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THEIR PAST LIFE THEIR OWN AFFAIR

"It Isn't What You Used to Be" in Wyoming.

I cannot pick out and describe, even in a line or two each, all those first neighbors of mine in Wyoming; fairly distant neighbors most of them, living anywhere from five to forty miles away, writes Struthers Burt in the Saturday Evening Post.

I cannot even give a satisfactory composite picture of the curiously cosmopolitan society, surfaced by common desires and common traditions, that distinguishes most cattle countries. In the case of my country, not so cosmopolitan as some others I have known.

There was, for instance, the handsome son of a great New York family, who had been sent West because he was thought to be a drunkard, but who developed—unlike most of his fellow remittance men—into the shrewdest and most sober of cattlemen; and there was the son of an American admiral the rest of whose family lived in Florence; and there was an ex-police man from Pennsylvania who had shot a man justifiably but had decided to emigrate; and there was the illegitimate offspring of a race famous in New England; and Dodge, the Harvard man; and another man whose talk was of the toughest, but who occasionally let drop a phrase astonishing in its delicacy and sureness of education; and there was the mysterious heir of a South African official, who had a photograph of two beautiful sisters.

These, and more like them, and then a score of men whose real names and stories were never known at all.

The heir of the South African official is still in the country, and will be there forever. He was shot a few years ago by a boy who had worked for us, and the shooting was so necessary that the boy was never even arrested.

The Boer, between whom and the boy there had been bad blood for a long while, rode over to the boy's ranch, announcing his intention of murdering him; and arriving at the door, placed his horse between him and the cabin and attempted to shoot the boy and his wife through the window.

A strange fellow this Boer, a charming, blue-eyed, curly-headed young man with a slight foreign lisp. He had been a mounted policeman in the Canadian Northwest and a top cowpuncher everywhere, but he told me he had once fallen and injured his head, and I don't think he had ever got over the injury, for he was undoubtedly insane at moments.

He could never spend a night at a ranch without taking something away the next morning, and then you would find the thing he had taken, up the road where he had thrown it half an hour later. One time I was riding with him through the fringe of cottonwood that bounded the ranch on the south. He sniffed the scented air.

"This always reminds me," he said, in his soft voice, "of ballrooms."

One of the Alert

Lord Beaverbrook, the multimillionaire, told a story at a dinner in New York.

"You American business men are so alert," he said, "that it's easy to believe the anecdote about young Higginson."

"Young Higginson, called on Banker Bonus and said:

"Mr. Bonus, I will take up only two minutes of your time. I have come to ask you for your daughter's hand, sir."

"Young man," said the wealthy banker, "do you—"

"Yes, sir," said young Higginson, "I do realize that Annette has been reared in the lap of luxury, but this luxury the dear girl is ready to forego."

"Can you—"

"Yes, sir, I can. Not as you have done, of course, but comfortably and respectably. My salary, sir, is a good one, and my prospects excellent."

"Will you—"

"Yes, sir, I will carry a life policy adequately in case I should be taken away."

"Would you—"

Saved by Roosevelt's Idea of Square Deal

When Roosevelt was getting ready for his African trip various sportsmen friends, as a matter of course, volunteered suggestions.

"When you get to Nairobi," said one—Mr. Blank, a happy-go-lucky, careless, prosperous chap, who had dived into the jungle and out again two years before—"whatever you do, don't hire a guide by the name of W—". He is capable enough, but not trustworthy."

The day Roosevelt reached Nairobi he inquired about this particular guide. He sent for the repudiated guide and got his side of the story, says the Milwaukee Journal.

Just as Roosevelt had divined, it was a mountain made out of a mole hill. The damning word dropped by Mr. Blank without warrant had left stark misery in its wake for the guide. After that he could get no employment from any hunter who came to Nairobi.

Roosevelt heard all this. By way of rejoinder he smashed his itinerary. He rearranged it over night to include a ten days' expedition never before dreamed of in that section of the country. He hired the Nairobi guide to take entire charge of the trip.

When the expedition got back it scheduled time Nairobi's housepets heard from Roosevelt. He said: "That guide is the most intelligent, the most industrious, the most reliable and the most satisfactory guide I have ever had."

