

THE ALMANACE CLEANER.

GRAHAM, N. C., THURSDAY, JULY 6 1916

NO. 21

VOL. XLII

GRAHAM CHURCH DIRECTORY.

Baptist—N. Main St.—Jas. W. Rose, Pastor.
Preaching services every first and third Sundays at 11.00 a. m. and 7.30 p. m.
Sunday School every Sunday at 9.45 a. m.—C. B. Irwin, Superintendent.

Graham Christian Church—N. Main Street—Rev. J. F. Trout.
Preaching services every Second and Fourth Sundays at 11.00 a. m.
Sunday School every Sunday at 10.00 a. m.—E. L. Henderson, Superintendent.

New Providence Christian Church—North Main Street, near Depot—Rev. J. G. Trout, 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—J. Robert Parker, Pastor.
Preaching every Sunday at 11 a. m. and at 7.30 p. m.
Sunday School every Sunday at 10.00 a. m.—James Crisco, Superintendent.

Methodist Episcopal, South—Cor. Main and Maple Sts.—H. E. Myers, 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.

Methodist Protestant—College St. West of Graham Public School, Rev. O. B. Williams, Pastor.
Preaching every First, Third and Fourth Sundays at 11.00 a. m. and every First, Third, Fourth and Fifth Sundays at 7.30 p. m.
Sunday School every Sunday at 9.45 a. m.—J. S. Cook, Supt.

Presbyterian—West Elm Street—Rev. T. M. McConnell, pastor.
Preaching every Second and Fourth Sundays at 11.00 a. m. and 7.30 p. m.
Sunday School every Sunday at 9.45 a. m.—Lynn B. Williamson, Superintendent.

Presbyterian (Travosa Chapel)—J. W. Clegg, pastor.
Preaching every Second and Fourth Sundays at 7.30 p. m.
Sunday School every Sunday at 2.30 p. m.—J. Harvey White, Superintendent.

Oneida—Sunday School every Sunday at 2.30 p. m.—J. V. Pomeroy, Superintendent.

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CHAPTER I.

There is a midland city in the heart of fair, open country, a dirty and wonderful city nesting dingly in the fog of its own smoke. The stranger must feel the dirt before he feels the wonder of the city. The dirt will be upon him instantly. At a breeze he must smother in whirlpools of dust, and if he should decline at any time to inhale the smoke he has the meager alternative of suicide.

Not quite so long ago as a generation there was here no heaving, grimy city; there was but a pleasant big town of neighborly people who had understanding of one another.

But there was a spirit abroad in the land, and it was strong here as elsewhere—a spirit that had moved in the depths of the American soil and labored there, sweating, till it stirred the surface, rove the mountains, and emerged, tangible and monstrous, the god of all good American hearts—Bigness. And so the place grew. And it grew strong.

The Sheridan building was the biggest skyscraper; the Sheridan Trust company was the biggest of its kind, and Sheridan himself had been the biggest builder and breaker and trustor and buster under the smoke. He had come from a country crossroads, at the beginning of the growth, and he had gone up and down in the booms and relapses of that period; but each time he went down he rebounded a little higher, until finally, after a year of overwork and anxiety—the latter not decreased by a chance, remote but possible, of recuperation from the former in the penitentiary—he found himself on top, with solid substance under his feet; and thereafter "played it safe." But his hunger to get was unabated, for it was in the very bones of him and grew fiercer as he grew older.

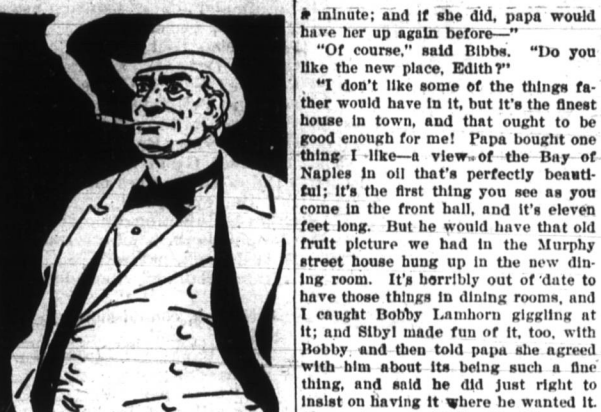
He was the city incarnate. He loved it, calling it God's country, as he called the smoke Prosperity, breathing the dingy cloud with relish. The smoke was one of his great enthusiasms; he laughed at a committee of plaintive

He called the Smoke Prosperity.

hosewives who called to beg his aid against it. "Smoke's what brings your husbands' money home on Saturday night," he told them jovially. "You go home and ask your husbands what smoke puts in their pockets out of the pay roll—and you'll come around next time to get me to turn out more smoke instead of chokin' it off."

