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EXILES FIND PEACE IN CANADIAN CITY

Russian Aristocrats Forget Sorrows in Their Labors.

Employed chiefly as sales girls or as common laborers, a colony in Toronto of Russian aristocrats, exiled from their own country, already includes 30 or 40 members, says the Boston Transcript.

The story of Baroness Lozina Lozinsky, daughter of Russia's last minister of justice, now a sales girl in Toronto, is typical.

Here is another sales girl in a local gift shop, Mme. Zola Stasenka, slender, blonde, with the carriage of the salon, and the hands and features of an artist. But those slender hands now handling delicate bric-a-brac have gripped the handles of a Vickers machine gun. Those gentle eyes have squinted the sights of a mitrailleuse.

For Madame Stasenka is one of the few survivors of the famous Korniloff regiment, was decorated for bravery on the field of battle, and served as a machine gunner in Baron Wrangel's ill-fated campaign against the Bolshevik forces. She began her military service as a field nurse. Later she was one of a horde of 10,000 herded in Constantinople barracks where typhus took a toll of 3,000.

Another sales girl is Mme. Valentina Goushikova, a dark Circassian. For two and a half years she served as a nurse attached to the brigade to which her husband's regiment was attached, seeing much fighting in the Crimea and around Odessa. When disaster and disorganization overtook the Russian forces, this fine horsewoman found her place, not in the hospital tents, but helping with the carrying forward of ammunition and the evacuation of the wounded from the forward area.

When final desolation fell she found her way to Constantinople, where she shared with Madame Stasenka the horrors of the typhus barracks. Neither have heard of their husbands, who were Russian officers, since the debacle.

In a large local factory is a laborer, who is Baron Nicolai Ropp, once an officer of the Imperial guard, and the only surviving member of one of the oldest families in Russia. Watch him at work pling wood on flat cars, and try to imagine him as he once was, an exquisite of St. Petersburg, a dandy at the court of the last czar.

Walk into the Royal Ontario museum and watch a middle-aged man at work dusting cases. Then try to picture him in uniform and gold lace on the bridge of a battleship, answering the salutes of officers as they spring to attention at his approach. An admiral of the Russian fleet, Guidenoff, who, like Nelson, lost an eye in the service of his country, turned museum cleaner, his arms now a mop and a duster.

Here is a factory where dolls are made, kewpie dolls, the beautiful blue-eyed babies of the summer speller. Two men bend over with brushes at a bench industriously painting ruby lips and rose-leaf blushes on waxen faces. One of these men who thus turns out prizes for the boardwalk flappers is Capt. Paul Danichik, formerly of the Russian navy; the other, Capt. Victor Gromoff of the guards.

Then again, in a factory which makes washing machines, a mechanic works, Capt. Vladimir Markoff, holder of the St. George's cross, the Russian V. C. He is almost a cripple from wounds, but his spirit still soars high.

Tall Woman Handicapped

It is the tiny women who have inspired all the sweet pet names of love. Duckie. My little cabbage. Snookie-ookums. Honey. Dumpling. Baby. Kiddie. Dear little thing.

No woman of stock size ever inspired anything more important than darling, angel, or dearest.

And there is something about holding up your cheek for a kiss which your tall woman, who must graciously incline her head to receive, never, never realizes or relishes.

And there is something still more about being folded tenderly to a massom, there to rest like a sweet tired bird, which no perfect six-footer can ever know.—From "Glad-Eye Views," by Jane Doe.

"Dinner Pail" Gone

The noon whistle sounded and work on the foundation of an apartment ceased, while the diggers sought their lunches and prepared to eat. It was then that the amateur observer noticed that not only was the old dinner pail conspicuous by its absence, but that other niceties in regard to the noon meal have been inaugurated.

Instead of sitting down in the lee of some walk to munch sandwiches, one of the men produced a packing case, spread a newspaper over it as a cloth and the workers, seating themselves around it, proceeded to eat their lunches off paper plates.—New York Sun and Globe.

