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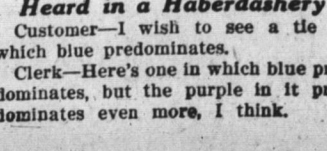
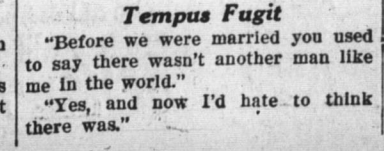
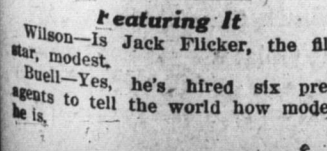
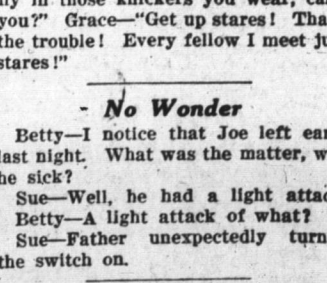
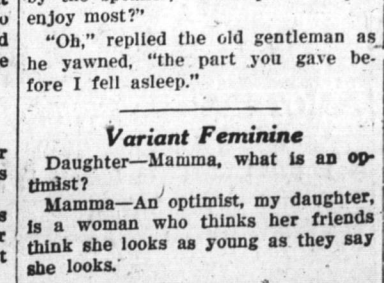
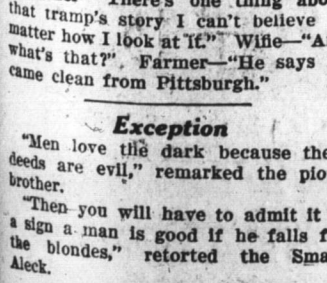
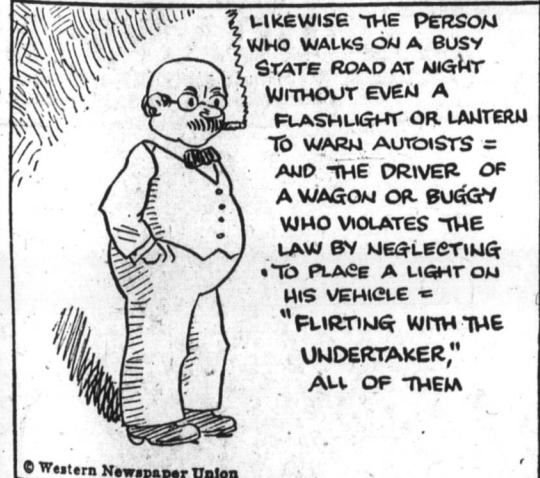
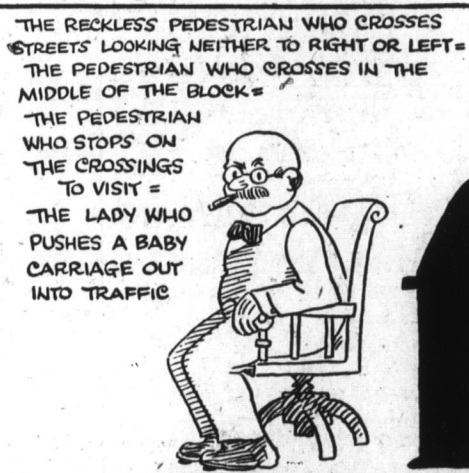
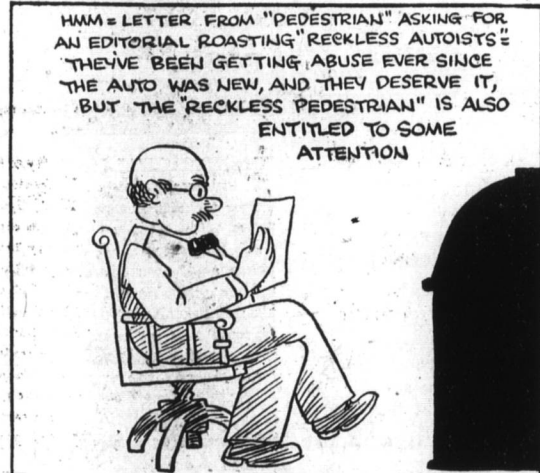
Killing Time



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MICKIE, THE PRINTER'S DEVIL

Three Cheers by the Autoists



THE HAPPY HOME

By MARGARET BRUCE

Comfortably Low

The little library just off the living room was the pride of the bookish lady's heart—and that of her bookish husband as well. It was "lined with books," as they always say in novels, and it was equipped with tables, chairs and reading lights. But somehow it wasn't a comfortable place in which to read. Nobody wanted to read there. House guests always came and got a book and took it away into the living room to read it.

The bookish lady was puzzled and disappointed. What was the matter with her library? She finally asked a guest outright, and the guest didn't know why, either. But together they got at the difficulty.

"Why, everything is too high—I believe that's the trouble," said the guest, slowly. "If you lay a large magazine open on the table to read it, you have to stretch your body way up and crane your head over in order to see it. The chairs are too high also. They don't let you stretch your legs out and lean back while you read. You have to sit upright and strain your back to reach the table besides."

"You've hit it!" exclaimed the bookish lady. "I'm going to cut six inches off those table legs and about three inches off the legs of the chairs. That will bring the chairs closer to the floor, and the table a good deal closer to the chairs as well as to the floor."

"I learned from an interior decorator last year," said the guest, "that low furniture always makes a room look larger and more inviting. Chairs, tables, beds, dressing tables—all should be kept low, both for comfort and for looks, she said. And I believe she was right."

"The Boy of Affairs"

"I can see that your youngster, Bob, is going to be a man of affairs when he grows up, because he's such a boy of affairs now," said a neighboring citizen to Bob's gratified father. "He has put in six or eight radio sets all over the neighborhood, and they are all working fine, too. He has headed the baseball and football teams this last year, and I understand he has organized a target practice among the boys."

