

THE ALAMANCE GLEANER.

VOL. L

GRAHAM, N. C., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1924

NO. 39

50,000 IN LIFE-SAVING SERVICE OF RED CROSS

Additional 50,000 Water Safety Experts Probable Gain of Summer Campaign.

A boy watched an expert give a class lesson in the way to revive a person unconscious from water immersion. The next day the boy tried it on a bathing companion and saved his life. Such a boy justifies all the effort and the cost of the Life-Saving Service, American Red Cross officials declare. The Red Cross method of restoring partly drowned persons is so simple that the continual large sacrifice of life must decrease as an informed public insists upon general instruction in prone pressure practice to induce respiration.

The Red Cross Life-Saving Service in every part of the country, summer and winter, is engaged in teaching this method as an integral part of swimming and life-saving. This service has grown from a single expert in 1914 to a corps of almost 50,000 active life-savers. In this tenth year of the work it is predicted that fully 50,000 more experts will be eligible for membership in the corps. This large accession in a single year is confidently expected as the result of the campaign among 22,000 troops of Boy Scouts under a plan to qualify at least two life-guards in each troop.

During the past year, 4,746 men, 3,374 women, 9,731 boys and girls successfully passed the rigid tests of the Red Cross—an increase of 5,331 over 1923. Intensive instruction is developing hundreds of qualified examiners for the Red Cross Life-Saving Corps, who supplement the teaching staff maintained by the national organization. The cause of water safety is therefore penetrating to new sections and eventually will cover all American territory.

Recognition of this Red Cross service for humanity is growing apace. At the request of the War Department every military training camp had life-saving instruction last summer. Municipalities have adopted the Red Cross course, public and private schools are offering it to students, business, civic and athletic organizations are promoting campaigns, and police departments are making it a part of the conditioning process for their recruits.

Volunteer life-savers throughout the country, the American Red Cross reports, are eagerly advancing the cause of water safety, 388 volunteers receiving medals for giving from 200 to 300 hours' service in two or three years. In addition 36 rescue bars to medals were awarded members of the Red Cross Corps who saved one or more lives during the year.

It is for the work and extension of life-saving that continued support through memberships is sought, and the American Red Cross urges all persons to join or renew membership during the enrollment campaign opening Armistice Day, November 11.

Twain's Description of Missouri River Water

In one of his return trips to the state of his boyhood, Mark Twain wrote a friend he had found one thing that had not changed—the multicolor complex of Missouri river water—and probably a score of centuries would not change it. "It comes out of the turbulent, bank-eating river," he explained, "and every thimbleful of it holds an acre of land in solution. I got this fact from the bishop of the diocese. If you will let your glass stand half an hour you can separate the land from the water as easy as Genesis, and then you will find them both good—the one to eat, the other to drink. The land is very nourishing, the water is thoroughly wholesome. The one appeases hunger, the other thirst. But the natives do not take them separately, but together, as nature mixed them. When they find an inch of mud in the bottom of the glass, they stir it up and take a draft as they would gruel. It is difficult for a stranger to get used to this batter, but once used he will prefer it to water."—Fathfinder Magazine.

Need to Know One Another

There is nothing wanting to make all rational and disinterested people in the world of one religion, but that they should walk together every day.—Swift.

Carpet for the Ceiling

A piece of old carpet placed at the bottom of the cellar steps will prove a wonderful help in preventing marks from rubber heels on the clean kitchen linoleum.

Point of Resemblance

Lightning bugs are not so different from certain men. A lightning bug can see where he has been but not where he is going.—Charlotte Observer.

"THE ROAST BEEF OF OLD ENGLAND"

Nothing Dims John Bull's Loyalty to National Dish.

I can never understand people well until I see them eating. "Tell me what you eat and I'll tell you what you are." If you eat roasted meats and well-cooked vegetables, you are an Englishman; if you eat well-seasoned dishes, with a liberal use of sauces, you are French; if you don't eat, you are Spanish.

I would take these Englishmen, so strong and high-colored, and I would put them in a Madrid boarding-house; at the end of two weeks they would be so weak that I could maul them without any difficulty, declares a writer in the Chicago Evening Post. An English military authority once said: "Where the Spanish soldier would consider himself well-fed, the French soldier would be on half rations, and the English soldier would starve to death." The English are prodigious eaters, but as they are not epicurean they are slim, strong and healthy, and not fat and heavy like the French.

