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ASK THEIR OWN EXECUTION

Student in Kansas College Proves Many Persons Sign Petitions Without Reading Them.

A year ago a student in a Kansas college came to the conclusion that half of the people who sign petitions never read what they are signing. So he prepared a petition to the faculty of the school for the execution of all persons who attached their names to the document. He went from student to student, asked each to sign, and more than a dozen put their names on the dotted line, imploring that they have their heads cut off. The execution never was held, but the student proved his point.

It is amazing how willing persons are to sign petitions. They seldom read what they are signing and often neglect to ask what it is all about, says the Emporia Gazette. In a recent election in Emporia a Catholic priest unwittingly signed a Kluxers' petition, and an Emporia druggist remarked the other day he never questioned petition carriers but signed them one and all—for business purposes.

The Gazette believes in the theory that names are news and by printing the various petitions and the names of the signers, it often gives its readers a bit of interesting reading. This policy will be carried out more vigorously in the future. So when you sign a petition it might be well to read it carefully and ponder over it a minute or two before you sign. The best way to avoid regret over signing a petition is not to sign it unless you believe every word in it.

LONDON LOSING PANTOMIMES

Ancient Christmas Holiday Plays Are Gradually Disappearing From Stage in Metropolis.

Londoners are lamenting the passing of another custom which for more than half a century had been a symbol of the holiday spirit in the metropolis of Great Britain. Naturally a city which boasts of such ancientry abounds in customs which show themselves at certain periods of the year or are notable by their disappearance. Now it is the disappearance of pantomime which calls to the attention of the citizens of even such a venerable capital the fact that customs change.

There was a time, and it did not reach farther back into the past than a score of years, in which nearly every London playhouse was turned over in the Christmas season to pantomime, says the New York Herald. It really mattered little whether the adventures of "Puss in Boots" or "The Sleeping Beauty" were the inspiration for the play so long as there was enough of humor, music, dancing and spectacle in the extravaganza.

Now only one or two playhouses in London will present such spectacles, and that is nothing in comparison with the number of such shows that used to be seen there at Christmas-tide. There is no doubt that pantomime has lost its hold and London is determined to be philosophic about its loss.

U. S. Imports 200,000 Leeches. More than 200,000 leeches, used by doctors and surgeons to draw blood from patients who have too much of it, were imported into the United States from Italy last year, says the Philadelphia Public Ledger. Quite probably the leech is employed by doctors in this country whose clientele is Italian, as use of the medicinal leech has declined in most countries, while it is still an essential part of medical practice in Italy.

The fresh-water leech is caught in streams around Naples as a side issue—but an important one—to the fishing industry, the total annual catch being estimated at about 5,000,000. The price of exported leeches this year is \$18 a thousand.

The leeches are shipped to this country in tubs holding from 2,000 to 4,000, in fresh water, and they arrive at their destination in an aggressive condition.

If Man Equaled Ant's Strength. To equal the strength of an ant's mandibles a man would have to lift three railroad cars of coal at the same time.

Wise Theatrical Managers. Lucifer was the star of the morning, but the wise theatrical manager sticks to afternoon and evening performances.

Dime a Day Woman's Pay. Native women of China receive about one cent for each hair net made by hand, and average ten a day.

Yes, but Why Tell Us About It? A coin-stamping machine used by the government turns out 300-10-cent pieces a minute.

Just Like a Man. Seeing that he cannot discard most of his bad habits, man seeks to justify them.

JACK HORNOR WAS ROGUE

Mother Goads Character Really Exposed in the Reign of Henry VIII.

Jack Horner of the Christmas play really existed, though whether he deserved the title of "good boy" is exceedingly doubtful. He was, however, a fortunate rogue.

When Henry VIII suppressed the monasteries and drove the monks from their quarters the title deeds of the abbey of Mells were scattered by the commissioner. The abbot of Glastonbury determined that he would send them to London and, as the documents were very valuable and the road infested with thieves, it was difficult to get them to the metropolis safely.

To accomplish this end he devised a very ingenious plan. He ordered a savory pie to be made, and inside he put the documents—the finest filling a pie ever had—and intrusted this duty to a lad named Horner to carry up to London to deliver safely into the hands of whom it was intended.

But the journey was long and the day cold, and the boy was hungry, and the pie was tempting, and the chance of detection was small.

So the boy broke up a piece of the pie, and beheld a parchment within. He pulled it forth innocently enough, wondering how it could have found its way there, tied up in pastry, put it in his pocket and then continued his journey to town.

