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1—Argentine presidential palace in Buenos Aires which was heavily guarded because of threatened revolutionary activities. 2—Col. Walter L. Bell of New York who has taken the job of establishing central stations for the feeding of the people of Soviet Russia. 3—Scene during the fire that destroyed the temporary building of the federal trade commission in Washington.

NEWS REVIEW OF CURRENT EVENTS

Santo Domingo Destroyed by Hurricane—Great Feat of French Flyers.

By EDWARD W. PICKARD

SANTO DOMINGO, capital of the Dominican republic and oldest settlement of the white race in the New world, was almost entirely destroyed by a tropical hurricane which swept the city for four hours. Nearly every building was razed and the number of dead in the city alone is believed at this writing to be about 800. The scenes of horror and distress are described in brief dispatches that came through after communication with the island had been partially restored.

President Rafael Trujillo himself took charge of the relief work that was started immediately, and the entire army of the republic was put to work to aid the suffering. Officials and newspapers of Santo Domingo appealed for help to the United States, and the Red Cross was quick to respond, as it always is. American Minister Curtis cabled the State department at Washington regarding the situation. He said he had not received reports from the interior of the island but that the loss of life there probably was small. In the neighborhood of the capital all bridges were wrecked, roads rendered impassable and telegraph wires had vanished. It was estimated that the speed of the wind was 150 miles an hour.

The terrific storm, moving in from the southeast, was headed for the eastern end of Cuba and the Florida straits. Communications throughout the entire region were disrupted for many hours. The Porto Rico liner Coamo, which was on its way to Santo Domingo, had a narrow escape, passing through the very center of the hurricane. It turned back and managed to reach San Juan in a battered and stripped condition. There were indications in reports received by the weather bureau in San Juan that the storm might turn into the Atlantic and endanger shipping lanes.

The Washington weather bureau believed the Florida coast was not endangered.

FOR the first time the Atlantic ocean has been crossed in a nonstop flight from Paris to New York. The feat was accomplished by Capt. Dieudonne Coste and Maurice Bellonte in their famous plane Question Mark in 37 hours, 18 minutes and 30 seconds. During this time, in fair weather and fog, daylight and night, their single motor never missed. Following generally the great north circle route, they averaged more than 100 miles an hour and landed at Curtiss field, Valley Stream, Long Island, at dusk, tired but jubilant.

Great crowds greeted the aviators at the field and in New York city, and they and the French government received the congratulations of high officials from President Hoover down and of our leading airmen. Among those who welcomed them as they landed were Col. Charles Lindbergh and his wife, Captain Coste, who had been planning the flight for a long time, said they were forced to dodge through dense mists and around storms, and their first American landfall was the coast of Nova Scotia. Being informed that Col. W. E. Easterwood of Dallas, Texas, had offered \$25,000 to them if they would fly their plane to Dallas, they took off for that city early Thursday morning. This,

according to hastily made plans, was to be the start of a tour of the country, toward the close of which the Frenchmen will be entertained at luncheon by President Hoover in the White House. The Question Mark will be flown back to Paris by Paul Codos and a mechanic, but Coste and Bellonte will return by steamship.

Naturally the people of France were jubilant over the flight made by their countrymen. Some of the Paris newspapers thought the chief importance of the flight was the demonstration to the Germans and the Italians that French aviators were not so helpless as was supposed. It was announced that Coste, who is an officer of the Legion of Honor, would be made a commander and that Bellonte, who is a chevalier, would be made an officer. At the same time they are to get army promotion, Captain Coste to become a major and Bellonte, who is a noncommissioned officer, to become a second lieutenant.

FOLLOWING the successful revolution in Peru, there is threat of a similar movement in Argentina, and also reports tell of decided unrest in parts of Brazil. In Buenos Aires extraordinary military precautions were taken, apparently for the protection of President Hipolito Yrigoyen, and the press demanded the resignations. Then the students began demonstrating against the President and they and various leaders of the country demanded that he resign or take a vacation, leaving the executive power in the hands of Vice President Martinez. There was much confusion in the cabinet, from which General Dellepiane, minister of war, resigned, and the government didn't seem to know just what to do. The public was nervous, too, and business suffered severely. Yrigoyen, who remained in his residence, was reported to be seriously ill.