I have seen an advertisement of the Muller cooking-pans; this advertisement is divided into seven parts, corresponding to the seven days of the week. Monday shows a platter with an enormous piece of roast beef; below appears the same roast, a little smaller; it is Tuesday's fare. By Wednesday the roast has diminished in a mathematical proportion. Thursday roast beef, Friday roast beef. By Saturday the roast has assumed microscopic proportions.

"But," you will say, "surely they eat something else in London besides roast beef?" Yes; in addition to roast beef they eat more roast beef. These English divide the same portion of roast beef in two pieces so that foreigners may not say that here one eats only one thing.

The variety of the roast beef consists in the vegetables; boiled potatoes and cabbage, all without salt. . . . If one could at least have some variety in the cooking of the potatoes! But no; Monday's potatoes are like those of Sunday, Sunday's like those of Saturday, and so on unto eternity. Do you suppose that the English would outstage a potato? Never! What would become of the proverbial English honesty? No, a potato must always look and taste exactly like a potato. England, ladies and gentlemen, is a serious country.

In the slang of Paris, the English are called roast beef. "Vola un roast beef," the French say of an Englishman.

The fact is that by dint of eating roast beef through generations, the English of today look a good deal like enormous pieces of roast beef. They have the same color, the same health, the same sensitiveness to roast beef. An Englishman eating a piece of roast beef makes me think of a cannibal devouring a fellow man.

Opal Diggers Work Hard for Small Remuneration

Of all the rough "outback" jobs in Australia, digging for opal is about the worst. Coober Pedy lies in the heart of the Stewart range, 170 miles from the nearest station on the East-West railway, and its whole population of between 70 and 80 diggers lives underground in burrows scratched out of the hillside. A tin shanty, in which the diggers keep their tools, is the only sign of life showing above ground.

Every morning the diggers come out of their holes and set out for the opal fields, to cut patiently through the rock in the hope of finding the beautiful black diamonds lying beneath. Between them they have dug many thousands of dollars' worth of opal in the last four years, though they have worked only a small area of a field said to be 40 miles long. In normal times opal is worth about \$15 an ounce, but now that there is practically no demand for the gems the diggers have opal, but no money.

Unharmful by Long Fall

Among the classic English falls may be mentioned that of a steeplejack, who fell from the top of the church of St. George in Bolton-le-Moors to the ground, the whole distance traversed being some 120 feet. The man's skull struck some sheet lead upon the earth and left its impact upon it, but though this fall was quite unbroken the man was only slightly injured and resumed work in a few days. Not long ago a man with his shoes on fell from the top of a cliff at Dover, the height of which was afterward found to be 400 feet. He was picked up floating insensible in some five feet of water, but his shoes were off, which proves that he must have retained sufficient consciousness on reaching the water to enable him to draw his shoes from his feet.

Plea for Statues of Creations of Authors

The citizens of Auch, the ancient capital of Gascony, have decided to erect a statue to D'Artagnan, hero of Alexandre Dumas' "The Three Musketeers" and "Twenty Years After."

In reality, of course, it is much more than a statue to D'Artagnan, who never existed for the world until Dumas called him into being. It is more than a statue to Charles de Bazas, stem-tomere, the original of Dumas' hero, who was born not far from Auch. It is really a statue to Dumas and the human imagination.

Everything that has made D'Artagnan memorable and international came from a great maker of romances—D'Artagnan is one of the many creations of poets and writers that have become more real than real men.

It is always a fine thing to see recognition of such, the New York Sun comments. There might even be more statues to great characters of literature and fewer statues to little characters of "real" life. While there is no harm in remembering a man who leaves a fountain or a park to a village, the men who have left Odysseus, Hamlet, Falstaff, Faust, Jean Valjean and Natty Bumppo are, after all, the more deserving.

Refused to "Fall" for Bishop's Second Scheme

A western minister tells a story, according to the Kansas City Star, showing how a bishop, accosted in a Chicago street by a neat but hungry stranger, derived profit from the encounter.

Now the bishop took a fancy to the needy one, took him to a hotel and shared a good dinner with him. Yet, having left his episcopal wallet in the pocket of a different episcopal jacket, he suddenly faced the embarrassment of not having the wherewithal to pay for the dinner.

