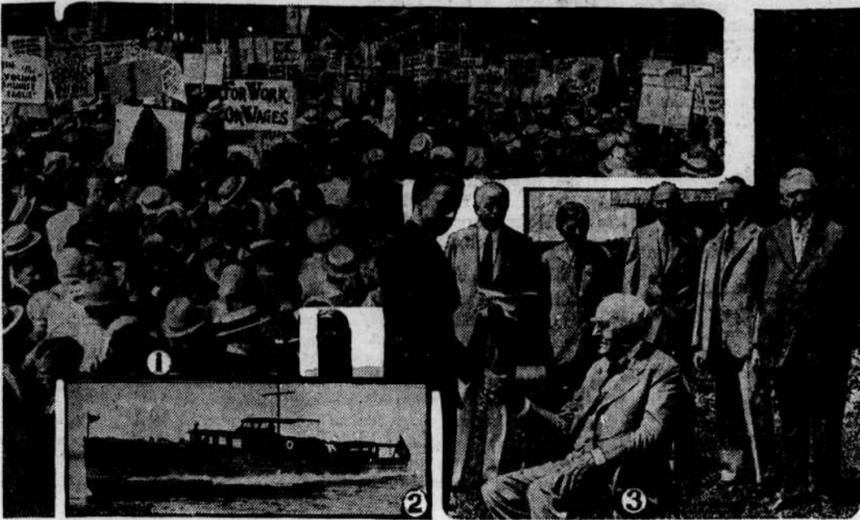


THE ALAMANCE GLEANER

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1—Thousands of Communists in Union square, New York city, listening to a Chinese orator the day after they had staged a big riot there. 2—Yacht Gem, 85 feet long, offered by Jeremiah Milbank of New York to President Hoover to take the place temporarily of the Mayflower. 3—Thomas A. Edison congratulating Arthur O. Williams, Jr., of Rhode Island, winner of the annual Edison technical scholarship for high school boys.

NEWS REVIEW OF CURRENT EVENTS

Huge Crop Losses Due to Drought Boost Prices and Rouse Government.

By EDWARD W. PICKARD

PROTRACTED drought and excessively hot weather brought to the farmers of the United States a mixture of good and evil and aroused the administration to the consideration of relief measures beyond those contemplated by the act creating the federal farm board.

Both government and private crop reports led to estimates that the new corn crop had been damaged to the extent of at least 500,000,000 bushels, and the rains that fell throughout much of the corn belt during the week were said to have come too late to have much influence on the yield since pollination had failed.

Private reports by one of the leading experts of the Middle West indicated that a large part of the crop was beyond any material recovery. In Ohio the corn was deteriorating rapidly, and in southern Indiana it was badly damaged. In Illinois the situation was at its worst in the southern part of the state. The crop in northern and western Kentucky was said to be entirely ruined, and the condition in Missouri and Iowa was not much better. Throughout the whole drought region, also, pasturage and all fodder crops were burned up to an alarming extent.

On the other hand, these had crop prospects led to a sensational rise in the prices of grain on the exchanges, and within a few days there was an estimated increase of about \$650,000,000 in the theoretical value of farmers' products. The market in Chicago went wild and corn led in the swift advance, followed by wheat and the other grains. For the first time in five years the public came in on a big scale, and there were heavy buying orders from foreign countries. It was believed there would be a heavy substitution of wheat, oats, rye and barley for corn as live stock feed, and consequently the demand for those grains was large. Also the estimates of the Canadian wheat crop were slashed as a result of damage by drought, heat and black rust. The yield of rye in Europe, exclusive of Russia, will be far below normal, and the Prussian oats crop is greatly reduced.

PRESIDENT HOOVER conferred with Secretary of Agriculture Hyde on plans for a government program to aid the farmers threatened with ruin by the drought, and he asked both Mr. Hyde and Chairman Legge of the farm board to make recommendations within a few days. It was stated at the White House that the President had received prompt and favorable response to his appeal to railroad executives for co-operation in reducing rail rates for the emergency movement of live stock and feed to the stricken areas.

The farm loan board said it was willing to do all possible to extend credit through the intermediate credit banks, the farm land banks and joint stock land banks. From congressional quarters came many requests for help, and to those was added the offer of Senator Robinson of Arkansas, the Democratic leader, to undertake a refund by congress to the farm board if the latter would divert all its available funds to drought relief. The measures of assistance that the farm board and the other agencies

of the federal government can and should undertake are being determined," said Mr. Hoover. "It is too early to determine the precise character of relief; much depends upon the further spread of the drought; but no stone will be left unturned by the federal government in giving assistance to local authorities."

