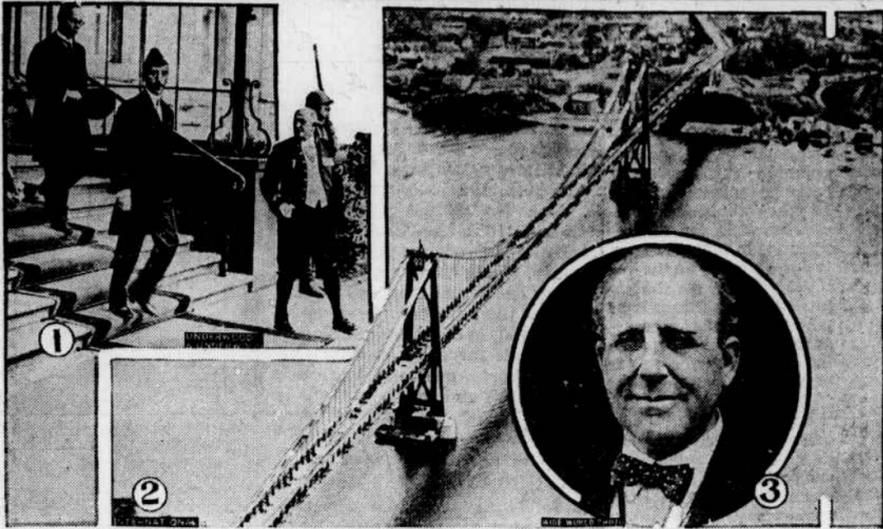


THE ALAMANCE GLEANER

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1—King Feisal of Iraq leaving the presidential palace in Berlin after a call on President Von Hindenburg. 2—New \$4,000,000 Mid-Hudson bridge connecting Poughkeepsie and Highland, N. Y., which has just been opened. 3—Judge Edward S. Matthias of Columbus, Ohio, who was elected commander in chief of the United Spanish War Veterans.

NEWS REVIEW OF CURRENT EVENTS

Dictator Leguia of Peru Is Ousted by a Military Revolution.

By EDWARD W. PICKARD

Eleven years of dictatorship by Augusto B. Leguia was enough for Peru, or at least for its army, so he has been ousted from the office of president, together with his entire government.

The revolutionary movement started in the province of Arequipa, where the troops, led by Lieut. Col. Sanchez Cerro, arrested some of their officers and took control of Arequipa, third city of the republic. The revolt spread rapidly to other provinces and was easily successful everywhere. Meanwhile there was surface tranquility in Lima, the capital, and President Leguia attended the races as usual. But this didn't last long. A military junta got busy in Lima, the cabinet was forced to resign, and a few hours later Leguia himself gave up his office and took refuge on the cruiser Almirante Grau. The vessel steamed away, the intention being to land the deposed dictator at some foreign port; but the junta sent a wireless threat to have the officers court-martialed if they did not return within 48 hours, and they yielded. At this writing the fate of Leguia is uncertain. It was understood he would be put on trial for his "misdeeds," this course being insisted on by the students of Lima and also by Cerro.

A temporary government was set up in Lima with Gen. Manuel Maria Ponce at its head. However, Cerro went to the capital city within a few days, and his Arequipa junta was recognized as the real government of the country.

In a report published by the Treasury department it is disclosed that the internal revenue receipts for the fiscal year June 30 last, were a little more than \$3,000,000,000. This was just about \$100,000,000 more than the receipts of the previous year.

Most of the increase was registered in income taxes, which showed a gain of \$78,000,000 over the 1929 fiscal year, notwithstanding the fact that the 1 per cent tax reduction voted by congress last December affected the quarterly payments of taxes paid in March and June of the present calendar year. This increase was attributed largely to the exceptional prosperity enjoyed by corporations and individuals in the calendar year 1929, against which the taxes collected in these two quarters were assessed.