The rehabilitation of the wounded guide dated from this utterance and this act of Roosevelt's. Again the man began to be sought after by hunters.

Outlaw Queen Could Be All Feminine at Times

Belle Starr, outlaw queen of the old days in Texas and Oklahoma, wore her hair short and was particularly sweet to women, says the Detroit News. She lived for years on the proceeds of loot and lined up a gang of the meanest-looking, hardest cursing, wildest-riding and shooting hard-boiled customers in her particular parts of the cow country.

She used to call at women's houses on her way home from leading her band on a robbery, and she would talk feminine things with them, sing religious songs and tell stories to the children.

Several stories are told of the way Belle Starr met her death. The generally accepted one is that she was assassinated by a man named Edgar A. Watson, who had gone to Oklahoma in the '80s and started farming near her place. It is told they became enemies in a dispute over land rental. Anyway, February 3, 1880, so the version has it, a double-barreled shotgun did the work.

Long Pedigrees

Royalty, as in the Hatfield chart, which traces Queen Elizabeth's descent from Adam, is not alone in claiming long pedigrees. On the tomb of a former town clerk of Burton-on-Trent that worthy is described as thirty-seventh in descent from Alfred the Great. Again, a distinguished French family, the Magons (an Admiral Magon was killed at Trafalgar) shows a pedigree deriving from Magu, the brother of Hannibal.

An Italian nobleman, the Marchese Porro, traces his line back to Porus, the Indian monarch who fought against Alexander the Great, while the Samson family who own estates near Lyons claim that their descent is from the strong man of the Bible, and in support of the claim bear on their coat-of-arms the broken column of a temple.—Manchester Guardian.

Real "Robinson Crusoe"

Alexander Selkirk was an adventurer, born in Largo, Scotland, in 1676. He was a skillful seaman and made several voyages to the South sea, in one of which, having quarreled with his commander, he was put ashore on the island of Juan Fernandez with a few supplies. Here he lived alone for four years and four months, when he was rescued by Capt. Woods Rogers. He returned to England in 1711, and is said to have given his papers to Defoe, who, from them, wrote the story of "Robinson Crusoe." Selkirk died on the ship Weymouth in 1723.

Famous the World Over

Surrey, England, is in the county of Surrey, 15 miles southwest of London. Espoon was formerly celebrated for a mineral spring from the water of which the well-known Espoon salts were manufactured. A number of the sons of medical men are educated at the Royal Medical college, and adjoining the school is a home for aged physicians or their widows. The principal attraction is the grand race meeting held on the downs, which is attended by hundreds of thousands of persons.

Big Lips for Beauty Is Idea of Africans

The women of the Lake Tchad region of Central Africa vie with one another as to who can possess the longest lips.

When girls are about four or five years old their future husbands pierce a hole in the center of the upper and lower lips with a big thorn or a knife. Through these holes he places thick straws or reeds.

In a few weeks, when the girl has become used to the punctures, wooden pegs the size of a lead pencil are pushed into the holes, says London Tit-Bits. Three months later, when the lips have become accustomed to the distension, larger pegs are inserted. At twenty-five a fashionable matron of the Saras-Djinges tribe is likely to have disks seven inches wide in the lower lip and five inches wide in the upper. Up to this time the disks stick straight out like birds' bills, but now they drop down from their weight.

After this larger disks are inserted about once a year. It is a matter of social pride with a woman to go on increasing her lips as long as possible.

Raise Fine Specimens of Butterfly in France

Butterfly culture in the south of France is rapidly growing in popularity. Here, under expert scientific guidance, hundreds of beautiful specimens are bred. The farms are provided with special leafy trees and plants on which the eggs are hatched. Directly the young appear the branches are taken to a well-ventilated room, where they are placed in jars of water. As soon as the caterpillars have eaten up this first supply of leaves fresh branches are provided. Having been in an even temperature for about two weeks, the young caterpillars are taken out into the open, where they are placed on plants protected from birds by nets. When fully grown this protective net is removed and soon they retire into cocoons or roll themselves up into leaves. These are collected and stored in boxes, where in a very short time butterflies of wonderful hues are evolved. Cross-breeding has been tried and numerous experiments are conducted to obtain brilliant and original markings on the wings of these insects, which are afterward sold to collectors or for the adornment of women's hats and dresses.

