

# THE ALAMANCE GLEANER.

VOL. XL

GRAHAM, N. C., THURSDAY, MARCH 5, 1914.

NO. 3

## HEALTH INSURANCE

The man who insures his life is wise for his family.  
The man who insures his health is wise both for his family and himself.  
You may insure health by guarding it. It is worth guarding.  
At the first attack of disease, which generally approaches through the LIVER and manifests itself in innumerable ways TAKE

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And save your health.  
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The North Carolinian and THE ALAMANCE GLEANER will be sent for one year for Two Dollars. Cash in advance. Apply at THE GLEANER office, Graham, N. C.

## Constipation

For many years I was troubled, in spite of all so-called remedies used. At last I found quick relief and cure in those mild, yet thorough and really wonderful

## DR. KING'S New Life Pills

Gastonia is aiming high. The town will make an effort to have the Federal Government locate its armor plate factory at that place.

At the meeting of the North Carolina National Guard Association in Gastonia last week, Capt. R. R. Morrison of Iredell, was elected secretary. F. L. Black of Charlotte is president.

Chronic Stomach Trouble Cured. There is nothing more discouraging than a chronic disorder of the stomach. Is it not surprising that many suffer for years with such an ailment when a permanent cure is within their reach and may be had for a trifle? "About one year ago," says P. H. Beck, of Wakelee, Mich., "I bought a package of Chamberlain's Tablets, and since using them I have felt perfectly well. I had previously used any number of different medicines, but none of them were of any lasting benefit. For sale by all dealers."

Col. P. M. Fearsall of New Berne is a candidate for the chairmanship of the Democratic State committee to succeed C. A. Webb, resigned. A. W. McLean of Lumberton, T. D. Warren of New Berne and others are mentioned. The chairman will be elected at the meeting of the committee on the 10th of March.

Itch relieved in 20 minutes by Woodford's Sanitary Lotion. Never fails. Sold by Graham Drug Co.,

## EARNING HIS WAGE

Way in Which Big Bluffer From New York Didn't Bluff a Mexican Outlaw.

By C. B. LEWIS.

The "New Yorker" silver mine, located in Mexico, but owned and worked by Americans, had been in running order a year before Jose Favara put in an appearance. He had been heard of, however. He was known as a cattle stealer, a claim jumper and a general outlaw, and it was the popular belief that he stood in with the police. At any rate, he had not interfered with his operations to any extent, and he walked the streets of the towns as free as any other man. One day Jose appeared at the mine. He walked straight to the superintendent's office, and doing what, said:

"Senor Barnes, I beg of you to excuse me. My name is Jose Favara. I should have called on you weeks ago, but have been busy in other directions. I am now here to do business with you."

"Well, what is your business?" queried the superintendent, although he had a pretty fair idea of it.

"To arrange to draw my monthly salary, senor."

"For performing what services?" "For leaving your mines in peace."

"In other words you mean to levy tribute on us?"

"The senor hits the nail on the head at the first blow. My terms are \$200 per month in cash. I shall call for it myself. If accepted, you will be under my protection. If not—"

"You will make trouble for us?" "The Senor Barnes hits the nail again. I like to do business with an American."

Jose Favara was told that he would have to wait a few days until his proposition could be submitted to the president and board of directors in New York. He was agreeable. He went away bowing and smiling, and Mr. Barnes sat down and wrote a letter.

The proposition was extortion pure and simple. The authorities could be appealed to, and would doubtless do something. Nevertheless, the fact remained that Jose was a bigger man in that district than the authorities. He could harry and harass. He could scare every peon out of the mine in two weeks. He could capture every mule and driver engaged in transporting ore out of the mine. He could do lots of things to make the situation unpleasant, and the superintendent recommended that a monthly salary be paid. He added that \$200 per month was dog cheap.

The president and his board looked upon it as a rather funny case, but Jose was elected in his place. From that time on for two years, Jose Favara regularly appeared on the 10th of each month and received his "salary." Twice during that time the peons would have struck for higher wages had he not appeared and threatened them with his vengeance. A Mexican lawyer discovered what he thought was a flaw in the title of Jose Favara regularly appeared on the 10th of each month and received his "salary." Twice during that time the peons would have struck for higher wages had he not appeared and threatened them with his vengeance.

When Mr. Barnes wrote that this would bring trouble, he was directed to arm his staff and fight. When he asked for rifles, a dozen old condemned Springfield muskets were sent him, but not a single cartridge. He wrote for cartridges, but was answered that the president would soon take a trip to Mexico in his private car and give further instructions to the person. As a clothier, Mr. Goldsmith had been known as a hustler. As president of a silver mine he determined to be a hummer.

