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Want a Fortune? Start a Fad



By MILDRED JAKLON

Drawing by Ray Walters.

WANT a fortune? All you have to do is think up a new fad or craze, make it popular, and see that you, not someone else, gets the profits. But before you start thinking, listen on this conversation.

A group of young newspaper men and women, advertising writers, an architect, a couple of artists of sorts, and a wealthy woman who is a dilettante in various kinds of expressive art, who compose an informal lunch-and-discussion organization, were recently discussing the possibility of concocting a profitable fad to succeed the cross-word puzzle.

The young men who had begun the argument maintained that the present trend of popular fancies was toward mental gymnastics. They believed that a new kind of puzzle might be as successful as the cross-words which had been such a remunerative field for many others besides the two young men, Simon and Schuster, who started cross-word puzzle books.

The girl who manages the advertising department of a large department store promptly refuted this.

"Fads don't follow through consistently, like that," she said. "That's the disturbing thing about them. They can't be predicted. About them, they are like mah-jongg, without rhyme or reason. The number of game companies consistently trying to manufacture something to catch the public whim are evidence of that. A fad is a variety of contagion, and its inception has a great deal to do with its ultimate success. I mean, that if the right people, that is, right for its particular expansion, take it up, it can be universalized."

"Of course, there have been a number of athletic fads," pointed out the architect, who was an ardent golfer. "Just think of the tremendous hold that bicycling had in the nineties and first years of this century."

"No," admitted the girl advertising manager, "but you're taking the most outstanding fad of the athletic type. There were numberless others preceding and following it which were not nearly so successful. And they were, no doubt, efforts by manufacturers to rival the bicycle-making plants. Roller skating was another form of locomotion which provided another oppor-

tunity for social contact, spooning parties, or what have you. Then there was diabolo which was a matter of skill rather than endurance.

"What about a new musical instrument?" was the next offer. "Look at the ukelele, and its accompanying mania for the twanging of Hawaiian troubadours, with their insufferable nasal voices and strangled instruments. Good gracious, what an era that was! Every summer resort was ruined by a couple of the artists who insisted that you have 'Yaki Hula Hicky Doo-o-o-l-a' or 'On the Beach at Waikiki' with every meal and at all hours of the night. There was a half-hearted effort to make 'kazooes' popular, too. Look at the popularity of the saxophone. A new noise maker would get you an army of helpless enemies and might get you your old shekels as well. I don't suppose in this age of jazz we could hope for the success of anything similar to the gentle old guitar or the genteelly handled banjo."

"Would you consider originating a new dance step, something to follow the Charleston with less hazard to life, limb, and property?" queried another helper. "I should think you might devise something like a resurrection of the old waltz or perhaps a polka. Think of all of the funny kinds of dances that have followed each other through the fancies of the terpsichorean inclined. I remember the bunny hug, the grizzly bear, the camel walk, even before the complicated tango which was stepped with so much gusto to 'Too Much Mustard,' the one step and the maxixe became popular with Irene Castle's bob. Now I hear Ann Pennington is trying to inaugurate the black bottom, a fearsome set of gyrations supposedly demonstrating the actions of negroes capering in the muddy floors of swamp-land. Go to it, and beat her."

"There's another set of fads," came from another source, "having to do with adolescent courtship. When I was in grammar school, every girl with any pretensions to popularity wore a friendship bracelet, made up of silver links engraved with the initials of her various swains. A friend of mine told me also of the custom in her home town of 'hoo-doo' strings, a bedroom embellishment consisting of trophies in the way of dance programs, cotton favors, and all manner of trinkets denoting conquest."

"I know of two more fields wide

enough of appeal to have possibilities," said the wealthy woman. "Collecting and the various things that pertain to current events. Do you remember when you collected cigar bands, pictures of baseball and movie heroes from cigarette packages?"

"Golf, tennis, swimming, and polo are also amateur athletics. Do you call them fads," put in the wealthy woman, and then answered herself. "No, the element of a fad is its comparative brevity, and I think it also has something to do with the intensity of its practice during its popularity."

"That's true," clamored another, "but suggest something that would be easier to promulgate than a new athletic game. We want to make our first million without any capital."

"Well, how would you like one of the numerous 'occupations-for-women type?' another member of the group offered. "In that class come all the various forms of handiwork which have attracted women periodically. You recall the atrocities that filled every china cupboard when hand-painted china occupied the energies of properly brought-up young ladies?"

