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1—Bathing beauties decorating municipal Christmas tree in Venice, Calif., where it is sunny and snowless. 2—New portrait of Joseph R. Grundy, appointed senator from Pennsylvania. 3—German troops saluting the flag of the Reich as it rises over Ehrenbreitstein fortress after the departure of the French troops of occupation.

NEWS REVIEW OF CURRENT EVENTS

Senate Approves Tax Reduction and French War Debt Settlement.

By EDWARD W. PICKARD

WITH the tax cut bill passed by both house and senate and the Mellon-Berenger agreement for the funding of the French debt ratified by the upper house, congress quit work on Saturday and went home to celebrate Christmas and New Year's.

Fourteen senators, most of them classed as radicals, voted against the tax reduction measure but 63 were recorded in its favor, and it was promptly signed by President Hoover. The act, whose terms are already quite generally known, remains in effect only one year, but it is presumed that congress a year hence will provide for another reduction if tax revenues continue at the present high level.

The vote on the ratification of the French debt settlement was 52 to 21. Senator Howell of Nebraska, Republican, led the opposition on behalf of the radical group, which consistently fights about everything the administration seeks to accomplish. Howell contended that the effect of the settlement was to cancel the entire principal of the debt. His theory was that the payments over a period of 62 years represent merely interest at a rate of 2.17 per cent.

PROSPECTS for the naval limitation conference in London in January are no quite so rosy as they were. In the first place the Japanese delegates, who have been entertained in Washington on their way to England, revealed that their program differs sharply from that of the United States in the matters of cruisers and submarines. The Japanese are still asking a 10-7 ratio for all auxiliary craft, including the big gun cruisers, though it is hoped they will modify their demands slightly in order to gain their point concerning submarines. They wish to retain 78,000 tons of underwater craft now in their fleet or under construction. As the United States is anxious to sharply reduce her submarine tonnage and there are some indications the cruiser demands by Japan may be modified, the Japanese submarine proposal now furnishes the chief obstacle to an accord between the two powers.

American naval officials, especially, are opposed to permitting Japan such a large submarine force. One big reason for the navy's opposition lies in the fact that possession of a big submarine navy, together with numerous naval bases, would give Japan control of the Asiatic trade routes over which the United States must transport its supplies of tin and rubber, raw materials not produced in sufficient quantities in this country, but absolutely essential to the prosecution of a successful war.

Over in Paris the chamber of deputies' commission on foreign affairs and naval matters, sitting jointly, approved the government's viewpoint that all results of the London conference must be considered tentative and must be submitted to the League of Nations' disarmament commission for consideration of their possible incorporation into a general disarmament program. Foreign Minister Briand explained to the commissions that France had accepted the theory of limitation on the basis of global ton-

nage instead of categories; that she demanded the right to devote as high a percentage of her global allotment as she wishes to submarines, and that she insists that each power tell the others just what types of vessels it is using in its tonnage. Premier Tardieu and his delegation, it is believed, will demand a full 800,000 tons for the French fleet, which figure is thought too high by both Great Britain and Italy. There is reason to believe, however, that France and Italy have made progress in reconciling their viewpoints.

JAPAN is deeply concerned over the new situation in Manchuria, and statesmen the world over see in it the possibilities of another big war in the Far East. Mongols in the Barga district have seized control and declared Barga independent of China, and the young Mongol party in Hailar is reported to have organized an independent government, installing as officials emissaries from Urga, the capital of outer Mongolia. These movements are believed to be inspired and supported actively by the Soviet Russian government, and if they are successful they will bring the Soviet zone several miles inside the present Chinese-Russian frontier. Dispatches from Harbin said Japan had lodged a verbal protest against the Soviet activities with the Russian ambassador to Tokyo.