IN OTHER ways the drought had serious results. There were numerous destructive forest fires in both the West and the East; the milk shortage in many regions was serious; and the water in the Mississippi river was so low that barges and towboats were stuck on sandbars and mud flats all along the Father of Waters. At the same time the levels of Lakes Michigan, Superior and Huron were higher; which led commentators on the lake diversion controversy to think that the policy of the government has resulted in giving the citizens who use the Great Lakes more water than they need, at the same time depriving the manufacturers and farmers of the Mississippi valley of sufficient water to float their cargoes to the sea.

WHEAT prices and drought did not have much effect on the Republican primaries in Kansas as many persons had expected. Gov. Clyde M. Reed, who sought to champion the cause of the farmers and severely criticized the policies of the federal farm board, was defeated for re-nomination by Frank Hauke, farmer, World war veteran, and former state commander of the American Legion. Senator Henry J. Allen, who was appointed by Governor Reed and is a staunch supporter of the Hoover administration, was nominated for the senate term ending in 1933, and Senator Capper was unopposed for re-nomination for the long term.

On the Democratic ticket Harry H. Woodring will oppose Hauke for the governorship, and Jonathan M. Davis, former governor, will try to defeat Senator Capper.

SOUTHERNERS who voted for Hoover in 1928, through Horace Mann, formally announced their rebellion against the administration of southern federal patronage and political affairs generally by Postmaster Walter H. Brown. Mr. Mann's statement, which was issued on the eve of a meeting of the Republican national executive committee in Washington, outlined plans adopted by a group of prominent southern Hoovers to incorporate in "all-southern" Republican organization and throw off the yoke of northern "patronage carpet-baggers" as well as of "designing political hijackers."

The Republican executive committee accepted the resignation of Claudius M. Huston as national chairman and elected Senator Fess as his successor. Robert H. Lucas was made executive director, and he quits his post as internal revenue commissioner to give his full time to the work.

BEFORE a crowd of 5,000 persons, two negroes were lynched by a mob in Marion, Ind. They had been arrested for murdering a white man and attacking his girl companion, and were said to have confessed. The sheriff, police and fire department, tried in vain to scatter the lynchers with tear bombs and fire hose streams.

GREAT interest was felt in a conference which Gov. Franklin D. Roosevelt of New York held with John J. Raskob, former Gov. of New York and other party leaders. It was understood that Mr. Roosevelt would seek re-election on a "dripping-wet" platform and would make a leading issue of public electricity rates. The belief was that Mr. Smith would place

Mr. Roosevelt in nomination at the state convention.

PRESIDENT HOOVER announced the appointment of Maj. Gen. Douglas MacArthur to be chief of staff of the army to succeed Maj. Gen. C. P. Summerall when the latter retires in November. General MacArthur, who is head of the army department in the Philippines, is now on temporary duty in China. He is fifty years old, the youngest army officer of his rank in active service, and was advanced over the heads of several older officers, the President said, because he is the senior major general whose age would permit him to serve the full four-year term as chief of staff. He graduated from West Point in 1903 and his career, especially in the World war, was brilliant.

At the same time the President appointed Brig. Gen. Ben H. Fuller to be commandant of the marine corps to fill the vacancy left by the death of General Neville.

REAL foreign intervention in China may soon result from the bloody doings of the Chinese Communists in Hunan province, if it is not already in effect. The British are leading the way, sending a considerable number of soldiers up the Yangtze to Hankow, which was threatened by the Reds. The troops were to be placed on a cruiser ready to be landed if necessary to protect British property. The American gunboat Tutuila left for upriver to reinforce the Palos, and the flagship Pittsburgh of the Asiatic fleet, with a destroyer division, was on the way from Tsingtao to Shanghai. Japan also was in action, sending a number of destroyers with landing parties of marines to Hankow, Kiukiang and other river ports threatened by Communist invasion.

The Nationalist government had admitted its inability to guarantee protection for foreign residents of Hankow, though it was sending additional troops to that region and had re-occupied Changsha. The Communists were still entrenched in the hills about the city and were continuing their sanguinary course, having already slain two thousand Chinese residents of the place and captured four thousand. Outrages against British Nationals included the sending of a severed finger of Miss Edith Nettleton, missionary, with a demand for \$50,000 ransom for herself and Miss Edith Harrison, held captive a month, to the British legation.

JOHN HENRY MEARS and his pilot, H. J. Brown, who intended to make a record-breaking airplane flight around the world, have had to postpone it, for their plane was wrecked as it was leaving the runway at Harbor Grace, Newfoundland.

