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**The Radio and Reddy**  
by Martha Banning Thomas

PROBABLY no one in the world had more friends than Sally Snow. Friends of all kinds, from the boy who shouted his newspapers in front of her apartment to the policeman on the beat. High friends and low friends had Sally—

Christmas Eve found her alone. She left the office early. There was no particular reason to, however. All her gifts were tied up and mailed. No one was waiting for her at home. There wasn't the slightest pressure or hurry about anything. And Christmas Eve, thought Sally, without bustle and fuss and jostling and merry confusion, wasn't Christmas Eve at all.

She walked up Fifth avenue. She vaguely hoped that some of the holiday spirit of the crowds of New York might enter her veins and thrill her. She felt sorry for herself, and crossed, and utterly out of sorts. Her pleasant plans had all gone awry. No one could spare time from their families to celebrate with her. And Sally lived too many thousand miles away from home to get there for Christmas. She had been too proud to accept the generous invitations of some of the other girls in the office. They asked her to go home with them. But she knew she would feel out of things, try as she might to be jolly. Oh, well—she might scrape some one up to go to a play or concert. She walked until she was tired and then took a bus. Once in the crush of people at a street corner she caught her breath. There was a sudden hint of broad shoulders she used to know. A certain high carriage manner. Then the man was lost to view.

She shook herself for a silly fool. She thought she had crowded all that sense out of her mind long ago.

Besides, Reddy had gone on one of those idiotic expeditions to Mongolia, to hunt up ridiculous bones of prehistoric animals. Accounts of his expedition had been in the papers off and on for three years.

Sally found her apartment warm and cozy. She was more tired than she realized. A slow languor spread over her. She decided to stay at home, not even going out for dinner. She had a good book or two, and there was always the radio.

After a nap she chirped up amazingly. She decided she wouldn't grouch any longer. A little tingle of excitement wriggled up her neck. No reason at all—but she felt it and laughed. She spread gayly on a homemade salad, bread and butter and a piece of left-over cake. Dolag up the few dishes she felt positively merry. The old-time, childish excitement about everything concerning Christmas began singing in her heart. She laughed aloud.

"I won't even look up the concert tonight over the radio," she announced. "I'll just tune in at random and see what happens."

With a little flutter of happiness she manipulated the dials on her small set. A harsh rasping—the clapping of many hands—continued applause!

She listened, keyed up to a high pitch of suspense. Probably some ordinary singer wallowing out sentimental tunes. Then—silence. Quite a long silence—then a voice.

"You are kind," said the voice, "to give a weary-worn traveler such a far place—"

There was an interval when Sally's clear brain blurred. She lost the next few sentences. Then she regained her poise and sat intent on every word. Back of what she heard with her ears was the unfolding book of memory. Page after page fluttered through her consciousness. That terrific row she and Reddy had over nothing at all—how he had left in a white fury—how he had said he would go to the end of the world and never come back. They were young and impetuous.

She had not seen him for seven years. In the meantime he had made a name for himself in science. And three years ago he went on this famous expedition. There had been a formal letter or two between them. That was all.

Now he was back—back in New York on Christmas Eve, addressing a large audience!

Sally took off the earphones. She sat a minute longer. Then in a whirl of impulse she threw on her coat and hat and went flying out the door. Like a hammering pulse these words battered against her brain—I must see him! I must see him!

Somehow she squeezed into the big

hall. Somehow she stayed still and listened until it was all over. Somehow afterward she moved to the front of the room near the platform. She walked as in a dream. She must! She must. A power other than her own sent her feet steadily to the place where Reddy stood.

Thinner he was, lean and brown. Heavy lines in his face. Mouth almost grim. But his eyes just the same—quizzical and laughing.

Sally was next now in the waiting group who were congratulating the successful explorer. Her throat quivered. She could scarcely lift her eyes. Then suddenly her voice came, clear, controlled and natural. "Merry Christmas, Daddy!"

They went out to dinner somewhere. Reddy tucked Sally under his arm. They talked and laughed and chatted both at once. They made abject apologies for their stupid behavior to each other seven years ago. They tried to cram a thousand questions and answers into every minute. Never had the head waiter seen a happier couple. They were unashamed of their joy. They didn't care. Which is the way the world over when you really care and your heart is humming like a celestial harp in heaven.

