

# THE ALAMANCE GLEANER

VOL. LII.

GRAHAM, N. C., THURSDAY DECEMBER 2, 1926.

NO. 43.

## OUR COMIC SECTION

### Our Pet Peeve

WELL, GUESS I'LL GET MY OWN BREAKFAST—UM! BACON AND EGGS.



THAT PESKY CAT!



SCAAT-YOU!



WOW! BUT THAT COFFEE IS HOT!



HUH! ALL BURNT UP TOO!



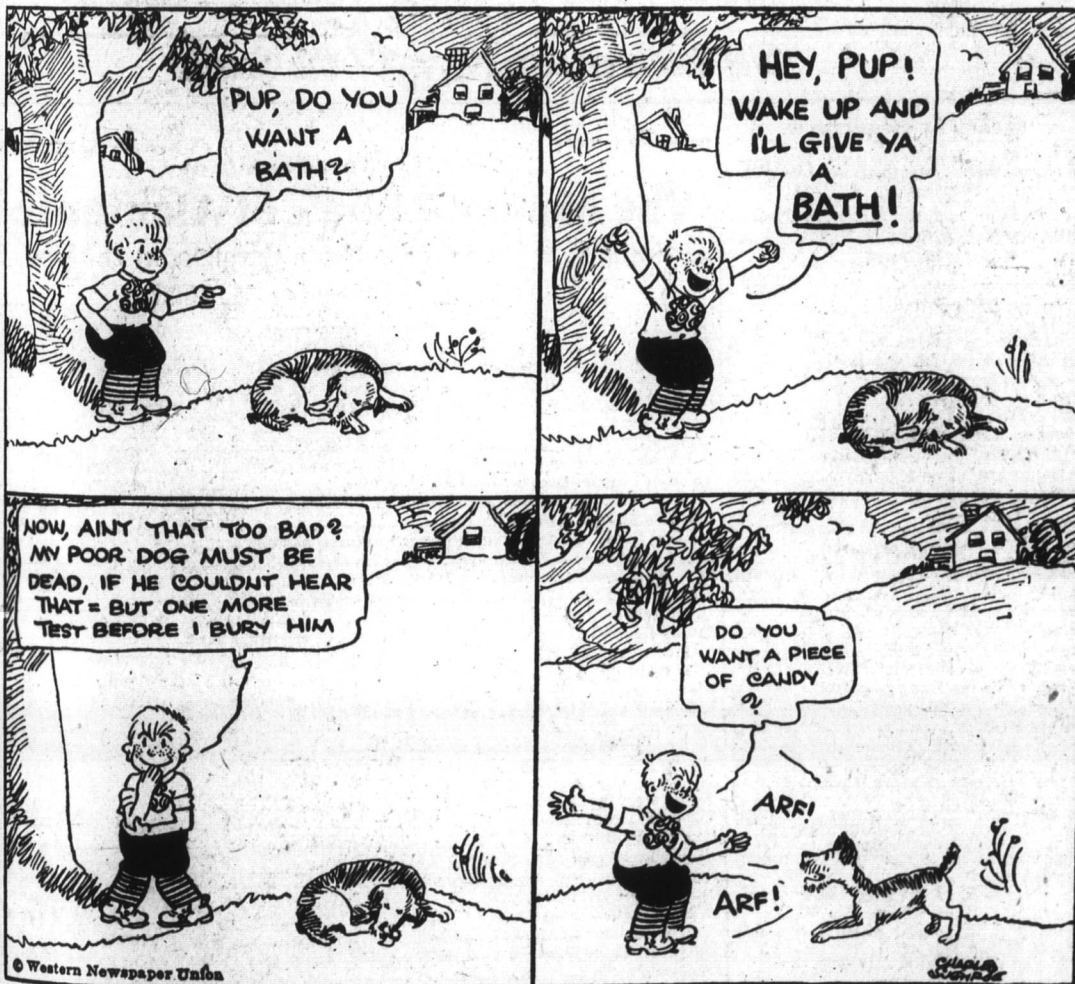
O WELL, I'VE LOST MY APPETITE ANYHOW!



(Copyright, W. N. U.)

### MICKIE, THE PRINTER'S DEVIL

### How to Resuscitate a Dog



© Western Newspaper Union

### ITS HABITAT



Teacher—Bobby, we should like to have you tell where the emu is found.  
Bobby—Mostly in cross-word puzzles, miss.

### English Amenities

"Do you think," asked Lady Cab-stanleigh, "do you really think, dear Lady Muttonspoon, that I am too old for a tiara?"  
"My dear creature," replied Lady Muttonspoon, "of course not. They are fitting the Pyramids with electric lights."

