

THE ALAMANCE GLEANER.

VOI. XLIV

GRAHAM, N. C., THURSDAY, JULY 11, 1918

NO. 29

Get Rid of Tan, Sunburn and Freckles

by using HAGAN'S Magnolia Balm.

Acts instantly. Stops the burning. Clears your complexion of Tan and Blemishes. You cannot know how good it is until you try it. Thousands of women say it is best of all beautifiers and heals Sunburn quickest. Don't be without it a day longer. Get a bottle now. At your Druggist or by mail direct. 75 cents for either color. White, Pink, Rose-Red.

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A valuable mineral spring has been discovered by W. H. Ausley on his place in Graham. It was noticed that it brought health to the users of the water, and upon being analyzed it was found to be a water strong in mineral properties and good for stomach and blood troubles. Physicians who have seen the analysis and what it does, recommend its use.

W. H. AUSLEY.

BLANK BOOKS

Journals, Ledgers, Day Books, Time Books, Counter Books, Tally Books, Order Books, Large Books, Small Books, Pocket Memo., Vest Pocket Memo., &c., &c.

For Sale At The Gleaner Printing Office, Graham, N. C.

English Spavin Liniment removes Hard, Soft and Calloused Lumps and Blemishes from horses; also Blood Spavins, Curbs, Splints, Sweeney, King Bone, Stiffles, Sprains, Swollen Throats, Coughs, etc. Save \$50 by use of one bottle. A wonderful Blemish Cure. Sold by Graham Drug Company.

Investigation of the Hagenbeck-Wallace circus wreck by the Interstate Commerce Commission and the public service commission of Indiana has resulted in exoneration of all connected with the two trains except Engineer Alonzo Sargent, engineer of the train that ploughed through the performers' sleeping cars.

You Can Cure That Backache. Pain along the back, dizziness, headache and general languor, get a package of Mother Gray's Australian Leaf, the pleasantest and most effective remedy for kidney, bladder and urinary troubles. When you feel all run down, tired, weak and without energy, use this remarkable combination of nature, herbs and roots. As a regulator it has no equal. Mother Gray's Australian Leaf is sold by Druggists or sent by mail for 50 cents, sample sent free. Address: The Mother Gray Co., Le Roy, N. Y.

Wiley A. Jones, a High Point printer, 55 to 60 years of age, is alleged to have asserted that the war is politics to give jobs to folks; that he hoped Germany would win and this country be put under German rule; that he hoped submarines on this side would be so active that foodstuffs couldn't be exported—and so on. Jones is under bond to answer.

DOING GOOD. Few medicines have met with more favor or accomplished more good than Chamberlain's Colic and Diarrhoea Remedy. John T. Jantzen, Delmore, S. C., says of it: "I have used Chamberlain's Colic and Diarrhoea Remedy for myself and family, and can recommend it as being an exceptionally fine preparation."

"OUTWITTING THE HUN"

By LIEUTENANT PAT O'BRIEN.

© 1918 by PAT ALMA O'BRIEN

There is a common idea that the age of miracles is past. Perhaps it is, but if so, the change must have come about within the past few weeks—after I escaped into Holland. For if anything is certain in this life it is this: this book never would have been written but for the succession of miracles set forth in these pages.

Miracles, luck, coincidence, Providence—it doesn't matter what you call it—certainly played an important part in the series of half-branded escapes in which I figured during my short but eventful appearance in the great drama now being enacted across the seas. Without it, all my efforts and sufferings would have been quite unavailing.

No one realizes this better than I do and I want to repeat it right here because elsewhere in these pages I may appear occasionally to overlook or minimize it without the help of Providence I would not be here today.

But this same Providence which brought me home safely, despite all the dangers which beset me, may work similar miracles for others, and it is in the hope of encouraging other poor devils who may find themselves in situations as hopeless apparently as mine oftentimes were that this book is written.

When this cruel war is over—which I trust may be sooner than I expect it to be—I hope I shall have an opportunity to revisit the scenes of my adventures and to thank in person in an adequate manner every one who extended a helping hand to me when I was a wretched fugitive. All of them took great risks in befriending an escaped prisoner and they did it without the slightest hope of reward. At the same time I hope I shall have a chance to pay my compliments to those who endeavored to take advantage of my distress.