"Never mind," exclaimed the guest. "I have enjoyed dining with you, and I shall be charmed to pay the price. Allow me."

And the stranger, paid for the two. This worried the bishop, who insisted: "Just let me call a taxi and we'll run up to my place, where I shall have the pleasure of reimbursing you." But the stranger met the suggestion with: "See here, old man! You've stuck me for a bulgy good dinner, but hanged if I am going to let you stick me for taxi fare!"

Ebony Mentioned in Bible

The deep black heartwood, which is most highly prized in a number of trees of the ebony family, is mentioned in the Bible in Ezekiel 27:15, in connection with ivory, probably on account of their value and of their contrasting colors. Ebony was once supposed to grow in the ground "without root or leaves" and it was ascribed many miraculous powers. The chief source of the ebony wood is the island of Orylon, where huge logs of the pure heartwood are cut and hauled to the coast. For interior decorations and furniture ebony has been superseded by rosewood and mahogany, but for cabinet work it is still widely employed, being exported from Madagascar, Jamaica, India and Egypt. A species of the ebony tree which is used as a veneer also grows in the southern United States.—Washington Star.

Almost Evened the Series

Mrs. Smith wanted to go to the movies. Mr. Smith said he had put in a hard day at the office and was tired and would rather sit at home and smoke. Knowing the Smiths, anyone could have predicted that they would go to the movies!

"Let's sit down near the front," said Mrs. Smith.

"But I don't like to sit near the front," Mr. Smith protested. "When I do that the pictures hurt my eyes."

"Nonsense!" scoffed Mrs. Smith. "I like to be down close so I can watch the musicians."

Soon the two were seated within comfortable seeing distance of the orchestra.

"Oh, don't you just love to hear the rattle of the kettledrums?" Mrs. Smith said.

And then the worm turned, albeit ever so slightly.

"Yes," Mr. Smith replied. "Keep quiet!"—Kansas City Star.

Name Is Mianor

So-called camel's-hair-paintbrushes are not so named because they are made from hairs out of the camel's skin. They are made from squirrel fur and were first made by a man named Mianor, whose identity has been completely lost for many years.

Tin Cans Bad for Plants

Tin cans should not be used as containers for growing plants. Besides being unsightly, tin cans rust and kill the tips of the tender roots. Occasionally fine plants are grown in cans, but they would have been better if grown in pots.

DON'T ALWAYS DROP PEARLS OF WISDOM

Commonplace Ideas Issued From Lips of the Great.

The words of famous personages, addressed to mere ordinary mortals or overheard by them, naturally are remembered, though they are often in themselves comically unworthy of remembrance. Authors and orators, even those who are most impressively capable of what Scott called "doing the big bow-wow" in print or on great occasions, must often descend to small talk—sometimes indeed to talk quite microscopically unimportant.

In Mr. Underwood Johnson's book, "Remembered Yesterdays," he relates an interview that his grandmother once had with Henry Clay while they were standing together by chance at the church steps while the congregation were dispersing.

"I understand," Mrs. Underwood, said Mr. Clay, "that you are the mother of seven children."

The lady deprecatingly owned to five or six.

"I want to tell you something very important," said Mr. Clay. "I want to impress on you that when a child has washed his face it is most important that in order to strengthen the sight the eyes should be wiped toward the nose."

A group of young girls standing near the main staircase at a reception attended by Daniel Webster—so one of them related in her old age—saw the great man, with his thunderous brows drawn above his deep-set dark eyes, slowly make his way down from the dressing rooms and speak to his hostess. They listened breathlessly for memorable words.

"Mrs. X," he said, "it is very dim at the turn of the upper hall, and I have just stepped on something there. There were others pressing forward from behind me, and I did not pause; but it must have been, from the sensation I experienced as my foot descended upon it, either a lady's muff or a cat. If it was a cat, I trust its demise will not grieve you deeply."

Fortunately it proved to be only a muff; but half a dozen girls for the rest of their lives could not recall the impressive figure of Webster to mind without seeing a cat under his foot—like St. George stepping on the squirming dragon in old prints, as the narrator put it.