Immense Belt of Air Surrounds the Earth

Man devotes a lot of attention to the air these days. Now that radio concerts are drifting through the air for twenty-four hours a day and modern dirigibles are circumnavigating the globe in flying machines, the air has achieved an importance never accorded it in the days when it was employed almost exclusively for breathing purposes. And in view of the new fame it has achieved, it is a coincidence that science has discovered that apparently more air surrounds the earth than ever before was suspected.

A short time ago the Abbe Moreaux, noted French astronomer, announced that scientific tests seemed to indicate that the atmosphere extended about 540 miles beyond the earth's surface. This is more than five times as far as science previously had estimated the atmosphere's height.

The apparent existence of this unknown atmosphere layer was determined by ingenious observations of the aurora borealis. Simultaneous exposure of more than six hundred photographs from different points and subsequent mathematical calculation indicated that the aurora extended its electrical manifestations 540 miles above the earth. It was assumed that these phenomena could not display themselves in empty space, and it was concluded in consequence that there must be some sort of atmosphere 540 miles or more away.—Popular Science Monthly.

Cowbird Shirks Duty of Raising Its Young

So far as known, cowbirds never build nests. They do not even pair. A general system of concubinage prevails among them. The female cowbird secretly deposits her eggs in the nests of other birds, generally of smaller species such as vireos and field sparrows. In this respect the cowbird resembles the European cuckoo. The young cowbird is reared in the nest of a strange bird. Just as soon as it can fly it leaves the nest of its nurse and seeks the company of other cowbirds which have come into the world in the same disgraceful manner. There are many cases where the young cowbird, which is much the larger bird, crowds the young vireos or sparrows entirely out of the nest. The other birds never detect the deception and go on feeding the young cowbird until it can fly. The cowbird, which is found in the United States, Canada and Mexico, is black in color with a coffee-brown head. It is so called because it is fond of the company of cows. Whole flocks of cowbirds may be seen following the grazing cattle about the pasture.

Gates Have History

A pair of wooden gates which stood in front of the palace of beauty at the British Empire exhibition are copies of the sacred gates of the Teheran mosque and have a most romantic and tragic history. They were made by a poor Persian wood-carver, who defied the decrees that they were not to be copied. Each day he made a pilgrimage to the mosque, committed some detail to memory, and then went home and wrought it in the wood. But his visits caused suspicion to fall upon him, he was watched, his secret discovered, and he was found murdered, and his work disappeared. Presently the gates came into the hands of Persian dealers, who sold them at a sacrifice rather than keep them, and at length they were recognized in a small London curio shop, and became one of Wembley's multitude of attractions.

Jesus' Mother Tongue

The mother tongue of Jesus was probably the Syriac dialect of the Aramaic language which was generally spoken in Palestine, Syria and Mesopotamia. The people of Galilee, where Jesus was brought up, generally spoke the provincial language with a peculiar accent, which distinguished them from the people of Jerusalem and other parts of Palestine (Mark 14:70 and Matthew 26:73). There appears to be no evidence that Jesus ever spoke any foreign tongue such as Greek or Latin. Neither is it likely that He could read the Hebrew in the original, although the Syriac language which He spoke contained many Hebrew words in its vocabulary.—Pathfinder Magazine.

Should Buy Some

"Yes, poor little Tommy seems very queer," remarked Mrs. Jones to her visitor. "I really don't know what to do for the best."
"By Jove!" drawled her self-important neighbor.
"I've got some medicine for him, but it doesn't seem to be helping much."
"By Jove!" drawled the visitor again.
"Mumme!" broke in little Dolly, "why not take the gentleman's advice and buy some Jove?"—Detroit Free Press.

Some Men Happy Only When Finding Fault

There are people who have the queer taste to "enjoy being ill." And there are others who get into very nasty moods still more queer, says London Answers.

