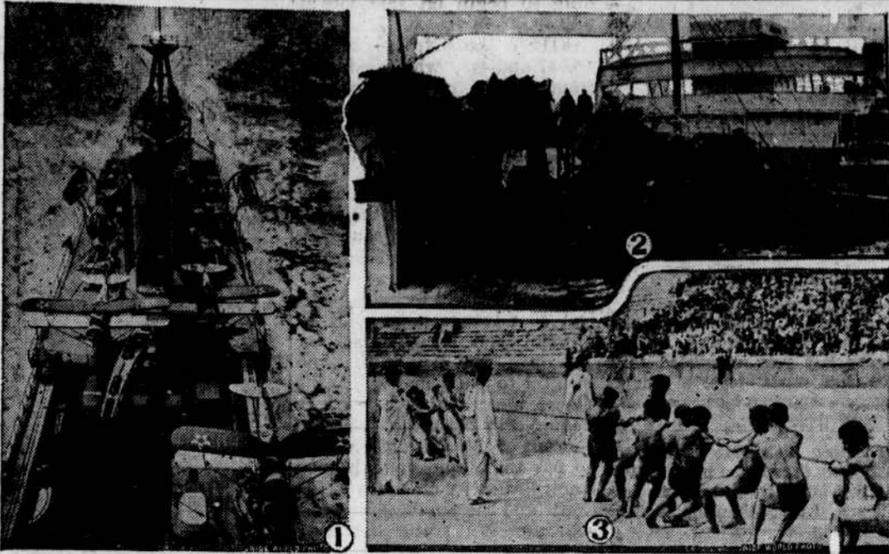


THE ALAMANCE GLEANER

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1—Looking aft on the new cruiser Salt Lake City during her trial "blue water" run. 2—Tanker W. W. Bruce almost cut in two by collision with tanker Scottish Maiden off New York. 3—Tug-of-war in the Pythian games, revived at Delphi, Greece, after twenty-four centuries.

NEWS REVIEW OF CURRENT EVENTS

London Naval Treaty Will Be Dealt With by Senate in Special Session.

By EDWARD W. PICKARD

RATIFICATION or rejection of the London naval treaty will be accomplished by the senate in a special session, to be called by President Hoover immediately after the adjournment of congress about June 15. This was the plan decided upon by majority leaders of the senate and house with the approval of the President. It was considered best for congress to go ahead with the business before it, complete that and adjourn without taking up the treaty. The house leaders said they were ready to set a date for ending the session as soon as the senate was prepared for such a step.

Opposition to hasty action on the treaty, by opponents of the pact, and a desire on the part of members of the house to get through and go home were two of the major reasons for the decision reached. President Hoover's announcement that he intended to call a special session, if necessary, to insure early action on the treaty was a principal factor.

Senators Johnson of California and Hale of Maine, leaders of the opposition, were especially vehement in their objections to what they called an attempt to railroad the pact through the senate by administration senators. Under the program adopted, the tariff, rivers and harbors, omnibus and veterans bills will be acted on in the senate before congress adjourns.

More members of the navy general board and other high officers of the navy appeared before the senate committee on foreign relations and naval affairs to tell why they consider the London treaty dangerous for the United States. Much of their testimony was to the effect that it would make it impossible for the navy to protect this country's trade routes; there also was further criticism of the reduction in the number of large cruisers for America and of the increased ratio given Japan.

DEBATE on the conference report on the tariff bill was just getting under way in the senate when some one raised a point of order which was sustained by Vice President Curtis and under which the measure was sent back to conference. Consequently final action on the bill was delayed for at least one week.

The point of order related to a clause in the flexible provision permitting the tariff commission to make effective changes in duties if the President failed either to approve or disapprove a recommendation for an increase or decrease within 60 days. Republican leaders were concerned over the fact that several additional points of order may be made relating to rate items. If these are sustained further delays are in prospect.

