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## WHEN THE PORTIERES OPENED

By JOHN ELKINS

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**B**RUCE FENTON was walking briskly away from the barber's when a man blocked his way. "Isn't this Bruce Fenton?" he asked.

"Why, Jack Forbush!" exclaimed the other with hand extended. "Where did you hail from?"

"Come and dine with me, and I'll tell you."

"Thanks, I can't. I've a special engagement."

"Oh, come now," urged Forbush. "I haven't seen you in seven years. You've got to eat somewhere, and we'll hustle."

Fenton went somewhat under protest, but the delight of again seeing his old friend was too great a temptation to resist. He was ushered into an apartment handsomely furnished in the oriental style. A subtle odor of exquisite perfume was everywhere.

"Well, you must have been knocking around in the Far East!" observed Fenton.

"I have."

Fenton, looking about the room, discovered a slender thread of blue smoke rising from a cabinet in a corner.

"Where did you find that incense burner? It's wonderful?"

Forbush smiled a bit mysteriously. "I promised not to tell," he said.

Fenton looked questioningly at the other man. "Have you become a Parsee, a Rosicrucian, or a Brahmin?" he queried.

"Perhaps a little of all three," was the rather ambiguous answer.

The dinner was extremely good, and well-served by an irreproachable waiter. After the second course Fenton nervously looked at his watch.

"I must be out of here in fifteen minutes," he said.

"What! You don't mean to slight my dinner that way?"

"I'm sorry—but I told you I had a pressing engagement."

"Pretty woman?" ventured Forbush a trifle sardonically.

"The loveliest in the world!"

"I thought so. To most men there are only two important engagements, business and women. That careful manœuvring seemed to point toward a lady. But am I not to have a peep at her?"

"Perhaps so, some day."

"After she is securely yours?"

"Exactly. After that."

Fenton beamed. It was his turn to become mysterious. His friend regarded him curiously. Fenton meeting his eye became serious.

"Somehow, you don't seem to be the same man I used to know," he said.

"Perhaps I'm not," laughed Forbush. "You know after seven years we may not have one atom of our old selves. I hope, I haven't."

"Your eyes have changed," said the other man slowly and curiously. Then he looked at his watch. "Only ten minutes more." And he vigorously attacked his salad.

"I'll bet you stay half an hour," laughed his host.

"Bet I don't."

"How much?"

"Fifty dollars."

"Lord! You are hard hit, old chap."

"Put up your money," laughed Fenton. "I can use it just now."

Forbush hastily wrote a check which the other covered with bills.

"What did you mean about my eyes looking strange?" asked Forbush. "I wish you'd look carefully, and tell me."

Fenton looked searchingly into his host's eyes. They seemed to hold his gaze in some unaccountable way. He did not speak, but sat still as though fascinated. Presently his eyes closed, and he sank back in the chair. Forbush regarded the sleeping man with an amused smile. He took out his watch, laid it down on the pile of bank notes, and carefully noted the time.

"I guess she'll forgive him if he's fifteen minutes late," he said to himself.

He picked up an evening paper and scanned the contents. After a time he again consulted his watch, and gave a slight start. "Oh, well, only eight minutes overtime for good measure," he thought, and going to the sleeping man, he began making passes over his face, at the same time calling him by name. But his subject did not respond as he had expected. He tried all the means of which he knew to bring the man out of his hypnotic sleep. The more nervous and terrified he became the less effect he knew he was having on the unconscious man. He decided calling in help for fear of the consequences to himself. After working over Fenton for nearly

an hour, the young man opened his eyes, staring about in bewilderment. "Hurry, Bruce, hurry!" cried Forbush, almost dragging him from the chair.

"What is the matter? Have I been asleep?" He clutched his watch, looked at the time, his face went ashy white, and he staggered back, catching at the table. "Devil! You drugged me!" He sprang at the other man, clutching at his throat.

Forbush held him off while he spoke. "No, no, Bruce, I mesmerized you; just to win the bet. I meant to wake you up on time, and—I couldn't."

Fenton dashed to the telephone. His hand trembled so he could scarcely hold the receiver. Finally he got his number. "It's Bruce Fenton. Yes—yes. Tell her I'll be there in half an hour." And he hung up the receiver.

"My God!" he groaned. "What will she think of me? Do you know what you have done? It is nine o'clock. I was to have been married at half-past eight."

The face of the other man went almost as white as his.

"Oh, forgive me, old man! I didn't know."

"You must come with me now," said Bruce, and the two men rushed out, hailed a taxi and were soon on the way to Fenton's hotel. The clerk at the desk, frightened and anxious, met Fenton with a string of telephone calls and messages. The excitement at the home of the bride had penetrated the place, and curious groups stared at the two men. Fenton made the hastiest toilet of his life; but, in spite of it all, he found after he was in the taxi he would be nearer an hour than thirty minutes late.

"It's all of three miles to the house," he groaned. "My God, what can I say?"

"You will have to tell the truth," said Forbush, visibly wincing.

"They won't believe me."