PRESIDENT HOOVER'S request for authority to send a commission to investigate affairs in Haiti was approved by the house of representatives. The debate provided an opportunity for Oscar De Priest, colored representative from Chicago, to make his maiden speech, in support of the proposition. He took occasion to give the Southern Democrats some shrewd digs that made the Republicans laugh. One opponent of the proposition was Representative Huddleston of Alabama, who recently declined to serve on a house committee because De Priest had been appointed one of its members.

Seven Haitian political organizations have asked the United States to supervise the island's presidential election in April, 1930. Their petition is considered the climax of a campaign of the anti-Borno factions which hope to effect the withdrawal of American marines before the expiration of the treaty in 1936, under which the United States took over the safeguarding of the republic.

UNDER the terms of a decree recommended to the Supreme Court of the United States by Charles Evans Hughes, special master, the Chicago sanitary district would be required to complete a \$176,000,000 sewage treatment program within the next nine years. Meanwhile there would be successive reductions in the diversion of water from Lake Michigan at Chicago from 8,500 cubic feet per second to 6,500, 5,000 and finally, on completion of the sewage treatment works, to 1,500 feet per second, which Mr. Hughes holds is all that is required for navigation purposes in the Chicago river. The figures given are exclusive of pumpage for domestic purposes. The proposed decree is of interest to the entire Great Lakes region, and the Mississippi valley.

In the light of the adverse decision of the Supreme court of last January, which held that there is no legal basis for diversion of water beyond the comparatively small amount necessary for navigation in the Chicago river, the Hughes report was regarded as being about as favorable to Chicago as could have been expected.

Mr. Hughes made it clear that it is within the power of congress to pre-

vide for a greater diversion for navigation purposes. It appeared evident that if congress approves the Illinois state waterway as a federal project the way will be opened for a sufficient diversion of water to maintain navigation in a nine foot channel from Chicago to the Mississippi.

TWO members of the British royal air force, Squadron Commander Jones-Williams and Flight Lieutenant Jenkins, started on a 6,000 mile non-stop flight from England to Cape town but crashed and were killed on a mountain side 80 miles southeast of Tunis. They had run into a severe storm and supposedly lost their way.

More fortunate were Maj. Tadeo Larre-Borges of Uruguay and Lieut. Leon Challe of France, though they, too, failed in accomplishing what they set out to do. They took off from Seville, Spain, hoping to fly without stop to Montevideo, but having crossed the ocean safely, they lost their bearings in the dark and made a forced landing in a Brazilian forest. Their plane was smashed and both men were injured slightly.

ONE of the worst mine disasters of the year occurred at McAlester, Okla. An explosion in the Old Town coal mine trapped 59 men, and not one of them escaped death. Seven others who were on upper levels got out alive. Rescue teams penetrated with great effort to the lower levels, which were filled with gas, and there found the bodies of the victims, many of them charred by the blast. The majority had died swiftly of gas suffocation.

CONSIDERABLE relief was assured disabled veterans of the World war when the senate unanimously passed the veterans' hospitalization bill which had previously been put through the house. The measure carries a total appropriation of \$15,950,000.

PRESIDENT HOOVER appointed Joseph B. Eastman of Boston, a Democrat, and Robert M. Jones of Knoxville, Tenn., a Republican, members of the Interstate Commerce commission for terms of seven years beginning January 1. Eastman has been a member of the commission for more than ten years representing the New England section. Jones, who is chancellor of the Eleventh judicial district in Tennessee, will succeed Richard V. Taylor of Mobile, Ala., appointed three years ago by President Coolidge to fill out an unexpired term.

DWIGHT W. MORROW, ambassador to Mexico and delegate to the naval conference, has formally announced his acceptance of the appointment as senator from New Jersey upon the resignation of Senator Baird. He will assume his new duties as soon as his work in connector with the London parley is completed. Baird was given the place when Edge resigned to be ambassador to France with the understanding that he would step aside for Morrow.

S. P. McNAUGHT, who has been engaged in prohibition work in Iowa, was elected superintendent of the Indiana Anti-Saloon league to succeed the late E. S. Shumaker. He was the choice of F. Scott McBride, the national superintendent of the league, so other candidates retired from competition.

