulevard through Vina del Mar, Chile's summer residential dreamland; its lights formed the sickle's handle. Along the arc of the shore creeps the boulevard and the connecting downtown streets; their lights outlined the curving blade. At distances of from one to six blocks from the beach, high bluffs rise, their precipitous faces occupied by small houses anchored perilously to the rocks, and their heights crowned with the more pretentious structures of the older residential district; the lights along the rock stairs and walkways of cliffside and height and in the myriad windows of abutting houses were those that seemed to shine with the stars of the night sky.

"Valpo," as the city is called down Chile way, much after our North American fashion of sometimes shortening Philadelphia into "Philly," has reminded many travelers of other cities. The late Ford Bryce, great traveler that he was, found it recalling Spanish and Italian municipalities which glitter on the cliff-topped shores of the Mediterranean, particularly resembling Messina in being very long and extremely narrow, with the cliffs leaving nothing but a few blocks between their bases and the shore. Others have likened it to Trebizond on the Black sea.

Here and there steep paths and rock-hewn stairs lead up deep gullies that come down from the heights to the littoral, but with few exceptions they are too steep for aught but the feet of beasts and men.

Up the Cliffs by Elevators.

In the main, communication between the business district below and the older residential district above is by elevator and ascensor, of which there are a dozen or so.

The main business street runs close to the foot of the rocky bluffs, and it is rather a striking experience to be walking along with fine banks and stores on either side, and then suddenly come to a cross street that descends like a rocky stair winding its way up the cliff, or ending at an elevator which rises perpendicularly up the face of the natural wall. Toward the boundaries of the old city, there is one bifurcated ravine through which trolley cars reach to points on the heights.

The houses of the well-to-do on the bluffs are surrounded by narrow, winding streets, and one seldom sees a vehicle here. The market folk find their way around with pannered donkeys and horses.

The view of the harbor from the balconies of the cliff dwellers is a striking sight. Scores of ocean vessels ride at anchor, hundreds of small craft ply here and there, and one gets a bird's-eye view of the busy scenes around the wharves, along the water-

front streets, and in the business district.

Trolleys and Buses.

The transportation problem in Valparaiso is not as acute as in most cities. The heavy hauling is done on streets near the water front, and there is little use for carriages or automobiles in the business district. The streets, therefore, are almost completely given over to trolley cars and buses. Most of the conductors on the cars are women, and a serious-minded, not-too-prepossessing lot they are.

Most of the trolley cars are double-deck vehicles. The fare on top is 10 centavos, the equivalent of 1.2 cents in United States currency, and the fare below is 20 centavos. Both men and women, outside the lower classes, will stand jammed like sardines in a box below, rather than go up to the top where vacant seats are plentiful.

There are a great many buses, and one wonders how the trolley lines can live at the rate of fare the municipality fixes and with the competition they have to meet.

On the streets which parallel the main thoroughfare on the shoreward side, one sees much of native transportation. Trains of donkeys, with their slim bodies hung about with almost every conceivable article, come and go. Some are loaded with wine casks, others with sacks of flour or cement, and still others with long pieces of iron, with furniture, and even perambulators. Boards 10 to 20 feet long are slung over the sides of the animals, sticking out many feet both fore and aft. The Chileans have a way of making almost anything accommodate itself to pack-saddle transportation.

Sharing the streets with the pack-saddle donkeys are the strings of carts, drawn in the fashion of the country—one horse hitched between the shafts, and at its left a second, attached to the cart by means of a breast collar and a single rope trace. This second horse carries a saddle and the free end of the breast strap is fastened thereto. Its main duty is to carry the man who drives the cart. The single trace enables it to help out the horse in the shafts or steep grades or in heavy mud.

Lovely Vina del Mar.

The life which ebbs and flows downtown and on the heights of Valparaiso may be picturesque and distinctive, but the real thrills are reserved for those who go to Vina del Mar in summer. Playing the dual role of an Atlantic City and a fashionable suburb, this community is one vast flower garden five miles long climbing from the seashore to the heights. Villas bowered in roses, wisteria, poppies, pansies, blooming trees, and rich shrubs; chalets standing on terraces clad in all the gay colors of Chile's floral wealth; high walled gardens, formal in treatment but warm and beautiful in aspect—all these join with blue sky, gray rocks and ultramarine sea to make a setting for the gay summer life for which the great seaport has long been famous.

When the inland weather becomes hot and dusty, all of the socially elite of Santiago and of the other cities and towns of central Chile come down and take villas or chalets here.

Horse racing is a passion with the Chileans, and the summer racing season at the Vina del Mar Jockey club brings to its tracks the best stables of the whole country.