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1—View of the commencement exercises at West Point while Secretary of War Hurley was presenting commissions to the 241 members of the graduating class. 2—Parade of the last French troops of the Army of Occupation through the streets of Trier before their return to France. 3—Col. Sir Henry Cole of England arriving at New York to take charge of European exhibits for the Century of Progress exposition in Chicago.

NEWS REVIEW OF CURRENT EVENTS

Ambassador Morrow's Victory in New Jersey and What It May Mean.

By EDWARD W. PICKARD

NEW JERSEY'S Republican primary was the most interesting event of the week, and its repercussions will continue to be felt for many months. Dwight W. Morrow's victory in the contest for the senatorial nomination was more than decisive—it was overwhelming. The ambassador to Mexico had a plurality over Franklin Fort and Joseph S. Freylinghuysen of approximately 300,000. There was a fourth candidate for the short and long terms, as was Mr. Morrow—John A. Kelley—but his vote was negligible.

Morrow's tremendous showing naturally stirred up immediate speculation as to whether he would be Mr. Hoover's rival for the Republican Presidential nomination in 1932, which had been more than suggested several weeks previously by Governor Stokes of New Jersey and President Hibben of Princeton. Some political observers thought this would be forced on him, while others were certain that he would support Hoover at that time and wait four years longer for his chance at the greater honor. Immediately after the result of the primary was known, President Hoover caused this official announcement to be issued:

"The White House will give every possible support to the Republican nominee for the senate from New Jersey. The President and the administration have every confidence that Mr. Dwight Morrow will be the next senator from New Jersey."

Some Republican leaders interpreted the President's move as a cordial gesture, intended to cause Mr. Morrow to feel so friendly to Mr. Hoover that he will discourage the activity of admirers booming him for the Presidency. Senator Blaine of Wisconsin, however, voicing the views of the wet leaders, said "It indicates a cautious step in the direction of a liberal attitude on the Eighteenth amendment."

MORROW made his campaign as an advocate of repeal of the Eighteenth amendment and the return of liquor control to the individual states. Fort, who was so badly beaten, ran as a pronounced dry. But the wets, in their rejoicing, should take into consideration the facts that New Jersey is admittedly a wringing wet state, and that Morrow probably would have been victorious even if he had not said a word on the liquor question. The Anti-Saloon league said the nomination of a wet in New Jersey was no more significant than the nomination in Maine. "The phenomenal interest in the nomination of one wet to replace another," said the league, "is probably on the theory that Mr. Morrow may become the national wet leader to restore the liquor traffic. If so, it is a vain wet hope, because Mr. Morrow has no plans to solve the liquor problem."

In this connection it is interesting to read that Gov. Franklin D. Roosevelt of New York will run for re-election on a wet platform and that the Democratic party's state liquor plank will be much stronger than a mere declaration for light wines and beer. Democrats of New Jersey nominated State Senator Alexander C. Simpson as Mr. Morrow's opponent and feel that he has some chance of success.

Next day Admiral Byrd journeyed to Washington to be the center of even

more imposing ceremonies. President Hoover received the entire party at the White House, and then the trustees of the National Geographic Society gave a luncheon. After an official call on the secretary of the navy there were ceremonies at Arlington National Cemetery where Byrd placed wreaths on the grave of Admiral Peary, Admiral Wilkes and Floyd Bennett. In the evening at the Washington auditorium President Hoover pinned on Byrd's breast the gold medal of the National Geographic Society. In all these events the admiral was accompanied by the members of his Antarctic expedition and they were acclaimed almost as loudly as was their chief.

FREDERIC M. SACKETT, American ambassador to Berlin, created something of a sensation in his own country by an address before the world power conference in which he attacked American power companies for their high charges to the consumer. He said "I know of no other manufacturing industry where the sale price of the product to the great mass of consumers is fifteen times the actual cost of production." Samuel Insull of Chicago, the utility magnate, was in Berlin and having seen an advance copy of Mr. Sackett's speech, made objection to parts of it. This the ambassador disregarded entirely.

The incident was meat for Senator Norris of Nebraska, the ever alert critic of utility corporations, and he made a speech in the senate scorning Mr. Insull severely.

OUTSTANDING among the deaths of the week is that of Dr. Elmer Ambrose Sperry of New York, inventor of the gyroscope and world-famed scientist. Although responsible for the development and perfection of many inventions, Doctor Sperry was best known for his gyroscopic compass and the application of the gyroscope for the stabilization of steamships and airplanes. This device was perfected after many years of experiment.