Bob's dad nodded.

"Yes, we've always encouraged him in doing everything that made for skill and courage and initiative. His room is a workshop, a laboratory, and a museum in one. I want him to learn how to use his hands and his brains at one and the same time, and to fit himself to meet every emergency that comes along. Of course, his splendid training in the boy scouts has been his chief incentive, but I think parents must co-operate with the scoutmaster and equip the boy with all the facilities for doing things."

"Bob learned how to handle a rifle at camp, but I have spent many hours with him, teaching him how to shoot a pistol, and now he handles both guns

Russia of Today



Russian School Girls of Today.

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

LITTLE has been noticed of the real test which is going on inside Soviet Russia in recent years because the clamor of theory and proclamation has filled the ears of the world. Theories have been meeting individualism which is so universal in humanity, unwritten rules of life and trade which have developed through the ages, and world laws which centuries have formulated for nations.

Russia is the world's largest country, stretching across two continents, and when theory and practice reach a balance, the test of a new system of government will have world-wide effect.

Politically, it is divided into six constituent republics; they in turn comprise 33 autonomous units, each differing ethnologically and culturally. Most of them have their own languages, their own customs and costumes, and the babel of tongues becomes even greater from the tribes who are as yet too backward for self-government.

Cities and villages string along the railroads and rivers over all that vast territory. As one rides over the Siberian steppes the plains seem unending. Then a peasant's cart is seen in the distance, the invariable dog trotting behind. Soon appear other carts, all going in the same direction.

Then a village of log houses, with perhaps a public building and a departed aristocrat's brick house, always painted white, and the ever-present church, with its five Turkish-shaped towers, the large one in the center for Christ and the smaller ones on the corners for the four Gospels. The train vanishes again over the unending plains, varied only by stretches of forest or hills, which seem to come and go as suddenly as the villages.

Moscow a Huge Village.

Moscow, metropolis and capital of Russia, is the largest village in the world. Moscow has its trolley cars, electric lights, tall buildings, theaters, stores, motor busses, and other outward metropolitan manifestations, but at heart it is a village. Leningrad, Odessa, and even some of the cities of the interior have an appearance and an atmosphere of western Europe; Moscow is the heart of Russia and it changes slowly.

Moscow is sprinkled with what is new, but everywhere it speaks of age, from the weather-beaten walls of the Inner City to battlemented monasteries on the outskirts. Broad thoroughfares radiate from its center, but around each corner the streets are narrow, with sidewalks no wider than footpaths.

Fires have wiped it away. Invaders, from Tatars to Napoleon, have destroyed it, governments have come and gone, but Moscow, stubborn and dull, has persisted. It symbolizes Russia.

It is only a step from Moscow, overcrowded and teeming with its peoples of many races, with rules for every movement and police to enforce them, into the wild, wide-open spaces. Wolves and bears still roam in the Moscow district, and when the dull winter dusk comes at 2 o'clock in the afternoon and the country is under its white mantle of snow, hunger drives them to prey on mankind.

In daylight hours a constant human stream jostles through the towered Iberian gate in Moscow in the wall between the Red Square and the Place of the Revolution outside the Kital Gorod (Fortified City). Men in sheepskin coats, the greasy leather outside

TEXAS FLAPPER HOLDS UP BANK SINGLE HANDED

Honor Student at State University, Called "Miss Modesty," Plans Robbery

Austin, Texas.—Rebecca Bradley, twenty-two years of age, brown-eyed, bobbed-hair brunette of 110 pounds, is accused of robbing the Farmers' National bank of Buda, 16 miles from here.

Miss Bradley is a college graduate, an honor student, candidate for a master's degree, and a model daughter. She served a term as a stenographer in the office of the attorney general of Texas. In her high school days at Fort Worth she was known as "Miss Modesty."

She is modest in dress and behavior and shuns the pleasures attributed to the flapper, but she refers to the two men who let her shove them into the bank vault with a pistol as "those saps."

Planned "Adventure" Carefully.

She planned her "great adventure" carefully, seeking to prove a woman could be a better holdup than a man. She faces trial on a capital offense, but her sureties on bail are Mayor P. W. McFadden of Austin and Dr. Charles Ramsdell, professor of history in the University of Texas.

Miss Bradley's first effort in her exploit was to direct suspicion elsewhere. She had her own small automobile, and early one morning she drove to Round Rock, 20 miles north of Austin. There, peace officials say, she sought to establish an alibi by "registering" herself on the inhabitants.

Then she apparently drove swiftly back through Austin and to Buda, 16 miles south. She had been there sev-



Forced Them into the Vault.

After disposing of the auto, the girl went to the Austin post office and sent a registered package addressed to herself. This package was intercepted before it could be delivered to her and was found to contain an automatic pistol and \$910.

The girl was arrested in Austin, taken to Buda, identified by the bankers and returned to jail here.

For a year, her escapade has revealed, she has been the bride of Otis Rogers, a young attorney of Austin. Rogers, who married Rebecca secretly, while both were in college, will defend his wife in court.

Kills Farmer and Wife and Kidnaps Daughter

New Bloomfield, Pa.—A demented farm hand beat to death his employer and wife when they refused his demands for money, and then kidnaped their daughter.

The victims were George D. Shull, sixty years old, a former prothonotary of Perry county, and his wife, Ella. Their alleged assailant, Paul Sheaffer, seized Mrs. Elster Kell, who had been visiting her parents, dragged her into Shull's automobile and started away with her.

Something went wrong with the car. When the man got out to repair the trouble Mrs. Kell drove away and should cost \$.