"I knew your voice instantly," said Sally at least a dozen times.

"Do you think you could marry me by New Year's?" persisted Reddy.

"Don't be ridiculous, you absurd boy!"

"Then I'll scoot off for another seven years!"

The threat brought her down. "Come to my apartment for a moment and say 'Merry Christmas' to the radio," she begged.

And Reddy did.

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**Flowers for Christmas**

When flowers are at a premium, why not give a few bulbs or a potted plant as a Christmas present to the woman who likes flowers?



## ANSWERING HER LOVE LETTERS

By ALBERT REEVES

(Copyright by W. G. Chapman.)

"DO YOU know why I like you, Miss Gray?" inquired Doris Dinsmere, seating herself in her friend's comfortable chair. "It's because you're so sensible."

"That's a mixed sort of compliment," answered Elizabeth Gray, laughing. "I think I know what you mean, though."

"I mean you're the sort of person to come to for advice," said Doris, patting her friend's hand coaxingly.

Elizabeth Gray and Doris Dinsmere had been school friends. Five years afterward they had met in New York, where Doris was studying art, at the expense of her well-to-do parents, while Elizabeth lived in a tiny flat and worked as a stenographer.

Miss Gray was the sort of a woman who would never be quite beautiful, as Doris was, but there was more in her head than had passed through Doris' flighty one in all her life.

"You are in love again," said Miss Gray calmly.

Doris nodded. "To Charlie Ross," she answered. "We're engaged."

Elizabeth was unable to repress a little sense of pain. It was she who had introduced Charlie to Doris. Charlie had been quickly infatuated with the empty-headed little girl, who represented all that was sacred in his eyes. She thought with a pang how much he had begun to mean to her before he met Doris and ceased coming to her apartment. They had discussed things together; he had told her everything that was in his life, all his ideals. And he had been thrown off his balance by Doris, who had nothing but beauty and vivacity. She knew Doris would never make a good wife for Charlie. And the pity was that she could do nothing. Time must teach them.

"This is what I want you to do," said Doris. "He writes me the most beautiful love letters. And I—I don't know how to answer them."

"Just be natural, dear," said the older woman. "Don't try to say what you don't mean. Charlie will come to understand."

"But you don't understand," said Doris plaintively. "He thinks I am all sorts of things I am not. He thinks I am clever and—and all that. Elizabeth"—she used the word when she wanted to coax—"won't you write me a love letter to Charlie?"

"My dear child!" faltered Miss Gray.

"Oh, you must," pleaded Doris. "Or else I shall lose him. You don't know how much he means to me, and all he thinks me which I am not. Please, please, Elizabeth."

"But he will know it is not you speaking in the letter, my dear," protested Elizabeth Gray.

"Please," repeated Doris, sobbing.

Doris was very winning when she meant to be. And so her friend capitulated and, conscience-stricken, sat down to indite a letter to Charlie Ross that should sound like Doris and yet be what Doris was not.

She wrote it from her own heart. She spoke of what love means to a woman, of all the things that she knew and Doris could never know. She poured out her heart in that letter, and in many others.

For the first letter brought back a reply that touched her vividly. It showed something in the man's nature, something idealistic which even Elizabeth Gray had never known existed in the man, something to which her heart responded as the steel to the magnet. And after that the descent was easy.

Letter after letter came to him from her pen. "You must not wonder," she wrote once, "that I seem so different to you when we meet from what I seem to be in my letters. It is very difficult for me to express myself face to face."

"Charlie is devoted," said Doris happily one day. "He thinks I write all those letters, and you know, Elizabeth, that they are incomprehensible to me."

Yes, there were many things that were incomprehensible to Doris. Elizabeth Gray began to see that more and more clearly as the weeks went by. But she was too far in the slough of deception now to be able to extricate herself. Passionate letters passed between them, and she poured out all her longing and all her love to this lover who, unknowing whence the letters came, could never be hers.

"He is so serious," pouted Doris one day. "And he talks of such heavy things! They make my head ache. And I have to pretend to understand—because of this silly plot. Why did you ever let me into it, Elizabeth?"