Forbush was forced to acknowledge that probably they wouldn't. As they neared the house he begged to be allowed to remain outside and wait, as he was not in evening dress, but the distracted bridegroom would take no denial. Forbush effaced himself in a corner of the hall as his friend, rushing pell mell past the curious guests, sought the presence of the bride-elect. She was white, tearless and unforgetting.

"Go in there and explain to the guests. I shall be behind these portieres listening. If I open them you may come and get me. If I do not, there will be no ceremony."

"But Ethel—"

"I advise you to do as she says," broke in her father sternly. "It has been all we could do to keep her from an entire collapse. She must have her way."

The chatter among the guests instantly hushed as Fenton appeared in the drawing room. He told his experience exactly as it had happened. It seemed to Fenton after he had finished as though the silence would crush him. He looked toward the portieres. They remained tightly closed. Just then a noise from an automobile enabled some of the men near the door to indulge in comment. The noise ceased so suddenly that the word "rowdy" came out unpleasantly distinct.

"That's a lie!" rang out a voice loud enough to be heard by all, and Forbush strode into the room and faced the astonished assembly.

"Jack Forbush!" cried two or three voices at once. He waved back the outstretched hands. "Wait!" he demanded. "I ought to be kicked instead of being spoken to. I am the only responsible for all this. But I want you to know I never dreamed it was his wedding night."

Bruce looked toward the portieres. They were tightly closed. He turned, appealingly to Forbush, and his friend understood.

"Whoever said that word 'rowdy' ought to apologize!" cried Forbush.

"Mr. Fenton never touched a thing. When I chaffed him about his total abstinence he—well, I think I must tell you what he said—if he will allow me—"

He looked at Fenton, who nodded his acquiescence. "Jack," he nodded his acquiescence. "Jack," he said, "I used to take too much. One year ago I promised to leave it alone. If I hadn't kept my promise, I wouldn't be fit to face the woman I love. That's the one thing she would not forgive. It's all due to her that I'm the decent fellow I am today."

"I can tell you I was pretty much ashamed at having urged him. But when I could not awaken him, I was so frightened and anxious that I forced a few drops of brandy into his mouth. I wouldn't think it necessary to tell all this but for that remark. It means too much to go unexplained."

"Jack! You rascal!" broken in on one of the men. "Can believe you did it, me?"

"But I want it understood," he answered seriously, "this is the last time I play with hypnotism."

Bruce, watching with despairing eyes the closed portieres, saw them open. A woman in white raiment waited for him.

## Women as Inventors



Drawing by Ray Walters

**By ELMO SCOTT WATSON**

**T**HE other day an Illinois woman was granted a patent by the United States patent office for a "secret envelope," i. e. one which cannot be opened without detection of the fact that it has been tampered with. Immediately there were columns of newspaper publicity about the "woman inventor," as though woman in that role is unique.

To the average person she is, perhaps, for we commonly think of the inventive genius of woman in terms of the stock joke about her ability to do an innumerable number of things with a hairpin when necessity demands it. As a matter of fact, women inventors are becoming more numerous every year, as the records of the United States patent office will show. The women's bureau of the United States Department of Labor recently made an analysis of those records to determine woman's part in this age of invention and revealed what will be an astonishing fact to many persons—that at least 500 government patents a year are now granted to women inventors, and that more patents were granted to them in a recent ten-year period than were issued during the whole century ending in 1895.

Although the number of patents taken out by men is some 70 times as many as the number taken out by the other sex, the percentage increase for women from decade to decade has exceeded that of the men by as much as 300 per cent in some years. Another striking fact is that war seems to be a strong incentive to woman's producing new things. Before the Civil war about half a dozen patents a year were granted to women. During the war and in the years that followed the number of patents to women increased steadily, rising at times to more than 100 annually. The decade of 1857 to 1867 saw an increase of 677 per cent in the number of articles patented by women, as compared to 290 per cent increase for the men in the same period.

Although it is yet too early to predict what effect in this regard the World War will have, it is true that the number of patents taken out by women from 1918 to 1921 was 34 per cent higher than from 1912 to 1918.

Even at that, the pre-World war period was one of great activity for women inventors, for in that time more than 5,000 patents were granted to women in ten selected years from 1905 to 1921, a number which far exceeds the total number granted them during the span of 105 years which ended in 1895.

As might be expected the majority of women's inventions are those which have to do with their household duties. But they are far from being limited to that and they cover a wide range of activity in 50 industries, coal mining through agricultural machinery, hospital equipment, manufacturing equipment, chemicals, artificial fuels, wood turning, even to submarine explosives! Before you exclaim over that last, however, consider a list of inventions by women which proves that the mothers of men, who are proverbially opposed to the war which robs them of their husbands and sons, are still doing their part to perpetuate its horrors. This list includes automatic pistols, bomb-launching apparatus, a cane gun, an incendiary ball, railway torpedoes, sights for guns, submarine mines and a top for powder cans.