With Col. Sanchez Cerro firmly established as President of Peru, conditions there settled down to approximate normalcy. Leguia, the deposed President, was taken from the warship on which he attempted to escape and put in prison to await trial. A decree by the revolutionary junta created a national tribunal of accounts to investigate all charges of graft made against former government employees, and those with whom they did business. Sweeping economies in the government services were made and all licensed gambling was suppressed.

Lieutenant Commander Harold B. Grow, the American who was director general of the Leguia government's air forces, was still held in prison under threat of court-martial proceedings on charges of violating the military code. Charles W. Sutton, American engineer, was in the national penitentiary accused of mishandling funds on an irrigation project.

The Brazilian trouble centers in the state of Rio Grande do Sul and Dr. Osvaldo Aranha was said to be leader of a discontented faction that threatened a revolutionary outbreak.

INVESTIGATION of campaign expenditures in Illinois by Senator Nye's committee has developed a curious situation. Ruth Hanna McCormick, Republican candidate for the senate, felt the inquiry into her disbursements in the primary campaign had become persecution, and charged that her office had been broken into and her papers ransacked by agents of the committee. So she employed a detective agency to investigate the North Dakota senator and his employees; and then her sleuths in turn were shadowed by other detectives. Mrs. McCormick openly admitted her action and asked: "What is Senator Nye going to do about it?"

In his reply Mr. Nye called the method and practice of Ruth's agents

"shoddy, scabby, unprincipled, unconscionable and contemptible," and he called a special session of his committee in Chicago for the purpose of questioning those same agents. The information they gave only served to make the situation more confused, with charges and countercharges of shadowing, proposed treachery and threats. Nye then announced an adjournment to September 15, declaring that the committee would not be "diverted from its clearly defined duty by any smoke screen laid down through a will to threaten, intimidate and influence."

CHAIRMAN LEGGE of the federal farm board made a speech before the New York state grange at Syracuse that aroused the protests of organized labor. He said the farmers' increased tax rates are due "largely to the advance in labor rates," and added that "on many manufactured articles 80 per cent of the wholesale price can be directly traced to somebody's pay envelope."

President William Green of the American Federation of Labor immediately telegraphed Mr. Legge asking him to correct the statement because it was "neither justifiable nor correct." Mr. Green said: "Since 1914 the cost of wages to employers has changed five-tenths of 1 per cent only. In 1913 employers in the United States paid 16.8 per cent of the wholesale price of their products to workers in wages. In 1927 they paid 17.3 per cent."

WARD T. VAN ORMAN, America's leading balloonist, won the International balloon race for the Gordon Bennett trophy with the Goodyear VIII. The contest started near Cleveland, Ohio, and Van Orman landed his bag near Canton, Mass., having traveled approximately 550 miles. Capt. Ernest Demuyter, pilot of the Belgian entry, the Belgica, was second with 437 miles, but it was said he might be disqualified because an assistant left the balloon via the drag rope to give it a longer flight.

SECRETARY of Agriculture Arthur M. Hyde fears the drought in the Middle West is to continue and to spread northward. He called a meeting of the state chairmen of relief for September 10 in Washington.

"The drought is not over yet," said Mr. Hyde. "It seems that a new drought may be starting in the area north of the belt so hard hit in July and the first part of August. Fortunately, a large part of the production of wheat and small grains is harvested."

The rising prices of corn, live stock, and other commodities due to the drought partly has compensated farmers in the central states for their losses, Mr. Hyde said.

MAJ. GEN. HENRY T. ALLEN, retired, who commanded the American army of occupation in Germany after the armistice, died suddenly of heart disease at Buena Vista Springs, Pa. The general was born at Sharpsburg, Ky., in 1859 and graduated from the military academy at West Point in 1882. Soon after this he made an excursion into Alaska as an explorer, and then, in rapid succession, his army assignments carried him to Russia, Germany, Cuba and the Philippines, and into Mexico with Pershing's punitive expedition. He went to France as a division commander, and later was a corps chief in the A. E. F. Distinguished service was won for him the coveted honor of heading the American forces on the Rhine.

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GRANNY'S CARAWAY SEED COOKIES

(© by D. J. Walsh.)