This was Elizabeth's thanks. She smiled; she could afford to smile, for she knew from Charlie's letters that she held his heart absolutely, although he never dreamed of it. But that night she prayed for his sake that he might not marry Doris.

The prayer seemed to be strangely answered. For the next week Doris came to her, after a longer interval than usual. She sat down at her feet and began patting her hand.

"What is it, Doris?" asked Elizabeth.

"I don't love Charlie," Doris burst out. "It was all a mistake. I have found the man I love, and he loves me. So you will not have any more of those horrid letters to write. He isn't the sort of man who is above me. He is Frank Bewlett."

The actor?

"Yes," answered Doris meekly.

"What will Charlie say?"

"I want you to write and tell him," answered Doris. "Promise me. You know, you got me into this trouble, Elizabeth, and you must get me out—you must!"

Elizabeth sat down that night with a heavy heart and wrote to Charlie. Doris was going home; she loved another; he must forget her and never write to her nor try to see her again. She did not sleep that night, and went to work with a heavy heart next day.

That evening Charlie called, and she was totally unprepared for it. He came in with a white face.

"I haven't been to see you since I met Doris," he said. "I can't forgive myself for neglecting an old friend in my happiness, as I supposed it to be. Do you know—know—?"

Elizabeth nodded. She could not manage to utter the trivial sympathy in her heart.

"Why did she do it?" he demanded. "We love each other. If you could have seen the letters she wrote me! They were not the letters of a foolish girl. There is something I can't understand in this. The man she thinks she loves now is—well, not the sort of man that girl would love."

He forgot himself in his despair. He paced the room. Suddenly he stopped before Elizabeth's desk. Elizabeth sprang up. He was looking at a half-finished letter she had been writing when he came in.

He turned and faced her. "What does this mean?" he asked, looking at the handwriting. "Doris has been here this evening. See, the ink is scarcely dry! She has been here, and she is here now."

"No, Charlie," said Elizabeth helplessly. "You don't understand. Our writing is very much alike."

"I have never seen her writing," he answered, with slow suspicion. "But I know that the writing of that letter is hers."

"It isn't, Charlie. I—"

"Then you wrote those letters at her dictation! She showed you my letters and dictated her answers to you. So they filtered through two persons—all those fine professions of love and eternal loyalty!" he said bitterly.

Elizabeth did not know what to say. And she solved her problem in a woman's privileged way by sinking down into her chair and bursting into bitter tears.

She looked up at him. "Go, now, please!" she sobbed. "Yes, think anything you please. I wrote them for Doris, if you like. What does it matter, now that your trust has been betrayed by a heartless girl?"

He stood irresolutely in the doorway; then he came forward to where she sat, her head bowed on her arms, striving to still the sobs that rent her as she thought of the bitterness that had overtaken their two lives.

"It means a good deal," he said. "Did you—did you help her to compose those letters? And were some of those thoughts yours? Believe me, I see her in her true light now, and it seems to me incredible that she could ever have written to me as she did. The woman who wrote those letters was a woman of a soul far above Doris'—"

"Hush! Do not think unkindly of her," said Elizabeth softly, raising her streaming face. "It is all over now. She would never have understood what love means."

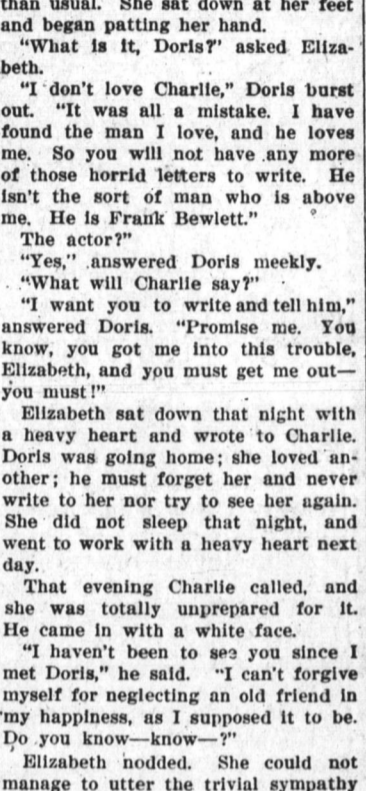
"You inspired them," he persisted, doggedly.