They seize on an annoyance with the same avidity and relish as a dog grabs a bone. Give them an annoyance, something with which to find fault, and they are happy!

They come down to breakfast, hoping that the meal may be a few minutes late, so that they can find fault. If the daily paper has not been delivered, or if the eggs are under-broiled, instead of being hard boiled, they are satisfied. There's something with which to find fault, and that is all they want. It is a tonic, and they are happily launched for the day.

Outwardly, they may seem to be in a state of great annoyance, but, inwardly, they are self-satisfied and happy. Really they are in a similar category to drug-takers. Deprive the latter of what they want, and they are touchy and unapproachable. Give them what they want, and they are happy.

Those who suffer from "annoyitis" are the same. Deprive them of annoyances, remove all opportunity of fault-finding, and they are like bears with sore heads. Give them plenty of chances of fault-finding, and they are happy. Why?

Well, it is because they have two vices. They are tyrannical and selfish. Fault-finding enables them to exercise their tyranny and to obtain enjoyment by making others miserable.

An illustration of this is afforded by one employer who went to his office half an hour earlier than usual, his heart full of anticipatory joy at the prospect of finding the staff late. But they were there, and at work, and he was so annoyed at being deprived of an opportunity to find fault that he gave them a terrible time for the rest of the day.

Despicable? Yes! But that employer has a crowd for company, and perhaps among those who read this there may be some whose consciences tell them they are in the crowd.

If so, they should get out of it! Each of us makes a different contribution to life; but the greatest contribution of all is, within our sphere, and opportunities, to render the lives of others as happy as possible. Those who suffer from "annoyitis" don't do this!

In the long run, too, they make their own lives miserable. For the man who snarls is usually allowed to do it alone.

Name Worried Curate

I was named Ethelbert, but I was not christened in this country, and from year to year that formal ceremony was postponed until I had reached the ripened age of twelve. I suppose that my father was waiting for the time when my godfather, Maj. William Appleton, should come to England; but the time arrived when at Saint Margaret's at Westminster, I was christened. The curate who took me through my course was very much worried over my name, Ethelbert. I suppose he had some idea that in heaven I might be mistaken for a boy. He asked me very graciously if I would not take the Christian name of Mary, so there would not be any mistake on that score! I was confirmed by Bishop Inghram at Saint Paul's, a most beautiful service which I shall never forget.—From Billie Burke's "Reminiscences" in the Delinquent.

Stream Has a "Kick"

Each year millions of dollars' worth of salmon and trout are to be saved in the state of Washington by the installation in the irrigation ditches of simple electric stops.

The fruitful Yakima valley and other irrigated sections of Washington that get their life-saving waters from tributaries of the mighty Columbia, or directly from that great river, have heretofore raised products of the soil with an accompanying sacrifice of at least \$2,000,000 worth of food-fish annually. This has been a tremendous sum to set against the value of the harvests of the fields, but while this wholesale destruction of salmon and trout seemed nothing short of criminal waste, there appeared no practicable way of stopping it.—St. Nicholas Magazine.

The Song Bow

"Some of the ridiculous and transparent inventions circulated by publicity agents about their celebrated or would-be celebrated employers," said Mayor Kendrick of Philadelphia, "overshoot the mark. Like the two Texans who were bragging about their brothers."
"My brother," said the first Texan, "once went to a billiard saloon, picked up a ball in his right hand and another in his left, and the result was powder."
"Well, that's nothing," said the second Texan. "My brother once went to a bull fight, and he took a bull in the left hand and another in the right; he squeezed them; result—bottle of meat extract."

BILL BOOSTER SAYS

CAN'T FIGURE OUT HOW A MERCHANT WHO GETS HIS PRINTING DONE OUT OF TOWN, AND NEVER ADVERTISES, CAN EXPECT TO HAVE THE GOOD WILL AND THE SUPPORT OF THE LOCAL NEWSPAPER!