Fable of the Four Men

"I got off a street car this morning," said a doctor, "and being in no hurry I began moralizing on the actions and probable character of three men who had alighted just ahead of me. The first one was even then halfway down the block and was going on with such rapid strides that he had already put a couple of hundred yards between himself and the next man. 'There,' thought I, 'goes a hustler—a man who's bound to succeed in life.' The second man was walking rather slowly and I impressed me as one who would do fairly well, perhaps, in this world. But the last fellow was just dawdling along in the most shiftless sort of way. I very quickly set him down as a loafer."

"Just then another idea came home to me. All three were ahead of me!"—Pathfinder Magazine.

Perfume a la Mode

"And there was an odor that lurked about her. It was rich and comforting. Once, when he leaned toward her, he thought she smelled sweetly of new milk and fresh young onions and clean-turned soap."—From a Story in the Saturday Evening Post.

Poet at Eight

Mrs. Felicia Hemans, the English poetess, who died in 1835, wrote poetry of some worth when she was only eight years old. At the age of fourteen she wrote a book of juvenile poems.

Always in Order

Some one remarks that the greatest memory test of all is to meet a man a year later and remember his pet ailment. Why not try the politician's standard opener, "How's the old complaint?"

Farragut's Father Spanish

Admiral David Glasgow Farragut, whose exploits in the Civil war made him famous, was the son of George Farragut, a Spaniard who came to America in 1776 and fought with the Continental army.

Stray Bit of Wisdom

I would desire for a friend the son who never resisted the tears of his mother.—Lacretelle.

Add to Weight of Wrong

To persist in doing wrong extenuates not the wrong, but makes it much more heavy.—Shakespeare.

BILL BOOSTER SAYS

ALL CREDIT TO THE GOOD CITIZEN WHO CUIVS THE WEEDS AROUND HIS ALLEY, TRIMS THE GRASS AND SHOVELS THE SNOW, HAULS AWAY ASHES AND TIN CANS, PAINTS HIS HOUSE AND KEEPS HIS PLACE NEAT, FOR HE'S A REAL BOOSTER AND A CREDIT TO THE TOWN!



WISE REMARKS

Hated is self-punishment.

Great joys, like grief, are silent.

All men naturally desire to know.

Childhood is the sleep of reason.—Rousseau.

Truths and roses have thorns about them.—Proverbs of Spain.

An epigram can usually be answered by another epigram.

A man who pans what he calls his "friends" never had real ones.

Every one is as God made him, and often a great deal worse.—Cervantes.

Easiest awkwardness to forgive is that exhibited in doing you a favor.

Will feet ever declare their independence or will they go on suffering forever?

Can conscience become morbidly sensitive and trouble you more than is justifiable?

Men can sew, but most of them make a mended rip look like a welt raised by a horsewhip.

Note what happens when "charges are preferred." Aren't they forgotten, nine times out of ten?

To make a living by knowing about books, one has to know tons and tons of information about them.

Tennis courts made of rubber have been suggested by English experts and a demonstration rubber court is soon to be made.

Nearly 200 women carpenters, as shown by the latest United States census, give the lie to the myth that a woman cannot drive a nail.

Clock of Death Seems to Deserve Its Name

By the stopping of the famous astronomical clock of Henry VIII at Hampton court palace, London, and the death within a few hours of one of the palace inmates the ancient legend surrounding the "clock of death" has once more been fulfilled.

Tradition runs that the stopping of the clock portends the imminent death of a palace resident.

These days, for the first time for many years, the clock stopped, and the same night an elderly woman—Miss Jane Cuppage, daughter of Gen. Sir Burke Cuppage, who fought at Waterloo—was found dead in her apartments, says the Cincinnati Enquirer.

