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NO. 1.



1—Dr. Walter B. Coffey (right) and Dr. J. D. Humber, San Francisco surgeons who announce their discovery of a serum from the suprarenal glands of sheep that will dissolve cancer tissues. 2—New York Communists, demonstrating against the killing of one of their comrades, being dispersed forcibly by the police. 3—Mrs. Herbert Hoover breaking ground for the new Episcopal Home for Children in Washington.

NEWS REVIEW OF CURRENT EVENTS

Naval Parley Getting Down to Business—Spain's Dictator Resigns.

By EDWARD W. PICKARD

MOVING slowly and not very surely toward their goal, the delegates to the five power naval conference in London spent another week mainly in private conversations designed to develop national programs, some radio addresses and one plenary session. The correspondents made such a fuss about being excluded that room was provided for a number of them at the session and the others "listened in" by microphone.

At the meeting on Thursday the delegates told something about the progress they had made toward an agreement on preliminaries. Prime Minister MacDonald had had talks with the French, Italian and Japanese, and Dino Grandi of Italy had been pressed to agree that Mussolini's proposal for the immediate establishment of ratios should be examined later. Explanation was given by Mr. Gibson of the Franco-American compromise between global tonnage and category theories of measurement of fleet strengths which was alluded to in these columns last week. The agreement is based on a maximum of transfer tonnage yearly from one category to another, and it was understood that a percentage of one-sixth of the total of any category might be accepted as the amount of tonnage possible to transfer. The matter was referred to a steering committee on motion of Mr. Stimson.

Mr. MacDonald opened the session by stating that its main purpose was to consider the agenda. He explained that there had been wide exchanges of opinions and declared "gratifying progress" had been made. The questions proposed by the French were: First, the system of global tonnage and the French transactional proposal; second, what classifications are to be adopted; and, third, the transfer of tonnage and the conditions to be applied to such a transfer under the British system of limitation by categories.

Italy proposed that the determination of ratios should be the first step and that the determination of levels of total tonnages of the various nations should then follow.

After adjournment Mr. MacDonald, who is chairman, told the correspondents: "I think we are now within measurable distance of solving the problem which up to now has not been solvable. Mind, I do not say that we are agreed as yet, but I think the steering committee will report agreement. The differences between us are so small that were you to put a candle to them, you could see through the wall of controversy." MacDonald emphasized, however, that Great Britain could not accept the global tonnage theory as now presented, saying: "There would be continued competition within categories."

IN A radio address to British and American hearers Mr. Stimson indicated that the American delegation had decided that the five-year extension of the present battleship building holiday would be the principal result of the conference. It seemed as if he had abandoned the program for cruiser reduction which was desired by President Hoover. The objectives of the United States, as outlined by Mr. Stimson, were summarized thus: 1. Parity between the British and

American navies in "power and efficiency."

2. A reduction of the battleship building programs of all naval powers by postponing the five-year replacement of present capital ships, provided for by the Washington treaty.

3. Ending the rivalry in cruiser and destroyer building by limitation of the number and tonnage of these classes of surface craft.

4. Abolition of submarines, or, in any event, the reduction of their number, and prohibition of their ruthless use against merchant ships.

Reassuring his countrymen who might be alarmed by stories of crises and of the danger that the interests of the United States were being sacrificed, the secretary of state concluded: "The members of the American delegation here in one capacity or another went through the great war. Most of us have had to study national defense in the course of our official duties. We are united in believing that our national defense, our national interests, and our prospects will continue; peace and prosperity can best be served by naval limitation and its consequent good will.

"In the belief that the same agreement, which holds out such prospects for us holds equal prospects for the other nations here, we go at our task with the assurance of the support of the people of these five great nations."

GEN. PRIMO DE RIVERA, for six years premier and dictator of Spain, resigned last week under virtual compulsion, and the country at once went into spasms that, it was thought, might ultimately result in the abolition of the monarchy. The dictator had put up to the chief officers of the army and navy the question of his resignation and their decision being against him, he stepped down. King Alfonso gave the job of premier to Gen. Damaso Berenguer, chief of his military household and inveterate enemy of de Rivera, and two days later Berenguer announced his cabinet, in which he took the portfolio of minister of war as well as premier.