In the meanwhile, however, I can only express my thanks in this ineffective manner, trusting that in some mysterious way a copy of this book may fall into the hands of every one who befriended me. I hope particularly that every good Hollander who played the part of the good Samaritan to me so beautifully after my escape from Belgium will see these pages and feel that I am absolutely sincere when I say that words cannot begin to express my sense of gratitude to the Dutch people.

It is needless for me to say how deeply I feel for my fellow prisoners in Germany who were less fortunate than I. Poor, poor fellows—they are the real victims of the war. I hope that every one of them may soon be restored to that freedom whose value I never fully realized until after I had had to fight so hard to regain it.

PAT O'BRIEN. Momence, Ill., January 14, 1918.

CHAPTER I. The Folly of Despair. Less than nine months ago eighteen officers of the Royal flying corps, which had been trained in Canada, left for England on the Meganie.

If any of them was over twenty-five years of age, he had successfully concealed the fact, because they did not accept older men for the R. F. C.

Nine of the squadron were British subjects; the other nine were Americans, who, tired of waiting for their own country to take her place with the allies, had joined the British colors in Canada. I was one of the latter.

another fellow and I built our own machine, which we flew in various parts of the state.

In the early part of 1916, when trouble was brewing in Mexico, I joined the American flying corps. I was sent to San Diego, where the army flying school is located, and spent about eight months there, but as I was anxious to get into active service and there didn't seem much chance of America ever getting into the war, I resigned and, crossing over to Canada, joined the Royal Flying Corps at Victoria, B. C.

I was sent to Camp Borden, Toronto, first to receive instruction and later to instruct. While a cadet I made the first loop ever made by a cadet in Canada, and after I had performed the stunt I half expected to be kicked out of the service for it. Apparently, however, they considered the source and let it go at that. Later on I had the satisfaction of introducing the loop as part of the regular course of instruction for cadets in the R. F. C., and I want to say right here that Camp Borden has turned out some of the best fliers that have ever gone to France.

In May, 1917, I and seventeen other Canadian fliers left for England on the Meganie, where we were to qualify for service in France.

Our squadron consisted of nine Americans, C. C. Robinson, H. A. Miller, F. S. McClurg, A. A. Allen, E. B. Garnet, H. K. Boyesen, H. A. Smeaton and A. A. Taylor, and myself, and nine Britishers, Paul H. Raney, J. R. Park, C. Holmes, C. R. Moore, T. L. Atkinson, F. C. Conry, A. Muir, E. A. L. F. Smith and A. C. Jones.

Within a few weeks after our arrival in England all of us had won our "wings"—the insignia worn on the left breast by every pilot on the western front.

We were all sent to a place in France known as the Pool Pilots Mess. Here men gather from all the training squadrons in Canada and England and await assignments to the particular squadron of which they are to become members.

The Pool Pilots Mess is situated a few miles back of the lines. When ever a pilot is shot down or killed the Pool Pilots Mess is notified to send another to take his place.

There are so many casualties every day in the R. F. C. at one point of the front or another that the demand for new pilots is quite active, but when it comes to getting into the R. F. C. as badly as I and my friends were, I must confess that we got a little impatient, although we realized that every time a new man was called it meant that some one else had, in all probability, been killed, wounded or captured.

One morning an order came in for a scout pilot and one of my friends was assigned. I can tell you the rest of us were as envious of him as if it were the last chance any of us were ever going to have to go to the front. As it was, however, hardly more than three hours had elapsed before another wire was received at the mess and I was ordered to follow my friend. I afterward learned that as soon as he arrived at the squadron he prevailed upon the commanding officer of the squadron to wire for me.

At the Pool Pilots Mess it is the custom of the officers to wear "aborts"—breaches that are about eight inches long, like the bear's ear, having a large space of about eight inches of open country between the top of the puttees and the end of the shorts. The Australians wore them in Saloniki and at the Dardanelles.

When the order came in for me, I had these "shorts" on, and I didn't intend to change into other clothes. Indeed, I was in such a hurry to get to the front that if I had been in my pajamas I think I would have gone that way. As it was, it was raining and I threw an overcoat over me, jumped into the machine, and we made record time to the airfield to which I had been ordered to report.