Jose Favara called, as usual, on the 10th of a certain month, to be told that his salary was six. He had been discharged. Mr. Barnes entered into patients are excellent. Easy to take, mild and gentle in effect. Give them a trial. For sale by all dealers.

Then president Goldsmith arrived. It was 20 miles over to the railroad, and he had to make this distance on the back of a burro, but he made it. He arrived at the mines at three o'clock in the afternoon. At six the peons came up from the shaft and announced that there was a strike. There were 400 of them. Next morning Jose Favara appeared. He was determined to know if his salary was to be restored.

President Goldsmith flattered himself that he was a fighter. If not an actual fighter, he was a good bluffer. He had been bluffing for 30 years, and had the art down pat. The miners might strike, and he handed to them. They might be out for a week, but they would then be tumbling over each other to get back. As for Jose Favara, he was an outlaw—a black-mailer—an extortioner. Not another

Chamberlain's Tablets for Constipation. For constipation Chamberlain's Tablets are excellent. Easy to take, mild and gentle in effect. Give them a trial. For sale by all dealers.

The Commercial & Savings Bank of Murphy, Cherokee county, has closed its doors by order of the directors, pending reorganization. The bank's capital was impaired by bad loans.

ent should he draw from the treasury. If he made one little move against the peace and harmony of the New Yorker the majesty of the law would be invoked and he would find himself behind prison bars. He was talked to in the plainest English. Mr. Goldsmith talked in a loud voice. He conveyed the idea that he owned the earth. When he had tired himself out and was taking a rest, Jose quietly asked:

"Am I, then, to understand that my services are no longer asked?" "Of course you are."

"But about this strike?" "I can settle it without your help."

"And as to what I may do with my hand?" "Poof! Look here, my man, let me have a word with you. Don't come monkeying around here unless you are aching to get hurt. If the law won't protect us, we will protect ourselves. Do you say?"

"The outlaw did. He bowed and smiled and took his departure. It was a cold bluff, and he meant to call it when the proper time came."

"Do you think he will try to make us trouble?" asked the president of the superintendent when Jose had departed.

"Sure to."

"I don't. I think I bluffed him out. However, there are the muskets."

"And not a cartridge for one of them?" "Cartridges are awfully expensive. I think that empty muskets will do the trick. Nothing like a bluff if you rub it in hard enough."

The strike lasted four days, with all quiet around the mine, when Jose Favara rode up. It was early in the morning, and President Goldsmith was eating a picnic breakfast. The outlaw had 30 men with him, and each and every one had a business look about him.

"When the senor is quite through with breakfast, I should like to see him," was the message sent to the magnate.

Ten minutes later he appeared and ordered the outlaw to go way back and sit down. He was seized, bound and carried off among the mountains. He called for help, but there was no help. He yelled "Police!" "Fire!" and "Murder!" by turns, but the staff left behind numbered only five men, and they had no cartridges.

An hour later President Goldsmith was at the outlaw's headquarters. Two hours later he had got over bluffing and was indicting a telegram to a New York banker. The telegram asked for \$10,000. The money was forwarded to a town designated, and a week after the abduction it was the hands of Jose Favara, and President Goldsmith was set free within half a mile of the mine, to find his way in. At the hour of his arrival the strike was called off.

"Didn't I tell you what the man could do?" asked the superintendent, as the president came staggering in.

"Yes, but I thought he could be bluffed. He has taken \$10,000 out of me. We must fix it some way to charge it up to machinery or repairs."

The Hungry Hat. A certain Doctor Helm, a German man of science, once stopped for luncheon at a hotel in Wiesbaden. The chair next to him was unoccupied, so he put his hat upon it, and sat down. When he came to settle his account, he was surprised to find that he was charged for two plates; but the head waiter insisted that he had reserved a second place, because no one could sit where his hat lay; so Doctor Helm paid without a word.

The next day he returned to the hotel, sat at the same table, and put his hat, as before, on the chair next to him. He ate a hearty meal, and the waiter was about to clear away the dishes, he said: "Wait a minute, friend. My hat here, that is also paying for a dinner, is very hungry, as you may suppose, since it paid for its dinner yesterday, but didn't eat anything." With these words, Helm lined his hat with a newspaper, and filled it up to the brim with bread, cookies, fruit, and all sorts of good things. He then placed the bulging hat carefully under his arm, and walked out in triumph.