In the process of drying up the National Capital George L. Cassidy, known as "the man with the green hat" and reputed to be the bootlegger to United States senators, has been indicted under the Jones act.

A New Year's Dream by Noni C. Bailey

"HAPPY NEW YEAR, Daddy!" was Martha's timid greeting as she entered the room where the shades were drawn. Her father had been so despondent since the tired little mother was gone. "Nothing ever goes right for me," he would say.

To Martha's greeting he scarce replied. Suddenly inspired she caught his hand and led him out into their Southland garden, fresh with dew, to an easy chair in a rose bower flooded with sunlight—then ran away to play. Half dazed, the disconsolate one plucked a red rose and pressed the cool petals to his cheek. . . . A bird of the self-same hue alighted on the trellis. "You beautiful bird, how came you here?" asked the surprised man. "You are sad," sang the bird, "I came to wish you a happy New Year." "How sweetly you sing, little bird—but you are happy. How came you to have such marvelous crimson feathers?"

Then the little bird sang such a song as mortals seldom hear. In a glorious burst of melody the story came from the bird of the crimson feather.

In a day that has long been forgotten by all save the red-bird's world, our species was the sombre one in a land where birds of brilliant plumage dwelt. The King of our Flock was sore ashamed and very, very sad.

It chanced one day that he was flying near the shore and saw his poor reflection in a muddy pool. Filled with self pity he resolved to leave this bird-bright land for a distant shore where he could hide himself. A great ship was raising anchor. He knew not whether the ship was bound, but he hid himself on the deck. On and on the great ship sailed—away to the Golden West.

One balmy day in springtime a sunbeam found its way to the nook where



"And Three Wee Birds Chirped Their Eager Greeting."

the weary heart sought refuge and whispered, "Follow me." Rather reluctantly the bird came out of the shadows—into the light. The sunbeam led him to a pansy-colored butterfly, caught in a fisherman's net. At first the little bird hated the butterfly for its beauty; but, as he saw it imprisoned and suffering, his little heart fluttered with pity and love. Flying quickly to the net, he industriously picked away the threads with his sharp bill until the butterfly was free. As it spread its gorgeous wings and soared away, the little King felt a warm glow of gratitude and he was glad—for the butterfly!

The sunbeam came again and whispered, "Follow me." This time the little bird came willingly, joyfully, just as the great ship reached the Land of the Setting Sun. Over the rippling waves he flew and lo! he saw a new reflection in the waters, for his plumage shown in glory with the sunset on the sea.

"Can this be I?" he asked of the sunbeam and the sunbeam whispered, "The real you." The dear little bird was so rejoiced that he sought the most beautiful red rose tree in the world's most beautiful garden in which to build his nest—back in the land where birds of brilliant plumage dwelt. Did he then seek the loveliest of all the bright birds for his mate? No. He chose the homeliest of all his species, saying, "I will teach her to reflect the sunlight of Love that she too may know the joy of making others happy."

When the Great Father, who loves all the birds, saw our King, wanting to share his new-found beauty and blessing, He caused three tiny eggs to be placed in the nest—eggs tinted like the afterglow of evening—unlike any our King had ever seen.

One day when the father bird came with a store of ripe berries to feed the patient little mother, the eggs were broken and three wee birds, as

WHAT'S AHEAD for 1930?



resplendent in beauty as the sunset on the sea, chirped their eager greeting.

The garden rang with the wild notes of his rapture. Again the sunbeam came and whispered, "Your children shall always be called, 'The Birds of the Crimson Feather.'"

"Why, Daddy, you've had a nice nap and you look so rested!" cried the radiant Martha. "Yes, dear," her father replied, "and now I'm awake and ready to wish you and all the world a Happy New Year."