### No Sale

"You are hard of hearing, sir; can't I sell you an appliance that—"  
"Nope. My wife sings and my daughters take piano lessons."

### There Now!

"Got my shad roes?" asked the young man of the grocer's daughter, who was waiting on trade.  
"My name ain't Rose—it's Gladys," retorted the damsel; "and please remember I'm Miss Smith to you."

### Didn't Mean 'It

Nurse (to obstreperous young charge)—Oh, Miss Betty! Add just after you've been kneeling and asking God to make you a good girl.  
Betty—Well, I didn't really want to be.

### Gyrfogal

O'Whirl—When I woke up this morning I found all the bedclothes wound tightly around me.  
O'Fudge—My, you must have slept like a top.

### Sure Sign

Dora—They say that Dick is going wrong in his head.  
Doris—I haven't noticed it. He proposed to me yesterday.  
Dora—Ah, then it's true.

### Ignored

"Does your wife look her age?"  
"No, she overlooks it."

### DESERVED ONLY A BUST



"Now they're proposing a statue to the chap who invented the balloon."  
"I think a bust is all he deserves."

### Would Be at Home

Prisoner—I have one thing to ask of your honor.  
Judge—What is it?  
Prisoner—Will you please have me put in my old cell? I never can sleep in a strange bed.

### Helping Father

"Why does Mary always cuddle next to the driver?"  
"She's working for her father."  
"Where's the connection?"  
"You see, he's in the auto wrecking business."—Auto Sparka.

## THE HAPPY HOME

By MARGARET BRUCE

### The Mid-Day Siesta

In all the very hot countries, the entire population takes a "siesta" in the middle of the day. It is a scheme which the busy housewife may very well adopt, especially during the late summer days when every effort seems to be a burden. To keep going all day long often means an impatient, touchy mother by dinner time, but a quiet siesta, spent in complete relaxation, in a lounging chair or hammock, even if one doesn't sleep, means that the warmest part of the day passes her by.

During our vacation days we all idle more or less, for we are relieved of the housework while at a hotel or summer resort and have long hours to sit on the beach or swing beneath the apple trees. When we come back, we shouldn't plunge at once into all-day continuous work, but try to carry the vacation across into the following few weeks until we feel like tackling a full day's work again.

"I feel so lazy and gully if I lie around reading when there is so much to be done," protests the conscientious housewife. But resting isn't laziness, and the complete relaxation which you get when lying down, or reclining, reading not too seriously, and perhaps doz-



ing, is very different from "resting" by sitting upright doing filet crochet or some other handwork.

On some days, the hottest hour comes around four o'clock in the afternoon, and if this is so, save your siesta until then. But ordinarily a good time to take it is immediately after luncheon, before interruptions occur and while the weariness from the morning's work still holds on.

### From the Bottom Up

Mrs. Jimmy looked across the breakfast table at her-leege lord. She was sipping her coffee slowly and looking at him critically. He was very good looking, she mused proudly, and wore his clothes so well. Yet, as she gazed, she noticed that the shirt he was wearing, was one he seemed to wear very often, and it was even getting a bit worn looking around the collar. She set down her cup.

"Jimmy," she said, "why do you wear the same shirts all the time? You have a great drawer of them in your chiffonier. Some of them I never see you wear at all. But every other week you have this same one on for a couple of days. Why do you wear it so often?"

Jimmy looked down at it vaguely. "Why, I don't know," he said; "it's always right on top when I open the drawer."

That opened Mrs. Jimmy's eyes. She herself put Jimmy's shirts away each week when they came from the laundry, laying them in carefully in two piles. It was her doing, then. So the next week she adopted a new scheme. When the clean clothes came home, she worked from the bottom instead of the top. Jimmy's clean shirts were placed not on top of the others, but beneath them. The same with his "bevedees," as he spelled them. The unused ones at the bottom began to creep nearer the top, giving the older ones a rest and getting each used in rotation.

Then she took the same method into her own realm. She put her fresh underwear and nightgowns away not on top of the supply in the drawer but underneath it. Into the linen closet she went, putting sheets, towels and pillow cases at the bottom of the piles instead of on top of them. A few articles had been getting all the wear while others were growing yellow from disuse.

Jimmy began to look spiffy in shirts he had forgotten he had. "Men always take the article nearest at hand," murmured Mrs. Jimmy, as she tucked the well-worn pajamas at the bottom and laid a new pair were they would meet Jimmy's sleepy hand next time he changed.

(Copyright.)

## North Carolina



Wild Ponies of the Banks.