The lesson had a good effect, for since that time no one in that hotel has had to pay for the seat that was occupied by his hat.—Youth's Companion.

A Century Ago. One hundred years ago, following Napoleon's unexpected attack on Blucher's corps at Brienne, in which Blucher narrowly escaped being made a prisoner, a continuation of the desperate efforts of the French army to halt the advance of the allies on Paris. The flames of the city of Brienne, in which Napoleon had received his first military lessons, facilitated Blucher's withdrawal of his troops in good order on the 30th of January, and Blucher, reinforced by the crown prince of Wurtemberg and by Marshal Wrede, attacked him at La Rothiere. Here the allies found that the French people, notwithstanding their immense misfortunes, still remained true to Napoleon and were ready to flock anew beneath the imperial eagle for the defense of their native soil.

What is instinct? Instinct is a generic term comprising all those faculties of mind which lead to the conscious performance of actions that are adoptive in character, but pursued without necessary knowledge of the relation between the means employed and the ends attained. It is hardly necessary to remark that sometimes "instinct" comes so close to "reason" that it is almost impossible to distinguish between them.

Best Family Laxative. Beware of constipation. Use Dr. King's New Life Pills and keep well. Mrs. Charles E. Smith, of West Franklin, Me., calls them, "Our Family Laxative." Nothing better for adults or the aged. Get them to-day. All druggists or by mail, H. E. Bucklen & Co., Philadelphia or St. Louis, adv.

Mrs. Mary Bean, 64 years old and widow of Moses L. Bean, died suddenly at her home in Salisbury Tuesday, while seated at a chair.

## MUFFLED KNOCKS

A reformer is a man who wants everyone to be better than he is.

Lot's wife turned to salt. But nowadays lots of wives turn to pepper.

Away down in his heart every man knows that he is either clever or good looking.

Give a princess a \$5 bill, and she will spend \$4.98 for a new bag to carry the two cents.

You can never get a married woman to understand why a husband should need any spending money.

A man who knows all about keeping out of work doesn't know a blame thing about keeping out of trouble.

What has become of the old-fashioned man who used to think Maud S. was the speediest thing in the world?

The man who owns a big automobile is always willing to agree with you when you argue that walking is the fittest exercise.

When a fellow can hand a girl a dime's worth of junk and engaged glass and she believes it is a \$200 engagement ring—that is love.

When a grass widow marries a grass widower they have it all over the amateurs in that they do not have to rehearse the performance.

A father is often a party who will trust his daughter's future with the hand of a man that he wouldn't trust with the loan of a nickel for car fare.

One advantage of being married and having children is that you don't have to use a nail when you lose a button off your clothes. You can always find a safety pin on the floor.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

## DESULTORY DEFINITIONS

Egotist—A person who is all "I," and yet can't see anything but his self.

Gentleman—A man who is so dead sure he is one that he forgets to talk about it.

Bigot—A man who thinks so well of his own views that he won't subscribe to ours.

News—What you tell other people. (Opposed to "gossip," i. e., what other people tell you.)

Cynic—A person smart enough to keep you continually in doubt as to whether he is very clever or very disagreeable.

Agnostic—A high-browed person who knows darned little and isn't sure of that, but makes a profession of his ignorance.

Optimist—(a) A man who thinks he can fix up some way to keep chickens, though he lives in a flat. (b) A man who thinks he can make a scalped ticket good with an application of his restorer. (c) A man who thinks an abuse can be reformed by its friends.

Your best friend will be just as pleased to meet you if you don't call so often when he's busy.—Judge.

## NUGGETS

Some people never pay up until you run them down.

Many a man has been pushed to the front through pull.

Many a girl accepts a fellow to keep some other girl guessing.

Poverty is the soap that guards us against the filth of idly leisure.

The truth is mighty, but some men hate to have it told about them.

Strangely enough it's when we take a man's word that we expect him to keep it.

Money talks, but the best some of us have ever been able to get next to it is the echo.

## GATHERED UP

The Chinese never eat beef.

India has crabs two feet long.

Family jars contain, as a rule, tears.

## How the King of "Wireless" Wiretappers Relieved One of His Victims of \$50,000 in Just Six Seconds



"Old Stone—Be Sure You Get It, Right!"

