

THE ALAMANANCE GLEANER.

VOL. L

GRAHAM, N. C., THURSDAY, AUGUST 21, 1924

NO. 29

WHEN INDIAN FISHES ITS WORK, NOT SPORT

Naturally Lazy, He Uses the Sure and Simple Method.

He has three ways of doing it—with a gill-net, with a dip-net, and with a gaff-hook. The familiar hook and line of the white man he scorns as being too slow and entangling too much hard work. What the Indian wants is the fish. He cares nothing about the sport of the thing, nor the thrill of landing a 12-pound beauty with an eight-ounce rod and a slender silk line; leave that to the crazy white man who has nothing else to do. The Indian wants the fish, and the easier he can get them the better he likes it, and the more time he has for sleep.

His favorite way of catching salmon is by the use of the gill-net, since this method leaves him the maximum amount of time for his previously mentioned sleep. A gill-net is a straight piece of netting about twelve feet long and five or six feet wide. One side has wooden floats and the other heavy leaden weights, so it will hang perpendicular in the water. On either end is a stone anchor to keep it stretched out.

Setting the net is an easy process. He chooses an eddy or a deep pool in the river and floats by in his canoe, with the net piled in the stern. When the proper spot is reached, he kicks one of the anchors overboard. This settles to the bottom of the river and pulls the net out over the stern as the canoe floats leisurely on. When all the net is out of the canoe, he kicks the other anchor overboard and his work is done. His labors over for the day, the Indian winds his homeward way and sinks into repose until the morning, leaving the net to catch his meal, says Adventure Magazine.

The water of the Nooksack river is never very clear; usually, it is muddy. This makes it hard for the salmon to see, and thereby brings about their undoing. They swim around in the eddies and pools in search of food and, if a net is there, they are sure to run into it head-first in the course of a day or two. The meshes of the net are not quite large enough to let an average-sized salmon through. He gets halfway through, and then tries to back out. As he backs out, the meshes of the net catch under his gills and he stays there till the owner of the net pulls him out.

Next day the Indian comes back in his canoe and pulls the net up, usually finding four or five salmon in it. These he either takes home or hides under a log so he can tell his wife where to find them. With this supply of fish, he betakes himself to rest and does not stir abroad again for a week or so, or until such time as his larder is empty.

Only Campfire Smoke

At the recent state G. A. R. encampment in Frankfort, the annual campfire was the big public event and created much interest. The meeting was held in Howard hall, the Frankfort High school gymnasium.

One woman who lives a short distance from the hall did not attend. Her husband returned home about nine o'clock, while the gathering was still in session, and as he opened the front door, remarked: "I smell smoke, something must be burning."

His wife looked up from the book she was reading. "I've been smelling that," she said. And then a light shone over her face and with all seriousness she said: "Oh, I know. It's the campfire."—Indianapolis News.

How This Fish Walks

As waters inhabited by climbing perch dry up, the existing puddles become overstocked, and the fish leave their old home, says Nature Magazine. They depart by hundreds, traveling over the land, scattering in all directions. Then the gill covers are fully extended and the pectoral fins spread out. The former are bent outward like a joint, the pointed ends seeking a firm hold; by a twisting and turning movement of the body the creature is jerked forward. Then the spines of the gill covers again seek a firm hold. In this way the climbing perch is able to move quite rapidly. If the fish do not find water, they will dig themselves into the mud and can be found at a depth of one and a half feet.

Plant Almost Human

Operating without human control, halting while minor difficulties are adjusted and stopping altogether if something goes seriously wrong, a new electric power station at Searsburg, Vt., embodies astonishing mechanical intelligence, says Popular Science Monthly.

The turbine of the plant drives a generator with a capacity of 6,500 horsepower. The only help from human beings is occasional inspection, lubrication and regulation of the governor mechanism. The turbine starts when sufficient water arrives and shuts down when the flow falls below an efficient limit.

Crater Bruts to Mind Ancient Idea of Hell

The news that Halemaumau, the hottest crater of the Kilauea volcano in Hawaii, is active again and has thrown up black dust clouds to a height of 7,000 feet, reminds me of my visit to the Pit of Everlasting Fire. That is what the name Halemaumau means, and it corresponds to its description, writes G. L. D. Jones.

