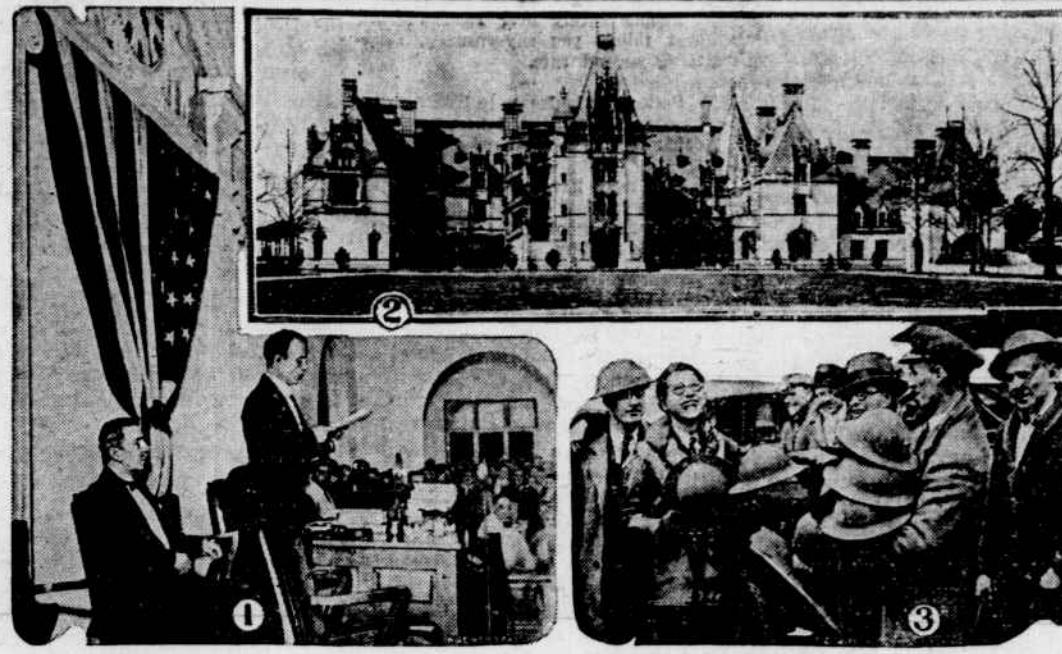


# THE ALAMANCE GLEANER

VOL. LVI.

GRAHAM, N. C., THURSDAY FEBRUARY 27, 1930.

NO. 4.



1—Gov. Theodore Roosevelt addressing the Porto Rican legislature concerning his projects to alleviate distress in the island. 2—Biltmore, the mansion of George W. Vanderbilt at Asheville, N. C., which is now thrown open certain days each week so the public may see its treasures of art. 3—Strikebreakers in the taxi chauffeurs' strike at Pittsburgh donning steel helmets to prevent broken heads.

## NEWS REVIEW OF CURRENT EVENTS

### President Hoover Tries to Speed Up Senate—French Crisis Delays Parley.

By EDWARD W. PICKARD

PRESIDENT HOOVER returned to Washington from his Florida trip with the conviction that congress, especially the senate, must be prodded into speedier action if business were not to suffer seriously. So he invited leading Republicans of both houses to breakfast at the White House and asked them what could be done to expedite the work on the tariff bill so that other important measures could be passed. The replies he received were not encouraging. Senator Watson, floor leader of the upper house, was of the opinion that the tariff measure might be passed by March 10, but was far from certain. Representative Tilson and others from the lower house thought the house would get through the remaining appropriation bills within the next three or four weeks and then would take three-day recesses while the senate was catching up. Mr. Tilson hoped congress might adjourn about June 1, but admitted that little legislation would be enacted unless the senate speeded up.

Mr. Hoover was especially concerned about the slowing down of business recovery due to uncertainty regarding the tariff, and also because delay in passing pending appropriation bills might necessitate the laying off of from 10,000 to 20,000 men employed on public works construction. The legislative program of the Wickersham law enforcement commission was not mentioned, indicating that this is not of such pressing concern to the President as the tariff bill and appropriation bills affecting public works. The Republican senate leaders informed the President that the coalition of Democrats and radical Republicans was in complete control of the tariff situation.