NEW YORK.—Money flashing in big wads; hoarse voices calling bet; telephone bells ringing; messengers dashing hither and thither; telegraph sounders clicking; excited groups circling about bulletin boards; everything in a tense yet subdued hubbub as John J. Felix hurried through the smoke-laden atmosphere and thrust \$50,000 into the "Cashier" window of a fake poolroom to bet on a fake horse, running in a fake race duly programmed to yield half a million dollars by means of a fake wire tapping scheme. It took in actual time just six ticks of the clock for a tall, thin man to reach through the "Cashier" window, grab the \$50,000 and jerk the notes back to the other side of the partition. That was the last that Felix ever saw of his money.

It was the afternoon of February 6, 1905, when this famous bet was made. The poolroom was very close to the old Fifth Avenue hotel, and it was fitted up to play the plausible, poolroom part in a most natural and convincing way.

Felix was a manufacturer of musical instruments, with a place in East Thirty-first street, just off Fifth avenue. He was a man who took an interest in observing the various methods by which an opinion on a hazard might be backed with money. Somehow Felix's predilection for paying attention to pastimes of chance became known until it reached westward through Thirty-first street to the vicinity of Broadway, where men of rapid-fire gambling tendencies congregated. It also became known at the same time that hidden in a secret compartment of the Felix office safe were \$50,000 bills, "just waiting to be taken out for a walk," as the Broadway gamblers and crooks put it.

AT THE corner of Fifth avenue and Thirty-first street, four o'clock, February 5, 1905—the day before the \$50,000 was grabbed by the tall, thin hand of the fake "Cashier"—an immaculately groomed and garbed gentleman gave his mustache a final pull and a pat as he mentally closed all the details necessary to properly approach Felix and acquire the \$50,000. Tracy entered the Felix office the quietness of urbane suavity. Profusely, yet not fulsomely apologetic, and in crisp polished phrases, he introduced himself as one who had met Felix in a "hazard parlour" and had been attracted to him by his sportsmanlike bearing. Passing by he had noticed the manufacturer entering his place of business and had recalled him at once. It was impossible to withstand the temptation to renew acquaintance, so he had made bold to enter.

Felix was really glad to meet Tracy—or Mr. Charles J. Tompkins, as the "king" styled himself for this venture—and you needn't smile in a sarcastically superior way to see how easily the clever crook wormed his way into his victim's confidence.

Tracy, just as he was saying good-bye at the door, turned in a most casual way and expressed a polished regret that Felix did not have the time to learn of a magnificently good and "sure thing" that had been imparted to him by a gentleman "on honor" not to divulge a single part of it. Felix had the time and insisted that he had it. He was already captivated by Tracy and was eager to discover how he might become an associate of his visitor. This was the "sure thing":

The Forty Year Test. An article would have exceptional merit to succeed for a period of forty years. Chamberlain's Cough Remedy was first offered to the public in 1872. From a small beginning it has grown in favor and popularity, until it has gained a world wide reputation. You will find nothing better for a cough or cold. Try it and you will understand why it is favorite after a period of more than 40 years. It not only gives relief—it cures. For sale by all druggists.

one of the clerks in the Fifth Avenue hotel broker's office keep at the telephone wire connected with the poolroom. Soon as my friend at the track opens the regular telegraph wire and retards the information so that he can apprise us over the broker's wire will call me up at the poolroom and I'll know how to place my bet. And, as I stated before, I'm bound to win. You see how?"

NEXT day—a fatal \$50,000 day for Felix—he met Mr. Tompkins and was escorted to the "nearby poolroom." It certainly had all the marks of the genuine betting rendezvous. Everything was going on just as it is going on in poolrooms where there are no "wire-tapping" schemes afoot.

It seemed that "Mr. Tompkins" had hardly time enough to walk from the "Cashier" window to the side of Felix before the "telegraph operator" announced in a loud voice, "Rolling by wire!" Instantly Tracy was surrounded by a group who congratulated him. "Fine tip," and "Put us wise next time," were the comments. Felix saw Tracy later hand in his "ticket" to the "Cashier" and receive a veritable mountain of gold certificates in return. At least they looked like genuine money. The fact is, a few of the outside bills were the regular notes issued by Uncle Sam's bureau of engraving.

Felix felt an instant envy to think that another had got such a great haul of money that should have been his—at least he should have won as much. He had cleaned his office safe of its \$50,000 and it rested against his beating heart in the inside pocket of his waistcoat. Another race started. A number of bets were made by men standing around. They seemed bets, all right. The men went through the regular betting motions and it all looked proper to Felix. Some of the men pulled away fair sized "rolls" when the result was announced.

