

# THE ALAMANCE GLEANER.

VOL. L

GRAHAM, N. C., THURSDAY, MAY 22, 1924

NO. 16

## WRITER TELLS GOOD POINTS OF ARMY ANT

### Indians Find Insects Good Louse Exterminators.

Everybody has heard a lot of the horrible tales about the "army" or "driver" ants; how they sweep across the country in vast glistening sheets several hundred yards wide and devour every living thing in their path, pulling down and swarming over wild beasts and reptiles alike, each taking a mouthful and passing on; how more than one brutal criminal—in fiction—has finally met his just deserts amidst gruesome details at their hands, or rather jaws.

Tosh. All of it. As a matter of fact the army ants—there are several species—are not bad fellows at all, writes Gordon MacCreagh in Adventure. I venture to assert that nobody in all Amazonas has ever seen a column of them more than a foot in width. I have seen dozens of their trails as wide as eight inches, but never more.

It is true they run to three-quarters of an inch in length and that they can bite a piece of flesh out with each nip, as well as sting like a hornet; but no beast that is able to get up and hop need ever be eaten up by a column of army ants.

No, bugs are what the army ant is out for. Worms, beetles, fat caterpillars, sweet things—and, of course, criminals bound to trees. It is common for an Indian, meeting a column, to lay a honey trail to his hut, gather up his brats and his string of bacalhao and clear out for the afternoon. The ants come in thankfully and devour that hut with a thoroughness which would be a shining example to any firm of bug exterminators at \$10 a room; and with sundown they return peacefully home. Mr. Injun re-enters and spends his first peaceful night in months.

Sometimes they happen along without any honey trail. I have camped in a deserted hut to take a siesta while the afternoon sun passed over, and have been awakened by the yell of "Carralho; Formigas-maleficas!" and have realized the next second that the poignant words meant malignant ants.

Upon that occasion I waited not upon the order of my going, but just went with speed and sat me down in deep water—and began to understand then why that perfectly good hut had been deserted. With sundown the peons ventured back to collect our gear.

But it was canned grub that evening; for the formigas had eaten up a big potful of dinner.

But at that there are worse ants in Amazonas than the army ant.

### Novelists Best Tenants

"We like to have tenants who receive as few callers as possible," said the manager of a big office building, according to Fred Kelly, writing in the Nation's Business. "Those who have a stream of people coming all day long help to congest the elevator service."

"On this basis a high-priced surgeon is more desirable than a dealer in cheap building lots, for fewer people are able to consult the surgeon than might visit to talk about the lots. The ideal tenant, though, would be a novelist. We once had one. He wanted a quiet place to work and didn't let any of his friends know where he was. His name was not in the building directory and he didn't even receive mail there. I don't believe he had a single caller the eleven months he was with us. I'd like to manage a building for hard-working novelists."

### Insects Walk on Water

By virtue of their lightness, combined with a peculiar construction of the feet which keep them from becoming wet, water spiders and a number of other insects are able to walk readily over sheets of water, supported by the surface tension of the latter. This tension acts practically the same as a stretched elastic membrane. It is sufficiently strong for these creatures, but it is practically negligible so far as heavier ones are concerned. So long as the insects are on the surface of the water insects remain perfectly dry they are as safe on the surface of water as they would be on terra firma, but let them once get wet and this same membrane will quickly prove their undoing.—The Pathfinder.

### Seeks Old Sweetheart

An almost daily visitor at Doctors Commons, Knightbridge street, is an old man who is determined to find out if a sweetheart of his youth ever married, says a London (Eng.) dispatch. For weeks he searched the records without revealing his object, but one day he said that many years ago he was engaged to marry and had obtained the license, but the wedding never took place. Having made a fortune, he now desires to trace his former fiancée and atone for her disappointment of years ago.

## Doctors Advise Against Use of Too Much Salt

And now the doctors are telling us not to pickle our insides with salt. They say that civilization is suffering from too much sodium chloride in its soup. Observation has given rise to the medical idea that a tendency to malignancy in certain diseases is traceable to excessive seasoning in the food.