THIS breakfast aroused the ire of the Democrats in both houses and they spent hours in attacking Mr. Hoover. Senator Pat Harrison sought to blame the Republicans for delay in disposing of the tariff bill and asked Senator Watson if the President had promised to sign the measure if it reached him in its present form as amended by the coalition; which question, Watson declared, was silly. Representative Byrns of Tennessee, chairman of the Democratic congressional campaign committee, asserted that the President having claimed responsibility for prosperity for the Republican party, must bear the blame for unsatisfactory conditions. He denied the announcements of administration spokesmen, including Secretary of Labor Davis, that business is on the up grade.

Garnett of Texas, minority leader of the house, issued a statement saying: "The titular party leader in the White House is lacking in either courage or capacity to lead, and the consequent bewilderment of congressional leadership is a reflection of the deepening disappointment of the American people in the promised and expected major part the President was to play in shaping national affairs to the better ends of national needs."

TWO more days were given to the wets in the hearing on dry law modification measures before the house judiciary committee, and they took full advantage of their opportunity.

(© 1930 Western Newspaper Union.)

### SANDY COULD SEE A SILVER LINING

(By D. J. Walsh)

FROM the little shanty in the middle of his melon patch, Sandy Clay watched the black clouds rolling down from the northwest. "Nobody'd stop to steal melons in the face of a storm like that," he mused. Then he started for the cornfield, a short cut for home.

Five minutes later he emerged, limping onto the porch and dropping into an old rocking chair, to recover his breath. Mrs. Clay and the two children were peering anxiously from the outside cellarway.

"Come out!" he commanded in a cheery voice. "It's no cyclone. Too late in the season. Anyhow, you never see twisters from clouds that reach clear across the sky like that."

"No," retorted Mrs. Clay, somewhat reassured but still apprehensive, "and you never heard of a stray shot from a hunter's rifle hitting you in the foot and laying you up for several weeks—still it did."

"There, now," said Sandy, "it might have been worse. Get into the house and we'll shut the door—it's safer. Here comes the overture."

The overture included howling winds driving sheets of rain in all directions while vivid lightning cut the blackness. Then came an ominous lull. A sharp click and a blue flash, instantly followed by an earth-jarring crash, started the children crying.

"There, now," said Sandy. "Nobody's hurt—and it might have been worse."

"Listen!" cried Mrs. Clay. "Worse is coming—half!"

In five minutes all was over. Even the ground was still white with frozen pellets, the sun was breaking through the clouds and a beautiful rainbow formed the proscenium arch set with financial tragedy for Sandy Clay.

A neighbor, driving by, paused at the gate. "Well, Sandy," he shouted, "your melon vines are pounded out of sight and your corn here is shredded, but the hall never touched your long forty in the lower bottom. The storm was just playing out when it reached there."

"Good!" exclaimed Sandy. "That lower forty is good for seventy bushels of corn to the acre, so it might have been worse. Guess I'll hitch up and drive round a bit—it's too muddy for the old car."

A few minutes later Sandy had returned from the stable and stood facing his family with an odd expression. "Well?" queried Mrs. Clay.

"It might have been worse," replied Sandy. "That crack of lightning might have burned the barn, but—we haven't any team now. I—I guess I'll walk over and take a look at the bottom forty while you're getting supper."

In three-quarters of an hour he returned. The family ate their supper in silence till near the close, when Mrs. Clay spoke: "I thought I heard a roaring sound. Is it another storm?"

"No," said Sandy, pushing back from the table, "but the river is booming. Maybe also the noise of the work trains coming with trainloads of stone and steel rails, to hold down the bridge and the long trestle. They've got wire reports from up river, and they think the big fill across the bottom is sure to go."

Mrs. Clay eyed her husband sharply and then, at sight of his wry grin, burst into a hysterical laugh and exclaimed: "Go on! Tell me the south forty is a total loss, and don't forget to explain that it might have been worse!"