Who Was It?

A Detroit driver driving through northern New York state at night, not long ago, was stopped by a sheriff in a small town and asked if he had seen anyone walking along the road, or if he had been asked for a "lift." Replying in the negative, he was told that a convict had escaped from the penitentiary in Auburn. He again started out into the almost impenetrable darkness and had progressed a couple of miles when suddenly from the side of the road darted an unshaven, roughly-clothed man, waving his arms frantically and shouting at the Detroit driver. The motorist did what almost anyone else would have done. He "stepped on it" and shot by the stranger. "And I've been wondering ever since who he was and what he wanted," he concluded, in telling the story. "I almost wish I had taken a chance and stopped."—Detroit News.

Scientific Photos

From a seat suspended 50 feet above the ground, an osteologist of the American Museum of Natural History recently took photographs of a trotting horse speeding below. In this way he obtained accurate records of the motion of the spine and muscles in action. These records are being used in mounting the bones of Lee Axtworthy, the champion trotting stallion of the world, so as to show him in the gait with which he made his record of 1:38.4. Trotting was bred in the bones of Lee Axtworthy down on a Kentucky stock farm, and now his bones will add to his fame by completing the most scientific exhibit of horses' bones ever mounted.

"Bombs" From Trees

Coulter's pine, one of the largest trees that grows in California, emulates the military airplane in its method of distributing seed. This giant fir produces enormous cones, in which are attached the seeds. The seeds are held securely as long as the fruit is not checked in its flight through the air. Should the fruit, as very often happens, be blown against an obstacle, such as a tree-branch, the device which holds the seed unclasp, and its burden falls to the earth. The whole idea closely resembles one of the worst features of aerial war, although instead of a devastating bomb, the flying fruit drops a seed that may grow up into a useful tree.

Ocean Temperature

The surface water of the ocean varies in temperature with the latitude. The hottest water, about 80 degrees, is at the equator, and the coldest at the poles. At a depth of 200 feet, however, the ocean, even in the tropics, is extremely cold. This icy water has drifted down from the poles, spreading its chilling effect over the entire sea. In the lowest depths the temperature is very close to the freezing point. There is no danger that the ocean will ever freeze, because the water is in perpetual motion through waves, tides and currents, and also because the warm water at the equator keeps the general temperature from dropping too low.

Golden Ideas

I believe happiness comes out of doing things for other people. If all rich people knew the pleasure of giving or helping others they would do so. It is the best medicine I have ever taken. When I die I will leave only a little for my children. I have never figured up what I have given away in the last thirty years. I cannot say how much I have left to give away. I know it is too much for me to keep and most of it will go.—Nathan Straus.

Experiments Show How Octopus Secures Prey

Experiments have been made in a specially devised tank, in order to test the truth of many stories told of octopi attacking human beings and dragging them to the sea bottom. In the tank with the octopus experimented with there was placed a "dummy" of the same specific gravity as a man, and this was baited with a crab. Attracted by this tempting morsel, the octopus made for the figure, seized it in its powerful tentacles, and tried to drag it under water, but without success. It then went to one side of the tank and, holding onto the edge of the glass with some of its arms, it dragged its prey beneath the surface and crushed the crab shell with its powerful jaws.

It is believed that these experiments afford proof that the octopus can drag its victims far below the surface of the water only near rocks to which it can attach its "suckers." There is one spot in the Bay of Naples where these creatures attain a large size, and now and then a fisherman is reported missing. It is thought that such disappearances are due to the unfortunate man's being caught by the leg by a concealed octopus and dragged under water. In the case of such a repulsive and powerful creature as the octopus, it is difficult to separate fact from fiction.

Victory Achieved in Keeping Soul Young

Byron reminds us that "time writes no wrinkles on the azure brow of the ocean," but can we say that there is any other brow anywhere upon which he does not place his tell-tale marks? We look into the glass with a close scrutiny some day and the face that greets us there shows unmistakable signs of his passing.