The German aviators, Hirth and Weller, who were on their way from Berlin to Chicago by way of Iceland and Greenland, reached Reykjavik, Iceland, safely, but abandoned their project for want of a suitable landing place in Greenland and because their supply of gas did not arrive.

Capt. Frank Hawks set a new record for flight from New York to Los Angeles, making the distance in a swift little monoplane in 14 hours, 50 minutes and 43 seconds, with five stops for refueling.

OFFICIAL but unrevised census figures give the total population of continental United States as 122,729,472. The outlying possessions bring the grand total to 137,501,561, this including an estimate for the Philippine islands where an enumeration has not been made for several years. The proportions of population east and west of the Mississippi have shifted less than one-half of 1 per cent in ten years, being respectively 69.6 per cent and 30.4 per cent.

TOO MUCH CREAM FOR ONLY ONE TO USE

(By D. J. Walsh.)

MISS MARY SANDFORD awakened as usual at 6:30. Immediately there came the sound of a jingle and a slam from the back porch. With a leap she was out of bed, peeking through the curtains of her bedroom window. Down the back walk strode a handsome bareheaded young fellow in brown, swinging a metal carrier full of bottles. He was whistling softly an old tune. "My Mary's asleep—"

She thrilled. Mary was not asleep. Nor could she again go to sleep that morning.

She lay on her pillow thinking sweet, vague thoughts until Percy, the yellow cat which slept on the foot of her bed, jumped up and came to rub her cheek. Percy wanted his breakfast. She arose, dressed and went downstairs.

On the back porch she searched for the little note she had painstakingly written the night before. It was missing. He had taken it with him! It read: "My dear Mr. Twaddell, please leave one dollar's worth of cream tickets. Thank you. Mary Sandford." She had pinned the note to a dollar bill and inserted it in an empty milk bottle. Her cream tickets, printed on blue pasteboard, reposed under the second bottle. She had forgotten to tell him how much milk and cream to leave and he had left a quart of each. A quart of cream was a large order for a single lady. And it did not keep good in this weather. But, undoubtedly, Mrs. Gray could make use of it. As for Percy, he had already lapped so much cream that he was getting jazy. Mary herself had never cared much for it, it sort of went against her. And most certainly she could not afford to make such an excessive use of dairy products; it necessitated her cutting down on other things. Still, she would have sacrificed far more than she was sacrificing for the sake of putting joy into the milkman's voice on a gloomy morning.

Mrs. McIntosh was out taking in her milk as Mary tried to steal by her side. Mrs. Gray's. Mrs. McIntosh was a widow, snapping-eyed, much younger than Mary and much better looking. Mary felt that she hated Mrs. McIntosh a little.

"Sakes alive," exclaimed the widow, eyeing the quart bottle of cream. "What you going to do with all that cream? You're getting extravagant in your old age."

"What about yourself?" retorted Mary, flushing. "You've got four quarts of Grade A milk there. And you are all alone."

"I'm going to do some baking," Mrs. McIntosh flushed in turn. She went into the house rather quickly. And Mary went down the alley to the shack out of which even at that early hour many boys of assorted sizes were spilling. They welcomed the cream with many joyful shouts. And Mary returned home feeling that she had begun the day well. There was, however, the painful consciousness that Mrs. McIntosh was also buying extensively of the handsome young milkman. And Mrs. McIntosh could afford to buy. She could take his entire truckload of dairy products if she chose. Her husband left her a forty-thousand-dollar life insurance.

Mary's breakfast did not taste awfully good. Neither did Percy's. He passed up his second saucer of milk. There would be a good pint left to turn into the sink.

That day it rained. The roof sprung a leak. Mary had to climb into the attic and put a couple of pans under the eaves to catch the trickle. She scratched her arm on a nail and had visions of blood poisoning. Would Widdy—she understood that was his name—care if anything happened to her? She wept a little out of self-pity.

Not for worlds would Mary have admitted, even to Percy, the cat, that she was in love with a milkman. She had been brought up to have a higher ideal than that. Probably that was why she had not married. Middle age found her lonesome and alone, with enough to live on if she used it discreetly. It certainly wasn't discreet in her to buy such quantities of milk and cream.

All up and down the street women, some of them married, too—were buying lots of milk. It wasn't that the milk was so much better than Mr. Ransome's, but it was peddled from a blue truck by a dashing young fel-

low who whistled a different tune at each house.