Even before he had formed the new government the forces in opposition to Berenguer were gathering in Madrid. De Rivera, evidently believing a dictator might be down without being out, took the leadership of the Patriotic Union against his successor, and there were indications that the old charges against Berenguer in connection with the Moroccan disaster of eight years ago would be revived. There were riotous demonstrations by students and republicans which were suppressed by the troops. It was made plain that General Berenguer would rule with an iron hand until the government is firmly established. One of his first acts was the establishment of strict censorship. He announced that parliament by elections and the constitution of 1876 would be re-established.

CARL BEN EIELSON, arctic aviator, and Earl Boriand, his mechanic, perished on the coast of Siberia about ninety miles east of North Cape. The wreckage of their plane was found by Pilots Crosson and Gillam and was easily identified. At this writing searching parties are still trying to find the bodies of the unfortunate flyers. Eielson and Boriand were engaged in transporting passengers and furs from an icebound steamer. Their plane evidently crashed when traveling at high speed and the disaster was believed to be due to a faulty altimeter on which Eielson relied when a snowstorm wiped out his visibility.

SENATOR ROBINSON of Indiana, the only regular Republican on the senate's lobbying committee, was killed in his attempt to show a connection between Senator King of Utah,

Democrat, and the German dye trust.

It was brought out before the committee that contributions to King's campaign fund were made by Herman A. Metz, American agent of the German monopoly, but when put on the stand Metz developed a conveniently faulty memory and said he had kept no record of those contributions. He admitted he sent a check for \$1,000 to King in 1928 because he was interested in the campaign of his friend Al Smith. This check, King had asserted, was not cashed and was torn up by him. Metz is an official of the American I. G., a subsidiary of the German concern. He denounced as nonsensical the idea that the American company was organized to control the dye and chemical industry here until American competition could be smothered and the German interests come into the open. The low tariff members of the committee treated the dyestuff man with great consideration, but Chairman Caraway was so rough with A. L. Faubel, secretary of the American Tariff league, that they almost came to blows.

In half an hour after Curtis Painter had walked whistling off to his law office—where he was getting to have several important things to do every day now—Patty Ann was ready for school. She put on her prettiest silk dress. She fastened a little new watch, from Curtis, on her wrist.

Flushed and sparkling eyed the children marched past Patty Ann smiling at the door of their fairyland room. Little girls touched the soft silk of their teacher's dress, looked at their own "best" dresses and then up into her eyes to see if she admired theirs as they admired hers. They found she did! Most of the boys were "dressed up," too.

At the end of the line, as usual, boredly struggled Norman MacKenzie, not dressed up, of course. The flapping sole of one shoe was tied to its upper with string. His overalls had raveled holes at both knees. A dirty coat with short sleeves showing thin red wrists was drawn crookedly across his narrow chest, kept somewhat together with a bent hairpin. Patty Ann wanted to stoop and gather him up in her arms, so forlorn he looked, his blue eyes so "a-weary of this great world." But that would never do. Wouldn't the other boys "get" him at recess?

How could Norman MacKenzie be "dressed up?" What could the "last day of school" mean in the gaunt bare old MacKenzie house? Once the MacKenzies had been "best people." Once old stooped "Judge" MacKenzie had been tall, straight Mayor MacKenzie. But the "MacKenzie boys," all four of them, had liked race horses and a "good time" better than they had liked school work and now one was dead, two somewhere "out West" or "down South" and one worked intermittently in a button shop in a neighboring town. Norman was the son of the one that was dead. "Old Judge" earned enough doing one small job and another to keep two old people from starving, but not enough for tailoring care of a boy. Oh, they worked, old Judge and poor, half-blind, deaf, crippled "Mrs. Judge." They wanted Norman to be the best MacKenzie of the lot.

Just as he did every morning, Norman shambled across the hall, raised his small face for an instant and it became at once aglow with delight, interest, love. But it was not at Patty Ann he looked. Dear, no. His eyes went to something far above Patty Ann. The school clock, that great old creature ticking in and out the hours of the school day, was the cynosure of Norman's eyes. As long as he could, he gazed, absorbed, color in his thin cheeks, smiling.