And yet we wonder if it is quite right to blame all that we see in the glass on Time, when we think of the needless worry and fret with which we crowd our lives. But the brow of a man's soul—is it not possible to keep it free from the furrows and scars and wrinkles that are left elsewhere?

Even if we have to allow that the weight of the years and the vicissitudes and responsibilities and disappointments must be borne by the frame a little, and take from the elasticity of its elasticity, might we not hope that the soul would be able to keep young and fresh and buoyant through all the years?

If we could manage to keep the soul young, why need we care what else would happen? If we could learn the secret of how that could be done would it not be one of the finest lessons we had learned all our life through?—Exchange.

Got "Peeping-Tom"

Something exceedingly antique and rare in the legal line was presented in Rochdale, England, when a young man was arraigned in the magistrate's court on the charge of "unlawfully listening by night under walls, windows and eaves of Rochdale Infirmary, to hearken after the discourse, and therefrom to frame slanders and mischievous tales." He resisted capture when caught up a spirit looking through the nurse's sitting-room window, and was struck on the head with a hammer by an infirmary official, says the Chesham Enquirer. The charge was preferred under an old common law respecting "night walkers and eavesdroppers."

"Curfew" in America

There are no states in the Union where the curfew as it was known in the early days is enforced. Formerly, the curfew was sounded as a signal for all fires and lights to be put out. This was because heat was obtained from open fireplaces, and the measure was regarded as necessary for the safety of the community in order to prevent fires. According to Bouvier's dictionary, some states have enacted legislation in regard to the curfew, but it is used generally as a convenient method of letting the inhabitants know what time of night it is.

Value of Forests

The Department of Agriculture says that removal of forests destroys the ground cover of leaf-mold, which once absorbed rain and snow waters, holding and distributing them to the soil. Cleared of forest and its spongy ground cover, the bare soil absorbs comparatively little water, most of which runs off rapidly, swelling streams and flooding and scolding the lower ground.

Coal Has Bright Flame

Cannel coal burns with a bright, candle-like flame, and it is probable that the name is a corruption of candle-coal. This coal is found in Kentucky, Ohio and Indiana, and some believe that it is a product of an accumulation of animal as well as plant remains. The same kind of coal is found in Scotland, where it is called parrot coal.

Mercury Forged From Ore by Distillation

Probably the largest exposed deposit of cinabar, or quicksilver ore, is that forming the mountain from which the town of Black Butte, Ore., derives its name. There a vein 400 feet wide has been opened for more than a mile along the mountain at a depth of 1,000 feet below the crest. In Europe the chief mines are at Almaden, in Spain, and at Idria, a town 25 miles from Trieste.

The process of obtaining the mercury is called distillation. After being crushed the ore is subjected to intense heat, 1,200 degrees Fahrenheit. When the ore has attained the temperature of 980 degrees, the mercury is driven off in the form of vapor. This vapor is passed into large wooden or brick chambers called "condensers" which are surrounded by water jackets and other devices designed to reduce the temperature. In these chambers the vapor is condensed, the quicksilver resuming a metallic form and being deposited in fine globules on the walls and floors. These globules, as they increase in size, merge and run out in troughs ready to be marketed. The product is shipped in wrought-iron flasks weighing fourteen pounds each and holding seventy-six and one-half pounds of the metal, for which the dealer contracts at the market price.

Ancient Authors Had Variety of Interests

To prolong the life of man for thousands of years to melt precious stones and pearls and give them desired shape, size and color, to enable a man to fast for six months or more without losing his health and life; to cause new teeth to grow in the place of fallen teeth—such are some of the benefits to mankind aimed at as revealed by an ancient library belonging to Doctor Syed, M. D., Kasim, Jahangir, head of the Pasteur hall, Pathargatti, Hyderabad, says the Scientific American.