FIGURES presented to the senate campaign expenditures committee revealed that Senator Grundy of Pennsylvania spent \$291,000 out of his own pocket in his losing campaign for re-nomination and that the total cost of that campaign was \$332,076. Secretary of Labor Davis, who defeated Grundy, told the committee that he expended and pledged out of his own funds \$10,541.45. He said he also handed about \$10,000 in contributions to his campaign which he turned over to his committee.

Francis H. Bohlen, who ran against

Senator Grundy and Secretary Davis with the backing of the Association Against the Prohibition Amendment, testified that the total expended for the ticket which included himself and candidates for governor and lieutenant governor was a little more than \$200,000. Of this amount \$10,000 was contributed by the association.

SOME of the dry leaders in the senate were considerably more disturbed by the ruling of the Supreme court, that the ordinary purchaser of intoxicating liquor is not guilty of an offense, than was the prohibition enforcement bureau. Senator Sheppard of Texas, for instance, urged the early enactment of legislation to make the liquor buyer punishable under the dry laws. Sheppard was co-author of the Eighteenth amendment. Early in the present session he introduced a bill to make the seller and purchaser of illicit liquor equally liable to punishment. Senator Jones of Washington, author of the "five and ten law," and others opposed the views of Sheppard.

The court, in an important test case brought by the government, held that congress not only "deliberately and designedly" exempted purchasers in the Volstead act, but for ten years "has significantly left the law in its original form."

OUT in Seattle a federal grand jury returned indictments against Roy C. Lyle, prohibition administrator for Oregon, Washington, Idaho, Montana and Alaska, and others on charges of corruption and bribery. Among the indicted are William M. Whitney, Mr. Lyle's assistant and legal advisor; Earl Corwin, a prohibition agent; M. L. Fryant, a deputy sheriff who won notoriety as a wire tapper in the famous Olmsted "whispering wires" case, and C. T. McKinney, a young lawyer from Kentucky who led the prosecution of the Olmsted liquor gang.

OFFICIALS of the Methodist board of temperance, prohibition and public morals were asked to appear before the senate lobby committee to explain its alleged failure to report, in accordance with the federal corrupt practices act, its activities in the Presidential campaign of 1928.

Deets Pickett, research secretary of the board, testifying in the absence of Dr. Clarence True Wilson, its general secretary, insisted that its activities in behalf of Hoover were "nonpolitical." He pointed out that the Department of Justice has declined to prosecute the board for noncompliance with the federal statute.

Pickett stated that hundreds of thousands of copies of the Voice and the Clippings, organs of the board, attacking Al Smith's prohibition record, were circulated during the 1928 campaign; that the religious issue received attention in the Voice, a fact he now deplored; and that, as reported to the board by Doctor Wilson after the campaign, "we did use all the energy that we were capable of in bringing about the election of Herbert Hoover as President and Charles Curtis as Vice President."

PASSIVE no longer describes the resistance of the Indian natives to British rule. The rioting is increasing daily and has developed into bloody conflicts with the police and the troops. What is worse, in the eyes of the British, is the fact that the Moslems are joining their traditional enemies, the Hindus, in the campaign in some localities, though in other places there have been sanguinary fights between natives of two religions.

Worst of all the rioting, but not directly connected with the Indian campaign, was that in Rangoon. In that capital city of Burma warfare broke out between different bands of coolies when laborers were imported to break a strike of dock workers, and the troops were forced to fire on the mobs. Many were killed and the wounded numbered perhaps a thousand. Latest reports indicated that peace had not yet been restored there. Fifteen Indian coolie women were said to have been tortured and massacred by coolies. All the shops in the city were closed and the food situation was becoming desperate.

CHINESE Nationalist forces in Honan province are reported to have been severely defeated by the troops of the northern alliance commanded by Yen Hsi-shan and Feng Yu-hsiang and numbering about 200,000 men. The government troops were forced to dig in and suspend their advance on Chengchow, the rebel base, until reinforcements arrive. The two armies have been engaged in battle along the railway south of the Yellow river since May 8.