Of course, Patty Ann talked to old Judge about Norman. He could do pretty well in school. Once in a while he did. One day old Judge said, shaking his head: "Norman likes to be on the street too much. The marshal's been watching how he stands there in front of Maxwell's jewelry store, by the hour, looking in—I don't know—don't know."

Patty Ann saw a tear slide old Judge's nose into his beard, and she went home to Curtis, tears diamonding her own black lashes.

The afternoon "last bell" rang. Patty Ann laid her paper with the program written on it on her desk. Her little wrist watch had caught on her long, drooping sleeve. She took it off and laid it on her program paper. And then things were for a few minutes quite mixed up and exciting. Boys and girls skipped here, there, attending to things for teacher. Patty Ann greeted mothers, aunts, grandmothers, a few embarrassed fathers. She answered questions whispered to her by blushing and important second-grade actresses. But finally a smiling, calm young teacher stood before a smiling, peaceful school.

PATTY ANN, THE HAPPY TEACHER AND REFORMER

(© by D. J. Walsh.)

PATTY ANN PAINTER was happy, so happy she sang while setting the breakfast table, a small blue-and-white affair under the south window in her exquisite small kitchen.

"Sing before breakfast, cry before supper," admonished Curtis Painter, jostling in from doing things to the car, cutting kindling for the fireplace and sweeping the porches of the little white house.

"Why," and Patty Ann flashed a smile up at her tall husband as she sped toward the bacon rack. "I couldn't possibly cry two days before the last day of school, when everything is so scrumptious, the children know their pieces and sing their songs like angels, the school room is fairyland with the things they have made and the platform all dressed—"

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She laid her hand on the program, looked down at it. Oh, no! Oh, no! It couldn't be. But it could be. It was. Her little watch was gone.

For a second Patty Ann Painter thought she was going to faint before all those children and parents, or sob aloud. What child—she looked out over the whirling room. She saw one pair of eyes, wide blue eyes, agonized eyes, and their lids dropped. Norman MacKenzie—

She forced her lips to smile, forced her eyes to flash the signal for the opening carol. The smile was hard to manage. But manage it she did. And at last it was over, all the pieces, the dialogues—gay and funny, the carols.

She asked Norman MacKenzie to help take the presents off the platform. Norman's face became for an instant a miserable fiery red, then white again. Without smiling as the others did he went up and down the aisles handing out packages.

Then there were mothers shaking Patty Ann's hand, and saying she went to lots of trouble for the children, didn't she? She said "Thank you" thirty-four times and more—and suddenly she was alone. She hated to be alone. How could she stand things?

In the morning Patty Ann flew getting things done. She went uptown—early. She went first to the dingy little room behind the city offices where "Old Judge" MacKenzie wrote slowly in a big book.

The second place Patty went was to Maxwell's jewelry store. She went to a clothing store, a toy store, a candy store. With dozens of packages she ran home. She changed her dress and went into the kitchen and stayed there the rest of the day.

When Curtis came whistling home he found he had a guest for the vacation, a small boy with blue eyes, dark-circled, that gazed with frightened fascination at his host and hostess. And no, supper was not jolly, music over the radio was not, a bedtime story was not. At last Patty Ann took a silent little boy to the bathroom, turned on hot water, showed him about soap and towels and a pair of gay red-trimmed pajamas. Then she sat and frowned at the fire. She was not at all certain she was a sensible person. At last a small voice: "Teacher."

She went quickly to the "spare-room," smiled at the clean little figure in red-brided pajamas, held out a big glass of creamy milk.

Two thin hands took the glass, but no mouth opened to drink. Two eyes only looked at her piteously.

"Well," she laughed, "I see old Mr. Cat is going to get some, too. He'll be glad! Jump in now and I'll tuck you up."

Slowly he got in the white bed, laid his head on the pillow. He shut his eyes tight. She caught her breath, leaned over and kissed the thinnest cheek she had ever kissed. And she saw a gray cord around a thin neck and something bright on it down under the gay pajamas. She moved quietly and turned out the light.