This library contains rare and valuable ancient books and manuscripts on palm-leaf leaves, written in almost all the languages of India. Some of them seem to be the works of the Hindu Vedas period.

In one book is described a kind of wireless telegraph in which two stone plates are to be prepared and placed at great distance from each other without any wire connection. It is said that communications can be carried thousands of miles by means of these.

Famous London Well

After being hidden and almost forgotten for hundreds of years, the old well from which Clerkenwell takes its name seems to have been rediscovered and laid bare, London Tit-Bits states.

It was called "Clerks' well" because "the parish clerk of London in remote ages annually performed sacred plays in front of it."

What is believed to be the "Clerks' well" was discovered recently under a shop floor in Farringdon road. It was while workmen were pulling down the building that their spades revealed the well.

In the well are the remains of a Jordan suction pump, by which the water, it is said, used to be conveyed to the street outside for the use of priors, nuns, clerks and ordinary folk.

Close to the well a fine piece of Roman wall has been unearthed. So substantial is it that it is to be used as part of the foundations of a new building to be erected on the spot.

The Great Mogul

The British territory (India) is divided into six large provinces—Bengal, Bombay, Madras, the Northwest Provinces and Oudh, the Punjab, and Burma—and eight smaller ones, administered by governors, lieutenant-governors, chief commissioners and agents to the governor general, the whole under the viceroy, who represents the king-emperor, and has been described as "His Majesty's Greatest Subject." These provinces include what were once the high and puissant kingdoms of the subahdar of Bengal, the nawab of the Carnatic, the peshwa of the Marhattas, the emperor of Delhi (more commonly known as the Great Mogul), the king of Oudh, the maharajah of the Punjab, the king of Burma, and the amiers of Sind.—From "Indian Life in Town and Country."

Squalches Scientist

A distinguished astronomer tells of a visit paid by several young women to his observatory.

"I had done my best," he said, "to answer with credit 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 planets are inhabited, how do the astronomers find out their names?"

When Truth Hurts

One of the annual crop of car owners that declines to drive the same model car for two seasons, advertised his auto for sale in an outstate paper. Soon after the advertisement appeared, his phone was kept busy with such queries as "Do you think your car would hold out as far as Chicago?" "What do you think of its chances of getting as far as Columbus?" etc. In bewilderment, he looked up the advertisement and discovered that his own eulogy of the bargain had been faithfully copied, including the statement: "This one won't last long."—Indianapolis News.

Settled by Mutineers

Pitcairn island, in the South Pacific ocean, has an area of only about two square miles and a population of about 100 souls. It was settled in 1700 by mutineers from the British ship Bounty.

That's More Important

Jud Tunkins says a good politician will always extend sympathy, but what he expects from you is practical assistance.—Washington Star.

High Above Sea Level

Measurements made of the heights of clouds at Melbourne show the highest cirrus clouds to be from 20,000 to 42,000 feet above sea level.

Wasteful

"Some men talk so continuous," said Uncle Eben, "dat dey don't give deefits time to find out anything wuth tellin'."—Washington Star.

Golden Hour Comes

The rose-tinted hour invariably comes sooner or later to the man of patience and persistent action.—Willis George Emerson.

Catnip for the Wildcat

Catnip oil is often used in trapping bobcats and mountain lions because these animals relish the little green shrub.

Something to Remember

You have a right to your opinion—but your opinion is not necessarily right.—Boston Transcript.

Set Houses Low

Many houses are spoiled by the desire for terraces. Most houses look better when set low.

Yet Many Don't

He must be a thorough fool who can learn nothing from his folly.

Mrs. Crandall (Lover) Tells How She Stopped Chicken Losses

"Last spring, rats killed all our baby chicks. With I'd known about Rat-Snap before, with just one large package we killed swarms of rats. They won't get this year's hatches, I'll bet." Rat-Snap is guaranteed and sells for 25c, 50c, \$1.25. Sold and guaranteed by GRAHAM DRUG COMPANY.

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