"It might," replied Sandy, gathering the children in his arms. "We've got Bud and Sis yet, with all their lives, except five or six years, before 'em and—and the mortgage on the farm isn't due till next month."

"And maybe by that time your foot will be well enough to walk when we start tramping," said Mrs. Clay, still laughing back the tears, "and maybe by then you'll have learned the folly of throwing up a good position for that of the glad, free and independent life of the jolly husbandman."

"When one's clear down," replied Sandy, "there's only one direction remaining—straight up. Now we'll have no horse feed to buy, no melon guards to hire, no corncribs to build, and so forth."

The river continued to rise until all former high water records were broken. The railroad fill and the trestle across the valley were swept away. The bridge, undermined, fell into the main channel, and the temporary accumulation of drift threw the force of the raging current lengthwise across the long forty, sweeping away the black loam as well as the corn, and

leaving channels and pits twenty feet deep in the variegated subsoil.

One evening, a week afterward, Sandy returned from what he had facetiously termed the daily exploration of the basement of his bottom forty. "Do you know," he said to Mrs. Clay, "that by some strange quirk of the glacial drift, I happen to have the only gravel pit of any magnitude in this part of the state? There's enough to gravel all the highways in four counties—and half can't riddle the crop. Get me a pillow and blanket, for I'm going to camp out there tonight."

"Sandy Clay, you needn't tell me that gravel is so precious that you'll have to guard it like a melon patch!" Mrs. Clay's voice showed signs of strained patience, as she continued: "Has the hot sun on that wet ground filled you full of malaria and affected your head?"

"Not so much that I don't know I've found one of the largest and best preserved skeletons of the ancient mastodon ever brought to light. I had Professor Dean of the university on the phone today. He agrees with me, that such a fine specimen should bring a high figure. He's coming tomorrow. Meantime, I'm taking no chances of some other person having seen the find before I saw it."

"And the railroad company wants to buy the land. They'll give me a year to remove the gravel, then with a little dredging they'll change the course of the river to run through the long forty, cutting out the troublesome bend. They will relocate their track across the valley, bringing a bridge across the new channel before diverting the waters, so you see it might have been."

Mrs. Clay interrupted: "How much is that washed-out forty, that I advised you not to buy, going to bring—bones, gravel and all?"

"It should net \$20,000 or more," replied Sandy. "And by the way, Professor Dean said I could have my old position back within the year, at a substantial increase in salary, as there is to be a number of changes in the faculty, and—"

"Are to be Prof. Sandford Clay. If you are going back to the university, you'll have to commence polishing your language."

Professor Clay was giving his erstwhile lame foot the benefit of a few setting-up exercises as he replied:

"That advice might have been worse."

### WON FAME IN MANY LINES

William De Morgan, artist and novelist, was born in London on November 16, 1839. Educated at University College and the Academy schools, he became a member of the circle which gathered around Rossetti. William Morris and Burne-Jones, and experimented in various forms of decorative art. He set up a kiln, discovered some of the secrets of the old potters, and formed a firm to develop the manufacture of tiles and pottery on a commercial scale. Many fine examples of his work are in the ceramic galleries of the Victoria and Albert museum, London. In 1905, when he was over sixty-five, he retired from business and began his successful career as a novelist. "Joseph Vance," fragments of which had been rescued from destruction by his wife, appeared in 1906. He died in London of trench fever on January 15, 1917.

**To Enjoy Human Nature**

The wisest as well as the most generous form of humanity is that which is ready to accept people much as they are. It never has a watchful eye on their edification. Rather it watches to see what amusing characteristic or lovable quality it may discover and admire. It gives ample elbow room for all the differences which make human nature the baffling, interesting and inspiring thing it is.—Exchange.

### IN JEFFERSON'S HONOR

The Jefferson Memorial foundation was formed April 13, 1923, on the one-hundred and eightieth anniversary of Thomas Jefferson's birth. It has acquired Jefferson's home, Monticello, and is devoting its efforts to its upkeep and restoration.

### TWO AS MUCH SURFACE

Mrs. Lasterly—Your prices are getting awfully high. You're charging twice as much for cleaning this pair of gloves as I paid for cleaning a dinner gown last week.