The Japanese liner in which I was making a ten-weeks' voyage from Hongkong to Valparaiso (incidentally, I believe, the longest passenger voyage in the world) not only called at Honolulu, but at Hilo, and from Hilo—a port in the making—I went with the few other white passengers on board by motor car to Kilauea and Halemaumau.

Our chauffeur was a Japanese of a Japanese-Hawaiian mixture. In his capacity for driving I had little confidence at the start, and out of his hands we were all very glad to get at the finish, more especially as the motor car itself had seen better days.

It had been warm when I left Hilo (in whites and a sun-helmet). When the car stopped I was shivering with cold—on the tropic line, with an active volcano at my feet. There was a guest house for volcano visitors who wished to stop the night. All around was a black desolation of waste ground, striated by solidified tracks of lava from former eruptions. We picked our way down along a well-trodden path and suddenly we saw Halemaumau.

We were at the end of the world, and below us, was a vivid representation of the ancient idea of Hell.

The pit was glowing with fire, red-hot fire. It was cut up into sections of fire. Picture to yourself pools of red-hot fire, now suddenly agitated into fountains; rivers of red-hot fire, now overflowing their banks. Ten, twenty, thirty pools and fountains and rivers all blazing at once, all working at red-hot pressure, some suddenly becoming even more excessively angry than before. That is Halemaumau.

The City of David

Prof. R. A. S. Macalister, describing recently the work carried on at the eastern hills of the south of Jerusalem, said that there was undoubted evidence of the occupation of the site by men of prehistoric time. They had, however, discovered the bottom portions of the walls of the city that David had taken from the Jebusites. Although it was not wise to theorize before the work was completed, they had found indications that pointed to a spot in the northern wall being that which David breached when he took the city, subsequently screened with a wall that he built to cover the damage, and finally properly repaired by Solomon.

A strong bastion, with walls over twelve feet thick, indicated that it might be the tower from which the Jebusites mocked David, saying that only blind men and cripples would be necessary to hold the walls against him. The excavations also had brought to light other things which illustrated or amplified Biblical references to David. The work was as yet far from complete, only about an acre of ground having been taken, but sufficient had been done to show very attractive possibilities in its completion.

As She Understood It

After the usual Saturday romp the children gathered in the drawing room for some music.

As bedtime drew near the mother said: "Now, children, choose a hymn to finish up with and then you must all say good night."

"Let's have 'Ere Again O'er Sabbath Close,'" said a little girl of seven.

"Well, I think that would be more suitable for tomorrow night," replied the mother.

"Oh, but you always air our Sabbath clothes on Saturdays," said the child.

Research Work Needed

It is not safe to say that any intelligent research work is useless. With so overwhelming a proportion of the inhabitants of the earth giving their eager attention to the accumulation of wealth which perishes, we can well afford to provide the opportunity for the exceptional man here and there, to investigate any subject to which his enthusiasm directs his attention. If he succeeds in discovering truth, the investment will be of imperishable benefit to the human race.—William Wallace Campbell, President of the University of California.

Others Had Wondered

Little Margie was unusually silent, her mind deep in the realms of fancy. Finally she turned to her mother, who was seated on the sofa with a rather sad expression on her face, and asked: "Say, mother, how did you come to marry papa?"

Margie's mother looked at her daughter with a wistful smile and replied, "My dear child, is that beginning to astonish you, too?"

Grim Relics of Fight of Long Centuries Ago

Many indeed have been the revelations of archeology concerning "Unhappy, far-off things and battles long ago." But British explorations at Jerablus—the Carchemish of Jeremiah's prophecy—told a tragic tale with unusual clearness. Some fine limestone blocks projecting from a cutting of the Bagdad railway first aroused scientific curiosity, and excavation quickly showed that they formed the rear wall of a fine, spacious villa.

At no great depth under the surface the men encountered a thick stratum of burned ashes. There was no trace of later construction, and the site, which was the most commanding in the outer town, would hardly have been left unoccupied while Carchemish was a city; so the excavators assumed that the fire that destroyed the house was that which swept the whole place about 600 B. C. Very soon the assumption received startling confirmation, says the Youth's Companion.

Outside the walls they found a few bronze arrow heads; on the porch there were a number of them, and on the floor of the rooms under the ashes arrow heads of bronze and iron turned up in hundreds, and with them lance points and broken sword blades and men's bones and all the signs of a fierce struggle. Always the weapons lay thickest in front of room doors, and there the arrow heads were often bent or broken, as if from striking against the bronze casing of the door timbers. It needed but little imagination to follow the fight as the defenders were driven back from room to room until they were overwhelmed at the last.