Patients who have made an honest to goodness effort to cut salt out of their diets report that although the lack of it seems grievous for a few days, things begin to taste better afterward, and agreeable flavors assert themselves which were absent in the same articles of food when lavishly seasoned.

Moreover it is set forth that by cutting out salt the fat man can reduce his weight without the anguish of a daily dozen. The idea seems to be that the excessive seasoning of food tickles the palate and makes us eat more than we need. Anyone who embarks on a saltless dinner will quickly acknowledge that on such a regimen he would have no trouble in training down to his fighting weight.

The body needs a certain amount of salt in its business, of course, but some of the anti-salt propagandists assure us that natural foods like meat and vegetables contain sufficient salt for their contribution to the body's saline needs. If vegetables are boiled without seasoning until the water has almost evaporated, they will be found surprisingly salty.

Man became a salt eater when he ceased to be a nomad and became an agriculturist. In other words, when he gave up his primitive diet of meat and milk and began to fool with bread, biscuits, buckwheat cakes and breakfast foods. Also the New England boiled dinner helped to drive him to the salt shaker. But neither roasted nor raw meat calls for salt, and none is used by those earnest epicures, the cannibals of the Congo.—New York Sun and Globe.

## Mirror Once Thought Magic

The primitive man looking at his own reflection in a still pool beheld a phenomenon he could not explain. He saw something which was not himself, but which must be so closely related to himself that there was no joke in it.

What is known as sympathetic magic always regarded as a close connection existing between a person and his "counterfeit presentment." We know better now, but who is there who can see a looking glass accidentally broken without experiencing a secret feeling of uneasiness?

The smashing of the mirror destroys the reflected image—his counterfeit self or a griface which has borne it, as it has also borne the images of other members of his family. Therefore, he himself, or some member of his family, whispers the lingering voice of despised, forgotten, but inherited belief in sympathetic magic, is in danger. All of which accounts for the superstition that if you break a looking glass there will be a death in the family within the year.—London Mirror.

## Miracles on Every Side

When the Greek religion began to pass away Greece was a land of miracles. Everything that happened was regarded as a miracle.

There were winking pictures, sweating statues, statues that wept and shed tears, paintings that could blush, and statues that would brandish spears and swords; images that talked, images that bled real blood from wounds and numberless statues and shrines which healed wounds and made the blind see and the deaf hear.

The tools with which the mythical Trojan horse was made were on exhibition as was the spear of Achilles.

## Twins Never Parted

A curious record of coincidence is reported from Devonshire (Eng.) concerning twin brothers, born in 1851, near Barnstable, in that county. When they were twelve years old the twins were apprenticed to a miller. They are still millers and are still working side by side.

The brothers married on the same day and lived in adjoining houses. Each had ten children; one, three boys and seven girls; the other three girls and seven boys. For fifty-seven years both twins have attended the same Sunday school and neither has ever missed a Sunday.

## Willing to Square It

Mose was equipped with rod and basket when he bumped right into the parson, the latter being headed for church.

"Where to, Mose?" asked the good man, gently.

"Well, parson, to tell the troof, I'm going fishing."

"Now, Mose, don't your conscience hurt you?"

"Yes, it do. If I has any luck I'll leave you a nice mess of fish."—Atlanta News.

## Claims Flower Lovers Show No Consideration

"Persons who love flowers," complained the man who doesn't, "are the most inconsiderate beings in the world."

"I hate flowers, you know. I loath and despise 'em. Maybe I'm depraved, but that's my honest taste. I try to like them, but I can't. Looking at them isn't so bad, but I detest the smell of them! It makes me sick."

"But does anybody think of this who happens to have flowers? Let some women get flowers in their hands and immediately they begin sticking them into the noses of everybody in sight and demanding to know if they aren't the sweetest things ever. It doesn't do any good to try to wriggle away or hold your head back or turn your cheek into the flowers instead of your nose. Those women can aim at a pair of nostrils ten feet away and never miss."