MARY GORDON climbed upon a chair and began to haul things down from the top cupboard shelf—dishes that had belonged to her grandmother and were too precious for every-day use. The china was worth little, but every bit was redolent of that rich personality which had met every trial of life bravely and calmly. Grandmother had bequeathed more than her blue eyes and pink cheeks to Mary. And in this present trial of hers the little woman gained strength and courage from the mere touch of the battered blue teapot.

Henry Gordon's sudden death had left his family of three with no asset save a small life insurance. Necessary expenses had taken the life insurance money almost to the last dollar. Mary soon found that there was no work for her to do in a tiny hamlet like Sidney Center. So she was preparing to move into the next town, a good-sized, bustling place, where a steady, honest, determined little woman must certainly find office scrubbing to do if nothing else.

A few hours later Mary, her thirteen-year-old son, John, and her nine-year-old daughter, Helen, rode to town on an old truck that carried every article of household furnishing they possessed. Granny's old blue dishes went in a basket, which Mary bore tenderly upon her knee.

The small apartment of four rooms which was their new home bore the dingy scars of many coming and going tenants. But Mary heated a boiler full of water and soon had everything shining with soap and cleanliness. When the children came home from school that first day they found pleasant cheer, some warmth, but very little food.

"I call this fine!" cried John. He was slim and pink-cheeked, an ugly, honest youngster with a discordant changing voice. "Mother, you're the best ever. Isn't she, Helen? Mother, I've been doing some hard thinking, as well as studying, this afternoon. You've got to find something to do that will let us help you, I'm the man of the family, you know." John strutted about, squaring his shoulders in a way that was intended to make his mother smile, but only set her to crying.

For she could not tell her children at this moment when a thousand things were needed for the comfort of the tiny home that the old trouble with her knee had developed again, making it almost impossible for her to move about. How could she carry buckets of water, kneel upon hard floors, climb upon stepladders in order to wash windows? She was almost as helpless as the one-legged hen which John had tenderly insisted upon bringing from his old home. Somebody had given him a chicken with a frost-bitten leg. Instead of consigning the plump fowl to the kettle he had made a brace for the useless leg and she now found life so agreeable that she was laying an egg every other day.

"Very soon, son," she said, brushing away her tears, "I'll get a job at which you and Helen can both help me. We'll begin tomorrow."

That night Mary lay awake. Her knee was painful, but even more painful were her mulling thoughts. What could she find to do in this big place where she knew nobody? But some money must come from somewhere, or the children would have no food to-morrow.

In the early morning hours Mary arose softly so as not to disturb Helen, who slept beside her. Flashlight in hand, she found her grandmother's little worn Bible, a treasure even more precious than the battered blue dishes. Shutting her eyes tight, she opened the book at random and placed her fingertip upon a passage. Grandmother had always done this when in perplexity or trouble and often she had declared that she had found an illuminating message. Opening her eyes, Mary now read, with the aid of the flashlight the words upon which her finger rested. They were: "And Hannah made cakes." Pressed between the pages was a small paper, folded, and yellow with age. She opened it wonderingly. Written in faded brown ink with a painstaking hand was a recipe for caraway cookies.

Mary crept back to bed, shivering, but there was a look of hope on her tired face. Well she remembered granny's tasty cookies. The recipe had been missing a long time. In a moment she

was sound asleep. When she awakened next morning she felt more rested than for weeks.

"Well, mother! Have you decided what we're going to do to earn a living this winter?" demanded John as they sat eating their makeshift breakfast.

"I've an idea, son. It appears to be a good one. I'll let you know about it this noon when you get home from school."

That noon when John entered the apartment she handed him a basket covered daintily with a white towel. Her face was flushed with heat and excitement, her eyes dark with earnest purpose, but her voice was clear and steady.

"Here are a couple of cookies for you to eat, son. The basket is full of them. Run out and see if you can sell some."

"You bet I'll sell them!" cried John, with his mouth full. He dashed downstairs. Mary went to the window and watched him come out from the gloomy doorway into the sunlit street below. The first person he met was an elderly business man hurrying to lunch.

"Good morning, sir!" cheerfully croaked John. "Don't you want to see what I've got in my basket?" He lifted a corner of the snowy towel. "Caraway cookies. My mother made them. She's the best cook in this town. They're warm yet from the oven."