Near by was found a beautiful Greek shield bearing a Medusa's head of the finest workmanship. How came such an object among the ruins of Carchemish, which was destroyed in the same campaign in which Gaza fell? Wise scholars remembered that Herodotus mentions spoils from Gaza, dedicated by Pharaoh Necho at the Temple of Apollo at Branchidae in honor of the Ionian mercenaries who served in his ranks. The excavations at Jerablus have led perhaps to more important results, but to none more dramatic than this, which brings together in one burnt and ruined house at Carchemish two writers so far removed from each other as Herodotus and Jeremiah—the Greek "Father of History" and the Jewish prophet.

Ancient and Modern Culture

To compare ancient Egypt, or the Valley of the Kings, and all they have bequeathed to us, brought to light from time to time by excavation, with material discovery, such as steam, electricity and the like, through other scientific channels would be ridiculous. But archeological discoveries as to our uses are the only real advantage other than the science of medicine, that modern civilization may claim over that of the ancients. Again, though we cannot become intimate with those ancient people in the living, by archeological research work we can become intimate with their dead and the material they have bequeathed us. As a result of such research, we find that culture in the way of intellectual development and the arts in general were in those most ancient times in many ways higher than they are today. In fact, modern progress in the mechanical sciences and industrialism generally are largely responsible for the complete eclipse of spontaneous and unconscious artistic production. If there by we get such ultimate results as cubism and futurism, then archeological research will show that the arts are best without our mechanical and industrial progress.—Howard Carter in Current History Magazine.

Why Don't They?

She is a business woman of Indianapolis and in the splinter class, too. And she resents the pitying way people have of saying "old maid" when they speak of some one in her class.

The other evening the man before her was introduced as "the town's most popular bachelor."

Then she arose. "I'm not married either," she said, "but when you speak of me as an old maid I want you to give it the same spicy twist as you do 'bachelor' when you speak of that unmarried man."

Pulp From Allanther

Officials of the United States forest products laboratory, in Madison, Wis., announce the discovery of what is declared to be an excellent and valuable pulp wood from the allanther tree, otherwise known as the "Tree of Heaven." Officials, after laboratory tests, say that it developed into a high grade of book paper, also fit for use in the manufacture of lithograph and writing paper. The allanther was imported from China into Pennsylvania and New York, where it rapidly is becoming a weed and a menace.

Waisting Disease

"Mrs. Rodgers is dreadfully afraid of embonpoint," remarked Mrs. Gadsby for her caller.

"That's a terrible disease," returned the other woman. "My favorite aunt had it and the poor thing just wasted away."—Boston Transcript.

SHAFTS OF WIT

Gifted
"Bridget, you've been eating onions," "Shure, mum, it's a mould reader ye are."

That Was Different
She—"They tell me late hours are bad for one." He—"Yes, but there are two of us."

For the Time Being
"What! A widow for the third time?" "Yes—temporarily."

Naturally
"Any change in the price of sky-rockets?" "They're going up!"

Woman's Prerogative
"Willie, did you see my new shaving brush?" "Yes, mom is using it to paint the bird cage."

Flattered Himself
She—"You're an awful flirt." He—"On the other hand, I thought I was pretty good at it."

Head Over Heels
Voice (from above)—Jane, is that fellow gone? Jane—Hopelessly, papa.

Conditional
Poet—"May I read you my last poem?"—Friend—"Yes, if I may depend on it that it is your last."

The Worst Ever
Edith—"Has he any objectionable habits?" Ethel—"Yes. None.—From Judge."

Of Whatever Kind
"Blank's badly told stories are a dreadful bore." "Yes, poor relations generally are."

New Use of Concrete as Building Material

Raised biscuits of concrete, as light as those "mother used to make" and much more durable, are now a possibility. They will float, but are not intended to be eaten. They are used as building material, their porous structure making them light and easy to handle, and also resistant to the transmission of heat. They are the invention of Axel Eriksson, a Swedish architect, as reported in a recent issue of the Engineering News-Record. These concrete blocks are "raised" through the addition to the mixture, while still wet, of a quantity of finely powdered zinc or aluminum. This reacts with the free lime of the cement, liberating hydrogen gas, which fills the liquid mixture with bubbles of the gas that are imprisoned there when the concrete sets. The process is analogous to that of the leavening of dough, which is accomplished by the setting free of carbon dioxide from a mixture of bicarbonate of soda and cream of tartar, alum, or some other chemical. The building authorities of Stockholm have approved the use of these blocks in two-story buildings.