ORGANIZED labor won a big victory when the Supreme Court of the United States upheld an injunction restraining the Texas and New Orleans railroad, a Southern Pacific system subsidiary, from organizing a so-called "company union" or interfering with the activities of the Brotherhood of Railway and Steamship Clerks among its employees.

DETERMINED to hold down government expenditures for veterans' relief to reasonable figures, President Hoover vetoed a bill broadening the basis for pensions for Spanish war veterans which would have added from \$11,000,000 to \$12,000,000 to annual costs to the government.

"I am in favor of properly discharging the national obligation to men who served in war or became disabled and are in need," said the President in his veto message. "But certain principles are included in this legislation which are opposed to the interest both of war veterans and of the public."

CAPT. ROSCOE TURNER, flying a Lockheed Vega monoplane, set a new record for the east to west transcontinental flight. Starting from New York, he made one stop, at Wichita, and landed at Glendale, Calif., in 18 hours, 43 minutes, 34 seconds elapsed flying time. He battled strong headwinds all the way to Wichita. Turner's only companion was a lion cub.

The Graf Zeppelin, after spending an hour or two in Buenos Aires, returned to Pernambuco for gas and fuel and then took off on her flight to Havana and Lakehurst, N. J. On the northward leg of the voyage her passengers numbered nineteen. It was arranged that Pernambuco shall be the terminus of a regular Zeppelin service.

Amy Johnson, the young English girl who flew from England to Australia, is touring the Australian continent. She was presented with \$50,000 by English admirers.

SEVERAL well known men and women were taken by death during the week. Among them were Cardinal Lucon, the venerable archbishop of Reims who remained in that city throughout its bombardment in the World war; Mrs. Katherine Keith Adler of Chicago, popular novelist, who was killed in an automobile accident in France; Lord Randall Thomas Davidson, former archbishop of Canterbury; Daniel M. Lord of New York, veteran advertising man, and Baron Ashton, the richest man in England.

DOORMATS VERY MUCH OUT OF FASHION

(By D. J. Walsh.)

JENNIE TURNER finished ironing the eleventh pair of rompers and hung them carefully on the clothes bare along with the others. The small kitchen was suffocatingly hot and the steam rising from the dampened garments had moistened Jennie's fine gray hair and plastered the fabric of her blouse close to her thin arms and shoulders. Her upper lip showed the pallor of overexertion. It was four in the afternoon and she had been up since five.

Her daughter called from the cool veranda where she sat sewing and watching Junior take his afternoon nap in the porch swing. "Mother! Jennie obeyed. She appeared, fluttering, in the doorway.

A woman sat on the steps with a basket beside her. She was small and stout and her attitude had the slump of fatigue and discouragement.

"Why, Imogene!" Jennie said. "I'm going up on the hill for a picnic supper and I want you to go, too," Mrs. Wilcox said.

"Why—" Jennie fluttered still more. She glanced at the downcast face of her large, healthily colored daughter. "What do you think, Julia?" she pleaded.

"Have you got the ironing done?" "All done. And there's potato and meat to warm up for supper."

"Well, go along if you want to." "You needn't do a thing. I've got everything here in the basket," Mrs. Wilcox said.

A look of pleasure had arisen to Jennie's gentle face. She slipped off her apron and soon was ready.

Silently the two women toiled up the hill road until they came to a little grove and a rock much frequented by picnickers. It was already occupied. A woman sat with her back to them gazing at the view.

"Why!" Jennie gave a little cry, "I believe it's Miss Packer."

The woman heard and turned to look at them. Surprise invested her large dark face.

"You're welcome," she said. "I don't want only enough ground to sit on. I'm dead tired."

"You look it," Jennie sank down upon a stone.

"So do you," Miss Packer retorted. "As for you, Imogene, you look not only done out but sick."