"You hold your breath in self-defense. Your poor nose you permit to lie in the suffocating mess for what you consider a reasonable length of time. Then you withdraw it, smiling, and murmuring that they certainly are the sweetest things ever. You just start to breathe again, and then the woman thrusts those obnoxious growths right smack at your nose again."—Chicago American.

## CAUGHT IN PASSING

A husband without ability is like a house without a roof.

There is some virtue in almost every vice except hypocrisy.

Tears of joy are quite as salty as those of woe.

To be clean, full of a good dinner and in one's Sunday clothes used to be enjoyment enough for Sunday.

To take the worst of it smiling is usually only done in matters of small moment.

Most of the "spice of life" turns out to be pepper—and you get it up your nose.

Blessing of living in the country is that you see some pretty interesting scenery in a storm.

He that will thrive may lie till five; he that hath thriven may lie till seven.

Pedigree does impress everyone somewhat, no matter how much he may discount it.

Any man likes to have at least one friend who thinks enough of him to flatter him.

Faint heart ne'er won fair lady. It is the one that is predestined to get the mitten.

Necessity for a "change of scene" will manifest itself in moving the furniture around.

There are men with whom you have to break the ice every time you meet; pretty good men, too.

## Dunkards Increase

On Christmas day, 1723, two persons were baptized in the icy waters of the river at Germantown, Pa. These were the first Dunkard converts in America, says the Detroit News. Since then the communion has grown to include over 100,000 persons.

It was originally a celibate order whose members ate meat only once a year and held property in common. These strict rules have been abated and now a Dunkard may even marry outside the faith and still hold membership in the church.

They hold church property valued at \$5,000,000. The states where they are strongest are Tennessee and Texas.

## To Express Relief

After a short meeting a little singing was indulged in by some of the members of a social gathering, and halfway down the program the name of Bert Browne figured.

When the time came for him to appear a messenger arrived to say that he was suffering from a bad cold, and therefore the chairman had to excuse him to the audience.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said the chairman, "I have to announce that Mr. Brown will be unable to sing as announced, and, therefore, Mr. Green will give us 'A Song of Thanksgiving.'"—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

## Advice Taken

A young married woman of Princeton had received letters from a young woman of Louisville, her chum, advising her on two important matters, the removal of her young son's tonsils and certain advantages accruing from bobbed hair.

The Louisville friend had about come to the conclusion that her advice had been wasted, when she received this incoherent message: "They're out; it's off—and I'm glad."—Indianapolis News.

## The Wrong Retort

Mrs. C. was reading the newspaper. "Listen, John," she began excitedly. "Here is a story that begins 'Young soldier finds wife he lost in war.'"

"Yes," Mr. C. replied, "it does seem that those soldier fellows never will stop having bad luck."

Now there are strained relations in that family.—Indianapolis News.

## BILL BOOSTER SAYS

THE FELLOW WHO KNOCKS HIS HOME TOWN IS AS BAD AS THE DOG BITING THE HAND THAT FEEDS IT. FOR THE BENEFIT OF THOSE WHO DON'T LIKE IT HERE, PERMIT ME TO CALL ATTENTION TO THE FACT THAT TRAINS LEAVE DAILY.



## He Did

Being shy and self-conscious, he was lacking in "historical" ability. However, at an amateur theatrical he was persuaded to play understudy, the first night taking the part of a hungry tramp who had only a few words to speak.

It was in the dead of winter. He knocked at the door of a lonely cabin in the woods. A woman's head protruded from the window.

She—What do you want?

He (trembling more with fright than the cold)—Work, kind lady.

She—Go away, I have nothing for you.

He (pointing to the ground)—At least—let me shovel the snow!

## Found Him Out

The movie magnate was laying down an ultimatum. His conversation was loud and to the point.

"Never let that sage-brush star make the rounds of the exhibitors again. And take his guns away from him whenever he leaves the lot."

"What's the matter, chief?"

"He has no gumption whatever. In one town, and with a gang of small boys following him, mark you, he went into a shooting gallery and tried to shoot."