Refusal Impossible

The Hiwires, circus performers, were at the top of their trapeze, and the Mrs. was holding her husband in midair.

"Now, dear," she said softly down to him, "can I have that new gown?" "I—er—I am not in a position to say no, darling," he replied.—American Legion Weekly.

Well, Well

"Be my inspiration," said a poet to a maid.

"Be my inspiration." So the happy pair were wed.

"Be my inspiration," he no longer doth propose.

"Be my cook," he should have said, and that's the way it goes.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Securities Losses

The volume of worthless securities sold in the United States was estimated at \$1,000,000,000 a year, and was described as a "tidal wave" by speakers at the recent eastern district savings conference of the American Bankers' association in New York.

Horrible Thought

"I hear that that dreadful cynic, Kadey, is losing his mind." "Isn't that terrible?" "Oh, I don't know. I haven't any sympathy."

"But suppose some decent fellow should find it."—Boston Transcript.

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NOW PRODUCE WIRE THAT IS INVISIBLE

The wonderful things that can be accomplished by American genius are illustrated by the development of tungsten and copper wire so fine that 100 strands twisted together are no thicker than a human hair, says the Thrift Magazine.

Prior to the World War the smallest wire of this character was made in Germany. It is used in electric vacuum thermocouples to measure delicate alternating currents. The strands are only five-thousandths of an inch in diameter. They are practically invisible, except as they reflect a streak of light, and can be handled and soldered only under a microscope.

No metal can be drawn to this diameter. The tungsten or copper nickel alloy is first wire-drawn through dies made of pierced diamonds and after this it is submerged in an electrolytic bath and gradually eaten down to the necessary size.

American manufacture began with our entry into the war, and since that time our electrical experts have reached a degree of perfection in the making of these tiny instruments equaled in no other country.

PONDERINGS

Custom is the best interpreter of laws.

A great library contains the diary of the human race.

The greatest happiness comes from the greatest activity.

Refrain not to speak when there is occasion to do good.

He that shortens the road to knowledge lengthens his life.

The woman who hesitates at an auction sale sometimes wins by losing.

Love may not make the world go round, but it makes a lot of people giddy.

Retire within thyself, and thou wilt discover how small a stock is there.—Peregrinus.

"Every abridgement of a good book is a stupid abridgement."—Proverbs of France.

People who strike in the dark may mean well, but they seldom hit the right spot.

Some people resemble birds which are only sung for a certain time.—La Rochefoucauld.

Bad luck is the man who stands with his hands in his pockets waiting to see how it all turns out.

If you know how to spend less than you earn you have the philosopher's stone.—Benjamin Franklin.

Tree Planting

A request from the American Tree Planting association, for the name of the "champion tree planter" in each state is a reminder of the great growth of the arboricultural movement in the United States since J. Sterling Morton first proposed an Arbor Day. The American Tree association says that it has enrolled 70,000 registered tree planters, but this is far from constituting one tree-planting strength. The effort to establish avenues of shade along the principal highways is participated in by many individuals and by hundreds of local organizations.

The association meanwhile furthers an excellent undertaking by publishing instructions on tree planting that the veteran novice can understand.—Portland Oregonian.

Swamps Put to New Use

Furs have become so popular in America that a new industry has sprung up in swampy districts. Muskrat farming, for years carried on as a part-time job, now is a thriving industry in some sections of the United States. It is found that muskrat muskrats become tame easily though they are prey for many enemies. They require no feedings as they live on the vegetation of marshes and ponds. Twenty years ago the muskrat was considered a pest. Some swamps where they are bred and raised now are worth more than the arable land nearby.

Fiddling Work

A certain young New Zealander, six or seven years old, is very inquisitive. One day he was asking how things came to be here: "Mother, who made me?" The mother replied, "God."

"Who made the horses and cows?" "God."

"And who made the elephants?" "Why, God, of course!"