"And then, there was the pyrography craze when no young man was a success unless he had at least one tie holder of burnt wood to vouch for his true love's devotion, when there were glove-boxes on every dresser, and plaques of Pocahontas or Little Laughing Water over every mantelpiece, and in the nest of every pair of newlyweds, and when the curtains were not safe from conflagration, due to overzealous plying of the interesting tools employed. The later developments of such decorative aims are painted wood articles, parchment and silk lamp shades, polychrome and the sealing wax industry."

"Another branch of the same tendency of women toward creative art is the endless variety of needlework," someone else put in. "Beginning back with samplers, which are now such prized possessions of their owners, women have always had a new kind of sewing to offer. The attic has a trunkload of my dear little baby clothes crocheted within an inch of their lives. Tatting was a great pastime for awhile, and look at the way all ages of women fell for the knitting racket during the war."

"Yes," scoffed the would-be money-makers, "but women don't have time for sewing these days. They have time savers galore, but any husband would drop dead if he saw his mate sitting quietly in a chair sewing a fine seam. It's apparently a fad these days not to sew. And then, the latest fads have been, I think, more socially inclined diversions. Something that two or a group can do."

GAME OF HEADS OR TAILS

By VERDA M. JOYCE

(© by W. G. Chapman.)

"HELLO"—challengingly.
"Hello yourself"—suspiciously.

Thus two young men of Irvington, meeting, almost collided at a hedge and tree-environment corner of the country village.

"New tennis racket?" projected the first speaker, Albion Merkle, after a critical stare at the paper-enveloped parcel the other carried and clearly outlined as to shape.

"Oh, yes," was carelessly nodded, with a free swing of the article in question. "Yours a golf club?"

"That's it," acquiesced Merkle, casually. "See here, aren't we working at cross purposes?"

"What do you mean?" questioned Ned Dallas.

"Nellie—Miss Warren. Oh, come now, Dallas! you're thinking of a game at tennis with that charming young lady."

"I am going to her home this afternoon, yes."

"So am I," coolly asserted Merkle. "You see, it comes to a problem of precedent. I'm the oldest. I've known her longest, and her venerable father pleasantly told me that my company was acceptable."

"Why!" flared out Dallas, "he said exactly that same thing to me."

"Yes, he is a liberal-minded old fossil and wants to give his lovely daughter a chance. Here's three of us, and the best man wins."

"Three?" questioned Dallas.

"I'm including Roy Elston."

"You needn't. His cake is dough."

"How do you know?"

"Old Warren told me so. That is, he entertains a suspicion that Elston is a fighter. Those scars on his face make the old fellow suspect he was a prize fighter once. You know Mr. Warren is peculiar in his dislike for fighting."

"H'm!" muttered Merkle. "Then it's between you and I. See here, we both want to see the charming Nellie this afternoon. I'll toss you to see who goes."

"Done!" acquiesced Dallas.

The shrewd eyes of his companion twinkled cunningly as he thrust his hand into his pocket. He fumbled two coins there.

"One guess," he said. "Heads or tails?"

"Heads."

"Throw."

Merkle smiled to himself as he fingered those ready coins under cover. He produced one. Dallas tossed.

"Lost," announced Merkle cheerily as it came down "tails."

As the precious twain—who had risked their chances if ever came to the ears of Nellie Warren that her company had been bargained for as if she were a prize package—went their way, just behind the hedge there arose in view a smiling, bright-faced young fellow.

It was Roy Elston, to whom the would-be lovers had alluded. His face was, indeed, scarred on one side. He was athletic. There was too much manhood in the clear open countenance, however, to suggest the bruiser.

"So, Mr. Warren has taken an antipathy to me?" mused Roy. "I must disabuse the impression," and going home he wrote to a certain General Revere, as follows:

"Dear Old Friend:
"Mr. Robert Warren, whose daughter I know, and who seems to be an old acquaintance of yours, has formed a prejudice against me. Won't you write him assuring him as to my intentions as a peaceable, respectable individual?"

Then Roy took a photograph from his pocket, smiled upon it, pressed it to his lips and murmured softly:

"Dear, sweet Nellie!"