## Gloves Kissed by Kings

An American woman of some prominence, who is traveling in Europe, has started collecting gloves which have been kissed by kings. She herself has been presented on several occasions to kings who have placed the royal and courtly kiss on her gloved fingers. From others who have had similar experiences she will "beg, buy or borrow" the gloves for her collection.

## King's Son a Playright

Sons of royalty cannot openly engage in commerce, it seems, but they do get a change at the liberal arts, in which there are profits. Prince Wilhelm, second son of the king of Sweden, has just completed and had accepted for production a play he has written. Its presentation was first made in Stockholm.

## Lost His Ability

May—I don't understand men.

Fay—What's the matter now?

May—My husband ran a tank during the war and now he can't even run a vacuum cleaner for me.—Hartford Journal.

## Old Tablet Records Birth

A tablet recording the birth of a girl, Herennia Gemella, March 11, 128 A. D., is preserved in the vaults of the University of Michigan. It was found in Egypt in 1922 and was translated at the British museum. The wooden leaves open like a folding slate. Though the seals have disappeared the names of the witnesses are read with ease.

## Sure Cure

Doctor (to patient)—Go to your drugist and ask him for some lodhyrargrate of iodide of potassium, some ankydrogucochloral and some dioxymidarseno-benzol—and I should not be surprised if with those we shall be able to triumph over your loss of memory.—Paris Journal Amusant.

## Inch in Millionths

It is no longer necessary to use guesswork even when dividing an inch into a million parts, because a new machine for comparing the standards of length has been made at the National Physical laboratory in England. This comparator is capable of accurately measuring the millionth part of an inch.



## FIRST NIGHT

Miss Clemens and her Hawaiians Monday Night, June 9th, Chautauqua Week, at Graham.

## Sage Whispers

There is no little enemy.

Heaven favors good intentions.

Shallow waters make most dials.

He loses thanks who promises and delays.

He who ceases to pray ceases to prosper.

None is a fool always, every one sometimes.

To master one's self is the greatest mastery.

All wish to live long, but not to be called old.

The fire proves gold, adversity, strong men.

A man with a big heart frequently talks too much.

He was scant of news who told that his father was hanged.

Words often shake our convictions, but seldom overthrow them.

A boy loves all dogs, but he has grave doubts about a lapdog.

Always prepare for the worst—the best is able to provide for itself.

The best reply to a prophecy is another forecast.

It is no easy matter to bear prosperity decently.

Name not a rope in his house that hanged himself.

A life without a friend is like a life without a sun.

It is right that you should acquire when what you ask is fair.

No one knows where the shoe pinched but he who wears it.

The web of your life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together.

## A Slip Up

Gentle little four-year-old Jane is a model child as a rule, but now and then she "slips up." She has been forbidden to take a spoonful of sugar out of the sugar bowl and eat it as children are apt to do. One day the temptation was too strong, and while her mother's back was turned she helped herself to some sugar. Her mother turned around, shocked and indignant.

"Why, Jane, whatever made you do that?"

"But, honey, I didn't know you were going to turn round," was the gentle answer.—Exchange.

## She Was One of Them

"Yes," said Boggs, unthinkingly, "I can remember events of long ago as if they happened but yesterday. When I think of my boyhood days—of my escapades at school, of many of my youthful and later actions, and how I got married—I can't help smiling and thinking how many foolish things I've done."

And Boggs wondered why his wife treated him so coolly after the visitors had gone.

## Many Women Employed in the Mines of India

Romantic fancies of the zenana as protecting all the women of India are shattered by a bulletin recently published by the government of that country.

Women form about one-quarter of the average daily workers in the jute mills and about one-fifth in the cotton mills. In the coal mining industry the proportion of women to men underground is about two to three.

The average woman worker in a jute mill receives a weekly wage of Rs. 2-8. In the cotton mills the rate of wages is lower on the whole and the women who are employed on the less skilled and lower paid processes tend to leave during the period while jute presses are running. They become migratory workers.