The keen-eyed, gray-haired man looked from the fragrant brown contents of the basket into the boy's honest face. He reached into his pocket.

"Give me a dozen. How much?" he asked.

John was staggered for an instant, for his mother had not set any price.

"How much do you think they're worth?" he asked anxiously.

"Here's 35 cents. Hi, Bill!" the man motioned to another hurrying to business. "Here's something you want." And he went on with the neat paper bag in his hand while the other man took his place.

Mary turned from the window, her heart beating fast. Within ten minutes John was back, basket empty, his face glowing with success.

"Those cookies took like measles, mother," he said as he poured a silver stream of coin into her hands.

"Helen! Here!" Mary's voice rang. "Take this money and run out and get a pound of frankfurters, a can of beans and a loaf of bread. You kids have a good, hearty lunch today." She gave the child a ray little push toward the door. Her little venture had won with John's help. She had sold granny's old blue teapot to the second-hand furniture dealer across the way, who had paid her just enough to get the flour and other things she needed for the few dozen cookies she had made. Now she had money enough to buy more supplies, as well as give her children food.

That night when John came home from school he found his mother taking the last of a delicious batch of cookies from the oven of the old stove.

"Huh! I'll sell those in half an hour," John promised. "I've got to!" "You've the makings of a fine business man in you, son," Mary said fondly.

"That's what Mr. Wright said," replied John. "He's the man I sold that first dozen cookies to. I met him again as I was going to school and he said if I'd call round at his store at 5 o'clock he'd give me a job. So you see I've got to hustle with these cookies, mother."

Helen came running in, her face alight.

"I've got a job, mother!" she shouted. "I asked a lady that I met wheeling a baby if she'd let me mind her baby on a while. And she said I could come every day after school and she'd pay me 25 cents an hour. Mother! It's the cutest baby. With brown eyes. And a dimple. His name is George Edward Hall."

Mary laughed with a note of joy in her voice.

"Well, I guess we're all going to be busy as bees this winter," she said. "If we don't look out we'll be millionaires before we know it. What do you and John want for supper, Helen? We'll have something to celebrate with. Name a real treat."

Helen's blue eyes sparkled merrily up into her mother's face. She gave the final award to Mary's difficult labor.

"Caraway cookies," she said.

Soviet Symbols

The symbols which occur on the Standard of the flag of the U. S. S. R. represent the laboring element of the Russian people to which the Soviet government is dedicated. The sickle signifies the peasant, the hammer the factory worker and the star the future of the Soviet enterprise.

Improvement in Dairying

A hundred years ago the best cows did not give to exceed 2,000 pounds of milk a year, whereas the best dairies today average 5,000 pounds per cow.

Port of London



The Thames at the Tower Bridge, From the Air.

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

LONDON the city is a Mecca for travelers and is known, from books and stories, throughout the world. London the port is comparatively little known, yet in world economies it is even more important than London the city. The story of this great port involves the slips that crowd the Thames from the Seven Seas, the varied piles of products from all corners of the world that are set down on London quays and docks, and the facilities for handling this mighty business of providing necessities and luxuries for a great block of the world's consumers.

The port of London has developed as her ships have developed. In her 2,000 years of history she has known the long, rakish Viking boats, the little wind-driven ships of the Continent, smacks, frigates, clippers; and since the advent of steam and the gas engine, great mechanical greyhounds of the sea of ever-increasing size.

The smaller ships of the past centuries found it possible to anchor in the Thames or to tie up to her wharves and quays. But as ships became larger and more numerous the great tidal range of the river was found to be more and more troublesome. It was then that London began the construction of the great closed dock system which gives her the most extensive area of artificial ship basins in the world.

A quay or wharf is merely a wall or platform along the shore of a river or inlet. A true dock is constructed by digging into the bank to construct a basin into which the harbor water flows. A lock and water gates usually connect the basin with the outer water. When ships are floated into the dock at high tide the gates can be closed, shutting in enough water to float the ships even when the water has dropped far below the necessary level outside. In some modern docks the water level can be maintained or even raised above the high tide level, by gigantic pumping plants.

Growth of the Dock System.