There was diversity of opinion as to whether or not it would be advisable or possible to continue the 1 per cent reduction for another year. President Hoover wishes this to be done if it can, and the Republican leaders in congress are ready to support legislation to that effect if the President recommends it. No definite statement as to whether business conditions will make this continuance possible has been issued from the Treasury department, but Secretary Mellon and some of the officials under him are said to be very doubtful as to his wisdom, fearing that a deficit would be created due to reduced customs receipts and shrinkage in current revenues.

Unless belated returns change the figures materially, Senator Cole Blease and James F. Byrne will be the candidates in a run-off Democratic primary in South Carolina to choose

the man to fill the seat now held by Blease. In an eight-cornered race for the gubernatorial nomination Olin D. Johnston was well in the lead. In both cases nomination is considered equivalent to election.

Democrats of Idaho in state convention nominated Joseph Tyler of Emmett to oppose Senator Borah. The Republicans re-nominated Borah and Representatives Burton L. French and Addison T. Smith by acclamation.

For the Republican gubernatorial nomination in California James Rolph, Jr., mayor of San Francisco, had a good lead over Gov. C. C. Young and Buron Pitts, district attorney of Los Angeles. Young was endorsed by the California Anti-Saloon league, which explained that Pitts also was dry, "but something had to be done to defeat Rolph."

Mississippi Democrats re-nominated Senator Pat Harrison and the eight sitting representatives in the lower house.

In the run-off Democratic primary in Texas Mrs. Miriam Ferguson was decisively defeated by Ross S. Sterling for the gubernatorial nomination.

PERHAPS a dozen naval yards and shore properties will be eliminated as no longer necessary to the efficient operation of the naval establishment, or at least drastically cut down in their activities, as a result of the survey made by Assistant Secretary of the Navy Jahneke and chiefs of navy bureaus. Several shore establishments probably will be consolidated and all possible obsolete equipment scrapped. This will be a part of the Navy department's contribution to the President's retrenchment program, and naval officers say it will save millions of dollars.

The navy yard at Charleston, S. C., the naval plant at New Orleans, the naval ordnance plant at South Charleston, W. Va., and the naval torpedo plant at Alexandria, Va., are shore properties virtually certain to be affected by the economy survey. In the past all efforts to close shore properties along the Atlantic coast have been blocked by political pressure.

NOT more than fifteen hundred members of the Grand Army of the Republic were able to attend the annual encampment that was held in Cincinnati, and hardly a thousand could take part in the grand parade which always is the feature of the gathering. All that could muster the strength walked in the procession, for those old boys resent the infirmities of age and hate to be carried in automobiles on that occasion.

The United States marine band was present by special act of congress and played at all the important functions of the encampment.

Annual meetings were held by the six subsidiary organizations of the G. A. R.—Army Nurses of the Civil War, National Women's Relief Corps, Ladies of the G. A. R., Daughters of Union Veterans, Sons of Union Veterans, and its auxiliary.

MELVIN A. TRAYLOR of Chicago, Nicholas Dosker of Louisville and Morton Prentiss of Baltimore were appointed at a conference with President Hoover to prepare recommendations for utilizing available financing agencies for drought relief. Their work was based on a broad plan of setting up state and local credit corporations to act as intermediaries in handling loans to farmers of the affected regions. The results of their study of the question were submitted to the financial representatives of 15 states who met in Washington with Secretary of Agriculture Hyde. Henry M. Robinson of Los Angeles was made chairman of this financial committee,

and its meetings continued throughout the week.

Secretary Hyde, who is chairman of the general drought relief committee, presented a report from the American Railway association showing that the railroads already had transported 665 carloads of feed and live stock at special half rates which were put into effect in the affected areas. Most of the hauling thus far has been in Virginia, West Virginia, Ohio, and Maryland.