(Prepared by the National Geographic Society, Washington, D. C.)  
WHILE many Southern states are feeling the burden of a huge cotton crop at low prices, North Carolina, which not only raises cotton but has also come to manufacture cotton goods on a large scale, can see the other side of the picture.

North Carolina is passing through a renaissance. Due to her steadily intensifying shift from cotton fields to mill centers and from once-idle streams to throbbing dynamos, she has suddenly rediscovered herself on the threshold of industrialism.

The legendary North Carolinian who in the '60s, called his three daughters Rosin, Tar and Turpentine, would today be naming them after cigarette brands, furniture trademarks and cotton-goods patterns.

Charlotte, situation between the big hydroelectric developments along the Catawba and Yadkin rivers, is a plexus of this new industrialism. In the last 25 years the number of textile mills operating within a 100-mile radius of that city has increased fivefold, with a present spindleage of 10,000,000.

An hour's ride beyond Charlotte is Gastonia, one of the largest textile centers in the United States. Of its 20,000 people, about three-fourths are workers in the 42 mills whose tall stacks cut the sky. Yet, in the town's broad, tree-shaded streets, lined with neat cottages on well-kept, flower-trimmed plots, one feels no oppressive sense of concentrated industry, but rather the restfulness of some model suburb, widespread to sun, air and surrounding countryside.

With mill workers' cottages rentable at \$3 a month, with water and electric light free, and a mild climate, necessitating little fuel, which is obtainable at cost, it is not uncommon for mountain families to work at Gastonia long enough to pay off their farm mortgage and then return to the Blue Ridge. Gaston county contains 98 textile mills, which represent one-sixth of the state's total spindleage and consume almost one-third of her cotton crop.

### Winston-Salem's Factories.

Another center of importance in North Carolina's new industrialism is Winston-Salem. It has been designated "the twin city" since its component towns were merged in 1913, but no twins ever showed greater dissimilarity than old Salem and youthful Winston. Here one has the stately Eighteenth century and the industrial Twentieth century side by side, with a mere street or so acting as the hyphen.

Salem signifies that "peace" which was sought by the persecuted Moravians who founded it in 1759. And that "peace" has never forsaken old Salem. Cross a few streets and one is amid Winston's humming beehives of industrialism, where 15,000 wage-earners are turning out their daily trainloads of manufactured tobacco, furniture and textiles on a scale that leads Uncle Sam to rate Winston-Salem as the South's second industrial city.

A circle enclosing Winston-Salem with the denim center of Greensboro and the furniture center of High Point delimits an industrial patch 30 miles across, representing an annual products value of more than \$300,000,000. Winston-Salem's stamp-sticking machines consume annually the most expensive meal in the world—a matter of \$100,000,000 worth of Uncle Sam's familiar blue imprints. That is the sum of her federal tobacco taxes, which represent one-half of those paid by North Carolina.

From the tobacco standpoint, North Carolina's civic twins are really Winston and Durham. At Durham the

first perfected cigarette-rolling machine was used, and her fame for the "makings" dates back to the Civil war.

Durham finely symbolizes education springing out of industrialism, for it is the seat of Duke university, which is destined by recent bequests to become one of the country's greatest centers of learning. Social welfare springing out of education is as finely symbolized by the nearby state university at Chapel Hill.

### Land of the Sky.

But all is not industrialism in North Carolina. In the west is Asheville, the gateway to what North Carolinians have well named the Land of the Sky. Never was an altitude of a half mile above sea level so unobvious, in all but the tonic atmosphere. Set in a vast bowl, Asheville is encircled by mountains whose 20 highest peaks top all altitudes in the Eastern states.

It was on the Biltmore estate, near Asheville, that, with the founding of a forestry school, the first steps in American forest conservation were taken. Today there are established in this region, for the protection of watersheds and hardwood reserves, the Cherokee, Nantahala, Unaka and Pisgah national forests. With a boundary which encloses more than 1,700,000 acres, the government had acquired, up to July, 1925, somewhat less than a fourth of this area. In the Pisgah, established in 1916, as a game preserve, native bear and deer roam, trout streams are stocked, and herds of bison and elk have been implanted.

Surrounded by the modishness of Asheville, one scarcely realizes that only 50 miles away mountaineers are living a ruggedly simple existence behind hand-hewn timbers and on small "switchback" farms, with revolutionary looms and spinning-wheels alongside their chimney pieces of native rock.