CHINA'S internecine war is running true to form. According to the dispatches from the Orient, the Nationalists are winning one day and the northern alliance of rebels the next. Anyhow, they are doing a lot of fighting and the casualties are heavy. The rebels have seized the customs house at Tientsin and have appointed as customs commissioner Lennox Simpson, an English writer better known by his pen name of "Putnam Weale." The government at Nanking was trying to divert imports from Tientsin to ports under its control.

EARL ADMIRAL RICHARD E. Byrd came home last week to receive the plaudits of his fellow countrymen for his achievements in Antarctic exploration. The bark City of New York brought him to the metropolis where the Eleanor Bolling, the other ship of his expedition, was waiting at quarantine, and the two vessels were escorted up the bay by innumerable craft and many airplanes. The welcome to New York was characteristic of that city—Grover Whalen and the mayor's committee, a marine pageant, a procession up Broadway with soldiers, sailors and marines, an address by Mayor Walker at the city hall and a presentation of medals. And all of it nearly smothered in ticker tape. With Admiral Byrd rode his wife, who had gone out in a tug to meet him. After the official doings Chancellor Brown of New York university conferred an honorary degree on the explorer.

WILLIAM S. BROCK and Edward F. Schlee, two of America's best known aviators, established a new cross-continent non-stop record last week by flying from Jacksonville, Fla., to San Diego, Calif., in 13 hours, 55 minutes and 30 seconds. They started the return trip almost immediately and landed at Jacksonville with an elapsed time for the round trip of 31 hours and 38 minutes. This latter record was clouded by the fact that on the eastward flight they had to stop at Tallulah, La., for fuel.

In Minnesota the senatorial fight

MARK'S BIGGEST MOMENT HAD COME

(By D. J. Walsh)

MARK MASON felt that his "big moment" had arrived the very instant he met Sallie West. Such a little doll of a girl she was with her great questioning eyes and her fluffy hair that needed no artificial wave to make it curl on a wet day!

The consensus concerning Sallie was, to his sorrow, that she was a useless, helpless little thing that would be of little help in any man's life except for ornamental purposes.

Because he knew that Sallie would be at the Mannerings' house-warming and because he felt that it would be only wisdom to avoid being with her too much, Mark Mason took his small nephew with him in his low-slung sport roadster. He was accepted with shouts of joy from the others in the party when he turned up the natural party to the lodge, as they called it.

"What are you going to do with the boy?" they all called merrily.

Mark West packed the six-year-old out of the seat serenely. "Give him a good time in the woods," he replied calmly. "We'll bring you folks a string of fish for your supper tomorrow night, eh, Bobbie?"

"Bettch," Bobbie answered gravely.

It wasn't much of a lodge yet. A small square of ground had been cleared, with a log cabin at one side and a garage much larger than the cabin at the other end. Only the central living rooms and a half dozen sleeping rooms had been finished thus far, but the Mannerings were so in love with their woods home that they had decided to have the house-warming now and then another one later on when the house was completed.

"Isn't this just like the forest where Goldilocks found the home of the three bears?" Sallie asked Bob.

Mark clenched his teeth. This was more than he had bargained for. He had never seen Sallie before with children and the fact that Bob followed her about doggishly made it difficult for Mark to keep away from her. And, after all, that was the reason that he had brought Bob along—so that he wouldn't see to much of Sallie.

When evening came Bob suddenly recalled the fact that he had a mother. "I want my mother!" he kept moaning over and over again.

"I thought you wanted to come with Uncle Mark and fish and swim and be a big boy!" reproved his uncle crossly.

They were playing bridge before the great fireplace and Bob had been sitting on the floor playing contentedly until he wanted to be tucked into bed for the night. For a moment Mark was sorry that he had brought the child. His sister hadn't wanted Bob to come. In fact, she had questioned him closely about his reason for this sudden affection toward Bob.

"Now, I'll take good care of him and bring him back Monday morning," Mark had told him. "It'll give the child a dandy week end where there are real woods for miles and miles in every direction."

"Mind you, don't let anything happen to him," she had said the last moment before they had left.

"Here, Mark, take my hand, and I'll put him to bed," Sallie said suddenly.

Mark took her hands and dropped them into her chair, trying not to notice the broad smile on the faces of the other three at the table. In the room off the gallery, where she had taken Bobbie, Mark could hear her singing a little song about three little kittens who had lost their mittens and Bobbie's contented murmurs came now and again. Then a scream startled them all galvanically.