An optimistic note in the general agricultural picture was seen in the agriculture department report that farmers intend seeding 4.5 per cent less winter wheat this season than last year. The state Democratic council of Kansas lined itself up with Governor Reed, adopting a resolution opposing the reduction in acreage of "any crop which can be produced with profit in this state."

PRESIDENT HOOVER was gradually making up the new federal tariff board. First he named as its chairman Henry P. Fletcher, Pennsylvania Republican and former diplomat, and then he selected for membership Thomas Walker Page of Virginia, a Democrat and a widely known economist. Mr. Page, who is sixty-four years old, served on the original tariff board under President Taft, and also on the tariff commission under Presidents Wilson and Harding.

WHILE excited throngs were witnessing the national air races at Chicago, gasping at the extraordinary stunt flying and staring at the notable figures of aviation gathered there, four aviators from Germany completed a flight from Berlin to New York in six hops. Some time ago they had reached Iceland, and after delay there they flew on to Greenland, then to Labrador and Halifax, and finally to New York harbor. Their leader is Capt. Wolfgang von Gronau and their plane is a Dornier-Wahl flying boat.

The first fatal accident at the air races occurred when Lieut. Jack P. De Shazo, a navy flyer, crashed, killing himself and a concession holder at the port.

THOUGH the attacks of the Afridis on Peshawar have been repulsed, the danger to the British on the north-west frontier of India is not removed. The Waziris to the southwest have become active and many encounters are reported. While conferring with the mullah of one band of tribesmen, an English captain was shot in the back and in the ensuing fight eight of his men and thirty-two of the natives were killed.

Mahatma Gandhi's peace terms were still under consideration but there seemed little hope of their acceptance or their alteration.

DEATH was busy among well known persons during the week. Among those who passed away were Lon Chaney, star of the screen; Frank O. Wetmore, dean of Chicago bankers; Thomas Sterling, former senator from South Dakota; W. R. Spillman, chief postal inspector; J. R. Gordon, president of the Emergency Fleet corporation; Rev. Dr. David G. Wylie, president of the Lord's Day Alliance; G. N. Saltzger, former commissioner of pensions; Edward P. Morse, New York capitalist, and Justice E. Ray Stevens of the Wisconsin Supreme court.

PREMIER Walery Slawek of Poland and his cabinet resigned because of disputes with the parliament, and President Moscicki called on Marshal Pilsudski to form a new government. So that veteran "strong man" is again the nominal as well as the virtual boss of his country.

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OFF TO THE PICNIC AT SWEETHEART CAVE

By LAURA MONTGOMERY

(© by D. J. Walsh.)

"THANKS, just the same," repeated Sully.

"I can't see why you ought to want to go about and meet all your old friends."

Sally's smile held a touch of wistfulness. The young widow had come back to her home town to teach school again, and she sometimes found the well-meant efforts of her neighbors somewhat of a trial. Edna, for instance, seemed to take exception to a closed door, and so Sally had little time to herself.

Old Steve put on his best suit for the holiday and he now sat forward in his rocker, a great eagerness flushing his thin face. "Well, if Sally doesn't want to go, Martha, that leaves a vacant seat. Couldn't—wouldn't you like me to go along? I'll help set out the lunch and—" he gulped here, his eyes growing bright with hope as his daughter made no reply. "I'd certainly enjoy hearing the band play and seeing the flags."

"At your age. Nonsense."

"Oh," said Martha's father sorrowfully, "I wouldn't have made a mite of trouble and I do want to hear that march the town band has been practicing for the picnic."

Although it was only eight o'clock the day was intensely warm. The heat seemed to hang on the sultry air in thick waves that made Sally's eyeballs ache. She smiled over at the forlorn figure in the rocking chair.

"I didn't know you were going to stay at home here alone, Mr. Simmons. I'm glad I stayed because now I'll get your luncheon for you."

"It wouldn't have hurt Martha to have taken me." He turned away his gaze swiftly and the girl suspected it was to hide a suspicious dimness.