After dinner Mary made ready for a walk in the rain and went out to hunt up a carpenter. Milk or no milk, she had to have the roof fixed. She couldn't have it coming through on her neat wallpaper. On her way home she met Mrs. McIntosh going out to buy herself a new hat.

"Don't seem like this one looks as good on me as it ought," the widow said, preening herself for Mary's benefit. The hat she wore was lovely, Mary sighed.

A putty-colored roadster drew up beside the two women. A dark, laughing face looked out.

"Can't I take you ladies some place?" cried the milkman. But he was a milkman no longer, he was a millionaire, a fairy prince.

"You can take me to the Louise Hat Shoppe," said Mrs. McIntosh.

"Glad to. Step in, where do you want to go, Miss Sandford?"

"Home," murmured Mary dazedly.

He tucked them both into the roomy car. He beamed upon them. Mary's heart tightened.

"The longest way 'round," he laughed.

Slippery streets, rain coming down. But the car flew. Oh, Mary thought glancing at Mrs. McIntosh, if only she, too, had put on her best hat!

She had the longest ride. At her door he seemed to linger. Percy sat on the steps, washing his face.

"That your cat?"

"Yes," breathed Mary.

That was all. But it was enough.

Next morning Mary found a little gift beside her bottle of cream—a gay-striped pencil slipped into a memorandum pad. But Mrs. McIntosh and all the rest found the same.

A week later Mary awakened much earlier than necessary. She lay waiting for the familiar sound of the jingling bottles. She had put out another dollar for cream tickets—and fear knows she could not afford them. For the roof had cost a lot.

She waited and waited. No milkman. She looked at the clock. Seven! And he hadn't come! Never before had he missed. She rose, dressed rapidly and ran downstairs.

No sign of him anywhere. Another half hour. Suspense, agony. Mrs. McIntosh came in.

"Where's our milk?"

"I wonder!"

"Maybe something has happened! Why! You are pale as a ghost!"

"So are you!"

"I guess I'll go into Mrs. Peek's. She's got a telephone. Maybe she has heard something."

"If you hear anything let me know," pleaded Mary.

She sat down and clasped her hands. She felt she knew what had happened. He drove so recklessly. Yes, something must have happened.

Mrs. McIntosh came back.

"Couldn't hear a thing. Well, old Ransome will be by pretty soon. We can get some milk of him."

But at nine o'clock the blue truck came tearing down the street. Out jumped a lean, red-headed youth who jingled the milk bottles impatiently and shouted "Milk!" Mary Sandford ran out.

"Sorry I'm late, lady! But I'm just learning the route," explained the red-headed youth.

"Learning the route? Where is Widdy—Mr. Twaddell?"

"Sold out to me—threw up the business. Got married yesterday—left town for good. How much milk, lady?"

"A—pint," gasped Mary Sandford.

Wonder of Nature

Thomas Jefferson owned the "Endless Cavern" in Virginia in 1775. Chief Justice John Marshall called it "nature's masterpiece." Hundreds of automobiles cross its mighty span daily. No idea of its massive proportions can be gained except by standing at the foot of the arch and looking up to the top of the trees upon its top. The thickness of the rock is greater than the height of the trees. Niagara falls is not as high as the aperture.—Exchange.

Retort With a Kick

Vacillating in his selection of a vocation, between one involving brain and the other brawn, a Detroit graduate asks the Press: "Which has the better chance for a long, healthy life—a blacksmith or a college professor?" "A professor," informs the editor. "He doesn't have to shoe mules—he only teaches them."

Interesting Letters

If you want to rank high as a fascinating correspondent, keep a file of items you clip from papers and magazines that bring this or that friend to mind. So often you think of sending something to a person but lose it before you write.

An Excuse, Not a Ticket

Old Lady—And I want a ticket for Diddums.

Booking Clerk—It isn't on this line, madame.

Old Lady—I mean for Diddums, my doggie on the leash here.—Humorist.

Kurds, Good and Bad



A Kurd of the Turkey-Persia Border.

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

THE Kurds, who have revolted along the Turkish-Persian border and against whom large Turkish forces have been operating near famous Mount Ararat, have been fighting periodically against the established states of Asia Minor for thousands of years. Always their favorite method of strife has been guerrilla warfare. They have been historic marauders, but perhaps they have every reason, so far as environment is concerned, to lead such lives. State after state has struck against them with forces more powerful than any they could raise.

