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HAILS PASSING OF MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN

Writer Eulogizes Present Age of Youthfulness

Gray hairs are gone, old age is out of date, and a sign of the times is the disappearance of the middle-aged woman.

This is as it should be. So long as a mature woman does not ape a flapper, why should she not keep her youthful looks into the forties—or the seventies? Why should a dowager assume that it is her duty to be dowdy? A black gown and a white heart are not inseparable, and dull gray and goodness do not always go together. If a woman is "all glorious within" it is well that her looks should make this manifest.

Nowadays our social world seems to be divided into girls, young married women and women who are great-grandmothers. No more do you see the middle-aged matron, with her proud grace and reserved bearing; or the handsome mother of forty, with her flow of talk and flock of dull daughters. And we never come across the sweet-faced, sad-eyed single woman—the typical maiden aunt of the Victorian era.

Sad to say, the ideal old lady has gone forever, with her silver hair, white cap, black gown and gentle, dignified manners. Old ladies, such as those depicted in Whistler's famous portrait of his mother, or in Manet's picture of Mme. Manet mere, have ceased to exist in our social life of today.

Everything in life—art, dress, rules of health and beauty culture—tends toward the exit of the middle-aged woman. And she is out of it on the stage and in fiction. Balzac's "Femme de Trente Ans" seems a back number, as many heroines in up-to-date novels are well on in the forties and fifties. And the same note is sounded in the plays of the period.

Most of us live up to this august example. Women of sixty or seventy yacht, hunt, shoot, dance, play golf and hooky and drive their own motor cars. One pèssure, who was married in the sixties, drives her car with success, and another of the same age leads cotillions, although she is the proud owner of several grandchildren.

Much can be said on the side of perennial youthfulness. The desire to prolong one's youth shows vital force and is said to be a sure proof of national well-being. Every woman for her own sake would fain keep fresh and young, as she is well aware that so long as her looks remain she can rule men, and there will be no "Fins" written on the page of her book of life.—The Hon. Mrs. Fitzroy Stewart in the London Mall.

Great Speed of Air Craft

When speed records established by airmen are recorded, only those who are in the game can really understand what real speed means. Trains or autos traveling at the rate of sixty miles an hour give a thrill, but what are these compared with "air" thrills. A very good illustration was given by an aviator who took part in one of the contests, acting as mechanic on an airplane which was moving at nearly two miles a minute. "We seemed to have the whole sky to ourselves one minute," he said, "and then behind us appeared one of the giants. She overhauled us as if we were standing still, and was far in front almost before we realized we were not alone." Curiously enough even the airman themselves find it difficult to estimate at what rate they are tearing over the earth.

New Disease Announced

A new disease has been discovered by Dr. Marshall Clinton, of the University of Buffalo. The symptoms are sharp shooting pains in the side. Prior to his discovery, he declares, many physicians mistook it for appendicitis, gall bladder infection, kidney trouble or some other serious ailment. Many women have been operated on for appendicitis, when housewife's rib was all that was the matter with them, Doctor Clinton says. The ailment is common and occurs most frequently among housewives. Persons who are shortwaisted are especially subject to it. The cure for costalgia consists of an operation to remove the tip of the floating rib.—Pathfinder Magazine.

Reflected Glory

Two artists on tour took a hack at Marseilles to visit the city in comfort. At the end of a few minutes the cabman turned around and remarked: "It say you two are no fools." Astonished, the two friends looked at each other without a word. Five minutes afterward the same thing happened. "Why do you keep telling us that?" asked one of the travelers. "Hal pardi," he answered. "You have engaged, without knowing it, the best cabman in Marseilles."—Le Rire, Paris.

Development of Child Told by Wrist Bones

A horse's teeth tell his age; a child's wrist bones indicate his. By means of X-ray photographs one can tell how old a child is or, more important, whether he is properly developed for his years.

At one year of age a child has two bones in the wrist; at five he has six; at fourteen he has eight. Thus he has what scientists call an anatomical age.

Girls are usually in advance of boys in their anatomical development at any given age, says a high authority of the Iowa child welfare research station in Hygela, health magazine published by the American Medical Association.