"I wrote them all, Charlie," said Elizabeth, rising and facing him. "She was afraid you would look down on her. She loved you in her way—remember that. She is only a child. She asked me to help her keep your love, and I wrote them."

He held her hands. "I thank God," he answered gravely, "that at least I can keep my faith in women."

And he was gone. But Elizabeth Gray's heart was singing. For she knew that he would come back, and that her love for him would find its reward—some day.

## NEW ZEALAND CITIES



A Road in New Zealand.

(Prepared by the National Geographic Society, Washington, D. C.)

NEW ZEALAND, more than 6,000 miles from America, comes spiritually closer as a result of a recent speech of its premier in London. He declared that to New Zealanders the American Revolution seems a beneficent thing from which New Zealand's present freedom flowed.

One needs but to see the two principal cities of the far-away island commonwealth to realize that America and New Zealand have very much in common.

"As hilly as San Francisco or Rio de Janeiro," "as land-locked as Seattle," "as windy as Chicago" are phrases used by travelers to describe Wellington. They will help Americans to construct a picture of the capital city of New Zealand.

Wellington has the best situation geographically of all New Zealand cities for its harbor opens on Cook Strait, the natural water roadway that splits New Zealand's land roughly into two parts. Situated on the southern tip of North Island, the city is almost exactly at the geographical center of the dominion, and in a position from which steamers can reach the ports of both islands by the shortest voyages.

Because of this strategic central situation Wellington took from Auckland in 1864 the capital of the dominion.

Although Wellington undoubtedly has the best location with regard to New Zealand, it has not yet overcome Auckland's advantageous position for the South sea trade and the fact that both the big New Zealand ports can be reached with about equal ease from Sydney. Wellington's population is short of 120,000, but it is growing with great rapidity and may yet overtake that of its larger sister city to the north.

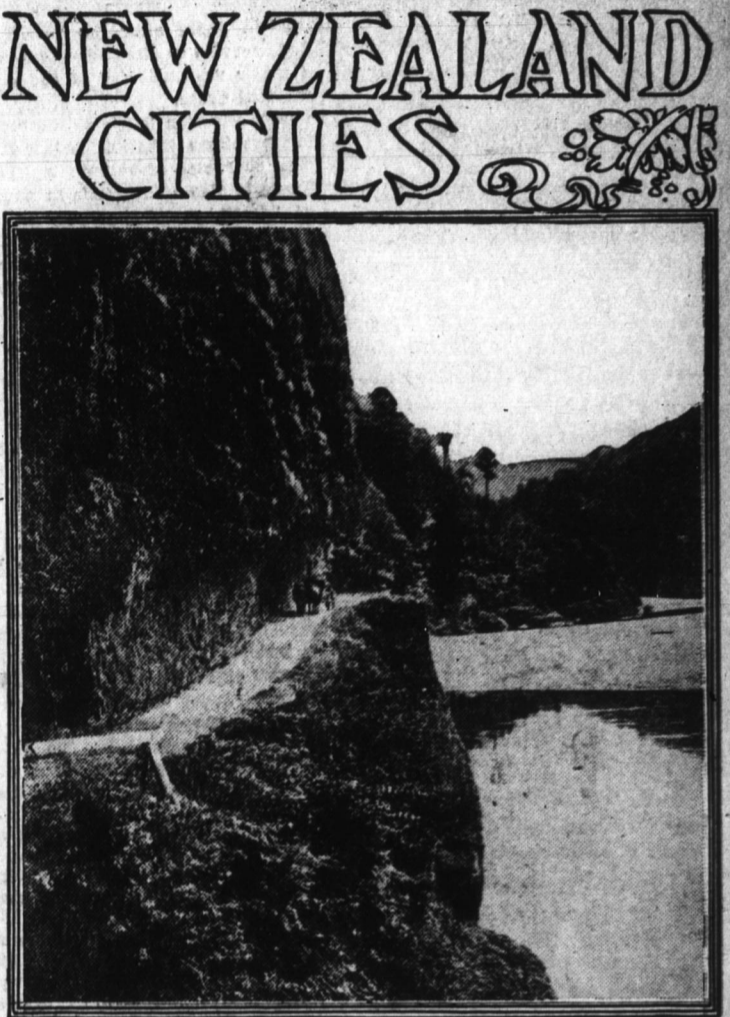
As is the case with Sydney, Auckland, Hobart and Melbourne, Wellington owes much of its prosperity to its excellent harbor. Shipping enters through a relatively narrow bottle neck to find a great, broad lakelike body of water opening out beyond.