For Roy in his quiet earnest way had weeks since outstripped Albion and Ned in the estimation of Miss Warren. In fact, there was a clear understanding between them. Mr. Warren treated Roy with rather scant courtesy, but Roy hoped to soon remove this unfounded prejudice.

That evening Roy called at the Warren home. His dignified proprietor bestowed a rather cool nod upon him, as he passed him walking in the garden with his daughter. Then, the lovers once alone, Nellie indignantly told her favored suitor some things he had not heard of.

It seems that there was no danger of Roy fearing his rivals, at least for some time to come. Both were laid up at home, badly battered and disfigured.

"The idea of tossing a penny to see which should call upon me first!" muttered Nellie. "The idea of it!"

"Why, where did you hear of that?" voiced the discreet and astonished Roy.

"It is all over town," and Nellie gave the facts of the case. It seemed

ORCHARD GLEANINGS

PEACH DROPS ARE CAUSE OF INJURY

Observations taken at the Federal Peach Pest laboratory at Fort Valley, Ga., emphasize the importance of prompt destruction of all peach drops, according to E. H. Rawl, associate extension horticulturist.

Practically all of the small peaches which drop to the ground within a few weeks after the "shucks" have been pushed off are badly infested with curculio worms, about 75 to 90 per cent of the drops containing one or more worms.

Growers should bear in mind that the larvae remain in these drops and that, after a process of development they emerge and enter the ground for pupation. Each larva prepares a cell within about three inches of the surface, in which it undergoes transformation and from which it later emerges as the adult beetle. This beetle gives rise to the second generation that in turn lays eggs and causes wormy peaches just before picking time.

It is quite obvious that picking up and destroying the early drops will prevent heavy infestation at picking time. The infested drops should be collected and buried at least 24 inches deep. It is usually advisable to make two or three gatherings of the drops. Special care should be taken that the very small shriveled peaches are gathered, for they are more likely to contain worms than the larger drops.

In one of the Georgia observations two and one-half bushels of dropped peaches were placed in a wire screen container and watched carefully. Within a few weeks 13,000 larvae emerged from these drops. This number would have produced sufficient second brood curculios to badly infest 100,000 peach trees. Such conditions emphasize the importance of using proper control measures in connection with the early peach drops.

In addition to picking up the drops, it is a good thing to disk or harrow the surface of the orchard frequently. The tools should loosen the ground at least three inches deep. This will break up the pupal cells and expose the inactive insects to heat and weather. The pupal stage usually averages about one month and disking at intervals of one week should continue from the time the peaches bloom until late varieties are almost ripe.

GOOD ROADS

IMMENSE AMOUNT FOR RURAL ROADS

Reliable estimates indicate that the United States will spend more than \$1,000,000,000 on the building and maintenance of rural roads during the year 1926.

This means the disappearance of the "rube" from American life. You may be able to find him on the stage, in vaudeville, in the movies, or between the pages of alleged humorous magazines, but not on the farms, says the Minneapolis Daily Star.

The "rube" is a product of isolation and the spending of \$1,000,000,000 for the rural roads means an end of isolation. The American farmer from now on lives on a main traveled highway.

When the day's work is done he is only a few miles away from entertainment. If he prefers to sit by his own fireside he may read his daily paper delivered by the rural routes, get his daily market reports over the radio, or listen to the best music and lectures that America can offer anyone.

His children are seldom more than 20 minutes away from an excellent high school. There they are being trained in all the social graces, taught the fundamental principles of culture and living a life as broad and beautiful as that enjoyed by any of the city children. On commenced day it is impossible to distinguish between the youths from the farms and those from the city.

The co-operative marketing associations have taught him the art of working with other men. The good road makes it possible for him to attend frequent meetings, participate in the discussions and become a part of the busy world of thinking and action.

Rural roads put him in easy touch with distant markets. If his local merchant cannot supply him with the goods he wants, a couple of hours' drive will bring him to a city of 20,000 or more where he can buy anything he wants.

The modern farmer is not easily imposed upon. He is a poor customer for gold-brick merchants. Bankers' figures show that the average city dweller is much the easier victim of the con man.

Improved rural roads mean consolidated schools, less loss in crops, advantageous marketing. The hard-surfaced road has done much to give the American farmer his opportunity as a business man.

It is true that the rural church has had hard sledding, but the farmer can reach the village or city church with greater ease over good roads than he could get to the rural church a few years ago through the mud.