As far as height and weight measurements are concerned, girls are approximately as heavy as boys for their respective heights, but are shorter and lighter at each age. They are more variable in growth than boys.

The authority, a physician, has drawn his conclusions from thousands of repeated physical measurements on nude children and his tables giving the average weight of boys and girls for each inch in height from every age from five to nineteen are said to be the most accurate tables for American-born children.

Odd Forms of "Money" Employed in Africa

There are three modes of buying and selling. The first is to exchange article for article, direct. The second is by using a useful medium of exchange, which we will call currency. The third is the Western method of using a useless object in exchange; this we will call money.

In South Africa we get the natives using cattle as currency, exchanging cattle for goods and the same cattle changing hands for other goods. More usually, however, we get barter pure and simple, ivory and useful objects to buy beads, trinkets, wire and other goods.

Farther north, in the Transvaal, we get actual money, in the shape of home-made wire, with a rough knob on the end. Farther west, in the Congo, we find H-shaped copper plates used as money. On the Upper Congo we find imitation swords serving the purpose, while lower down, on the Stanley Falls we find the ax blade. (In many South African tribes we get the hoe so used.) In Sierra Leone we get an amusing imitation knife blade; one end is thin and twisted, the other widening to two points. The BaSongu and BaNkutu on the Congo use throwing knives.

Field's Tribute to Riley

Among the finest tributes which one man of genius has paid to another is that of Eugene Field to his friend and brother poet, James Whitcomb Riley. He put it in the language of an Indiana villager and the essence of it was this paragraph:

"Riley has got true genius; can't call it anything else. When he was born God give him the tongues of men and of angels, and threw in charity for good measure. There ain't no Shakespeare business about him, nor no Byron. Jim is a straightaway poet, and his pieces are as full of honey and dew as the flower the hummin' bird plays tag with in the cool sun-light of an early summer morning. You don't have to have anybody tell you what Jim means in them pieces; there ain't no need of footnotes and there ain't no disputed passages. It is all plain music from the word go, and that's the kind of music a feller's heart loves to dance to."

Happiness and Hard Work

Happiness, I have discovered, is nearly always a rebound from hard work. It is one of the follies of men to imagine that they can enjoy mere thought, or emotion, or sentiment. As well try to eat beauty! For happiness must be tricked! She loves to see men at work. She loves sweat, weariness, self-sacrifice. She will be found, not in palaces, but lurking in corn-fields and factories and hovering over littered desks. She crowns the unconscious head of the busy child. If you look up suddenly from hard work you will see her, but if you look too long she fades sorrowfully away.—From "Adventures in Contentment," by David Grayson.

Not Unlucky for All

The number thirteen hardly deserves its black reputation, which it has had ever since there were thirteen at the Last Supper at which Our Lord was betrayed. Hence the firm conviction that if this number sit down to table one of them will shortly afterwards die.

The fact of the matter is, as astrologists tell us, that thirteen is only unlucky to certain people. On others it has no more potent effect than any other number, while a few people declare that it always brings them good fortune.

Man, 78, Starts on Grizzly Hunt

Long Beach, Cal.—The "one-shot grizzly king," at the age of seventy-eight, still has the "call of the wild" in his blood. Chester Ellsworth, known to his friends and members of the Adventurer's club by that appellation, sailed recently with his gun packed for the wilds of British Columbia to hunt the grizzly.

He will travel to the furthest outpost of civilization, and accompanied by one man to chop wood and tend camp, he is to go into the heart of the woods for big game.

"Let those at my age who want it have their wheeled chairs and tepid airs. Give me the air like mellow wines, the spirit of the silent place, the feel of a gun in my hand and I am content," Ellsworth said.

Curiosities Found in Prague Button Museum

"Button, button, who's got the button?" They know in Prague where buttons are to be found, for there is a button museum in the Czechoslovak capital in which every form and type of button ever manufactured or wrought by hand is on exhibit. The buttons museum is one of the most unique institutions of its kind in the world, according to the New York World.