At her first dinner party, when she was only fifteen years old, an English girl, Louisa Courtenay, who lived well into her nineties, was seated near Wordsworth and next to Southey. She was of course eagerly attentive, awaiting the high discourse of the two poets. Wordsworth ate solemnly and did not talk at all; Southey, too, addressed himself gravely and exclusively to his roast mutton. There was a dish of liver—a kind of water-cress—to accompany it; this was not immediately in front of Miss Courtenay, and after waiting to see whether it was to be passed and finding that it was not, she ventured timidly to help herself.

"Young lady," said Southey, "I am glad to see that you appreciate liver. Give me some."

She did so, and he relapsed into a silence that remained unbroken till the end of the meal.—Youth's Companion.

Modern Lochinvar

Young Lochinvar came out of the West. As he spun along the road he laughed, thinking how astounded the wedding guests would be when he dashed into the church and made off with the bride.

As he entered the street wherein stood the church he noted that it was still early, and he was glad that he had given himself a safe margin in which to perfect his plans. He would leave his car without, hide himself in the church, and then at the right moment spring forward and seize the bride.

But the ceremony ended with the usual kisses and tears, and the bride and groom departed for the station amid the customary shower of shoes and rice, and Lochinvar had not put in an appearance.

A few minutes after the sexton had locked the doors of the church Lochinvar came running up, breathless and perspiring.

He had just found a place to park.—Life.

"Busy" Line Told Secret

In Budapest, as elsewhere, a telephone operator sometimes pines a call through on an occupied line. Generally she hangs up. But Stephen Koszaka, a high city official in Budapest, didn't for he was calling his wife, says the Kansas City Star. He was connected while she was speaking with Lieutenant Colonel Valerian, one of the best Hungarian cavalry officers and a mutual friend of Koszaka's. Through the conversation he learned that the army officer was his wife's lover, and that they planned to elope.

Half an hour later Koszaka found Colonel Valerian and killed him. Koszaka gave himself up to the police.

Primitive Customs in Cornish Fishing Town

A place where grown men play marbles with the rest of schoolboys and where cats catch live fish among the rock pools when the tide is out. Such a place does exist, and in the quaint old fishing town of St. Ives, in far-away Cornwall, these things may be seen.

In the cool of the evening, along the broad road bordering the sheltered harbor, numerous groups of hardy fishermen, with sea and sun-tanned complexions, play marbles for hours at a time, surrounded by many interested onlookers, remarks London Tit-Bits.

Grizzled old mariners, many of whom preserve the old Cornish custom of wearing small gold earrings, pace the quayside in parties of three and four, following the "walk four steps and turn," which is all they are able to do on the clear space on the decks of their luggers.

There is a legend about the cats of St. Ives, but there was surely never another fishing town with so many cats. Each morning, when the night's catches of mackerel, dogfish and skate are brought ashore, the fish are cleaned on tables placed near the water's edge and scores of cats have a glorious feed on the offal.

Failures Caused by Lack of Initiative

One of the greatest improvements of the automobile is the self-starter, now found on all but the cheapest kinds of cars, which need to be cranked by hand.

The device suggests the reflection that a very large proportion of the human family require something of like nature.

They lack initiative, voluntary effort; they need cranking in the form of orders or directions before doing anything worth while.

The men and women who succeed best in life and get the most out of it are of the self-starter type. They don't wait to be told or advised what to undertake, but proceed of their own accord to do things.

The great inventors, such as Edison, are all of this sort, says the Sacramento Bee. They are originators, not mere followers or imitators, and they rank among the chief benefactors of the world.

So it is in business, literature, art, the various industries, and in fact, all occupations. Success in each is dependent chiefly upon originality or initiative.

Greek Dramatist's Frog Chorus Boor Second

I have contributed so much animal lore to these pages that I am thinking of setting up as a naturalist, William Lyon Phelps writes in Scribner's Magazine. I suppose all animals are personalities to those who know and understand them. When I was a child in Hartford it was a pleasure to enter the beautiful garden of that hospitable gentleman, Flinny Jewell. There was a little lake, and in winter he distributed to the boys of the neighborhood free skating tickets, which we highly appreciated. In summer evenings the old gentleman would sit in a chair on the edge of this pond and ring a bell. At the mellow tones of this instrument the frogs would come out of the lake and group themselves about Mr. Jewell, who offered them bits of food, which they received courteously. I had never discriminated particularly among frogs; but to this man every one of those frogs was an individual, and he had named them all. The largest was called Laura Matilda, and was the owner's favorite. I have seen Laura draw near her master's chair, take a bit of bread delicately from his fingers, eat it, and then wipe her mouth daintily, like the Prioress in Chaucer.