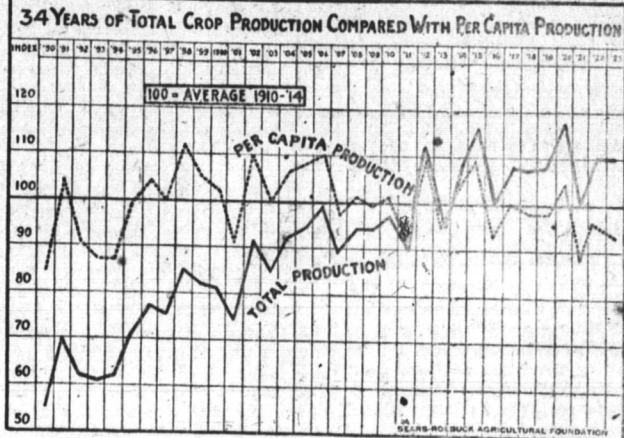
An official of the palace said that twice within his personal knowledge some one had died a few hours after the clock stopped.

Made in 1540, the clock registers the hour of the day, day of the month, position of the sun, number of days since the beginning of the year and high-water mark at London bridge.

Characters of History

Razi or Rthazes was an Arabian physician who lived from 852 to 932. He is noteworthy as being the first man to describe smallpox and measles in an accurate manner. Hugalud or Hucbald was a Benedictine monk and writer of music. He was born at Tournai, France, about 840. He later started a school of music and other arts at Nevers. He was the inventor of the gamut. The only work positively ascribed to him is the Harmonica Institute. He died in 930.

Farm Production Falling Off

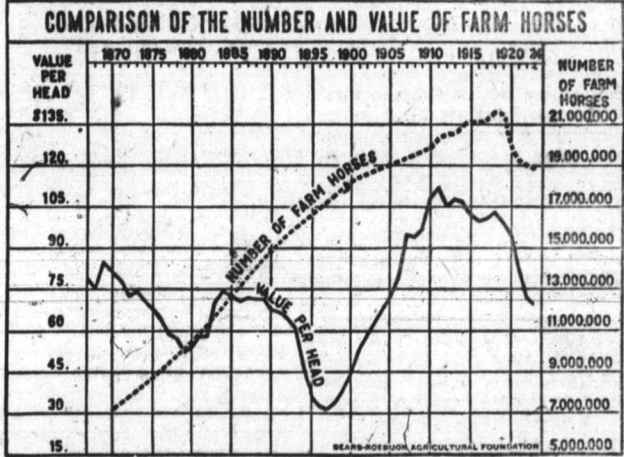


Population is gaining on crop production, according to a study made over a period of thirty-four years by the Sears-Roebuck Agricultural Foundation, based on figures of the United States Department of Agriculture. The accompanying chart shows crop production per capita is falling.

Taking the average of 1910 as 100, total crop production in the last three years averaged 103.5. Owing to the growth of population, per capita production has been only 92.3 when 100 represents the 1910-1914 average.

The chart shows index numbers of both total and per capita production of 10 crops—corn, wheat, oats, barley, rye, buckwheat, potatoes, hay, tobacco and cotton, which include more than 95 per cent of the total acreage of all crops. Since yields are expressed in various units, bushels, bales, tons and pounds, the crops are combined by applying a constant average price to the yearly production of each crop.

Prospects Bright for Better Horses



Both farm and city are demanding more and better horses, according to the Sears-Roebuck Agricultural Foundation.

Despite the 15,281,253 automobiles and trucks in the United States, there are 18,263,000 head of horses and mules on farms today and 2,300,000 horses pulling loads in city streets. The coming of the auto and trucks reduced the equine workers in cities by 2,000,000 between 1910 and 1920, a reduction of 30 per cent. But during the last three years there has been a decided trend in the opposite direction.

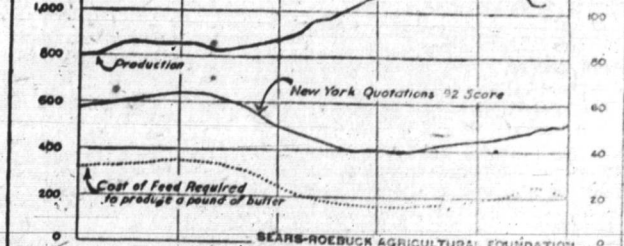
Between 1910 and 1920 the horse population on farms decreased 10 per cent. On January 1, 1924, there was 18,263,000 horses, compared with 21,555,000 six years before. This was the smallest number since 1905. Still, 97 per cent of all field work is done by horses and mules.