The management of the India cotton mills usually retains two or three weeks' wages in arrears, while in the jute mills they usually keep one week's wages.

In the coal mines a woman's pay for a day's work varies from 8 to 12 annas and it is stated that they usually spend from five to eight hours down in the mine, their work being mainly the carrying of coal to the containers or tubs.

In the jute mills, except in the immediate neighborhood of Calcutta, a multiple-shift system was the rule, and the actual number of hours worked daily by women varied from nine to eleven hours.

In some mills where the hand-sewing department was partitioned off from the factory, women were working twelve hours a day on piecework as finishers to earn a daily average wage of from 5 to 6 annas.

All cotton mills work a one-shift day, the woman worker having an eleven-hour day with a midday interval during which she usually returns to her own home. It is said by the report that the women are not able to maintain themselves on an adequate diet under five annas a day.

## Right Thing in Literature

A classic is a work which gives pleasure to the minority which is intensely and permanently interested in literature. . . . It survives because it is a source of pleasure, and because the passionate few can no more neglect it than a bee can neglect a flower. The passionate few do not read "the right things" because they are right. That is to put the cart before the horse. "The right things" are the right things solely because the passionate few like reading them. Hence—and I now arrive at my point—the one primary essential to literary taste is a hot interest in literature. If you have that, all the rest will come. It matters nothing that at present you fail to find pleasure in certain classics. The driving impulse of your interest will force you to acquire, experience, and experience will teach you the means of pleasure.—Arnold Bennett, in "Literary Taste, How to Form It."

## Happy Childhood Days

"Did people ever pat you on the head and make remarks about your being a bright boy?"

"Oh, yes," replied Senator Sorghum. "They said I might be president some day. In fact, those happy childhood hours brought me about as pleasant, and also a reliable, a presidential boom as any I have ever enjoyed."—Washington Star.

## Plains of Abraham

The heights near Quebec overlooking the St. Lawrence river took their name from Abraham Martin, a Canadian pioneer of Scotch descent who was a pilot on the St. Lawrence in the time of Samuel Champlain, founder of the city. By a deed authorized by Champlain himself Abraham Martin, who was affectionately known as "Maitre Abraham," obtained a homestead on the heights of Quebec. His herds of sheep and cattle grazed on the tableland along the St. Lawrence which became known among the inhabitants of the town as the Plains of Abraham. In 1908 part of the Heights of Abraham were converted into a Canadian national park.

## Where Science Fails

Prof. Simon Newcomb tells of the following incident having occurred during a recent visit paid by several young Western women to the Washington observatory: "I had done my best," said the eminent astronomer, "to answer with credit to the government and to myself the running fire of questions which my fair callers propounded. I think I had named even the remotest constellations for them and was congratulating myself upon the outcome when one of the younger members of the party interjected: 'But, as it has never been proved that stars are inhabited, how do the astronomers ever find out their names?'"

## New Sewing-Up Thread Used

A surgeon who suffered an accident and had a horsehair handy has, with the aid of a scientist in Wisconsin, invented a treated silk that will be even better, it is maintained. In the past horsehair suture, silk worm gut and celluloid thread have been used, with horsehair being the most favored because it stuck less to the flesh and was less painful on extraction. The new suture is made by treating fine silk thread chemically so that tissue cells will not grow to it. Prof. Louis Kallenberg of the University of Wisconsin has perfected the treatment.

## Another Blessing

There is this to be said for burial in the potters field—no one 3,000 years from now will disturb the peace of the grave.—New York Tribune.

## The Bluffer

The bluffer sleeps under short covers. If he pulls 'em up to cover his head, he uncovers his feet. Bluffers rarely bluff any but themselves for very long.

## Another Fish Story

Scientists have discovered a fish that shouts, and is likely to receive praise and fame for doing so. Now what would we say of a plain fisherman who reported such a discovery?

## Muffer Often Needed

Self-made men are yet in an imperfect state. They haven't eliminated the noise.—Nashville Tennessean.

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