### The Coastal Region.

A totally different part of the state is the coastal region with its lowlands, its numerous sounds and channels and its off-shore islands of sand—"the Banks." For centuries wild horses have roamed the Banks, and current tradition has it that they are descended from Barbary ponies which were brought over by Sir Walter Raleigh's colonists. From time to time these "banker ponies" are rounded up and driven into corrals made of timber from old wrecks. It is a scene with a far Western tang, flying hoots, swinging lariats, and the flash of branding irons. After the branding and calling out, the likeliest animals are auctioned off. They bring now only \$6 a head. A few years ago these putative descendants of Raleigh's "littie Barbary ponies" were bringing from \$50 to \$125 apiece.

On the ocean side of the Hatteras banks one finds the greatest wreck area on the Atlantic coast. Along the beach are the skeletons of what were once ships, now bleached victims of the sea and sand, their upstanding ribs resembling files of gravestones, their forests of protruding spikes being the grisly grass of the desert-like expanse. At one point there are 14 wrecks within 100 yards.

Off the great spex of the Banks are those dreaded quicksands, the Diamond shoal. They are the more to be dreaded because off Hatteras, due to the enormous tonnage of steel hulls embedded in the Diamond, there is a magnetic deviation sometimes amounting to eight degrees.

The farther northward one follows the Banks, the more remote and resourceless seems the life of the people. Often it appears to be mere existence, as of castaways who have taken root on this two-mile width of sand bar, 40 miles off shore.

### Finger Prints Solve Murder After Years

Berlin.—Finger prints discovered nearly three and a half years after Otto Seinicke left them on a window frame in committing a murder at Bad Oeynhausen proved sufficient to bring the crime home to him when he was arraigned at the present term of court.

Roger Bicker, a young bath attendant at the Oeynhausen Spa, was shot and killed on July 6, 1923, by burglars who had broken into the building he was guarding. Suspected of the crime, Seinicke, and a companion, Heinrich Krueger, were arrested and tried but acquitted because of insufficient evidence.

The police recently made a new examination of the murder chamber, which had been left virtually untouched. High up on a window frame an expert discovered finger prints, still distinct, although evidently made a long time before. Comparison with those of Seinicke on the police records showed they were his. Rearrested and confronted with the finger-print evidence, Seinicke broke down and confessed.

### CONVICTED SLAYER DIFFICULT TO HOLD

### Escapes Four Times From Prisons in South.

Nashville, Tenn.—Jail officials here have a jinx in the person of one John Revinsky, sentenced to 21 years in prison for killing and robbing Mae Goodwyn, a wealthy underworld queen.

Revinsky just will not stay confined no matter where he is placed. For ten years Tennessee authorities have been trying to make John serve his term. But, apparently, there isn't a jail in the South that will hold him.

It was ten years ago that the murder was committed and the man was held for trial. The date for the trial came, but John was not to be found. He had escaped Nashville's best jail. Months later he was re-arrested, tried, and sentenced.

While waiting to be taken to prison he led a jail break and escaped again. Two years passed. He was arrested once more in Alabama. But when Tennessee police arrived for him he was gone, having saved his way through the iron bars.

For seven years Revinsky roamed the country, making a wooden thumb to replace one shot off during a jail break. Then he was caught in San Francisco, Calif. Taking no chances, police shackled him hand and foot and sent him direct to Nashville.

A few nights ago, while all was quiet there, he carefully dug his way through a stone wall and escaped with 13 other prisoners. All of these were recaptured except Revinsky and a new friend, Pete Berbero, bandit.

### Uneasy Lies Hangman's Head, Diary Reveals

Bradford, England.—The visions of a hangman do not make pleasant reading, as revealed in the notes of an executioner, James Berry of Bradford, who died some years ago. He was credited with 134 executions, and his weird experiences and sensations are detailed fully in a diary covering several hundred pages.

Berry's most celebrated case and most trying ordeal was that of John Lee, Berry and an assistant, in Exeter prison, tried in vain on four occasions to hang Lee. Each time the drop refused to act, and finally Lee was reprieved.

Of one execution Berry writes: "I am sick at stomach, sick at heart. I am always like that after an execution. I have had no sleep for two nights. I never closed my eyes in Oxford Gaol, where the execution took place, all night long. I could not sleep a wink last night, either. Time and again—a hundred times, it seemed—just as I was about to drift into stumberland, I saw my latest victim before me."

### Kidnaped Bride Returns to Husband When of Age

San Francisco.—Interrupted six weeks ago when Mr. and Mrs. William A. Oliver of this city "kidnaped" their daughter, Mrs. Jeannette Laidlaw, on the ground that she was too young to be married without their consent, a wedding banquet was resumed the other day with the original guests in attendance. The daughter was married to Clarence Laidlaw, but six hours later was "kidnaped" from the banquet. After six weeks she became of age and rushed to join her husband.