Aristophanes' frog chorus could never perform like that. The Greek dramatist missed a trick.

Still the Winner

The other night a young man was visiting his best girl, and he stayed on and on until she became very sleepy indeed. Also she had to work the next day and thought it time to give him a hint that it was time for him to go home. Finally she said:

"Don't you think you had better telephone for a taxi to go home in? It's so late now and there have been several robberies out in this part of town after midnight."

The young man was visibly pleased at her suggestion.

"Oh, yes, I'll do that," he returned. "I'm not afraid, but the taxi will take me home so much faster than I can walk that I can stay out here an hour longer."—Indianapolis News.

Explains Alex's Scolding

Paulina, the Russian, who is known in every corner of the world, has been revealed as a clever dancing girl. She does most tiny dancing figures as a means of recreation while waiting between engagements. Pavlov is reported to be almost fabulously rich.

CROP OF ADVISERS NEVER FALLS SHORT

Production Always More Than Equal to Demand.

"It may not be any better to give than to receive advice," said Mr. Cato Ninetells, "but it is a good deal pleasanter. In fact, giving advice is about the most popular indoor and outdoor sport. Supply and demand have no more to do with it than they have with the price of coal. Practically nobody wants advice, but full production continues just the same. Most of it is not only disinterested, but none of it is the adviser's business, so the mere fact that it is ignored or even openly rejected does not discourage him in the least. It is not followed, from necessity, because it is so conflicting that no one could follow all of it without stultifying, and even nullifying, himself. That, of course, is of small consequence because, for the most part, advice is merely conversation—like personal weather predictions—talk for talk's sake, and probably no one would be more surprised—and perhaps shocked—than the adviser if it were taken seriously. The truth is that most people don't want advice. There are lots of reports about statesmen and captains of industry always being ready to listen to it, and they may be, but there are many other things that they would rather do. Advice merely wastes their time without altering their plans, and puts a strain on their tolerance without compensation. Speaking generally, the only kind of advice that most people want is the kind that costs them money. They get at rather high rates from their lawyers, doctors, special counselors and other experts, and the more they have to pay for it, the more confidence they seem to have in it—which may, to some extent, account for the size of the fee. Naturally, such advisers want their clients to be satisfied. Amateur advice-giving is as much of a habit as gum chewing, and quite as bad a one. It misleads the adviser because he gets the impression that he is talking wisely, while his listener merely wishes that he would mind his own business. It is also somewhat dangerous because once in a blue moon—that is an indefinite period, of course—somebody will act on some scrap of the advice that is so generally broadcast, and the after effects are nearly always unpleasant for both the adviser and the advisee—that's a little word of my own, fabricated for the occasion. So, to play safe, no one should ever give advice unless he is certain that it will not be followed. Then whatever happens can't be blamed on him."—Indianapolis News.

Great Writer's First Loss

The death of Lady Colvin maps many literary links. She had passed her eighteenth year and until less than two years ago she enjoyed a zest for friendship and for books that had animated her whole life. It may seem strange, since R. L. Stevenson is still so much a man of the present age, to read of a woman of eighty years, that she awakened his first great passion, which she knew how to rein and control, while animating his mind and fixing his character," says the Edinburgh Scotsman.

But one is apt to forget that if Stevenson had survived this woman friend, to whom so many of his best letters were written, he would now have been in his seventy-fifth year; so that they were really close contemporaries.

Lady Colvin was Frances Jane Featherstonhaugh, of a Northumbrian family, which migrated to Ireland in Elizabethan times. As Mrs. Sitwell she was the wife of an East end clergyman, who had as curates John Richard Green, the historian, and E. R. Haweis. As the wife of Sir Sidney Colvin she was alertly in touch with London's innumerable literary interests for about 50 years.

"Maps" Show Nervousness

There have been invented in recent years a number of machines and combinations of scientific devices with which the exact nature of the human voice can be pictured in the forms of a wavy line on a chart, just as an assemblage of such lines makes what we call a map; a picture, that is, of the land surface of a city or a farm.