As I alighted from the automobile my overcoat blew open and displayed my mainly flannel attire in "shorts" instead of in the regulation flying breeches, and the sight aroused considerable commotion in camp.

"Must be a Yankee!" I overheard one officer say to another as I approached. "No one but a Yankee would have the cheek to show up that way, you know!"

But they laughed good-naturedly as I came up to them, and welcomed me to the squadron, and I was soon very much at home.



O'Brien Standing Beside the First Machine in Which He Saw Active Service

As possible to a hospital. All these things a new pilot goes through during the first two or three days after joining a squadron.

Our regular routine was two flights a day, each of two hours' duration. After doing our regular patrol, it was our privilege to go off on our own hook. If we wished, before going back to the squadron.

I soon found out that my squadron was some hot squadron, our flyers being almost always assigned to special duty work, such as shooting up trenches at a height of fifty feet from the ground.

I received my baptism into this kind of work the third time I went out over the lines, and I would recommend it to anyone who is hankering for excitement. You are not only apt to be attacked by hostile aircraft from above, but you are swept by machine-gun fire from below. I have seen some of our machines come back with their wings sometimes so riddled with bullets that I wondered how they ever held together. Before we started out on one of these jobs, we were mighty careful to see that our motors were in perfect condition, because they told us the "war bread was bad in Germany."

One morning, shortly after I joined the squadron, three of us started over the line of our own accord. We soon observed four enemy machines, two-seaters, coming toward us. This type of machine is used by the Huns for artillery work and bomb dropping, and we knew they were on mischief bent. Each machine had a machine gun in front, worked by the pilot, and the observer also had a gun with which he could spray all around.

When we first noticed the Huns, our machines were about six miles back of the German lines and we were lying high up in the sky, keeping the sun behind us, so that the enemy could not see us.

We picked out three of the machines and dove down on them. I went right by the man I picked for myself and his observer in the rear seat kept pumping at me to beat the band. Not one of my shots took effect as I went right down under him, but I turned and gave him another burst of bullets, and he went in a spinning nose dive, one of his wings going one way and another. As I saw him crash to the ground I knew that I had got my first hostile aircraft. One of my comrades was equally successful, but the other two German machines got away.

We chased them back until things got into the appearance of other German machines, and then we called it a day.

This experience whetted my appetite for more of the same kind, and I did not have long to wait.

It may be well to explain here just what a spinning nose dive was. A few years ago the spinning nose dive was considered one of the most dangerous things a pilot could attempt, and many men were killed getting into this spin and not knowing how to come out of it. In fact, lots of pilots thought that when once you got into a spinning nose dive there was no way of coming out of it. It is now used, however, in actual flying.

NEW DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE

UNDER SHADOW OF WASHINGTON WILSON SPEAKS FOR WORLD FREEDOM.

CONSEQUENCES OF PEACE

Reign of Law Based Upon Right and the Organized Opinion of Mankind.

Washington.—From the shadow of Washington's tomb, President Wilson offered America's Declaration of Independence to the people of the world, with a pledge that the United States and its allies will not sheathe the sword in the war against the central powers until there is settled "once for all" for the world what was settled for America in 1776.

Foreign-born citizens of the United States of 33 nationalities who had placed wreaths of palms on the tomb in token of fealty to the principles laid down by the father of this country, cried their approval of his words in many languages and then stood with reverently bared heads while the voice of John McCormack soared over the hallowed ground in the notes of the "Star-Spangled Banner."

"Washington and his associates, like the barons at Runnymede, spoke and acted, not for a class, but for a people," the President said. "It has been left for us to see to it that it shall be understood that they spoke and acted, not for a single person only, but for all mankind."

"These are the ends for which the associated peoples of the world are fighting and which must be conceded them before there can be peace: "I.—The destruction of every arbitrary power anywhere that can separately, secretly, and of its single choice disturb the peace of the world; or, if it cannot be presently destroyed, at the least its reduction to virtual impotence.

"II.—The settlement of every question, whether of territory, of sovereignty, of economic arrangement, or of political relationship, upon the basis of the free acceptance of that settlement by the people immediately concerned, and not upon the basis of the material interest or advantage of any other nation or people which may desire a different settlement for the sake of its own exterior influence or mastery.