It was Narcissism in him to love the city so well; he saw his reflection in it; and, like it, he was grimy, big, careless, rich, strong, and unquenchably optimistic. Just as he profoundly believed his city to be the finest city in the world, so did he believe his family to be—in spite of his son Bibbs—the finest family in the world. As a matter of fact, he knew nothing worth knowing about either.

Bibbs Sheridan was a musing sort of boy, poor in health, and considered the failure—the "odd one"—of the family. Born during that most dangerous time during that most dangerous time, he was an ill-nourished baby, and grew meagerly, only lengthwise, through a feeble childhood. At his christening he was committed for life to "Bibbs" mainly through lack of imagination on his mother's part, for though it was her maiden name, she had no strong affection for it. One day when the sickly boy was nine, he requested with unwonted vehemence to be allowed to exchange names with his older brother, Roscoe Conkling Sheridan, or with the oldest, James Sheridan, Jr., and upon being refused went down into the cellar and remained there the rest of that day. And the cook, descending toward dusk, reported that he had vanished; but a search revealed that he was in the conflagration, completely covered and still burrowing. Removed by force and carried upstairs, he maintained a cryptic demeanor, refusing to utter a syllable of explanation, even under the lash. This obvious thing was wholly



CHAPTER II.

Beginning at the beginning and learning from the ground up was a long course for Bibbs at the sanitarium, with milk and "zwieback" as the basis of instruction; and the months were many and tiresome before he was considered near enough graduation to go for a walk leaning on a nurse and a cane. These and subsequent months saw the planning, the building and the completion of the new house, and it was to that abode of Bigness that Bibbs was brought when the cane, without the nurse, was found sufficient to his support.

Edith's chin at the station—"Well, Bibbs," she said, as he came slowly through the gates, the last of all the travelers from that train. "Do you think they ought to 've let you come? You certainly don't look well!"

"But I certainly do look better," he returned, in a voice as slow as his gait; a drum that was a necessity, for when Bibbs tried to speak quickly he stammered. "Up to about a month ago it took two people to see me. They had to get me in a line between 'em!"

Edith did not turn her eyes directly toward him again, after her first quick glance; and her expression, in spite of her, showed a faint, troubled disquiet. She was dressed in a simple, plain dress, with small, unadorned features, but a prettiness of color and a brilliancy of eyes that created a total impression close upon beauty. There was something about her, as kind old ladies say, that was very sweet; and there was something that she carried about her, a breathless, Bibbs had upon her a steady, whimsical scrutiny as they stood at the curb, waiting for an automobile across the street to disengage itself from the traffic.

"That's the new car," she said. "Everybody's new. We've got four now, besides Jim's. Roscoe's got two. Edith, you look—" he began, and paused.

"Oh, we're all well," she said briskly; and then, as if something in his tone had caught her as significant, "Well, how do I look, Bibbs?"

"You look—" He paused again, taking in the full length of her—trim, brown shoes, neat, rough skirt, coat of brown and green, and a little rough hat in the mad mode—all suited to the October day.

"How do I look?" she insisted.

"You look," he answered, as his examination ended upon an incriminated watch of platinum and enamel at her wrist, "you look—expensive!"

"I expect I am!" she laughed. "Do you mean to help you?"

"Oh, no," said Bibbs. "I'm alive." And after a fit of panting subsistent to his climbing into the car unaided, he added, "Of course, I have to tell people."

"We only got your telegram this morning," she said, as they began to more rapidly through the "wholesale district" of the neighborhood.

"Mother said she'd hardly expected you this month."

"They seemed to be through with me up there in the country," he explained, gently. "At least they said they were, and they wouldn't keep me any longer, because so many really sick people wanted to get in. They told me to go home—and I didn't have any place else to go. It'll be all right, Edith; I'll sit in the woods until dark every day."

"Pshaw!" She laughed nervously. "Of course we're all of us glad to have you back," he said. "Father?"

"Of course," he said, readily. "There's a chunk of coal fallen on your glove, Edith. Better slick it off before it smears. My word! I'd almost forgotten how sooty it is here."

"We've been having very bright weather this month—for us." She blew the flake of soot into the air, seeing relieved.

He looked up at the dingy sky, wherein hung the disconsolate sun like a cold tin pan nailed up in a smoke-house by some lunatic, for a decoration. "Yes," said Bibbs. "It's very gay." A few moments later, as they passed a corner, "Aren't we going home?" he asked. "Your new driver is taking us out of the way, isn't he?"

"Good gracious!" she cried. "Didn't you know we were in the new house?"