The parcel was delivered, but the title deeds of Mells abbey were missing.

The fact was that Jack had them in his pocket. These were the juiciest piums in the pie. Great was the rage of the commissioners and heavy the vengeance they dealt out to the monks. But Master Jack Horner kept his secret, and, when peace-time times were restored he claimed the estates and received them.—Baltimore Sun.

WOOL FOR BILLIARD TABLE

Twenty-Two of the Finest Fleeces Are Used in Making Single Cover That Will Stand Up.

Most striking of the revelations of the manufacture of billiard tables are the facts about the cloth which the pick of the world's wool is used to produce a fabric that will stand up to its work. No fewer than 22 fleeces are rejected during the processes of cleaning and combing before the weaving begins.

To keep a cloth in the best condition two things are essential—careful brushing and ironing. The strokes of the brush must invariably be in the same direction—that is, with the nap—and the same rule holds good for the iron, which should never be too hot, or else the cells of the wool will be deprived of the natural moisture which they need to keep in good condition.

The points of the best cues are usually made of French ash or maple, which have been found by experience to keep straighter than other woods. For the embellishment of the butt ebony is the favorite, but tulip wood—a wood from Brazil of a red color with yellowish streaks—and rosewood are both employed sometimes.—Detroit News.

Use for Old Bed Springs. A worn-out bed spring, resting quietly on a city dump, might be considered as the last word in uselessness, but science, which is always on the lookout for a possible use for anything from Niagara falls to a coccie has not overlooked the possibilities of city dumps. It has been found that these unsalable antiquies make the best sort of protection from flying debris in blasting operations. The charge is covered first with a layer of bed springs and then with some loose heavy articles such as railroad ties. When the explosion occurs the gases escape readily through the cracks and crevices in the springs and slats, but the small fragments are retained and so cause no damage to adjacent persons and property. The springs are said to be practically indestructible by this treatment and may be used repeatedly.

An Apart. An old war correspondent was attached to the Chilean army during a struggle with Peru.

On one occasion he complained to a general that owing to the absence of uniforms on either side he found it difficult to distinguish the combatants.

"Oh, it's quite simple," returned the general, cynically. "If you see a man running toward Chile he's a Chilean; if he's running toward Peru he's a Peruvian."

Be Humble Always. Rightly do those teach who admonish us that we should be the more humble in proportion to our high rank.

Man Ever in Need of Aid. No degree of knowledge attainable by man is able to set him above the wants of hourly assistance.—Johnson.

Italy Leads in Lemons

The bulk of lemons entering into world trade are from Italy. Her exports in both 1920 and 1921 were approximately 4,000,000 boxes, which was about half the pre-war figure of 8,000,000 boxes. Imports into the United Kingdom amounted to 1,000,000 boxes in 1921, as compared with 700,000 boxes in 1920 and 900,000 boxes in 1919. After the United Kingdom, Germany and the Netherlands are the heaviest importers of lemons.

Inscribed Stone Under Lava. Mines working more than 200 feet beneath an old lava flow at Columbia, Calif., found an irregularly shaped granite tablet on which hieroglyphics were carved. Evidently the carvings, which were regular in form, date from prehistoric times. Scientists are trying to decipher them.

Hardest Substances. The hardest substance known is probably the diamond, and the next carbonyum. The softest metal is mercury and the next potassium. Of the more common metals lead is probably the softest with gold next. Gold is probably the most malleable metal and silver next.

About Ready to Graduate. It was Kenneth's first day in school. When the children were all seated he raised his hand and said: "I can spell cat and count seven and write my own name, so you won't have to bother to teach me much."—Boston Transcript.

Sagacious Minds. A powerful and sagacious mind anticipates coming events by forethought, coming to a conclusion somewhat in advance of what may possibly happen in other cases, and what ought to be done in that event.

Chinese Scientific Plans. A Chinese general plans to teach Chinese soldiers scientific cultivation with modern farm machinery and then organize them into labor brigades for colonization of the vast waste lands of northwest China.

Thinnest Thread. The thinnest thread visible to the human eye is so small that it would make a bundle of a thousand of them to equal the diameter of a woman's hair. These threads are made from melted quartz.

Beats the Trolley. Tossed Lady (in hurry-up wagon, to cop)—"Well, old sport, there's one thing about this here limmyseen; yer gets a comfortable seat and don't have to do no strap-hangin'."—Boston Transcript.