"Good night, Norman," she said. He did not answer.

Patty Ann that night did not sleep a great deal.

No, the hostess and guest did not eat much breakfast, either. Curtis looked once at Patty Ann and his eyes were wondering and pitiful. Because he did not say anything Patty Ann admired her husband more than ever.

As jolly as could be Curtis was at the distributing of some presents. He gave Patty Ann hers first, lovely things, but she did not know until hours later that they were lovely, that they were anything at all. He put a square, not very big package in Norman MacKenzie's hands and helped him undo the strings.

"Well, well, well! A watch! A real watch!" shouted Curtis Painter.

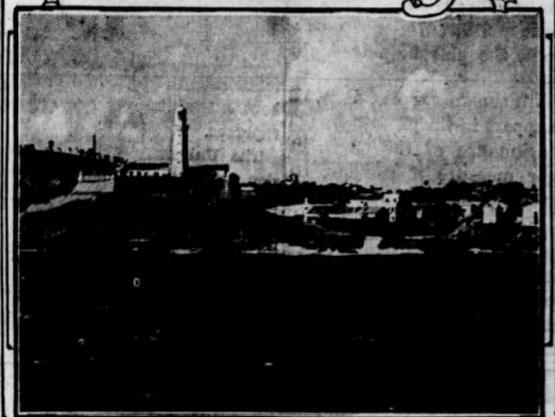
But back into Curtis' hands plopped the open box, and a little boy in an agony of crying threw himself against Patty Ann, his fingers working at his collar. Patty Ann picked him up, as she had longed for months to do, and went with him close against her into the spare room.

After a long time, that was not so long as it seemed to the man pacing the sitting room, the spare-room door was opened and Patty Ann, her face—Curtis thought—like the Raphael Madonna, came, in her hand the hand of a flushed and smiling little boy. Patty Ann went to the table, took up a silver watch and chain, fastened them in the proper way across the front of Norman MacKenzie's new coat. Unclipped, frank blue eyes smiled up at her.

"Thank you, teacher," said Norman MacKenzie. Patty Ann snatched the lid off a great candy box, and they ate candy and played with toys until it was night.

Curtis, the great judge of the future, said Patty Ann was a pretty good sort of sociologist. And, yes, he wouldn't mind, he supposed, if Norman stayed with them longer than over the vacation. But that's another story.

NORTHEASTERN BRAZIL



The Lighthouse at Bahia, Brazil.

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

IRPLANES have made the northeastern corner of Brazil the doorway to South America from the Old World. Repeated flights have been made in recent years from Europe and Africa to South America, and in nearly every case first news of the successful crossing has come from Natal, Pernambuco or Bahia, the three most northeastern cities of the continent. On the latest of the transatlantic flights the two flyers, Major Larre-Borges and Lieutenant Challes, were forced to earth near Natal, not far from the landing place of Major Delprete and Captain Ferrain in 1928. Pernambuco was the first city reached by Commander Francisco de Pinelo in 1927; and Bahia was the port of arrival for Captains Jimenez and Iglesias in the spring of 1929.

Because of Natal's strategic importance in transatlantic flying the recently organized air mail line between Paris and Buenos Aires has established a flying field near the town. Natal has also figured in Brazilian maritime plans, and its harbor is being improved with a view to making it the first port of call for steamships between Europe and ports on the southeast coast of South America. Cape St. Roque may be considered the real northeast corner of South America. It lies approximately 20 miles north of Natal. The intervening strip of coast is made up of low sand dunes, with here and there a village set among coco palms.

Natal is not directly on the sea but lies about two miles up the river from Potengy, which is also known as the Rio Grande do Norte. It is from this stream that the state of Rio Grande do Norte, of which Natal is the capital, takes its name. The town was founded by the Portuguese more than three and a quarter centuries ago as a military post. In 1633 it was captured by the Dutch and remained in their possession until 1654. Few traces of the Dutch occupation remain.

Natal a Frontier City.