"I—I sure would enjoy the day out at Sweetheart's Cave."

Sally felt a pang of compassion. Poor old Steve still retained a sentimental feeling for that place beside the Fox river. Sally herself had once listened to a sweetheart there, listened and accepted and then had come the quarrel. Ived Blake had left town the night she gave him back the cheap little ring with the turquoise set with the pearl and garnet.

"I kissed Belinda there," mused Steve, his chin trembling with the pathetic disappointment of an aged one who welcomes each anniversary with mingled joy and fear—fear lest it be the last one.

Sally closed the magazine that lay open in her lap and her brown eyes grew determined. She thrust back the thought of the peaceful day she'd planned to put up a lunch, Mr. Simmons, and if you have an extra flag anywhere that the family overlooked, you just find it. We're going to the picnic at Sweetheart Cave."

Incredulously the dim eyes searched the blooming face. "You mean you'll go with me? Martha will be mad—she hinted that I ought to take off this good suit and clean out the chicken yard. She—she ain't so easy to get along with after she's been mad."

"We'll chance it," answered Sally decisively, her cheeks growing red. "I guess we can take our pleasure as we like. The chicken yard can be cleaned any time."

So it was that the only buggy left in the livery stable was occupied by the pair. Sally had spent the \$3 she had saved for new gloves on the antiquated rig that brought cheers and gibes from the motor cars flying past. But, as she saw the thin, erect figure at her side and the happy old face, she didn't regret the gift of her day nor the vanishing gloves. Old Steve waved grandly to his neighbors and kept unfurling the flag he had brought.

"An auto is all right if you're in a hurry," he said, quite as though Sally had begun an argument, "but, for sheer comfort, give me a nag every time. Belinda used to like a buggy."

They were jogging along a country road that was being used as a detour while a bridge was being built. Sally too, was thinking of other years, and the reins lay slackly in her hands.

smile trembled on her mouth as she heard again Red's husky, embarrassed voice speaking.

"Red, white and blue, I love you," he chanted.

"It was a pretty ring," she murmured vaguely, then felt a little stab of pain as she realized that the voice had been merely a dream. "Why am I sitting in the dust?" she said, her voice coming thinly.

"Who'd ever think that old nag had that much life in him?" contributed Steve, rubbing his knee. "Nothing broken, I guess. How about you, Sally?" Sally was twisting her head with some difficulty. She was leaning against that something that smelled of tweed and tobacco and was most comforting.

"Yeah. It's me," grinned Red, ungrammatically and with much earnestness. "Life sure is funny. Haven't been in the Fox river valley for years. And I'd heard that you were married. And I made up my mind I wouldn't give any of the neighbors a chance to laugh at me, so I skirted the town. And, first thing I find on this detour is my old girl. Any especial reason for curling up in the ditch? Queer way to spend a holiday, I'd say."

Sally explained about the speeding car that had continued its way and then glanced up at the good-looking sedan drawn up beside the upturned and undamaged buggy. "Is your wife waiting there?" she hazarded, ashamed of that cheap method of finding out what she longed to know, but determined to do so.

Red grinned. "First I knew I had a wife. You were the faithless one, Sally."

Sally's heart leaped beneath the dusty white frock, but, as Red got up and righted her equipage, she grew pale. In a moment more he would be on his way in that stunning car and she—she would drive Steve to Sweetheart Cave. She couldn't hang on to his coat and volunteer the information that her brutal husband had died, leaving her with the debts of his illness to pay.

"Mighty glad I happened along, Sally. So long!"

The words were casual but the look in his bright blue eyes was more than friendly—the old love shone there mingled with a longing that she saw he intended to keep loyally mute.

He pulled into first, stepped on the gas and, with a wave of his hand slammed the door and the car moved.

Sally bit back a sob. If only he had asked. If only he would wait—why couldn't she think of something that wouldn't sound too bald. She didn't know where he was going or where he lived, even.