The museum was founded by a button manufacturer named Henry Waldes. Within a few years the institution has so expanded that it fills two floors of a large house in the suburb of Wrschowitz.

A study of the materials used is in itself most worth while. There are buttons of gold, of silver, of bronze, of porcelain, of precious stones such as turquois, opal, carnel, etc. Some buttons date back 3,000 years before Christ. The earliest and showiest buttons are those of the eighteenth century, when Europe seemed to enjoy rare luxuries.

The most gawdiesome buttons are the so-called poison buttons, containing a tiny phial of poison and surmounted by a sharp stud. In the days of political assassinations it was an easy thing for a man attending a high society function, such as a ball, to approach his adversary and, in a crowd, to brush by him in such a way that the button scratched his skin. Into this rent in the skin the contents of the button would then flow with fatal consequences.

Ambassador Has Many and High Privileges

The task of being an ambassador is a very pleasant one indeed. This representative possesses some remarkable privileges, and ranks immediately after the royal princes of the country in which he is residing. It might almost be said that an ambassador, like the king, can do no wrong, for he stands above the law of the country in which he is officiating.

The courts have no power over him or his servants, and even a criminal, if he were known to be residing on an embassy, could not be arrested without the permission of the ambassador.

Another interesting fact about an ambassador is that the ground on which his residence stands belongs to the country from which he comes. We all grumble nowadays about the amount of taxation we have to pay. This is where the ambassador again scores. Ambassadors do not have to pay a single penny in taxes.—London Tit-Bits.

"Jack Tar"

A waterproof canvas impregnated with tar is called a tarpaulin. By extension the wide-brimmed storm hat worn by sailors in former times was called a tarpaulin also. Usually these hats were made of oiled or tarred cloth. As time went on the sailors themselves were called tarpaulins. The word was so used by Dickens and many other writers. This was later shortened into "tar." Finally "Jack" was added and a sailor was called a Jack Tar. The popular belief that a sailor is called a tar because of his use of tar to seal the seams of his ship seems to be disproved by the earlier use of "tarpaulin" as applied to sailors.—Pathfinder Magazine.

Synonym for Jew.

The name *forasite* is usually employed with reference to the religion, Hebrew with reference to the language, literature and race, while *Jew* is used indiscriminately to represent a member of the Semitic race of a follower of the religion of Moses. They would be distinguished as "convert to Judaism" and "convert to Christianity" or "converted Jew," so there would be no doubt that it was the religion that was being expressed.

Community Building

Let Local Pride Find Expression at Home

Local pride is based on affection for the place in which you live and is almost as natural a sentiment as family pride, says the Youth's Companion. Like family pride, it may be useful and stimulating, or it may be futile and deadening.

A proper local pride manifests itself in study of the history of the community and its founders, in a desire for a thorough knowledge of the institutions, industries and people of the community, and in acquiring familiarity not only with the topography and the external aspects of the place but also with its spirit. Anyone whose local pride is strong enough to impel him to such study will become imbued with an ambition to contribute to the improvement of the community; he will be in his turn one of the makers of its history.

Local pride that finds its expression at home is an admirable trait. There is, however, a kind of local pride that is frequently exhibited only by people who are away from home, and that is not to be commended. It is usually a mark of narrowness and prejudice. A man need not sacrifice or abate his love of home in order to recognize the superior claims to general interest that some other place offers. Provincialism, as local pride is likely to be called when it expresses itself away from home, is usually bumptious, hypercritical and petty. It retards the mental growth of the man who suffers from it, for he is seldom one who at home shows any local pride of a constructive character.

Better Homes Make for Better Living

The Better Homes exposition, which has made the public hall once more the special center of attraction and interest in Cleveland might well be called a "Better Living" show. The home is so much the heart and soul of life that the sum of existence, for the average man or woman, is very nearly the measure of success or failure in home-making. If the home is happy the world usually looks bright and well worth while. If the home is not cheerful and comfortable life is heavily handicapped.

This is so true and the truth is so vital to the state, the whole nation, that whatever tends to build up and guard, beautify and make more attractive, the homes of a great city or of any large community, is of special importance to the public, near and far. What one city does in that field may well prove the source of similar gains for contentment and happiness in many other places.—Cleveland News-Leader.