"It's that pain in my shoulder again," Mrs. Wilcox sighed, finding a seat herself. "But I shouldn't be here if Angelina and Robert and the kids hadn't gone to Riverdale for the day. After I got the work done up I decided I'd come up here and bring my supper. I haven't been here before in—I don't know when."

"Nor I," Miss Packer said. "That's why I'm here now. The whole crew at my house is going to the church supper. My niece has company—a couple of girls from Riverdale. I didn't want anything to eat, but I did want a little rest and quiet—that view is beautiful, isn't it?"

"Grand," Jennie gazed wistfully at the array of blue mountains in the distance. Imogene's eyes, dwelling upon the same expanse, were greedy. She devoured it as one possessed of a great hunger who didn't expect soon to be filled again.

Some time passed while the three women sat there, their tired faces turned to the blossoming west.

Jennie Turner lived with her daughter, for whom she did the work of a servant, although without any pay but her food and shelter. Imogene Wilcox lived with her son's family and similarly paid her way by working all that she was able. Miss Packer was independent, for she had means of her own, but she lived with her married sister and was no better off than the other two.

"Well," Imogene said, suddenly turning to her basket. "I guess we'll have a bit of supper. You're invited, Miss Packer. There's plenty for the three of us."

The food and the quiet heartened the three women.

"It has just occurred to me," Miss Packer said, "that doormats have gone out of fashion."

all I do, but so long as I give of my services she will accept them."

"Doormats!" murmured Imogene. "Just don't get your idea."

"Doormats," said Miss Packer, "are things that other folks wipe their feet on. I'm awful tired of living the way I do. Aren't you, Jennie?"

"Well, duty—" began Jennie timidly. "Duty is a one-way bridge," retorted Miss Packer. "Your first duty is to yourself. You are wearing yourself out carrying that great, heavy Junior around."

Jennie flushed and tears came to her eyes. She knew.

"And you, Imogene," went on Miss Packer, "are carrying round a pain in your shoulder just because your poor right arm is never still a minute. Oh, what's the use?"

She got up, walked a few steps and stood in a contemplative attitude.

"Right here is where I am going to build my bungalow," she said. "I can buy an acre of ground from Mr. Arnold; he's been trying to sell this place a long time. There will be a kitchen and a living room and three bedrooms, and a porch that faces the sunset and another porch toward the hill where we can eat our meals—"

"We?" gasped Jennie.

"We three. I invite you and Imogene to come and live with me. You, Jennie, can raise raspberries and hollyhocks; Imogene, you can make fruit-cake and angel food for the women's exchange. As for me, I'll—"

"I'll cook a new kind of stew every day. I love stews, and my sister won't have one on the table. Otherwise, I'll loaf and invite my soul."

"Do you mean it?" Imogene inquired.

"You will see. And, remember, no doormats allowed."

At that they all laughed like girls. The first snow of winter fell upon the secure roof of the hillside bungalow, wherein three women lived in increasing happiness and joy.

Jefferson Bascom, mining expert, was talking to a New York reporter about dude ranches. He said:

"Some of these places are swell joints—full evening dress every night, latest Paris frocks and high jinks."

Mr. Bascom laughed reminiscently. "I remember a retired officer, Colonel Dash," he continued, "who disapproved of the high jinks and daring toilettes at a certain dude ranch where, one night, a fearless New York girl in a beautiful evening gown climbed on to a wild bronco and was immediately unsaddled."

"The joke is on her," I said to Colonel Dash.

"It is," he replied with a sneer. "And that is about all, too."—Detroit Free Press.

During the celebration that attended the publication of his one hundredth novel, E. Phillips Oppenheim said:

"I inherited what talents I possess from my father, who, although he never published anything, was a very clever story teller. He used to have each of us children write a story to be read aloud at Christmas, and as we were never allowed to vote for our own stories he always won the prize."