"That's just both," she retorted. "They know it in this town, all right! I found out a lot of things, long before we began to think of building out in this direction. The right people in this town aren't always the society-column ones, and they mix around with outsiders, but they're a clan, just the same; and they have the clan feeling. Most of 'em were here long before papa came, and the grandfathers of the girls of my age knew each other, and—"

"I see," Bibbs interrupted, gravely. "Their ancestors fled together from many a stricken field, and crusaders' blood flows in their veins. I always understood the first house was built by an old party of the name of Vertrees, who couldn't get along with Duell Boone, and hurried away to these parts because Dan'l wanted him to give back a gun he'd lent him!"

Edith gave a little ejaculation of alarm. "You mustn't repeat that story, Bibbs, even if it's true. The Vertreeses are the best family, and of course the very oldest here; they were an old family even before Mary Vertrees' great-grandfather came west and founded this settlement. He came from Lynn, Massachusetts, and they have relatives there yet—some of the best people in Lynn!"

"No!" exclaimed Bibbs, incredulously. "And there are other old families like the Vertreeses," she went on, not heeding him; "the Lamborns and the Kitterbys and the J. Palmerston Smiths—"

"Strange names to me," he interrupted. "Poor things! None of them have my acquaintance."

"No, that's just it!" she cried. "And papa had never even heard the name of Vertrees!" Mrs. Vertrees went with



"Papa Had Never Even Heard of the Name of Vertrees."

some antismoke committee to see him, and he told her that smoke was what made her husband bring home his wages from the payroll on Saturday night! He told us about it, and I thought I just couldn't live through the night! She said, 'Bobby offered to buy his mother—'

"Papa knows what a break he made with Mrs. Vertrees. I made him understand that," said Edith, demurely, "and he's promised to try and meet Mr. Vertrees and be nice to him. Bobby by Lamborn told Sibly he was going to bring his mother to call on us, and on mamma, but it was weeks ago, and I notice he hasn't done it; and if Mrs. Vertrees decides not to know us, I'm darn sure Mrs. Lamborn'll never come. That's one thing Sibly didn't manage!" She said, Bobby offered to buy his mother—

"You say he's a friend of Roscoe's?" Bibbs asked.

"Oh, he's a friend of the whole family," she returned, with a petulance which she made no effort to disguise. "Roscoe and he got acquainted somewhere, and they take him to the after about every night. Sibly has him to lunch, too, and keeps—"

"She broke off with an angry little jerk of the head. "We can see the new house from the second corner ahead. Roscoe has built straight across the street from us, you know. Honestly, Sibly makes me think of a snake, sometimes—the way she pulls the wool over people's eyes!" She looked up to papa and gave a gasp in the world she wants out of him, and then makes fun of him behind his back—yes, and to his face, but he can't see it! She got him to give her a twelve-thousand-dollar porch for their house after it was—"

"Good heavens!" said Bibbs, staring ahead as they reached the corner and the car swung to the right, following a bend in the street. "Is that the new house?"

"Yes, what do you think of it?"

"Well," he drawled, "I'm pretty sure the sanitarium's about half a size bigger. I can't be certain till I measure." And a moment later, as they entered the driveway, he added, seriously: "But it's beautiful!"

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TO BE CONTINUED

SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Lesson II.—Third Quarter, For July 9, 1916.

THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

Text of the Lesson, I Thess. I and II, 13-15—Memory Verses IV, 16, 17. Golden Text, iv, 14—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

It is grand to have a whole epistle to meditate upon this week, and especially such a one as this, so full of the glorious truth of our Lord's second coming and its two stages, first to the air for His church and to the earth with us to set up His kingdom of righteousness and peace. The references to His coming in each chapter we gave in last week's lesson, and before taking it up more fully let us receive a few heart lessons from the whole letter. It is from the three with whom we have been traveling recently, Paul and Silas and Timothy, and devoted witnesses to the risen living Christ, and it is to the believers who lived on earth at Thessalonica, but were really in God the Father and in the Lord Jesus Christ as to their heavenly standing (I Thess. I, 1; II Thess. I, 3). It was by the gospel of God's Son, Christ, in the power of His Holy Spirit, that they were led into this holy position and the assurance of it, and the apostles' desire for them was that they would walk worthy of God, who had given them this great joy and called them unto His kingdom and glory (chapter I, 5, 6; II, 2, 3, 8, 12, 13).

The one thing that a sinner is asked to do and can do is to turn from his sins to God and receive the Lord Jesus Christ as his own personal Saviour. That makes him to be in God and in Christ and secures to him all the benefits of the finished work of the Lord Jesus, life eternal, the forgiveness of sins, acceptance in Christ and a joint heirship with Him without any works whatever or any merit on the part of the sinner.