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ANNE sat before the glowing fire of her living room long after the other members of the household had retired. It was New Year's eve and as the hour of midnight approached, both sweet and sad memories flooded the soul of the unhappy girl. For two years past she and Tom Anderson had held a trusting New Year's party within that very room. Another had been planned for this New Year; but Tom had not come. Now she held her lonely vigil, waiting for the first sound of the usual noisy welcome to open the senile resolution he had placed in her hand the year before to be opened one year from date.

Things had not gone well with her and Tom since his return to college in September. His letters had come less frequently, and they seemed to Anne to grow colder and colder as the time went by. Perhaps she was imagining things because of an unconfirmed rumor that a fair co-ed had enthralled him. Still, she lived on the prospect of seeing him during the holidays and the thrilling plan of opening their last year resolutions in each other's presence. But alas! She had heard nothing from him for two weeks, and now the magic hour was at hand.

Finally, bedlam broke loose. Midst the uproar and confusion Anne Caruthers broke the seal and drew forth a slip of paper to read:

"Resolved, That one year from date, no matter where I am or what the circumstances, I'll come to you again to make one more plea for a positive answer to my oft-repeated question."

A smile of disdain twitched about the corners of Anne's mouth as she recalled her own resolution now in his possession:

"Resolved, That nothing will ever cause me to doubt you until you yourself tell me that you no longer care for me."

"Anne!" Then came a soft tap on the window. "Anne! Let me in quick, I'm freezing!"

There was no mistaking that voice. It was Tom's. Anne flew to the door flung it wide, and the next instant was in the arms of her lover. Oh Tom, I thought you had forgotten. As tears of joy coursed down her cheeks and he tried to tell of his forced delay on account of illness.

"I stole away, Anne, to come to you. Now you will have to marry me and nurse me back to health. Please get a doctor."

There was confusion enough in that house during the rest of the night. A doctor was obtained and Tom was put to bed with a bad case of influenza; but when all was over, including the marriage ceremony, Tom declared that the risk of his trip had been well taken.

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MALAY STATES



Rubber Planter's Home in Malay States.

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

THE Federated Malay States, on Asia's southernmost peninsula, have been literally snatched from an all-covering wild vegetation. Where once the choking jungle crowded men back, a jungle so thick that a man swimming in a stream could hardly land because vines and plants hugged so close to the water's edge—broad fields have now been cleared, and Malaya plantations are among the richest in the world.

Forty-five years ago a few para rubber plants smuggled out of Brazil fruited here. Today, three-fourths of the world's rubber comes from this region. And in this magic development Americans have played a leading role.

This Malay peninsula, stretching hundreds of miles from the Siamese frontier down toward the equator, forms a vast humid region of dense forests of jungle, wild elephants, snakes, and naked people, rice fields, rubber plantations, and tin mines.

There is a governmental mixture in this region. Singapore, built on a tiny green isle of the same name, which lies just off the end of the peninsula and nearly on the equator, is the capital of the British crown colony commonly called the Straits Settlements. This colony embraces the Province of Wellesley, the Dindings and Malacca on the mainland, and the islands of Penang and Singapore.

The Federated Malay states, on the peninsula and adjoining the Straits Settlements, comprise the States of Perak, Selangor, Pahang, and Negri Sembilan. Kuala Lumpur is the capital.

Just opposite Singapore, on the mainland, is the independent native state of Johore, which has its own sultan and government, but which is under British protection. The British governor of Singapore is also high commissioner for the Federated Malay states and Brunei, and British agent for north Borneo and Sarawak, thus linking up British possessions and spheres of influence in all Malaya and establishing close contact, through one man, with the colonial office in London.

Many Races There.

"The Melting Pot of Asia," they call this prolific, potent peninsula, because of the babel of races, colors, and castes which its wealth of rubber and tin has drawn to it. But in all this industrial army of Europeans, Chinese, Japanese, Tamils, Hindus, and assorted South Sea Islanders, the Chinese are the most numerous and powerful.

The Malay himself is too lazy even to be a good fisherman. He grows a little rice, a few coconuts, and nets the fish he needs; but nature is so kind that it is said one hour's effort a day will support him and his family.