THE telephone bell jingled again. "Mr. Tompkins is wanted right away," called the telephone attendant. Tracy fairly leaped to the booth. Felix followed him close, determined not to miss anything that might be out of the ordinary. He noticed that Felix might have wondered how he had time to get anything over the telephone.

"What's the horse? What's the horse?" he urged of Tracy as the "king" went on a hop, skip and a jump toward the "Cashier."

"Old Stone—be sure you get it right—Old Stone," snapped Tracy. Anybody in the crowd could have heard what he said, although he went through the pretense of putting his lips close to the ear of Felix. The fact is they all did hear it. They knew Tracy was going to say it. Most of them already had their overcoats on and were edging toward the door of the "poolroom."

Tracy stopped at the window a second, tugging at his pocket to unloose his wad. Felix couldn't wait for him, although the tip came from him. He planned his roll of gold certificates down in front of the window and then thrust them through into the hand of the "Cashier."

"Fifty thousand dollars on Old Stone!"

He stood to win \$50,000 on the wager!

Felix was afraid the size of the bet might cause the proprietors to refuse it. He need not have been nervous. A ticket was thrown to him for the first time he thought of having beaten "Mr. Tompkins" to the window.

Where was Mr. Tompkins, anyway? Nowhere in sight.

"Hurry call came for Mr. Tompkins—he had to go," said the telephone attendant, and Felix noticed he had his overcoat and hat on.

"Funny he didn't stay to bet on that last race," said Felix in a puzzled way. "He had a pretty sure tip. I bet on it."

"Oh, Mr. Tompkins is a true sport," said the attendant. "He figures what he don't get today he'll get tomorrow. Good day. That's the last race. I'm going home."

Felix waited until the "telegraph operator" called out, "Summertime win!" You know how he felt and how he figured out how he would look in the "movies" if it suddenly dawned on you that you had lost \$50,000 in six seconds. But come to think of it, no one can figure it out until he actually loses it. Felix looked for the "Cashier" and he had gone. He turned round to ask the "operator" a question and he was gone. By the time he wheeled around again the bettors were gone.

TRACY had a very good start, for the instant Felix placed his \$50,000 in the window, he left the room by a back way, and opening a door behind the "Cashier" that active receiver of bets handed him the full Felix roll and Down to police headquarters buried Felix. They threw out the net "Big" Lawson, one of Tracy's chief associates, fled to Australia, where he still is. After a hunt of several months they caught the "king." He was tried and convicted. You might think that this property ends the chronicle. Not at all. It only begins the strange part of it. Tracy had money and a good lawyer. He carried his case to the court of appeals of New York state.

And a decision of this august tribunal released the "King of the Fake Wiretappers." Why, and how? Because Felix clearly intended to swindle as much as Tracy did. You must come into court with clean hands.

"It pays to be a predatory genius," said "King" Tracy as he walked forth a free man upon the announcement of the court of appeals' decision.

Stubbard, Annoying Coughs Cured. "My husband had a cough for 15 years and my son for 8 years. Dr. King's New Discovery completely cured them, for which I am most thankful," writes Mrs. David Moore of Saginaw, Ala. What Dr. King's New Discovery did for these men had taken an oath to defend the cross. The Turk, they said, "cured the cross" and believing it their duty to kill him they stabbed him to death.

Dr. Witt's Little Early Risers.

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When you take Grove's Tasteless Chill Tonic because the formula is plainly printed on every bottle showing that it is Iron and Quinine in a tasteless form. No cure, no pay.—5c.

Positive denial that he had been guilty of official misconduct during the 29 years he has held office, is made by Judge Emory Speer of the southern district of Georgia in a brief submitted to the congressional committee which recently investigated charges against the jurist.

\$100—Dr. E. Detchon's Anti-Diuretic may be worth more to you—more to you than \$100 if you have a child who soils the bedding from incontinence of water during sleep. Cures old and young alike. It arrests the trouble at once. \$1.50. Sold by Graham Drug Company.

Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson, wife of the famous novelist, died of apoplexy, at her home in Montclair, California, Thursday a week.

SUBSCRIBE FOR THE GLEANER, \$1.00 A YEAR - IN ADVANCE -

A dispatch from Watertown, Mass., says two Armenian boys, aged 6 and 17, are under arrest there for killing a Turk. They boys admitted the killing. They said they had been taught in Turkey to fight for their faith, and had taken an oath to defend the cross. The Turk, they said, "cured the cross" and believing it their duty to kill him they stabbed him to death.

Dr. Witt's Little Early Risers.