Old Steve, who had been gently helped by Red into the high, narrow buggy beside Sally, now looked up as though aroused from deep reverie. "Wait, Red," he called, his thin tones rising amazingly above the purr of the motor, "wait a minute!"

Red paused.

"We're going to the picnic at Sweetheart Cave, Red. Why don't you join us? Sally has packed a big lunch and," wisely the dim eyes dwelt on the man's face, "it's a fine place to be on a day like this with—" tensely he paused while Red's eyes remained fixed on the tense young face at Steve's shoulder—"a pretty little widow. Sally is school teaching now, she has to earn her living. Guess she might be induced to give it up, though—" the voice stopped because a pink palm had closed firmly over Steve's lips.

"Oh," said Red, a glorious comprehension thrilling in his tone, "sure, Sally, we'll all go to the picnic."

Ingenious Campers

When four Jenkintown (Pa.) young women set out to camp beside the Pennyback creek, they found so many "No Trespassing" and "No Camping" signs that they were on the verge of giving up the search for a camp site. However, they found a spot where the creeker was about as wide as a large tent and about six inches deep. They pitched their tent across the brook, using flat stones for their cots and stove, and the six inches of water for a floor. And when they were questioned by a policeman why they had ignored the signs, the four finally made him admit that pitching a tent across the stream was not trespassing on the "land."

Indians' Ancestors

The origin of the North American Indians is a question on which authorities are unable to agree. Some hold that the American Indian is indigenous, others that he was distinctly Asiatic in origin, while still others contend that Australia and the South Sea Islands were the base from which the aboriginal Indians pushed off for America.

Rouge

Rouge is prepared from the safflower. It is a modern preparation, but women, for thousands of years, have reddened their cheeks and lips artificially. Hollow bones, filled with red earth, have been found in the ancient dwellings of the cavemen.

Colorful Hungary



Village Beaus in Hungary.

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

THE gala day of the year in Budapest, Hungary, is August 20, Saint Stephen's Day, when the embalmed hand of the country's patron saint is carried with much pomp through the streets in a jeweled reliquary to the old Matthias church. In these days of the rapid modernizing of the more traveled countries of Europe, the old-fashioned festivals, religious fetes, national costumes and customs are fast disappearing, and there remain no more novel and entertaining sights than those surrounding the ancient fete of Saint Stephen of Hungary.

For who Saint Stephen was and why he was thus honored we must go back some nine hundred and odd years in Hungarian history, from which we gather the following information: Vaik came to the throne of the Magyar duchy in the year 997. He applied for and received the title of Apostle King from Pope Sylvester II, and was crowned in Budapest in the year 1000, under the Christian name of Stephen. He did much for his countrymen to bring them into the established church, and founded throughout his kingdom churches, schools and convents. His administration was a wise one, and so firmly did he deal with the attempted uprising of the "old Magyar religion" party that when his death occurred, in 1038, he left his country entirely converted to Christianity. So much had he done for the advancement of the Christian faith among the wild hordes of eastern Europe, and added to the civilization of his subjects, that he was canonized, and gladly proclaimed by the Hungarians as their patron saint.

Not to know Budapest is to have missed one of the loveliest of European cities. It has its own distinctive stateliness that reflects the cultural flowering of a race whose kingdom has been enthroned on the Danube for a thousand years. As certain American metropolitan quarters, such as "Little Italy" or "Little Germany," reflect their mother countries in miniature, so Budapest's topography reflects on a small scale the lineaments of what, as a result of the war, is literally "Little Hungary."

Buda and Pest

Ancient Buda, on the Danube's right bank, rears aloft on rocky crests that represent the foothills of Hungary's mountains, while on the other bank modern Pest stretches away in levels that prelude Hungary's plains. Buda, with its splendid palace, symbolizes Hungary's long succession of rulers, reaching from Stephen the Saint, of 1000 A. D., down to the latter-day reigns of Maria Theresa and Franz Josef. Pest's parliament houses, memorable in their river-set majesty, symbolize the early won liberties of a people whose forefathers' rights were established almost contemporaneously with England's winning of Magna Charta.