Now these voice pictures have been used to determine the nervous condition of patients suffering from various disorders. Everyone knows that one of the pronounced symptoms of nervousness is an alteration of the voice. It becomes shrill and "edgy." D. E. W. Scripture, a distinguished European expert in the study of sound, has been able to detect these nervous voices and to distinguish between different kinds of nervousness—by the use of the voice picture described. It may be that a "camera" for photographing the voice will become a regular fixture in the office of the up-to-date physician.

Real Heroine

They are mighty liberal down at Venice in the way of costume display, or rather the display that comes from lack of costume, but once in awhile an officer on duty does come to the front when he finds that the tide is afraid to come in.

But the other day, this intrepid walker of masculine eyesight walked right into a lot of trouble.

"Your tights are too high. Drop 'em a little lower."

He was addressing a heavyweight flogger, about 200 pounds net.

"How would you like to mind your own business?" the super-flogger asked petulantly. "There's nothing for you to worry about, is there? If there's anyone to be ashamed, it's me, not you, isn't it?"

And then she waddled off. Censoring beehives isn't as simple as it looks. —Los Angeles Times.

Yes, It Really Happened

That the age of chivalry has not passed is quite well proved by an incident involving a conductor on a Jefferson avenue car, an elderly woman and the elderly woman's handkerchief. The woman boarded the car and, in doing so, dropped her handkerchief on the pavement. With perfect grace the conductor stepped from his post into the street, picked up the handkerchief, returned it to the grateful loser and buzzed his signal for full speed ahead. "And she wasn't a handsome either!" ejaculated an observer, who decided immediately that the incident was beyond comprehension, in this age.—Detroit News.

Makes Radio Sending Easy

Forest rangers in the state of Washington have discovered that by using the branches of trees instead of the customary wire antenna they can send radio messages over a distance of two or three miles. All they have to do is to drive a copper nail into the trunk of a tree, connect the sending instrument with it and begin to send. Experiments are now in progress to increase the efficiency of the contrivance, which should prove of great service in enabling rangers to keep in touch with their stations and with one another.—Youth's Companion.

Truth in Remark That "This Is Small World"

In these days of airships, airplanes and wireless, one often hears the remark that the world is shrinking. Indeed, long before those inventions were put to practical use it was not uncommon for people to exclaim on accidentally meeting a friend in a distant part of the globe: "What a small world this is!"

Unconsciously, perhaps, they were saying something which was much more than a mere figure of speech. When one of the Challenger's expedition naturalists reached home after a voyage all over the world of nearly 70,000 miles, he declared that nothing had been so much impressed upon him as the smallness of the earth's surface.

In comparison with the planet Jupiter, which has been so prominent in the evening sky, the earth is a mere moon. It would take no fewer than 1,300 earths to equal the giant bulk of Jupiter.

Neptune, the most distant known planet of the solar system, could hide nearly four globes like ours if the earth were placed in a row, for Neptune has a diameter of 31,225 miles, while the earth's diameter is, approximately, 8,000 miles.

There is Uranus, too, the distant blue-eyed planet which is only just visible with the naked eye to those who know exactly where to look for it. Uranus equals in width four globes like ours placed abreast.

And it is possible that if another planet exists beyond the present known confines of the solar system it is of a size which similarly dwarfs the earth by comparison.

In justice to our little "shrinking" globe, however, let it be pointed out that it is bigger than Mars and bigger than Mercury. What is more, it just manages, by a few hundred miles, to beat Venus in point of size.

Finally, it is more, much more, to us than all the rest of the planets, big and little, put together.

Chigre Pigs

Recently the mother in a certain Indiana home went blackberry picking, and besides getting a few blackberries, came home "loaded" with chigres. Various remedies were used to kill the chigres and to allay the intense itching, and among them iodine was applied.

Little Betty, three years old, closely observed the spots where the iodine was applied and a day or so later drove into the country with her parents where she saw a drove of pigs.

Her keen eyes soon spotted some white pigs having sandy spots of hair here and there, and suddenly jumped, clasped her hands, and fairly screamed, "Oh, mamma, there are some chigre pigs."—Indianapolis News.