**Spreading Over the Hills.**

The city of Wellington lies on the southwestern side of the harbor. Only a narrow strip along the coast is level and a considerable part of this has been reclaimed by filling in a part of the harbor. On this level plot near the water is the business section of the city and the government buildings.

Wellington obviously has been cramped by its hills; but just as obviously it has struck out to conquer them. Few cities have had to go in so deeply for engineering enterprises in order to expand. The hills rise steeply to heights of 700 feet and more. For years the city builders of Wellington have been carving and terracing their slopes, filling in gullies, tearing away ridges and building innumerable retaining walls and bridges end the work still goes on. Streets outside the level plot wind snakily along slopes, working ever higher and higher. As in Rio de Janeiro one man's house looks down upon the roof of his neighbor's below, and in turn is looked down upon by his neighbor's above. On some of the hills houses have been built all the way to the crest, and each year sees on other hills a revision upward of the "high house mark."

The city of Wellington is deeply in



A Road in New Zealand.

business for its citizens. It owns its water works, electric power and light plant, ice factory, street railway lines, cemeteries, public baths, slaughter houses, and has a municipal monopoly for the distribution of milk.

**Auckland "Lonely" but Lively.**

Auckland, which was called "Last, loneliest, loveliest," by Kipling, may still seem lonely to those who never visit it; but with its 100,000 inhabitants and all the trappings of a modern American or English city it has interests and activities of its own which make the average Aucklander give scant thought to his geographic isolation.

There are other factors that work to banish thoughts of loneliness from the minds of Aucklanders. The port has become the busy center of trade with the South sea islands; and the ships of some of the chief Pacific steamer lines from San Francisco and Vancouver put in at Auckland on their voyages to and from Sydney. As a result of this service Auckland theaters and concert halls are supplied with the theatrical talent and musical artists who are interesting the rest of the world.

Auckland gives another example of the lavish way in which nature has dealt out wonderful harbors to Australasia. The main Auckland harbor, opening to the east—Waitemata harbor—furnishes about six square miles of deep, land-locked water; and this opens upon Hauraki gulf with an area of hundreds of square miles. A ship must steam 30 or 40 miles north from Auckland before it meets the swell of the Pacific.

Auckland's business section lies along the water front on the south side of the harbor, and along Queen street, whose well-paved, level surface hides a creek bed of early days. Substantial business blocks, some six and seven stories high, give the streets an aspect of an American city of a decade or so ago.

**Old Volcanic Cones.**

The residence sections of Auckland ramble up the slopes of hills that rise a short distance from the harbor. The entire isthmus is covered with old volcanic cones of various sizes, the highest, Mt. Eden, reaching an altitude of 640 feet. This eminence is a favorite objective for sightseers, dividing popularity with One Tree Hill, which is included in a magnificent 300-acre park. From either height one gets a magnificent view of slopes covered with cottages and gardens, the business section, the busy water front, the great harbor dotted with forest-covered isles, and beyond the inner water gate to the Pacific. To the west one may see entirely across the island and make out the blue waters of the sea that stretches off to Australia.

Auckland is almost the exact antipodal point of Gibraltar, and has a climate not unlike that of Sunny Spain at its best. The temperature seldom rises higher than 82 degrees Fahrenheit in summer (December, January and February) or falls much below 40 degrees Fahrenheit in winter (June, July and August). The maximum temperature in Auckland in August is about 60 degrees. Palms grow in the parks beside the trees common to more northern climes. Grass remains green the year round, and Aucklanders carry on their outdoor life through winter and summer alike.

## RECKLESS.

Willie: Ma's going to buy you a couple of reckless for Christmas.

Pop: That's reckless—and hard times, too, she usually only gives me one.

## We Are

If life is what we make it, some of us ought to be ashamed of our handwriting.—Boston Transcript.