Good roads make good citizens. The election booth is seldom more than five minutes away from the kitchen door, and the farmer is voting, and rapidly learning his political lessons.

One billion of dollars spent for rural roads means that the American farmer is now living as close to the world as the city dweller. He no longer lives alone, astride his plow. He is on a highway where "the race of men go by."

Good Bordeaux Mixture

Controls Apple Blotch

There has been some tendency lately for fruit growers to reduce the strength of their bordeaux mixture below the 3-4-50 strength, and, according to Dr. H. W. Anderson of the College of Agriculture, University of Illinois, this is a mistake.

He says, "While there is reason to believe that a 1-3-50 bordeaux would control apple blotch under certain conditions, it would be unwise to use this on the entire orchard. Growers who are confident that they are applying sprays in a very thorough manner, and who have not been seriously troubled with blotch the last few years might well try this weak bordeaux on a small block of their trees one year in order to test the effect. However, the old expression that 'It is better to be safe than sorry,' applies to the use of full strength bordeaux for blotch control. Last season was unfavorable for apple blotch, and the chances are that blotch will not be very serious this season. It would be a good policy, therefore, to keep the disease in check by using methods which have proved successful for many years."

"Bordeaux spray should not be applied during cold or rainy weather. Clear, bright days should be selected, if possible, and if the weather continues cool, lime-sulphur, 1-50, should be used in place of the bordeaux mixture. In fact, on those varieties especially susceptible to russeting, lime-sulphur should be used throughout the season, since it will give almost as good control as bordeaux."

Center-Road Hog Menace to Traffic on Highways

One of the greatest menaces to traffic on the streets, the boulevards and even on the country highways is the slow driver cruising down the center of the thoroughfare. That this is the case is attested by hundreds of letters to the American Automobile Association.

"The rules of the road" require all slow-moving traffic—whether passenger automobile, truck or bus—to keep to the right near the curb. This rule is violated every day, and all the time. Everywhere may be found the slow traveler, creeping down the middle of the driveway, blocking traffic and actually endangering the lives of others.

"Can't you do anything about the man who has the 'middle of the road complex'?" is the complaint of so many letters reaching us that it looks as if the road hog will never learn.

Good Time for Action

The present generation has a right to expect the building of improved highways—which in the last analysis are the most economical. It requires no great amount of argument to prove that a hard-surfaced highway will not cost as much to maintain as a gravelled road does. There is considerable difference in the expense, and no good reason why the auto owner should not have the benefit of the saving that paved highways are certain to bring about. It is the time for action.—Mankato (Minn.) Free Press.

Smallpox Ancient Disease

Smallpox, which at one time or another has been endemic in almost every land, was recorded in the earliest historical records of Egypt and Arabia but it was not introduced into Europe until about the sixth century. At the end of the eighteenth century the death rate on the continent was 210 per thousand, while in Russia two million persons died of smallpox in one year. A Hindu physician, Dhanwantari, is believed to have given the first inoculation for smallpox about 1500 B. C. Cotton Mather first recommended this means of fighting the disease in the United States.

The Matter

"You know that there darn' mule I swapped off'm you day before yesterday?" asked Gap Johnson of Rumpus Ridge.

"Eh-yah; what's the matter with him?" asked the former owner of the varmint.

"Nuth'n' much, except that he got loose and kicked the whole side of the house in, run three of the children of'm the bluff and threatens to tear the whole deturnal farm to pieces. I am going to build a pen around him, and then take a gun and shoot him."—Kansas City Star.

Bird Champion Sprinter

The speed of the pheasant is computed to be in the neighborhood of 15 or 18 miles an hour. When the college sprinter runs the 100-yard dash in ten seconds, he exceeds but slightly the time the bird makes in the much shorter runs. Considering that the stride of the average good sprinter is about eight feet or nearly eleven times that of the bird, the pheasant's performance stands as remarkable.—Detroit News.

Horticultural Facts

Cultivate the strawberries as soon as they are through bearing. It stimulates growth and keeps down weeds.

On a bearing apple tree the desirable amount of annual terminal growth is usually about 10 or 12 inches of plump wood.

You can save later pruning on your newly set trees, and have better-shaped tops by going over them occasionally and rubbing off buds that come where you don't want limbs.