Above all, Budapest is a city of beautiful vistas. One's admiration is divided between its stately public buildings and the carefully apportioned squares, parks, and boulevards that lend to the picture an architectural airiness, a spaciousness undeffaced by an industrialism whose chimneys loom in adjacent suburbs.

Few cities over the million mark, with as many as 72,000 factory workers, can boast, like Budapest, of an unindustrialized aspect, of an island pleasure lying in midriver at its doors, of delightful riverside promenades, where one lounges or lunches and where motor cars are strictly taboo.

The people of Budapest love pleasure and for miles along the river there are bathing places where young and old mass on the sands or paddle

about in graceful canoes. Across from Pest rise rounded hills dotted with small villages and summer villas from which one has lovely views of the teeming city, the wide plain and the winding river.

Certain post-war changes reveal with what ingenuity Hungary has met her reconstruction problem. "How many crowns for a dollar?" you may ask a Budapest foreign-exchange clerk. He will reply, "I'll give you the rate in pengos." You may be familiar with most European currencies and have literary acquaintances with doubloons, ducats, and moldores; but what, in the name of coins ancient and modern, you ask, is a pengo?

Krone is Now Pengo.

The answer, as suggested by the word's tinkling sound, is "Money that rings like gold." When post-war Hungary's currency crashed, the phrase "Hungarian krone" (crown) became a synonym of worthlessness, and so, along with her financial reconstruction under the auspices of the League of Nations, a national coin-naming competition was inaugurated. As a result, the discredited "krone" was replaced by the onomatopoeic "pengo," to reinforce faith in the stabilized currency.

Side trips from Budapest will convince the traveler that, contrary to first impressions, the Hungarian plain is far from being either monotonous or lacking in color. One need not travel for more than a few hours east of the capital in order to see all the colors of the rainbow, or gypsy camps, or a Wild West roundup, or a first-rate Fata Morgana, with illusive seas and cities rising across the plain.

The colors will assail your eyes at the village of Mezőkovacs any Sunday morning. In the church square seating with folk. Their black garments merely serve as background for superimposed stripes, aprons, bodices, woven in mixed patterns of orange, green, yellow and purple.

A fringed apron, kaleidoscopic in effect, hangs from the waist of each maiden or youth. The former's full-pleated skirt sways rhythmically as she walks. The latter, in his short, velvet-collared jacket, his tall, flat-brimmed derby, and that indescribably coquettish apron, would inspire any fraternal order of the So-and-Sos with hints for a striking lodge costume.

Great Hungarian Plain.

From the northward-rising Tokaj-Hegyalja mountains, whence comes the sweet and heady Tokay wine, and to southward, along the Tisza's entire course, stretches the larger Alföld, or Great Hungarian plain, separated from the smaller Alföld by two mountain ranges. Inundation is its ancient enemy. Government engineers assert that the fall of a single dike on the Tisza would put one-third of Hungary under water.

The Alföld's grassy expanses, where sky meets circling horizon like a blue, inverted bowl, has the poetry of timeless calm. At times its distant clouds seem so low, so solid, that you almost fancy a cowboy could lasso one and haul it to earth. Daylong nothing is heard but sheep bells atinkle or the lulling pastoral of some shepherd's flute.

The Alföld's gypsies may be found amid crazy hovels adjoining the ravelled-out ends of some village street. Against a background of dirt floors, paneless windows, fith indescribable, out will rush a gang of wild-eyed children, swarthy men, slipshod women, to see what they can sell passing tourists. They proffer music, but whatever be the tune, your true Tsigane musician seems temperamentally unable to perform it except in wild and wavelike strains of abysmal despair.