Having obtained redemption, our one occupation is true holiness, serving the living and true God, which means with quietness doing our own business, filling the place He assigns us, living together with Him, as children of light rejoicing in everything giving thanks and trusting the God of Peace to do all in us and through us because of His faithfulness (chapter I, 9; II, 1, 2, 5, 10, 16, 18, 23).

Having become followers of Christ, who suffered everything and was killed for our sakes, we must not shrink from suffering with Him and being killed for His sake, never pleading merit, but only and always pleading God, who trieth our hearts (chapter I, 4, 5, 14, 15; II, 24). Being delivered from the wrath to come, of which He speaks more fully in the second epistle, our attitude should always be that of waiting for His return. Our individual personal salvation is threefold—we are saved, we are working it out, and we wait for the redemption of the body at His coming. This is simply stated in chapter I, 10, but see also I, 12; II, 11, 12; I John III, 1, 2. There is another and larger threefold view of salvation, covering the whole church, which shall be caught up at His coming, then the salvation of all Israel at His coming back with us in His glory, and after that the salvation of all nations, so simply stated in chapter I, 10, but see also I, 12; II, 11, 12; I John III, 1, 2. There is another and larger threefold view of salvation, covering the whole church, which shall be caught up at His coming, then the salvation of all Israel at His coming back with us in His glory, and after that the salvation of all nations, so simply stated in chapter I, 10, but see also I, 12; II, 11, 12; I John III, 1, 2.

Paul seems to have taught so much about the blessed hope and associated events that the believers feared lest they should not have had the great blessing and privilege, but he assured them that those who would remain until the Lord came would not prevent or go before or gain any advantage over those who had died or, as to their bodies, fallen asleep, chapter I, 13-15.

It is between those who think that between death and resurrection the soul sleeps and that there is no conscious existence, but I cannot find any foundation in Scripture for such a belief, so I tell my friends that if I shall die I will be more alive than I am now, reflecting that I, 21, 22; I Cor. V, 8; Rev. X, 11; Luke X, 22.

As to His coming for us and our meeting Him in the air, chapter I, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 24, makes it very real. The Lord Himself shall descend, the same Jesus who ascended first, the Son of man, and will be seen in a trumpet shall sound and all the dead bodies of believers, whether buried in the earth or in the depths of the sea or burned to ashes, shall come to life. And those who once lived in them when they were mortal bodies, but have since been buried in the earth, shall live again in those resurrected, glorified bodies. At the same moment, in the twinkling of an eye, all living believers shall be changed with our dying and together with the raised ones, be caught up in the clouds to meet the Lord in the air, and so shall we ever be with the Lord. There is comfort in these truths for all who will receive them. The words "They that are Christ's at His coming" (I Cor. XV, 23) convince me that no true believers shall be missed in this great event. The bodies of unbelievers shall not be raised till after the thousand year (Rev. XX, 5, 6). There is no found on for believing that death or the destruction of Jerusalem or any other great event or the coming of the Holy Spirit has any connection or association with the second coming of Christ.

Because he did not know a gun he was examining was loaded, Cecil Clyde Engle, twelve years of age, of Corry, Pa., to be the innocent slayer of his cousin Lloyd Wilson, who was killed. Engle finally confessed, ending the murder theory.

Boy Admits Killing Cousin. Because he did not know a gun he was examining was loaded, Cecil Clyde Engle, twelve years of age, of Corry, Pa., to be the innocent slayer of his cousin Lloyd Wilson, who was killed. Engle finally confessed, ending the murder theory.

Boy Mysteriously Shot and Killed. Lloyd Wilson, aged seventeen years, living on a farm near Corry, Pa., was shot and killed in a mysterious manner. Wilson was playing near a woods with two brothers and a cousin. The report of a gun was heard and the boy fell dead with a bullet in his temple.

Falls Dead During Foot Race. Eli L. Redway, of Lantz, fell dead from heart disease. He was challenged by a companion to a foot race and over exertion caused his death. He was twenty-seven years old.

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1916 JULY 1916						
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2	3	4	5	6	7	8
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Pitched Ball Breaks His Jaw. Horace Hightower, of Hamilton, was struck by a pitched ball in a game between the executive office and freight department clerks of the Lehigh Valley railroad division headquarters, and was taken to the State hospital with his jaw fractured.

Hangs by Her Heels From Fence. Falling fifteen feet off a porch at her home, at Shamokin, Pa., Mrs. Mary Jones, sixty years, was caught by her heels on a picket fence, and hung head downward until neighbors rescued her. She suffered two broken ribs and concussion of the brain.

Authors. The number of poor authors is as great as the number of authors who are poor.—Omaha World-Herald.

Geodesy. Geodesy is the name given to the science of measuring the surface of the earth.

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