Making Jelly From Seaweed. To produce the vegetable jelly from seaweed the weed is first dried in the sun then boiled and exposed to a freezing temperature, after which all water is evaporated; then it is ready for use.

Churn Her Up. Hi Herd—"Yes, I need a man fer help about this here limmyseen; and drive a Ford car." Loosfoot—"Well, er—I can drive the car, but I'm darned if I can milk it."

Sea-Hares for "Spider in Cup." Sea-hares, small slug-like mollusks, were notorious among the ancients for their supposed venomous properties and were often used as ingredients of poisonous potions.

Pay Bill in Pebbles? That prehistoric surgery was accomplished with a flint knife, is indicated from a skull of a man found recently in New Mexico which had been trepanned.

Cheerful Thought. Benham—"Man is descended from the monkey." Mrs. Benham—"I can readily imagine your ancestors as traveling companions for hand organs."

Then the Tragedy. "De Lawd made you an' me an' de Rowahs," said Charcoal Eph, ram-tatively, "an' He didn't make no mistakes outwell He started you an' me."

But Few Straggle. Along the entire Lower California coast line, longer than from Key West to Boston, there is only one all-the-year-around stream entering the sea.

Tiger's Strength Great. Tiger's jaws and teeth easily crush the large bones of a buffalo and the striped animal can break a horse's back with one blow of his forepaw.

Scorpions' Stings Not Fatal. Scorpions range from two to eight inches in length, and while they are able to inflict a severe wound with their sting, it is rarely fatal.

You Said It! It is frequently difficult to separate the man who claims to have found above mere gains from a little of his money.

SAHARA WAS ONCE FERTILE

Pictures of Forgotten Civilization Discovered on the Desert by Explorers.

The Sahara was not always a desert, parched by the blazing sun, says Ham-burger Nachrichten. This "great expanse" is, to our minds, nothing but a land of scorching heat. We know that the entire region, although it is as big as Europe, has no more inhabitants than a medium-sized European town and that the endless plain of the Sahara holds nothing except sand and solitude.

Yet the immense desert of sand and bare rocks was in the dim past a fertile and well-developed country. Traces have been found of forgotten civilization which prove that the Sahara was not always a desert. The German explorers Nachtigal and Rohlfs found pictures of fishes and plants carved in the rocks; pictures of plows and other agricultural implements, were also found.

Recently ruins of enormous cities have been found in the northern part of the desert. These ruins show an incredible splendor of architecture. The most important ruins were found near Damugadis which was founded during the time of the Roman emperors. Damugadis lay south of Tripoli in the northern Sahara. There a city of white marble of marvelous beauty was excavated. Its buildings had pillars in the Greek style, broad streets which would be the delight of any modern city architect, an intricate water system and all those attributes which characterized Roman civilization.

BADGE WORN BY TOREADOR

Spanish Bull Fighter Proud of His Pigtail or Coleta—Objects to Impostors Wearing It.

It is a saying in Spain that to be a great matador one should have Triana blood. Several families of the town have supplied three and sometimes four generations of bull fighters.

The conservative toreador wears a small pigtail or coleta. He allows his coleta to grow as soon as he has passed his novice and has been accepted by the authorities as a real toreador.

The bull fighter is immensely proud of this traditional badge of his calling and has little mercy on those who wear it without the right to do so.—Detroit News.

Great Sea Waves. Waves of extraordinary height, miscalled "tidal waves," are sometimes encountered at sea or along the coast. They are due either to earthquakes under the sea, or to a combination of several ordinary waves, which, if a heavy sea be running, is sufficient to account for a wave of unusual height.

Such a one was recently encountered by the British steamship Maine near the southern edge of the Grand Banks of Newfoundland. The wind was rising after a hard blow and an ugly swell, about twenty-five feet high, was running. Then a huge wave was seen towering above the other seas a mile away and rushing toward the ship. It swept the vessel from end to end and was estimated by the officers to have been from 50 to 60 feet in height.

The Bulldog Breed. A worried little man rushed into the saloon bar and ordered a "small lemon" in a voice shaking with suppressed fury.

"You look upset, sir," said a sympathetic bystander.

"I have good reason," was the reply.

"Why, what has happened?" asked the stranger.

"When I arrived home," answered the agitated little man, "I found a burglar in our house about to leave with all our silver."

"What did you do?"

"Do? I threw his umbrella out of the window and—vindictively—"I hope it will rain—so there!"—Pearson's Weekly.