London's system of docks, now so extensive and elaborate, grew by very slow degrees. The first little wet dock, dug at Blackwall about 1665, was used merely to outfit ships. Samuel Pepys mentions it in his diary. Next, about 1700, came a larger dock used merely as a protected anchorage for ships that were to be long in port. This basin came to be frequented by whaling ships in the Greenland trade and was long known as the Greenland dock. The whalers soon realized that unloading and the taking on of supplies could be better accomplished in the dock than in the river. Blubber factories, storage facilities, and all the ill-smelling accessories of whaling grew up around the basin, which thus was first to take on what are the elementary docking activities of today.

These beginnings of the dock system were constructed within a few miles of London bridge. From them the system has developed, principally down the river into deeper and deeper water. The West and East India docks were built about 1800. They now embrace 127 acres of water basins, millions of square feet of warehouse space, and more than five miles of quays. The so-called London docks, the nearest basins to the bridge, are relatively small, covering 35 acres of water and 65 acres of land. The Surrey Commercial docks, built around the original Greenland dock, consist of 147 acres of water, 230 acres of land, and 5 miles of quays.

Royal Docks the Largest.

The Royal docks, six or eight miles below London bridge, are the heart of London's dock system, and the most extensive enclosed docks in the world. They consist of the Royal Victoria dock, built in 1855; the Royal Albert dock, completed in 1880; and the King George V dock, opened in 1921. To-

gether they embrace 245 acres of water and extend along the river for three miles. More than half a million tons of shipping has been berthed in these connected docks at one time.

Twenty-six miles below London bridge is the most remote of London's shipping basins, the Tilbury docks. These were opened in 1886 to accommodate the largest of the vessels entering the port and those of the deepest draft. Its new entrance lock is approximately of the dimensions of the great locks of the Panama canal, with a depth of 45 feet 6 inches below high water. It is in the Tilbury docks that the greatest of the trans-ocean passenger steamships berth—ships of close to 22,000 tons.

London is not dependent alone on enclosed docks. Along the 69 miles of river which supply the city with potential port facilities, are many miles of open wharves and quays. To these comes a constant procession of barges, coasting boats, and even sizable steamers.

For the past 10 years the great dock system of London has been under public ownership, managed by the Port of London Authority, a corporate body, whose members are in part appointed by the admiralty, the London County council, and other public organizations; and in part are elected by taxpayers and groups particularly interested in the port business. The Port Authority also controls some open wharfage.

Vast Streams of Trade.

With its river, its scores of miles of wharves and docks and its vast warehouses and vaults, the port of London is a gateway and a treasure house through which and into which pours a stream of goods ranging from the bare necessities and the crudest raw materials to the most costly products of loom and factory, artist and craftsman. In part the value and volume of London's sea-borne trade are owing to its geographic situation between continental Europe and the Americas; in part to the city's status as head and heart of the world-wide British empire.

Many of the docks and warehouses devote themselves to certain specialties. The old Greenland dock and its neighbors are concerned largely with the Baltic, White sea, and Canada trade, for the most part made up of timber and grain. To the West India docks come thousands of tons of sugar, scores of thousands of gallons of rum, and hard woods. Sugar is also unloaded by the thousands of tons at the East India docks along with the spices, silks, rugs and dozens of other commodities from the East.

The quantities of goods that pass over London's docks and wharves is stupendous. The leading import in quantity is grain and meals; close to 70,000,000 bushels are brought in yearly, their value reaching \$125,000,000. Such dissimilar articles as tea and fresh and frozen meats lead all imports in value. More than \$165,000,000 worth of each arrives annually. The greater part of the tea is for consumption, the balance for re-export. The meat is practically all for consumption, and it is supplemented by a considerable quantity of home-grown meat.

On to the docks pour each year tons and tons of butter valued at more than \$100,000,000, \$50,000,000 worth of cheese, and more than 1,000,000,000 eggs. There is a steady stream of wines and spirits in hogsheads, "pipes," barrels and bottles.

Although the London water front is called upon to care for ships and goods from all the world's continents and seas, it has not wholly a commercial flavor. The most important buildings in the empire, the houses of parliament, front on the river, and for miles along the banks extend the beautifully laid out embankments which furnish stately drives along the winding course of the river.