The Clerk—Yes'm. Y'see, there's two gloves.

### DELIGHT IN OCCUPATION

Mr. Oldsport—Do you doubt my love? Look in my eyes and read it there. The eyes are the windows of the soul!

Miss Goldentide—Windows of the soul! That's so. Your eyes do look awfully glassy.

### DELIGHT IN OCCUPATION

One of the desirable conditions in any walk of life is lots to do. That paraphrase of the name of Lieut. of the Lucky, into Loaf the Lucky, isn't so. There's no luck in idleness.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

## TREE-RING CALENDAR



View of Pueblo Bonito, New Mexico.

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

**I**N THE isolated Indian pueblos of New Mexico and Arizona during the past six years scientists have been making it possible for them to write one of the most fascinating detective stories of science that has been unfolded since scholars deciphered the famous Rosetta Stone of Egypt. The work, carried on by Neil M. Judd and Dr. Andrew E. Douglass under the auspices of the National Geographic society, has involved the collection of thousands of samples of wood of living trees and of beams from ruined Indian villages so that the tree rings—"the fingerprints of time"—could be studied and compared. As a result of this work a unique tree-ring calendar has been constructed which extends known dates in the New World back to a time more than eight centuries before the arrival of the Spaniards in what is now southwestern United States.

By translating the story told by the tree rings laid down during the past twelve and a quarter centuries the scientists have established a chronology for that period more accurate than if human hands had written down the major events as they occurred.

It is now possible definitely to announce the important dates in the history of Pueblo Bonito, oldest and largest of the great Indian communities in Chaco Canyon, New Mexico excavated and partially reconstructed by the National Geographic society.

Furthermore, it is possible now to date nearly forty prehistoric ruins in the Southwest and reconstruct there a succession of major events through which Indian settlements rose, passed their heyday, and disappeared.

Just as the far-famed Rosetta Stone provided the key to the written mysteries of ancient Egypt, so the collection of an unbroken series of tree rings has made clear the chronology of the Southwest.

Through this work we have learned of some outstanding events in America which were contemporaneous with the conquest of Spain by the Moors, and we know that certain Pueblo Indian settlements were enjoying their golden ages when William the Conqueror faced Harold the Saxon at the Battle of Hastings.

These researches have carried the calendar back to A. D. 700 in the Southwest, and they have provided the beginnings of a continuous weather chart for 1,200 years.

### TREE RINGS TELL MUCH

Many a prehistoric jewel has been given to the flames unwittingly because no one knew the importance of tree rings in recording the passage of years. Where fuel was scarce, fragments of precious timbers at many an ancient ruin in the American Southwest have been used as firewood by the sheep-herder, prospector, and even archeologist. They were scraps of wood, nothing more. The Biblical story of the stone which the builders rejected, but which became the head stone of the corner, has found a counterpart in the wood that the modern searcher overlooked, for it has become a key to prehistoric chronology.

Through long-past ages and with unbroken regularity, trees have jotted down a record at the close of each fading year—a memorandum as to how they passed the time; whether enriched by added rainfall or injured by lightning and fire. By learning how to read these records—specifically those of the pines—we have discovered a magic key to open mysterious books and interpret the meaning of their writings.

Specifically, the tree-ring calendar, as finally worked out, told these things about Pueblo Bonito, the ruin whose date problem brought about the six years' search: Its earliest recovered beam was cut in A. D. 919 from a tree that was 213 years old when cut; and Pueblo Bonito reached its golden age in 1067 and was still occupied in 1127.

Not only has the age of this great one-time metropolis of the Southwest been fixed, but the tree-ring calendar has also dated some 40 other ruins whose time of occupancy hitherto had been unknown. Important among these is the Mesa Verde group of Colorado, in which Cliff Palace is dated 1073; Oak Tree House, 1112; Spring House, 1115; Balcony House, 1190-1206; Square Tower House, 1204; and Spruce Tree House, 1216 and 1226.

**APPROPRIATE NICKNAME**

This name "Shoestring Republic" is given to Chile because of the length of the country in proportion to its width.