When Xenophon retreated from Asia Minor in 401 B. C. the Kurds (then called the Carduchi) attacked his 10,000 Greeks, rolling great stones down on them from cliffs and mountains. They fought continually against the Bagdad caliphs. Since the Turks rose to power in Asia Minor the Kurds have fought them repeatedly; in fact, the Turks never established any considerable measure of control over these fierce, freedom-loving highlanders.

Since the World war the European territory of Turkey has been negligible. The country has consisted almost solely of the big, fat peninsula lying between the Black sea on the north and the eastern arm of the Mediterranean on the south, and an extension to the east about as broad as the Asia Minor peninsula, reaching roughly half way from the Black sea to the Caspian. The southern half of this eastern extension—the southeastern corner of postwar Turkey—is what is loosely called Kurdistan. The other half of the eastern extension, immediately north of Kurdistan, was once Turkish Armenia.

Kurdish Sphere is Large.

Now that tens of thousands of the Armenian residents have been driven across the Russian border, while other tens of thousands have perished, the region hardly deserves the old name. The Kurdish population was always high in Turkish Armenia; now it is proportionately much greater. The whole eastern end of present Turkey, constituting almost a third of the territory of the country, therefore, may roughly be considered the Kurdish sphere of influence. It is in the northeast corner of Turkey that the Kurds have recently been most active.

Geographic and political and economic complications aplenty are found in this region. On the east Kurdistan touches Persia, and the people for a considerable distance into that country are Kurds, too. Indeed, Kurdish people inhabit the entire Zagros mountain range which extends from Turkey for 600 miles to the southeast, forming the boundary between Persia and Iraq.

The Kurds belong to the Iranian branch of the white race. Because of the open-air lives which they live, most of them have harsh features. The great majority are nominally Mohammedans.

The plateau region lying partly in old Armenia, partly in Kurdistan, where many of the most warlike Kurds live, presents a good example of the effects on man of a mixture of rugged uplands and fertile valleys. Limestone mountains and recently extinct volcanoes occupy the upper levels. Lower are magnificent cañons cut by the Tigris and Euphrates headstreams, and numerous broad, basin-shaped val-

leys whose floors are fertile plains. The ancestors of the Kurds were pushed from many of these desirable lowlands by the Armenian invasion and from others by the later arriving Turks.

Some Recent Revolts.

Even the fairly recent regime of Kemal Pasha has had several Kurdish revolts on its hands. There was a sporadic uprising in 1929; and in 1925 the tribesmen made an unsuccessful effort to set up their own government. The scrapping of the caliphate at Constantinople aroused them and nearly every change in old Moslem customs has irritated them. Revolt after revolt has been quelled but as soon as the Kurd replenishes his forces and supplies, he is ready to attack again.

The Kurd farmers of the Iraq plains are more prosperous than the tribesmen of the hill country. Travelers climb the trails of Kurdistan for miles without seeing a village. When one does appear, it is usually situated in a well protected spot. Houses are placed without regard to building line and a bird's-eye view of a village reveals a jumble of mud and stone structures.

The peasant's house is a one-room structure which might be mistaken for a stable. The tribesman reserves one side of his abode for his animals while his family occupies the other side. Kurds sit on the floor when they rest or eat, therefore they do not need tables or chairs.

The tribal chief or headman fares better. He has a house for his family and a guest house where he lives and entertains guests.

They Buy Their Wives.

Under Moslem law, the Kurd may take four wives. Wives are bought, so the peasant usually has only one. The chiefs take the full quota. Wives are priced according to their rank. The tribesman can get a wife in exchange for a pony or goat, or one may cost the equivalent of \$2,500. The wedding entails a season of merry-making in which the whole tribe joins, but it takes less than a minute to dissolve a union. The man simply says "I divorce you" three times and the parties are free.

To the foreigner, the Kurds seem to know little else than the "art" of highway robbery. Many of the mountain tribesmen are adept thieves, but in the hills as well as the plains, many Kurds earn honest livings by farming and cattle raising. Kurds are pastoral people, seldom moving from their villages except to migrate to higher altitudes during the summer for new pasturage.

In spite of exciting events in the fighting history of the Kurds, the tribesmen were almost unknown outside the Near East before the World war. When a delegation of Kurds appeared at the peace conferences in 1919 newspaper men did not know who the suburban tribesmen might be. When their identity was revealed the Kurds went on the front pages and frequently have been there since.

The presence of Kurds in the Mosul region of what is now northern Iraq was a hard diplomatic problem for the treaty drafters to solve after the World war. Except in Mosul City, the population of this region is almost solidly Kurdish. It is the odor and power of petroleum that in some ways dominate all else in this region. What promises to become one of the major oil fields of the world centers about Mosul.