Kansas City's Example

The greatest incentive to civic beauty is the thing that inspires worthy emulation. Kansas City's residential development has grown from small beginnings deliberately planned by individuals to promote public interest, to show by example what could be done with the small lot or the pretentious homestead, to demonstrate that beauty may be attained by little additional expense and that whatever the additional cost, it is the best part of the investment.

And thus it has come to pass that Kansas City has made a reputation, in a comparatively few years, for the beauty of its homes and their surroundings. Its example has influenced many other cities. But the greatest force of that example is right here at home.—Kansas City Star.

Serves Double Purpose

In European countries, where forestry is an established department of government, it is a uniform rule that no tree can be cut down unless another one is planted to take its place. That prevents forest depletion, but it does not create new forests. America must repair its prodigious timber wastage of the last half century, besides creating vast areas of timber lands as a counterforce to nature's own wastage for centuries.

There is no better method of spreading the tree-planting habit, in farming communities, than in bordering all state highways with trees.

Rules for Shrub Planting

There is a great wealth of shrubbery, both native and imported, from which growers may select. Be careful to select shrubs hardy for the locality. For this reason shrubs native to the section are usually planted with less risk. Both evergreen and deciduous shrubs should be used and grouped in such a manner as to make the grounds appear well occupied throughout the year.

How Japanese Bury Dead

In Japan a corpse, placed in a bent position, is encased in a porcelain or an earthenware coffin having the shape and appearance of a jug which is usually as tall as the dead. In the coffin, buried with the body, are some of the possessions the deceased held dear in life. The coffin, instead of being laid lengthwise in the ground, assumes a standing position. Its top is closed by a conical cover of the same material.

No Depilatories Then

The women of the imperial city of Rome once had a morbid ambition to raise beards like their brothers and husbands. They used to shave their chins and smear unguents over them. It appears, however, that the men of Rome did not favor this feminine eccentricity, for Cicero mentions a law that was passed to prevent women wearing beards.

Freak Lightning

A freak bolt of lightning struck the upraised shovel of a workman at Salem, Ohio, split into three parts and jumped to three different houses. In one house it stunned six-months-old twins. Weather boarding and plaster were torn from the second house. The third house was a bungalow, just completed, which was damaged slightly. The workman was uninjured.

Bulldogs Get Name Rightly

In the old days butchers used certain ferocious and tenacious dogs to catch and hold bulls ready for slaughter. Hence the name "bulldog," which has been handed down. These dogs could with apparent ease seize and hold a large animal by the nose, and either hold him perfectly still or draw his head to one side, at the order of his master.

Royal Child Bride

The smallest wedding ring known was that made for Mary, oldest daughter of Henry VIII, when, at the age of two years, she was married to the dauphin of France, son of Francis I. The wee bridegroom was only eight months old. Cardinal Wolsey handed the ring and said mass at that marriage of state.—Kansas City Times.

Slitting Tongue of Crow

There is no truth to the notion that a crow can be made to talk like a parrot if the tongue is slit. It is a cruel practice which has no justification whatever. Crows sometimes learn to speak almost as well as parrots, but it is not made possible by slitting their tongues.—Pathfinder Magazine.

Rattlesnake's Strike

The distance a rattlesnake can strike is never greater than the length of the snake. The reptile has no power of jumping in the air and away from the ground. When it strikes it darts the fore part of its body, which was retracted in several bends, forward in a straight line.

Theatrical "Green Rooms"

"Stage-glare" caused by the artificial lighting of a theater affects the eyes of actors and actresses. The walls of the waiting room used by them during the intervals of a play were colored green because this is a good antidote for the affection of the eyes. Hence the name.

Differences in Two Canals

There are great physical differences between the world's two great commercial canals. The Suez and the Panama canals both divide continents, but the Suez is a sea-level waterway, without sluices or locks. The cost of the Suez was about \$127,000,000.

