THE ALAMANCE GLEANER, GRAHAM, N. C.

THAT WIND

S. GETTING

COLD -



YOU THINK

FUNNY - BUT IF YOU WERE AS COLD AS

AWK

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A CAB!

THE FEATHERHEADS ... Br Ouborn



S'MATTER POP- No Trouble to Start Trouble With This Fellah!



MESCAL IKE By S. L. HUNTLEY



FINNEY OF THE FORCE By Ted O'Loughlin Baker's Dozen NO-BUT SHE GAVE OH YES, INDEED-WELL-WHUT'S YIS ? -UH-ILO, FINNEY SHE USTER L TANKS-KIN THAT TO DO DID SHE TELL HAVE A THEY GOT A SPARE NUMBER-1 YEZ NEW GIRL WIT YEZ YEZ THAT 2 ASKED FOR A GININ' ME WAN O'THESE IT 2 SO WHUT ? DOWN AT OPERATOR. DOZEN AND SHE THE PASTREE GAVE ME / SHOPPE THIRTEEN BRONC PEELER __ Pete Makes a Discovery

-AND WHEN I FIND HIM - ILL -BUT FIRST I MUST HELP BRONC

By FRED HARMAN

by S. L. Huntley, Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat.

I CAN'T SLEEP, WORRYIN BOUT THAT GUY - HE'S BIN GONE FOUR CONSARN IT WHAT WOKE ME UP-P - ID SWEAR I HERD

The Girl Who Was Afraid By EDITH LOCKETT HOSMER

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D RUELLA ENLLY was afraid of D life, though she never admitted it even to herself except in moments of deep reflection. She feared that her lack of courage would cause her to fail miserably in a critical moment. You see, one of her great-granduncles had been a deserter in the Civil war, and though the Enllys had done such noble deeds that that dishonor had been lived down and almost forgotten, Druella herself never quite forgot the wretched story. Now, everyone agreed that Druel-

Cold Shoulder Us Quar

By C. M. PAYNE

IWUZ

ON MY

FOOT

STANDIN

MOLASSES

AND BUSSES BOTH RUN

MORE

OHODLOSSIFER FINNEY

Says

BAKERS

THAT CLAIM

THEY DONY HAVE ENNY

DOUGH-HAVE A

LOTTA CRUST

53

SLOWLY IN COLD WEATHER

DON'T KNOW WHY YOU KEPT ME STANDING ON

THAT CORNER SO

YOU SUGGEST A

HOW COME

YA

HIT

You

la was a lovely girl, and most of all John Hallen. That was what worried Druella—having John, a returned war hero, think her so won-derful when she believed herself to he a silly coward. "You don't know the real me,"

she had parried when he had urged her to marry him. But that had made him smile fondly at her and urge her the more. She was thinking of all these things now as she entered the old farmhouse which was her home.

"Here she is to speak for herself, Mrs. Dana," her mother said. "Well, it's a lot to ask you, Druella," began Mrs. Dana, a neighbor, "but, you see, my husband's father is very ill and we must go at once if we want to see him. Of course, it's impossible to take the children, and you're the only one I'd feel safe to leave them with—" begged the

woman. It was not until the children had quieted down for the night that she noticed how still the house was, how ghastly the shadows seemed, and how comforting the lights. She did little needless tasks to occupy her mind, then she slipped upstairs to look at the children. Ann wanted her doll and James wanted a drink, and the baby wailed to be taken up. Irresistibly drawn to the cuddlesome babe, she gathered him up in her arms and, humming softly, went down the stairs.

As she reached the bottom step and turned to go into the living room, she became aware of a pres ence, a feeling that she was not alone. Her heart pounded violently, fear enveloped her. And then she saw seated at the table a strange figure. Though the object wore the clothes of a man, it did not appear to be quite human. Yes, it looked almost as if it were part man and part beast. Its head and face were covered with a growth of unkempt hair and its eyes moved wildly about. Druella wanted to scream, but her throat was parched with fright.

"Come in, girl," the thing commanded.

She wanted to run, to drop the baby, her thought but for herself, but she felt a tiny hand tighten its grasp on her finger, and suddenly she, herself, seemed no longer important.

"What can I do for you?" she asked in a voice remarkably natural.

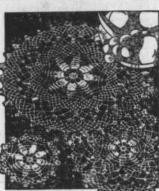
"Ye can get me supper and clothes," barked the stranger. "Why, of course," she conceded, "but let me first put the baby to bed."

"No," bellowed the caller, with evident suspicion. "Put the brat on

Without protesting further, she did as he commanded, then hurried to the pantry. He dogged her steps, and with his eyes followed her every movement until at last she placed the food before him. She quivered to watch him eat, and trembled every time he reached for the blunt knife she had given him.

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In Detail

To know things perfectly, we should know them in detail; but as this is almost infinite, our knowledge is always superficial and imperfect.



Suddenly he arose, and going over to the sofa, bent over the baby and put his gnarled hands about its tiny throat.

Druella rushed to him. She would have fought, though against his brute strength it would have been a futile battle. It was brain, not brawn, that must win, she realized. "Don't waken the baby," was all she said. "Let's go upstairs for clothes for you." It seemed black hours before he

released his hold on the infant, who only smiled in his sleep. Then the girl and her visitor went up the

"If you'll step into that closet and pick out what you want," invited the girl. Her tone, so natural, took the man off his guard, so that in his hasty eagerness, the cunning one forgot his suspicions.

Druella's mind had planned every movement, and with a bang the closet door closed, and she turned the key in the lock. There was not a moment to lose, for the door was already quivering against the rage of the madman, and she rushed to the telephone to summon help.

It was not until the wanderer had been escorted back to the hospital and John nad come that Druella found time to give way to tears. "I was so afraid at first. Why, it

was only when I forgot myself that I seemed to get the courage to go on," she explained, half to herself. "Brave little one." murmured John fondly. "That's all the courage

is—forgetting one's self." The baby in Druella's arms clung tightly to her finger—a symbol of all the trusts that might come to her, but Druella only smiled and opened her eyes very wide as if she wanted to meet life face to face. She was no longer afraid of anything!



Rivalry and **Pride** Nothing is ever done beautifully, which is done in rivalship; nor nobly, which is done in pride.-Ruskin.

Watch Your Kidneys!

Help Them Cleanse the Blood of Harmful Body Waste Your kidneys are constantly filtering waste matter from the blood stream. But iddneys sometimes lag in their work-do not act as Nature intended-fail to re-move imputies that if retained as impurities that, if reta a the system and upset machinery.

Symptoms may be nagging ba