A Touching Farewell. From hubby: "Good-by, forever; good-by, forever; good-by, good-by, goo-oo-oo-ed-by!"

Friend-Wife—What's the matter, Bob? Are you training for the concert stage?

Husband—No, dear heart; I'm merely mailing a 50 cent note made by that lazy brother of yours.—Boston Transcript.

Not the Same. A little fellow was learning from his aunt about Grant, Lee and other famous leaders of the Civil war. "Is that the same Grant we pray to in church?" he inquired innocently.

"Yes, that's the same," she said, smiling. "He's the one who was killed at Gettysburg."

There's a Reason.

Jones was walking along the street wearing a very grim expression on his usually cheerful countenance when he was accosted by his friend Brown.

"Hello, old man," exclaimed the latter. "You're looking very down in the mouth. What's the matter?"

"Yesterday," said Jones, "I refused a poor woman a request for a loan and in consequence of my act I passed a sleepless night. The tones of her voice were ringing in my ears the whole evening."

"Your softness of heart does you credit," said Brown. "Who was the woman?"

"My wife," was the sad reply.

Slight Difference.

The manager of a telephone company sent for a new operator and asked her what sort of work she was doing before she began to preside at a switchboard.

"I sold movie tickets," faltered the new girl.

"I thought so," said the manager. "Now, don't get offended. Just a word of advice. With us you say 'Number, please?' Not 'How many?' The phrases are very much alike and yet there's a distinction."

It Was Worth the Money.

A business man received a letter from his son stating that the lad was doing well in football, stood near the head of his class, was popular socially and liked his college. This mislabeled he showed to an associate with the remark: "I sent the boy \$50 and I don't regret it."

"I shouldn't think you would," responded his friend warmly. "That letter is full of good news. Many a time I send \$50 just for a hard luck story."

Ticket Was Still Good.

As an express train was going through a station one of the passengers leaned out of the window, overbalanced, and fell out. He fortunately landed on a sandheap, so that he did himself no great injury; but, with torn clothes, he said to a porter:—

"What shall I do?"

"You're all right, mister," said the porter, "your ticket allows you to break your journey."

The Wrong Cue.

The street orator thought he would like a little more enthusiasm at his meetings, and arranged with a friend that he should stand below his platform and shout "Hear! Hear!" whenever a pea was dropped on his head.

At the next meeting the scheme worked all right until the speaker became excited, and suddenly his man began to shout "Hear! Hear!" unceasingly.

Then a hoarse voice was heard to exclaim: "Shut up, you fool—the bloomin' bag's bust!"

The Rest Is Easy.

"How glorious it is to be engaged in a purely intellectual occupation," murmured a young maiden, gazing rapturously into the admiring eyes of an editor, who had just bought a small paper of his own. "Your own mental facilities for tools, and the whole universe for a workshop. Now, tell me," she added, "what do you find the most difficult thing connected with your noble profession?"

"Paying the staff," said the editor.

Feminine Strategy.

"She said she had been studying palmistry and asked me to let her read my hand."

"And you did, of course."

"Yes, and she told me I was going to suffer disappointment in love, but would get over it and marry a poor girl."

Perish the Thought!

The Poultryman—Queer! Those eggs I sold you didn't hatch. Are you sure the hens were on them steady?

ENGLAND HAD BULL FIGHTS

Queens Mary and Elizabeth Enjoyed Them, and Also Bear-Baiting.

Bullfighting, which is declining in favor with the Spaniards, was once a popular sport in England, though in a somewhat different form. It has only been forbidden by law within the last hundred years.

The bull was tied to a stake, after having the points of its horns protected. Fierce dogs were let loose on it, and a terrific battle would ensue. Bull-dogs were bred specially for the sport. Their peculiar jaws gave a grip so strong that the bull could not throw off its attackers once their teeth had met in its shoulder.

Bear-baiting, too, was popular at one time. Both Queen Mary and Queen Elizabeth were fond of bear-baitings and bullfights. Great men kept "rings" and there was one in nearly every place of amusement. "Bankside" was a noted place for the "sport" in London. The charge for admission was a penny to enter, another penny to go in the "grand stand" and a third penny for the equivalent of reserved seats.

Thursdays and Sundays were the favorite days for baiting bears and bulls. At one time the theaters were ordered to close down on the former day so that competition should not interfere with the baitings.—London Tit-Bits.

COPPER DRAGON OF BEFFROI

Twelve-Foot Weather Vane in Ghent Celebrates Its Five Hundred and Forty-Sixth Anniversary.