Uncle Eben

"When a man has made de same talk exactly de same way ten or eleven times," said Uncle Eben, "I can't make up my mind whether to call it a speech or a vocal selection."—Washington Star.

Curious Old Belief

It was a curious belief among people of Europe before the end of the Fifteenth century that just as it grew colder as one went North, so it grew hotter as one advanced toward the South pole.

When John Fainted

When John fainted (checking account)—Oh, John, the bank sent me back all the checks I paid bills with last month, so I haven't spent anything!—American Legion Weekly.

Army Worm Can Travel

There are no recognized established records, but an army worm has been known to cross an 80-acre field, a distance of one-fourth of a mile, in 24 hours.

True Courage

Any coward can fight a battle when he's sure of winning, but give me the man who has pluck to fight when he's sure of losing.—George Eliot.

Proving That Hasty Criticism Is Unwise

In "My Book of Memory," Youth's Companion tells us, Mr. Silas Hocking, the English novelist, repeats an amusing story concerning Dr. W. B. Pope, once a famous Wesleyan professor of theology, and of his son Sam.

The son was preparing for the bar. Occasionally he tried his 'prentice hand at preaching the gospel in village chapels. One Sunday morning his father said to him: "Sam, I'm not feeling at all well today. You will have to preach for me this morning."

Sam demurred. The father insisted and suggested that he had two hours to make a sermon, and if he could not do it in that time he was not fit to be a barrister.

Sam went away to the study. Then he went off to chapel. Unknown to him, his father followed and found, a seat hidden behind the pulpit. He heard the sermon and then hastened home again.

"Well, Sam," said he on his son's return, "I've heard you preach, and a poor thing you made of it. I thought you could have done better than that."

"You think the sermon was not very good?" the son inquired.

"Good?" the old man replied, "I think it was one of the worst sermons I have listened to."

"Well, father," said Sam, "I thought it was a poor thing myself, but I turned over a big pile in your study, and it was the best I could find."

National Hero Just Small Boy to Mother

A Dutch salvage firm is scouring the bottom of the Caribbean sea looking for a part of the treasure that went to the bottom in the Seventeenth century when Piet Hein, admiral of the Dutch fleet captured eight Spanish galleons loaded with silver and sank five others.

When Piet Hein captured the Spanish "silver fleet," the power of the Dutch republic had already started on its decline. Pierre Van Passen tells us, in the Atlanta Constitution. The news of the admiral's victory therefore sent the country into frenzies of enthusiasm. When he arrived at Rotterdam, members of the government were on hand to greet him and the aristocracy of Amsterdam and Haarlem in lace and cloth cheered itself hoarse at the sight of the popular young admiral. All Holland was in gala. But when the admiral approached the little cottage in Delfts-laver where his mother lived and he rapped on the door there was a voice: "Is that you, Piet?" "Yes, mother."

"Then wipe your feet on the mat, my boy. It's a little muddy outside today."

Beavers in Real Wilds

Few places now exist where beavers may be seen living wild, in natural surroundings in Europe. Forty years ago the last one disappeared from Scandinavia, where they lingered longest near Arendal, in southern Norway. A correspondent of the Field reports that a small, but thriving and increasing colony of these animals now exists in the same region (at Niel Elve), in a very inaccessible part of the country, no human dwellings anywhere near, and the ground covered with thick undergrowth and trees of birch, aspen and pine. No indication of their origin is given, and it seems possible that a small remainder of the old stock has been hidden here all this time.

Gull Beautiful Bird

Many feathered scavengers are uncouth, repulsive and awkward in flight, but the herring gull is a thing of beauty and exceedingly graceful under wing, a master of the air currents, gliding with perfection. He soars over the city, follows the river craft, perches upon the channel buoys, and may often be found in flocks resting upon the waters of inland ponds and reservoirs. Unlike other water birds, he is not shy; on the contrary, he is very friendly, perhaps because he has few enemies and is protected not only in the harbors but in the breeding rookeries.