Around 1915, under the influence of stimulated war production and replacement by mechanical power, horse prices began to decline. By January of this year average values per head were the lowest since 1905. Mule prices, unlike horses, advanced during the war, reaching their peak in 1920. In 1923 there was a third more horses and mules sold than during the previous year.

Good mares and stallions are scarce. During the war horses breeding languished. The number of colts produced failed to keep pace with the losses by death. Between 1910 and 1920 horse and mule colts combined decreased 22 per cent. The largest percentage of the horse population is old.

Low prices will continue to discourage horse and mule production and cause still further decrease in the population until the average price turns upward. Unless breeding operations are increased, demand will soon be greater than the supply. How soon the market turning point will be reached for the rank and file of horses is uncertain. Prices have already improved for the better than medium grades. The constantly increasing demand along with the limited supply is indicative that the turning point is not far off.

What Makes The Price of Butter?



Evidently production, consumption and feed prices, all play an important part in regulating butter prices in a tariff-protected market like the United States. The cost of feed may regulate in the long run, but over periods of a few years it has little to do with the selling price of butter.

His Suspicion

"Well, sir," began Constable Slackpunter, the guardian of the peace and dignity of Petunia. "I'll swear I don't know what to make of them fellows that loaf in the public square. You know how they whittled all to pieces with their jackknives the wooden benches we put in there, till we drag away the scraps and put in iron benches instead?"

"Yes," replied the mayor. "They ain't tore up the iron benches, have they?"

"Not exactly, but they're already marking and scratching them up so that I believe they are using files on 'em."—Kansas City Star.

Easy

Girls with natural peach-bloom complexions who criticize their sallow sisters for rouging are poor sports—anybody could win with a straight flush.—Norfolk Virginia Pilot.

Saving Postage Stamps

If postage stamps have become glued together, lay a thin paper over them and run a hot iron over them. The mucilage will not be hurt.

Only Lightly Held

Friends who stick to you because they are under obligations are likely to drift pretty rapidly when released from their obligations.

Turf Natural Filter

France's experiments with natural turf have shown that it is an excellent material from which to form beds for the filtering of sewage. A volume of between three and four cubic meters of sewage can be purified every day for every square meter of the surface of the turf. An experimental turf filter that has been in use for more than seven months shows diminution of efficiency. If a larger proportion of sewage than that mentioned is employed the filter proves less effective, but it recovers its power when the amount of sewage is reduced to the proper proportion. Chemical analysis and the effects upon fish put into the filtered water unite in testifying to the efficiency of the process.

French Butter Markets

During the months of June, July and August the butter markets of Normandy are an interesting sight to the visitors. The peasants assemble in the market squares of the various towns, almost in military formation, with their baskets filled with large pats of butter, each done up in the whitest of cloths. The buyers walk along the lines and bargain for the wares, tasting samples before deciding. If the prospective buyer is satisfied with the flavor of one morsel he knows he may rely on the rest of it being equally good, for the French law regarding the adulteration of food is very strict, and a fraudulent seller is severely dealt with.

Poor Henry!

A Baltimore man, who was formerly a resident of a town on the eastern shore, recently revisited his old home town after an absence of many years. One day he was talking with an old friend about various people he formerly knew.

"What became of the Hall family?" he inquired.

"Oh," said the latter, "Tom Hall did very well. Got to be an actor out on the Pacific coast. Bill, the other brother, is something of an artist in New York, and Lucy, the sister, is doing literary work." But Henry never amounted to much. It took all he could lay his hands on to support the others."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Automatic Booking Clerk

An electrically operated automatic passenger is now in use at several of the London underground railway stations.

When the passenger has inserted the proper number of coins, the device issues a dated ticket, releases the turnstile, registers the passenger on a recorder, and locks the turnstile after he has passed through.

Mrs. Cranfall (Iowa) Tells How She Stopped Chicken Losses

"Last spring, rats killed all our baby chicks. With just one large package we killed swarms of rats. They won't get this year's batches. I'll bet." Rat-Soap is guaranteed and sells for 35c. 65c. \$1.25.

Sold and guaranteed by GRAHAM DRUG COMPANY.

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