The Copper Dragon of Beffroi, in Ghent, has just celebrated its five hundred and forty-sixth birthday on the top of its lofty perch on the Beffroi, over 300 feet above the ground. It is six feet in height and eleven and one-half feet in length, measured from the tip of its enormous tongue to the end of its tail.

The copper grasshopper atop Faneull hall, Boston, was designed by Shem Drowne, a coppersmith of colonial days. Over 180 years old, it has had an interesting history, being present at the Boston tea party and having survived two earthquakes.

Perhaps the public tired of gauging the wind by the weather report in next day's newspaper; or perhaps the ornamental possibilities of this new idea in vane design have given a new fillip to the use of this time-honored institution. Whatever the reason, the weather vane is coming back.

Only Half Efficient. "These scientific management people," says a well-known business man, "with their extraordinary ideas of doubling or tripling a man's labor, remind me of the humble hod carrier's impossible promise."

"Now a taciturn boss said to a new hod carrier:—

"Look here, didn't I hire you to carry bricks up that ladder by the day?"

"Yes, sir," said the hod carrier.

"Well, I have had my eye on you, and you've only done it half a day today. You spent the other half coming down the ladder."

"Whereupon, the hod carrier, with a grin, responded:—

"Very well, sir, I'll try to do better tomorrow."

Water Lily Eighteen Inches Across.

Perhaps the most remarkable of the aquatic plants is the giant water lily known to science as the "Victoria regia." It is a native of Guiana and Brazil. Large, spreading leaves seem to float on the water, though in reality their vast green surface is supported by a strong underwater framework of twisted tissues. The leaves, which are often over six feet in diameter with a rim of three to eight inches high, can support considerable weight. The plant bears immense white flowers, often measuring 18 inches across, which greatly resemble a huge daisy. They open in the evening. The seeds of the Victoria regia are edible. For this reason it is extensively cultivated in the Amazon valley.—Detroit News.

Origin of Honeydew Melon.

The original seed of the honeydew melon is said to have been obtained from a melon shipped from Africa to New York city. The seed was planted at Rocky Ford, Colo., and crossed with other varieties for two or three seasons. The so-called honeydew melon is the result. As yet this melon has not been brought into a stable condition of reproduction.

The Idle Word.

An idle word may be seemingly harmless in its utterance, but let it be fanned by passion, let it be fed with the fuel of misconception, of evil intention, or prejudice, and it will soon grow into a sweeping fire that will melt the chains of human friendship, that will burn to ashes many cherished hopes, and blacken more fair names than one.

HEROIC RAIL MEN OF RUSSIA

Operate Relief Trains During Famine Period Under Great Hardships and Peril.

The life of the railroad man is very much the same, whether in America or Africa. There is the same lure of fascination about it, the same relentless exaction of high responsibility and faithful service, even unto death.

An executive of the American Society of Friends recently returned from relief work in Russia, writes us as follows about the bravery of Russian engineers during the worst of the famine period.

"I have seldom seen a more heroic set of men. They worked under tremendous handicaps, with worn-out road stock and engines, which were constantly breaking down, some of them blowing up and scalding engineers and firemen. They were hungry and badly clothed. Their fuel was nothing but snow and ice-covered wood."

"At one time 40 of every 100 men working on the Tashkent branch were sick with typhus, many of whom died. Yet, in the face of such conditions these men worked tirelessly, and so faithful was their service that we were able to deliver 90 per cent of all the materials from our American port to our warehouse east of the Volga river."

"The winter, too, was very severe, being 40 degrees below zero in December and 55 degrees below in February. The snows were deep and it was nothing unusual for the cuts to be so filled with snow that it took days to dig through."

We are not at all concerned about the politics of these Russian engineers or the language that they speak, for we know that they are our kin because American engineers in a similar emergency would have done likewise.—Locomotive Engineers' Journal.

Might Not Catch Up.

A drummer was waiting at a way station for a train. The station master reported it as being four hours late. After the drummer had read all the time-tables in stock, the station master suggested:—"It is only an hour's walk to the next station."

"Walking won't help me to make the train as far as I can see," declared the drummer. "First thing I know, I'll be too far ahead of it."

Barely Worth Saving.

Miss Plainmug—I suspected that Mr. Lightfoot was getting ready to leave town so I broke off our engagement to save my face.

Miss Tarte—I can hardly blame you when I remember it's the only face you have.

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