Its Origin Uncertain

The phrase "Lynch law" has been variously traced to a Virginia soldier and to a Virginia farmer of that name, to one Lynch, who was sent out from England about 1687 to suppress piracy, and to a mayor of Galway, in Ireland; while yet another tradition refers it to Lynch creek, in North Carolina, where the forms of a court-martial and execution were gone through over the lifeless body of a Tory, who had already been precipitately hanged to prevent a rescue.—Chamber's Encyclopedia.

Washing Bottles.

Put crushed egg shells in small bits or a few carpet tacks or a small quantity of gun shot into a bottle. Then fill one-half full of strong soap suds; shake thoroughly. Then rinse in clear water and the bottle will be cleansed.

Could Fiction Writers Find Anything Funnier?

The story of the British civil servant who, after ten years' absence from his office, returned to it to find that he had risen in salary and seniority while away, and was now a principal clerk, has its parallel in real life.

A certain young man became a member of the French civil service in 1922, and from that time a hat, a coat, and a pair of gloves at his desk bore mute testimony to his existence. This evidence was confirmed by his regularity in collecting his salary. But, otherwise, he was never seen or heard of at his office.

He was transferred to another office, and his hat, coat and gloves changed their quarters. But otherwise there was no change. Eventually it was discovered that he was a professional dancer, and was too busy to attend the office.

The authorities were shocked, and resolved that the young man must be punished. But the only two possible punishments were dismissal and reduction in grade. The first seemed too severe; as for the second, the young man was already in the lowest grade. Finally, the Gordian knot was cut—the young man was promoted, and then immediately reduced to his former status.

Famous Roman Baths Have Been Overrated

We go to the movies and see scenes arranged to impress us with the luxury of the old Roman baths in use 2,600 years ago; and very few of us realize how superior the up-to-date bathroom is to those costly ancient edifices. So says a well-known maker of up-to-date bathrooms.

The Roman baths, he continues, were built, as a rule, by the emperors, their cost being too great for a private individual. Crude and clumsy was the method by which the water was heated and carried from one pool to another. Although it was changed continually, every one bathed in the same water, and soap was unknown. The baths were open only at certain hours of the day, an admission price was charged and their use was limited to nobles and freemen of the city.

In Greece marble slabs were hollowed out and filled with water, which was splashed or poured from urns over the head or body of the bather. Down through the Middle Ages plumbing fixtures, as we understand the term, were unknown.

Live in Fear of "Devils"

In practically all parts of New Guinea the natives believe that the "tamarangs" or evil spirits come out as soon as it is dark and are constantly on the watch for stray negroes, says the Detroit News. Fortunately, however, the devils are quite unable to pass fire at night, so a village is protected by a ring of small fires about it. Sometimes the fires are placed in a circle around the settlement and sometimes just four are made, one at each corner of the place. Inside this protective belt the negro has no fear whatever of the "tamarangs," but in the case of the bush natives especially all the tinned meat and jew's-harps in New Guinea would not tempt him outside it before dawn in districts known to be afflicted with devils.

His Excuse

Mother's face wore an exasperated look as she rapped her little son smartly on the knuckles.

Johnny would persist in putting the food into his mouth with his knife instead of his fork, and time and again mother had told him about it.

"Sonny," she said angrily, "how many times have I told you that you must not eat with your knife. Use your fork."

"Yes; but mamma," objected the little boy, "I must use my knife, 'cos my fork leaks."

Left-Handed Compliment

Stories about clowns are in vogue. One concerning Bill Buck, a famous clown of half a lifetime ago, would have delighted that artist of the flour paste countenance.

Two old ladies, standing in a queue for the pit of a theater, fell to discussing the merits of the various clowns they had seen.

Said one, summing up her impressions: "But I think I like Mr. Buck best of them all—such a nice clown! There's nothing vulgar about him—he never makes you laugh."

Belief Seems Justified

A Greenville (Me.) newspaper says that it is a very old Indian tradition that all the bull moose of eastern and northern Maine make journeys to the west shores of Moosehead lake at the close of the year for the purpose of casting their antlers. "Though the story has passed for fiction among the residents, there are not a few old hunters and woodsmen who believe it, and relate tales about the abundance of moose antlers among the maple woods 25 miles north of this village."