It is the Chinaman who is the tin miner, the farmer, shopkeeper, artisan, contractor, and financier. The Tamil and the Hindu add to the stock of local labor and own small farms and herds, but the many millionaires made in Malaya have mostly been Chinese. The palatial homes of the rich Chinese bosses in Singapore and Penang, in contrast with the miserable shacks of the natives, afford proof enough of the singular commercial superiority of the yellow race.

Here, indeed, Chinese immigration has worked a modern miracle in the magic reclamation of this once reeking, fever-cursed, jungle-grown wilderness. The Chinese it was who first braved the poisonous darts of the lurking savage, the perils of tigers and reptiles, the flames of fever, and the danger of dysentery, to conquer these jungles and dig the tin that put Malaya on the map of the trading world. Chinese say that tin "grows" and they use the diving rod to locate it.

Singapore is both a great trading center and fortress of the Far East. It is a shining example of how Great

Britain has "muddled"—as the British themselves put it—into possession of some of the world's most important strategic gateways. Singapore is an island 27 miles long by 14 wide, and just misses being the southernmost point of the continent of Asia by a half-mile water channel. It is at the funnel point of the Strait of Malacca.

How Raffles Made Singapore.

Little more than a hundred years ago the island, owned by the sultan of Johore on the nearby mainland, was a deserted jungle save for a little fishing village. Ships in the China trade passed it by as they passed many another jungle shore; the only ports of call in that region of the world were those on the Dutch islands of Sumatra and Java. But these ports took a big toll in fees, and Sir Stamford Raffles, an official of the East India company, began to dream of a free British port that would facilitate trade. In 1819 he obtained the seemingly worthless island of Singapore for his company for a small fee. Developments quickly proved him a prophet, for within two years the little trading center he established had a population of 10,000.

In the little more than a hundred years since it was founded, the jungle of Singapore has given place to a huge city of close to 400,000 population, carrying on trade valued at a billion dollars annually—one of the metropolises of the British empire. Its quays and anchorages serve thousands of craft of all sorts and sizes, from the picturesque, graceful Malay sampans and the stodge Chinese junks to the familiar freighters of the West, and what Kipling asserts are the "lady-like" liners. They build up Singapore's shipping to the tremendous total of 17,000,000 tons yearly.

Though Singapore is free from duties, and to this fact owes its very existence, still the people who make up the city take their toll from the stream of world trade that flows about them. They live, in fact, by and for, and in an atmosphere of commerce. Tens of thousands make their livings by caring for shipping, conditioning and supplying vessels, and taking part in loading and unloading goods. The port is primarily a trans-shipment point for both imports and exports. It gives what the economists would call "place value" to hundreds of commodities which trickle to Singapore's reservoirs of goods from scores of districts in the East and are there obtainable in the large quantities that world trade demands. In the city's "godowns"—as the East calls its warehouses—are handled a very large part of the world's finest rubber before it begins the long journey that will take most of it eventually to American highways. So, too, much of the world's tin is smelted in and shipped from Singapore. It might be dubbed "the world's pepper pot," for more pepper is assembled there than is ever held in any other port.

Real Cosmopolitan City.

If ever a city could claim to be cosmopolitan, Singapore can. At one of the principal world crossroads, and with a population 100 per cent immigrant, it could not escape cosmopolitanism. It has drawn its population from practically all parts of Asia, from Oceania, the Malay archipelago, Africa, Europe and America. The Chinese predominate, making up about one-half the population. There have been many thousands of immigrants from India, Europeans, Americans and Australians number less than 10,000, and there are probably as many Japanese.

The appearance of Singapore shows its mixture of many influences. The visitor may ride in rikshas or electric cars, automobiles or ancient horse-drawn carriages. In the chief business district he sees modern streets and buildings, and in the Asiatic quarters he encounters facilities and sights and odors that smack of the Orient. Singapore's houses of worship furnish an excellent index to its varied life.