"III.—The consent of all nations to be governed in their conduct towards each other by the same principles of honor and of respect for the common law of civilized society that govern the individual citizens of all modern states in their relations with one another; to the end that all promises and covenants may be sacredly observed, no private plots or conspiracies hatched, no selfish injuries wrought with impunity, and a mutual trust established upon the handsome foundation of a mutual respect for right.

"IV.—The establishment of an organization of peace which shall make it certain that the combined power of free nations will check every invasion of right and serve to make peace and justice the more secure by affording a definite tribunal of opinion to which all must submit and by which every international readjustment that cannot be amicably agreed upon by the people directly concerned shall be sanctioned.

"These great objects can be put into a single sentence. What we seek is the reign of law, based upon the consent of the governed and sustained by the organized opinion of mankind."

CONTINUED SUCCESS OF AMERICANS IN THE AIR

With the American Army in France. During recent aerial fighting four more enemy machines were brought down. Victories are claimed for Lieutenants J. H. Stephens, New York; K. L. Porter, Dowagiac, Mich.; Ralph O'Neill, Denver, and Maxwell Perry, Indianapolis. All told the patrols from American pursuit squadrons in this sector engaged in about 20 combats.

TILLMAN'S BODY RESTS IN FAMILY BURYING GROUND

Washington.—Accompanied by committee men from the senate and house, the body of Senator Benjamin R. Tillman of South Carolina, who died here, left Washington for Trenton, S. C., where funeral services were held. Services were conducted at the Presbyterian church, where the body lay in state from the time of its arrival early in the afternoon.

In observing a request of Senator Tillman, the services were simple.

GRAHAM CHURCH DIRECTORY

Graham Baptist Church—Rev. L. U. Weston, Pastor. Preaching every first and third Sundays at 11.50 a. m. and 7.00 p. m. Sunday School every Sunday at 9.45 a. m. W. I. Ward, Supt. Prayer meeting every Tuesday at 7.30 p. m.

Graham Christian Church—N. Main Street—Rev. F. C. Lester. Preaching services every Second and Fourth Sundays, at 11.00 a. m. Sunday School every Sunday at 10.00 a. m.—W. R. Harden, Superintendent.

New Providence Christian Church—North Main Street, near Depot—Rev. F. C. Lester, Pastor. Preaching every Second and Fourth Sunday nights at 8.00 o'clock. Sunday School every Sunday at 9.45 a. m.—J. A. Bayliff, Superintendent.

Christian Endeavor Prayer Meeting every Thursday night at 7.45 o'clock. Friends—North of Graham Public School, Rev. John M. Permar, Pastor. Preaching 1st, 2nd and 3rd Sundays at 11.00 a. m. and 7.00 p. m. Sunday School every Sunday at 9.45 a. m.—Belle Zachary, Superintendent. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening at 7.30 o'clock.

Methodist Episcopal, south—cor. Main and Main Streets, Rev. D. E. Erhart, Pastor. Preaching every Sunday at 11.00 a. m. and at 7.30 p. m. Sunday School every Sunday at 9.45 a. m.—W. B. Green, Supt.

M. P. Church—N. Main Street, Rev. R. S. Troxler, Pastor. Preaching first and third Sundays at 11 a. m. and 8 p. m. Sunday School every Sunday at 9.45 a. m.—J. L. Amick, Supt.

Presbyterian—West Elm Street—Rev. T. M. McConnell, pastor. Sunday School every Sunday at 9.45 a. m.—Lynn B. Williamson, Superintendent.

Presbyterian (Travlers Chapel)—J. W. Clegg, Pastor. Preaching every Second and Fourth Sundays at 7.30 p. m. Sunday School every Sunday at 1.30 p. m.—J. Harvey White, Superintendent.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS

JOHN J. HENDERSON Attorney-at-Law, GRAHAM, N. C. Office over National Bank of Alamance

J. S. COOK, Attorney-at-Law, GRAHAM, N. C. Office Patterson Building Second Floor.

DR. WILL S. LONG, JR. DENTIST. Graham, N. C. North Carolina OFFICE IN SIMMONS BUILDING

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