Natal is far removed from the center of Brazilian activity in the south, and still has some touches of the frontier. Southward, railways along the coast connect it with Pernambuco; but only a short bit of trackage extends toward the interior. For the movement of goods to and from the back country the town still depends somewhat on picturesque troops of pack mules and horses in charge of a tropeiro and his swarthy, hard-visaged assistants.

Sometimes 100 or more mules and horses, each laden with big bags of cotton or other produce from the interior, thread their way through Natal's streets, with bells tinkling, and muleteers shouting—an animated freight train. On the return trip they carry bales of fabrics, food supplies, and household furnishings.

The muleteers of Rio Grande do Norte and the adjoining states must be a rough and ready lot, for the goods they carry are an irresistible temptation to bandits in the hilly interior, and often the drivers must "shoot their way through." The gradually extending lines of steel in the interior of Brazil are slowly bringing the existence of the picturesque tropeiro to an end.

Pernambuco, although not so far to the northeast as Natal, is the easternmost city of the Western Hemisphere. The state of Pernambuco and two other states make up the northeastern shoulder of the continent. The capital, Pernambuco, better known to Brazilians as Recife, occupies a small island—Antonio Vas—and a portion of the mainland of Brazil, about fifty miles from the northern border of the state.

Pernambuco is the fourth largest city in Brazil with a population about

equal to that of Birmingham, Ala. Many of the people are descendants of the Dutch and Portuguese, both of whom once claimed the city and surrounding country. Pernambuco owes much of its progress to the influence of these races, who fostered agriculture and commerce.

Much Business in Pernambuco.

The old section of Pernambuco shows its Portuguese origin in the varicolored plaster-faced buildings that line some of the narrow cobblestone streets in the downtown section; while here and there steep gabled houses and business structures recall the quarter century of Dutch occupation that began ten years after the Pilgrims landed on Plymouth Rock.

Until a few years ago, large ocean-going boats had to anchor far out in the harbor. Up-to-date docks were constructed, and railroads were built, reaching into the productive hinterland. As a result Pernambuco has become in a short time one of the important gateways to eastern Brazil.

Sugar, tobacco, lumber, fruit, cotton, rubber and coffee that once graced the backs of mules now flow into the city by rail in vast quantities. More than forty sugar mills in the capital city attest the state's sugar production. Textile mills, shoe, soap, and lock factories are also there.

Most of Pernambuco's business is carried on in the old section that occupies the island. The city market, perhaps, strikes the fancy of Americans more than any other feature. An abundance of rich, luscious tropical fruit is everywhere to be seen. On the ground are great piles of pineapples, alligator pears, melons and mangoes of enormous size. In contrast to many South American markets Pernambuco has no noisy vendors.

Bahia is the largest of Brazil's air gateway cities. It was the first Portuguese settlement founded in Brazil. According to the letters of Amerigo Vesputci he and his followers spent several months in All Saints bay in the neighborhood of Bahia during the early years of the Sixteenth century. Bahia was not officially recognized by the Portuguese government, however, until 1549 when the first governor general of Brazil set up a colonial government there. Bahia was the capital of Brazil from that time until 1763 when the government was removed to Rio de Janeiro.

While Rio de Janeiro and Sao Paulo surpass Bahia in size, the old port, which lies about 400 miles down the coast from Pernambuco, is a thriving commercial center with about 300,000 inhabitants.

The harbor it faces is one of the finest on the east coast of South America. Vessels from many world ports are anchored offshore while smaller boats with local cargoes come and go like schools of water beetles.

Bahia Built on Two Levels.

The traveler's first impression of Bahia, as he sails up the harbor toward the city, is that there are really two separate towns. A congested settlement hugs the shore line while on a cliff in the background 200 feet above the roof tops the fringe of another settlement is visible.

In the narrow streets of the lower town and among the bordering warehouses half-naked porters, perspiring freely in the tropical heat, spend their days moving cargoes of cocoa, tobacco, cotton, sugar, rubber and fruits. All products of Bahia state, brought to the port by railroad trains and high-wheeled dotkey carts.

The customs house, depot and offices of foreign firms interested in Bahia commodities also are in the lower town. Most of Bahia's cocoa, the largest exportable product of Bahia state, is shipped to the United States.