That is, until one Christmas, when, at the age of thirteen, I was the winner. I shall never forget my father's astonishment or how very pleased I was with myself."

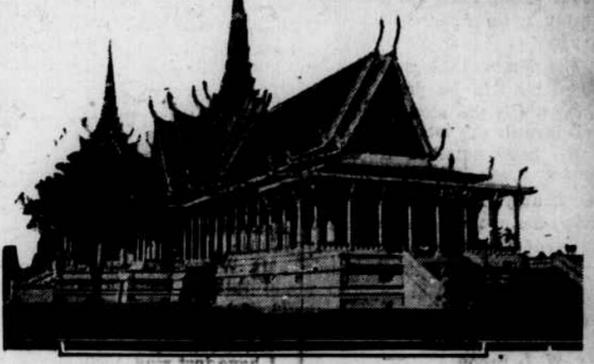
The imaginative traveler will find new delights in the scenery of Bruges as seen from its canals. From a boat in these calm waters new aspects of the old Belgian city can be discovered. The waters reflect their shores so beautifully that it is no exaggeration to say that on them one sees every eight towers, houses, trees, and cool arches of old bridges. The view from beneath the old Bridge of the Lions, built in 1627, frames the vista of nearby gables and the distant tower of St. Jacques in the soft green trees. Swans float out in the twilight and add much to the idyllic quiet of the scene.

The mean level of the Pacific at the Isthmus of Panama has been found to be about eight inches higher than the mean level of the Atlantic. In the month of February the levels are the same, but throughout the rest of the year, on account of current, tidal and wind influences, the mean level of the Pacific ranges above that of the Atlantic. It is as much as one foot higher in October.

Every renter should become the owner of his own home. Then he may make all the improvements he desires—but probably he will not. . . . The business of life cannot be transacted without occasional heavy losses, against which regular times of worship gradually build up a sinking fund.

—John Andrew Holmes.

FRENCH INDO-CHINA



Throne Room Building of King of Cambodia at Pnompenh.

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

FRANCE has recently found it necessary to send a punitive expedition across the border that lies between Indo-China and China because of the activities of Chinese Communists along the frontier.

The expedition operated from Tongking, northernmost of the French coastal colonies, but the step was taken as a protection for the whole of French Indo-China, that stretches from the southeastern corner of Asia some 800 miles to the north and northward. It is a sizable empire which France controls there in Asia, either by outright possession or protectorate—265,000 square miles, an area almost exactly the size of the state of Texas. The region is, however, much closer to the equator than Texas, occupying a position corresponding to that of southern Mexico and Central America. Thus the French Asiatic empire is wholly within the tropics and in a region of heavy rainfall.

The units of French Asia are Cochinchina, in the extreme south; Cambodia, in the southwest; Annam, stretching along most of the eastern coast; Laos, inland and to the northwest; and Tongking, filling the northern end of the elongated territory and extending from the coast inland for 200 miles.

Annam is less completely under French control, officially, than any of the other states with which it is associated in the territorial group known as French Indo-China. It has its own emperor and is listed as a protectorate. But Annam and the twelve million people of Annamese blood really constitute the chief factor in this region of French influence. In few places are the old forms of oriental magnificence maintained as completely as in the imperial establishment at Hue, the capital of Annam. Until recently the palace was forbidden ground, and it is still far from easy to obtain access.

Inside the palace walls is a richness and an elaborateness seldom encountered outside fairy tales and the settings of extravagant stage presentations. There are picturesque gardens; paved courts, where on occasion the ten thousand mandarins of Annam strike their foreheads in unison on the ground before the emperor; dim corridors of countless columns with their huge perfume burners sending up continual clouds of incense; and exquisite rooms of intricately wrought ceramics and gold and silver. Opening into the emperor's state rooms is the great Golden Door, through which, in addition to the sovereign, only the extraordinary ambassadors may pass.