"Oh!" screamed Sallie. "It's a forest fire! Look! Look!"

There was an instant of silence and then a mad rush toward the door.

"Get the cars out of the garage," said Mannerling, "and we'll make it all right!"

But the opposite end of the clearing was already in flames that leaped thirty and forty feet into the air. Sparks showered down. Roaring almost like that of surf filled the air and acrid smoke filled their nostrils and mouths so that speech was almost impossible.

No one waited for any one else. Primeval days had returned and each one flung himself or himself into the darkness, with self-preservation as the only thought of the moment.

Sallie alone remained behind, her great eyes seeming to question wonderingly what should be done. Even

in that moment of tense fear Mark could not help but admire her as she stood with her arm thrown across the child's shoulders protectively.

"Run, Sallie, run!" Mark urged her.

"I'll carry Bob!"

"But where will you carry him?" she asked quietly. "In all of this forest there is no place of shelter from forest fire. Everything will burn!"

"Alice didn't want me to bring Bob," said Mark, "and now—now—"

"Down near the garage are the carpenters' ladders," she interrupted. "You stay right here, Bob, and don't move! Do you understand? We'll come back to get you, but—don't stir from this spot! Understand?"

She took Mark's hand and pulled him along. He reached for Bob's hand, but she tugged him along.

"We'll get the ladders and put them down the well," she said. "There will be a place the fire can't touch. It will leap over and Bob will be safe. To the others—"

Tiny as she was, Mark found that she had strength enough to help pull the long ladders. As soon as he had them together and was getting them into the well she hurried for the child.

"Uncle Mark first to see that you don't fall in," she said, "then Bobbie boy and then Sallie. Ooh-hoo!" she called to the others, but the only answer came in the form of shrill cries in the far distance.

With tight lips Mark climbed down the black well, holding up his arms for the boy. Above him on the ladder he could vaguely see Sallie when the flames swept the clearing. Sparks fell in on them occasionally and sputtered in the water below.

"All right, Sallie?" asked Mark.

"All right," she answered, with an apparent effort to steady her voice. "I wish you'd be my Aunt Sallie," said Bob suddenly. "Will you?"

Sallie was silent.

"I wish you would, too, Sallie," said Mark gravely. "I—I never expected to ask you to marry me when we were down a well, but—will you, Sallie?"

He knew now that his biggest moment had come.

And although Sallie's voice was very small, the answer was in the affirmative.

The Failure

Mayor Thompson, welcoming the Australian boys' band to Chicago, said in the course of his address:

"America is so rich in opportunities that the man who fails today is likely to resemble Judson Slosson."

Judson Slosson ran the general store in Croydon Four Corners. He was dozing on the sidewalk in front of the store one balmy afternoon, his chair tilted back against the wall, when a boy awoke him.

"Kin ye let me have half a pound of dried beef, Mr. Slosson?" the boy said.

Judson got up. He stretched himself and yawned. Then he slouched into the store grumbling:

"Consarn the luck! Nobody but me sells dried beef in this old burg. I suppose."

Like Breaking a Bill

Franklin P. Adams says that the best child story that he ever heard is this one. He was dining with a few members of the Cornell University faculty at the home of Dr. Louis Agassiz Feurte. During the meal course the shrill voice of the 7-year-old Feurte's daughter was heard from the upper regions. "Mamma."

Mrs. Feurte elected to ignore the appeal.

"Mamma?"

"Yes?" called Mrs. Feurte from the table, while conversation suspended.

"There's nothing but clean towels in the bathroom. Should I start one?"—Montreal Star.

Much Rejected Manuscript

The proportion of manuscripts submitted to magazines that is actually bought depends upon conditions. The editor of one national weekly states that his magazine purchases approximately .004 per cent of the manuscripts submitted to it from one year's end to year's end. He adds that from 80 to 90 per cent of fiction submissions come from people of no professional experience or training whatever.