A long pause, then: "Well, did God make flies?" "Why, yes, my son!" "Elumph!" said the boy. "Fiddling work, flies!"—Everybody's Magazine.

Drawback to Affection Inspired by a Horse

I am not, as I say, sentimental about horses; I have never yet seen a man a horse liked as well as a nice bundle of hay, writes Guy Struthers Burt in the Saturday Evening Post. But on the other hand, if you have ridden one horse a lot and know all his little ways and he knows all yours, and if you have ridden many lonely and sometimes dark miles with him, after a while you begin to cherish an affection for him against your better sense.

There's a sweet, warm, companionable feeling to the rippling muscles of his neck when you put your bare hand against them on a pitch-black deserted trail, almost, although not quite so much company as you get out of a dog in camp. And as for Joe, if you miss the trail in the dark and try to turn off it he will do his best to buck with you.

There's one thing about being with such short-lived things as horses and dogs that isn't pleasant. You understand what age is too soon. Here is Joe getting old—and he's sixteen. You get too much an impression of the flight of time. A wise man should keep an elephant and always feel young.

Timidity Has No Place Among Arabs of Desert

Bravery is the great outstanding characteristic of the Arab. His judgment of what constitutes cowardice is relentless and terrible. As soon as a man is proved a coward the tribal poet laureate makes a song about him magnifying his fault and ridiculing him. If the victim is unmarried the woman will consider him as the son of his cowardice endures forever in the tribe. If he is already married his wife or wives are permitted by tribal law (not by Mohammedanism) to return to their fathers. The man, too, ceases to associate with the coward and he becomes an outcast and a pariah. To no other tribe can he turn for shelter, and almost invariably suicide is his lot.

Above everything the Arab must prove bravery in the eyes of his woman folk. An Arab man's arms are invariably covered with scarification marks. These are relics of his childhood and are the result of his proving his worthiness to some childhood sweetheart, his method being to stand in front of the object of his adoration and smile, the while he allows pieces of red-hot charcoal to burn him.

The tattoo of New Guinea are impure to promote poisoning. This of course had good had gone on explorers are in great demand. At Port Moresby, trading in spotted tinned foods has become a sizeable business.

Wanted for Himself

Small boy (to village preacher)—Oh! Mr. Spivens, Daddy says you've got 'bats in your belly'—can I come up and see them one day?—From the Passing Show, London.

Mrs. Crandall (to her son) Tell me how the Stopped Chicken Lenses.

"Last night, this killed all my baby chicks. With 'em I know about that kind of lens. With just one lens package we killed dozens of rats. They won't get this year's chickens. I'll bet. Rat-Snap is guaranteed and sells for 50c. See B.L.S."

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Status Put to Use

The statue of Berolina, the guardian goddess of Berlin, Germany, in the Alexanderplatz, has been fitted with a false right arm and hand, which sends a disc signal. When the arm is extended traffic through the plat is held up. When the way is clear, the traffic man on duty, stationed in a little signal box, pulls a lever, up goes Berolina's arm, and the waiting vehicles steam past.

Wine 384 Years Old

Which is the oldest bottle of wine in the world? As far as authenticated records can settle this question, the palm undoubtedly goes to a bottle of Steinwein—a Bavarian hock—which bears on its label the date 1540. The 384-year-old bottle and its precious contents, which Henry VIII might have sampled, are in the possession of a London wine expert.

Betting Machine

The "Fart-mitt" or "rotiffier" is a betting machine fitted with a number of receptacles. The bettor places his stake in the receptacle appropriated to the horse he favors, and at the end of the race the support of the successful horse divide up all the money staked on the different horses, less 10 per cent, which goes to the owner of the machine.

All Help Unfortunate

A singular custom prevails among the Tartars or Kurds. If a man loses his cattle or other property he pours a little brown sugar into a piece of colored cloth, ties it up, and carries one such parcel to each of his friends and acquaintances. In turn he is presented, according to circumstances, with a cow or sheep or a sum of money.

Laugh at Promises

The natives of New Guinea are impure to promote poisoning. This of course had good had gone on explorers are in great demand. At Port Moresby, trading in spotted tinned foods has become a sizeable business.

Ancient Paved Streets

Paved streets are said to date from the early Christians, and came into use in Rome in Augustus' time. In England they were not common until the reign of Henry VII in the sixteenth century.

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