Hue itself Not Beautiful. Outside the palace enclosure Hue is less appealing. The "metropolitan area" of the city is in large part a collection of native villages clustered in the shadow of the great palace-citadel walls. Across the river is the French residency with its Gallic-western atmosphere. For a long time Hue was little known, and as the seat of an important country its size was exaggerated. Its population is only about 60,000.

The town is in a tropical region in a latitude corresponding to the southern extremity of Mexico. It lies near the mid-point of the long double-curving coast of French Indo-China, a few miles from the sea on the Hue river. Built on a flat, the city itself has little beauty of form or setting; but it would be difficult to find in the tropics more beautiful environs than it possesses. Only a few miles away rise the mountains from which the Hue river flows, and even closer are lower wooded hills and valleys.

The most remarkable feature of Hue are the famous tombs of the kings, which lie in the charming pine and banyan-covered valleys and hills a few miles from the city—true cities of the dead, far more attractive in setting than that of the living. For each departed ruler of the past several centuries a large area has been developed as a resting place and memorial

for himself, his wives, children and servants. These developed areas are in two parts. One is a beautiful group of gardens, lakes, summer-houses and a memorial hall. The latter is fitted with the furniture from the departed emperor's apartments. The second part is a vast enclosure near-by, usually a series of terraces above the gardens, in some unmarked spot of which the body of the emperor lies. The reigning emperor visits each of these garden-tombs of his ancestors annually and makes obeisance to their spirits.

The notable structures and gardens extend from the end of the Eighteenth century to the present.

Cambodia's Capital. Strikingly different from Hue is Pnompenh, capital of Cambodia. It lies on the route to the famous ruins of Angkor and is better known to tourists than some of the larger capitals of Indo-China.

The palace of the kings of Cambodia is not elaborate. The royal dwelling place, in fact, is a series of rather modest buildings, not richly adorned without or within. Greatest of the palace sights is a life-size gold statue of Buddha in a room whose floor is of silver tiles.

Five or six hundred female retainers occupy the royal colony, among whom are the dancing girls. They, in their golden gowns, royal jewels, and tiaras that resemble miniature carved steeples, have become famous for their charm and grace.

The one thoroughfare of Pnompenh that has a right to be called an avenue leads from the palace to the public park. Two hotels bordering it offer excellent accommodations for a small Eastern city save for their orchestras that dispense impossible nocturnal jazz. The rest of the street is cluttered up with open-front native shops, some of which make an attempt to duplicate French pastry. Now and then through a vacant space one gets a glimpse of a garden spot a block or two in the background where a French colonial official lives in a palatial home amid broad lawns and flowering trees.

Hanoi, the "Paris of Asia." The administrative center of all French Indo-China, and the capital as well of Tongking, is Hanoi which has been dubbed "the Paris of Asia." It bears many of the earmarks of the European capital.

A modern train brings you into a modern railway station at Hanoi. There you may hail a shiny new French-made automobile with a French chauffeur. In a tour of the city you ride along wide streets and boulevards bearing French names and pass imposing French buildings, and spacious parks where stroll French women and men; some of the latter dressed in the natty blue uniforms of the French army.

In the business district, Parisian gowns are displayed behind plate-glass show windows. French theater fronts blaze with gaudy signs to attract patrons. Paris-like sidewalk cafes invite passersby to imbibe their favorite beverage while melodious strains from a French orchestra filter through the open windows of a French restaurant.

Now and then you bump over street car tracks. You notice the absence of peculiar oriental city odors because of Hanoi's modern sewage system; you feel free to drink the city water because of the excellent water supply system; and at night the streets are bathed in light from thousands of electric bulbs. The Botanical gardens and Zoological park are additional reminders of the French capital about 7,000 miles away.

The French quarter is farthest from the right bank of the Red river on which Hanoi lies about 80 miles from the sea. A lake, surrounded by promenades, separates this quarter from the native quarter which begins on the congested riverside. Once inside the narrow byways of the native quarter, it is easy to forget the westernized portion of the city.