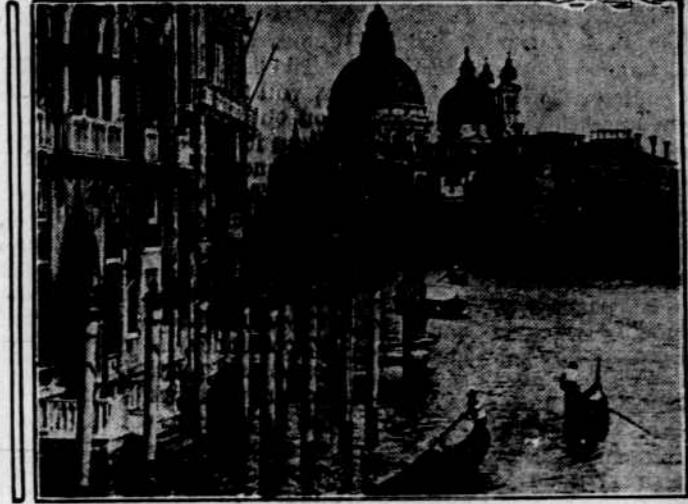
Blood Transfusion

In New York city, where there is an association for this purpose, women are not accepted as donors of blood for blood transfusions. Some of the reasons given are that their veins are too small, they have not the average strength of men, and are not as readily accessible. In England women are accepted.

"Go to Bed, Mary"

Little Mary was nothing if not polite. She had heard that the minister was leaving their church for a new pastorate. Her mother had the minister to dinner shortly before he left and Mary, carefully waiting for a pause in the conversation, remarked: "I hear we are going to have the pleasure of losing you."

How To See Venice



Scenes on the Grand Canal, Venice.

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

WITH the opening of the summer travel season the paths of travelers in Europe lead again to Venice, which, with its unique streets of water, seems to exercise a lure more potent than cities wholly of the land.

The traveler should not expect too much of Venice. It is hardly fair. No great city can exist on narrow canals and be entirely a thing of beauty. One necessarily has had dreams of Venice and goes there with marked preconceptions. This follows reasonably enough, for so much has been written about this city of the sea, and of course the rosy, romantic aspect has been presented. If one does not set his mark inordinately high Venice will charm him. Novelty will "pinch hit" whenever beauty strikes out.

By all means the visitor should arrange to arrive in Venice by night. Under soft moonlight or under the rays of the dim and infrequent "street lamps," Venice puts her very best foot forward and strives to make the most extravagant dreams come true. The deep shadows under its bridges and the palace arches, the mysterious narrow canal entrances, the picturesque leaning posts, the gentle lapping of the waves against the walls and steps, the swish of the paddles, the half-brusque, half-songlike calls of the gondoliers as they approach blind corners, perhaps the musical song of a gondolier in the distance—all combine to give one an entrancing entrance into the City of Canals. He leans back on his cushions during the long boat ride to the hotel—for of course traveler and luggage must go by boat—quite contented with life. This is Venice, and it is quite as should be.

What the Day Reveals.

A night arrival is a rule but a successful one. It is as though one should contrive to meet a once beautiful lady, no longer young, at an evening garden party. Her wrinkles become soft lines. When they face you in the pitiless light of the morrow they will have a certain suggestion of familiarity and memory will make them less harsh.

The first day in Venice discloses indubitable signs of ugliness as well as of beauty. Picturesque gondolas pass on the Grand Canal. So do the unpicturesque Venetian "street cars"—squats steamboats, little, but all too large beside the gondolas—their sawed-off stocks belching dirty black smoke. They raise choppy waves, as do the swifter little motorboats. The gondoliers glare at them and the traveler joins them in spirit in the choice Italian curses that they must be uttering under their breath.

More gondolas pass—and the trash boats of the municipality. In the waters that seemed so fair last night floats every conceivable sort of rubbish. Yonder is the beautiful facade of a fine old palace, and beside it a building from which the studio has fallen in great patches disclosing ugly bricks beneath. Perhaps the stones are falling away, too, at the waterline, letting the waves reach in for an inevitably greater destruction. Green slime covers the steps and the tilted wooden posts are rotting. Time is not the only desecrator of Venetian walls. The hand of the advertiser has been busy, too. And some of the walls that Dandolo loved and that scores of poets have sung about now inform the occupants of gondolas and "street cars" of products that can be purchased to their supposed advantage.

But thanks to a night arrival these things do not worry the visitor over much. He turns rather to the domes of Santa Maria della Salute with a tangle of masts against the sky; to the arch of the history-encrusted old Ponte Rialto; to the incomparable spires and domes of the Cathedral of San Marco. The Lidos today consist of three principal long sandy islands, divided by narrow water channels, and scarcely far enough above the water to be distinguished from clouds when seen from a distance. The Litorale, or beach, of Malamocco is the largest and most important, as it contains both the famous bathing resort and the small village of Malamocco. The Litorale of Pellestrina is a strung-out village of fishermen and gardeners. Along it are portions of the great seawall, for, although the Adriatic protected its daughter from the guns of the heavy-draught vessels of the Middle Ages, it exacted constant homage to stone walls and breakwaters.