Woman, the citizen, is responsible for inventions of voting booths, voting machines and a pocket ballot. Woman, the scientist, has given us new dyes and new dye bases, chemical treatment of oils for commercial purposes, artificial fuels, gas apparatus, air compressors, hoisting apparatus, reversible turbines, various steam and street railway necessities ranging from road bed and rails through rolling stock equipment to traffic signals and block systems.

Some of the reasons given by the women for their inventions are among the most interesting facts connected with their work. A large number of these reasons, of course, come under the proverbial head of "necessity, the mother of invention." One invention, made for this reason, turned its benefits in a direction curiously different from the original intention. A woman golf teacher, who had been much annoyed by the perverse habit of golf balls of becoming lodged in inaccessible places or dropping into streams, invented an adjustable rake to recover the errant balls. The wider usefulness of the rake was soon apparent, and gardeners now have a golf teacher to thank for making their work lighter.

A Texas woman who took out a pat-

ent for an improvement on a cultivator tongue, which lightened the burden of the "menfolks," said that "having been raised on a farm and seeing that there was needed improvement on cultivator tongues, I made up my mind to improve upon the old-style ones." A Minnesota woman invented a portable smoke house because as she explained it "As a farmer's wife, my duty was to cure meats for summer use and smoked meat is very much favored in my family. I tried to smoke mine without expense, and after I had completed this device I used it successfully for two years before I obtained a patent upon it."

It is in lightening her home duties that the American housewife finds her best reason for turning to invention. In this realm her new devices include alarms for cooking utensils, juice extractors, kettle protectors, sleeve-cleaning devices, waffle irons, ash cans, laundry equipment, broom racks, stovepipe cleaners, napkin holders, bed-airing devices, high chairs, bathroom fixtures, an automatic rocking chair fan, awnings, clothes containers and ant traps. Domestic difficulties sometimes result in invention, as witness the case of the woman who invented a pie-pan cover because of the "overflowing of juicy pies, the best of the pie is wasted, leaving the poorest part in the crust."

And these are only a few of the many new devices for which the world can thank the women. None of them is "revolutionary," perhaps, but for those whom they benefit by making life easier, that is immaterial. What if, so far, mere man has been responsible for all of the most important inventions, including those, such as the typewriter and the sewing machine, which have meant so much to women? (Incidentally, it might be added that Elias Howe's invention of the sewing machine was not greeted with unanimous enthusiasm by the women of the time. Was it "feminine inconsistency" which prompted some of them to opposition when the first sewing machines came upon the market because they "would take away the livelihood of the poor sewing women?") This increase in woman's inventive activity, as shown by the records of the patent office, may be indicative of the increasing importance of women in every phase of life, and we may yet see some new device of world-wide and all-time significance conceived in a woman's mind and molded by a woman's hand.

## Big Cause for Clover Failure

### Acres Declining Because of Spread of Anthracnose in South.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

For some years the acreage in red clover has been declining quite as much in the southern and southeastern parts of the clover belt as elsewhere. The area in question includes Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, West Virginia, Kentucky and Tennessee. Anthracnose disease, according to the United States Department of Agriculture, is the chief cause for red clover failure in these states. This disease is described in Farmers' Bulletin 1510-F, just issued by the department. The bulletin also reports on some experiences with red clover seed from different sources when seeded in infected territory and calls specific attention to the only remedy—the use of seed produced by plants resistant to anthracnose disease.

**Attack of Anthracnose.** Anthracnose may attack the clover plants either in the seedling stage or when they are fully matured. It is the injury to the crown of the plant which, between July and early September, causes heaviest losses in spring seedlings and which may practically destroy a stand of clover. Many of the cases of so-called winter injury are no doubt due to a severe thinning of the stand during the summer or to the death of plants during the winter as a result of the earlier injuries caused by the disease.

The best means of combating clover anthracnose is by the development and use of strains of clover resistant to its attacks, a method advocated years ago by the Tennessee agricultural experiment station. At present there is only one distinct strain known to be highly resistant, says the department, though there appears no reason why other highly resistant strains should not be developed locally throughout the infected area. The one resistant strain known was developed several years ago by the Tennessee station. Under climatic conditions of Tennessee and neighboring states it is capable of maintaining a heavy clover stand in spite of attacks of anthracnose. It does not, however, show up to such advantage when sown in northern states. The behavior of this strain demonstrates the advantage to be gained by developing and using clover which has become acclimated and suited to the local conditions under which it is to be grown. The seed supply of this Tennessee strain is very limited at present, however.

**Develop Resistant Strains.** Highly resistant strains can be developed by farmers themselves if they will take the trouble to save seed from plants that survive and mature in a diseased field. The very fact that some plants are able to live and mature in spite of the presence of anthracnose indicates their resistance to its attacks. Organized efforts should be made by local state authori-

ties to stimulate production of resistant seed and a demand for such seed. As long as seed of unknown origin must be used the department advises seeding in late summer or early fall wherever experience has not shown this to be impracticable. Seeding at this time will give the clover plants a chance to escape the early attacks of the disease and produce a hay crop even though there may be no second growth.

Copies of this bulletin may be obtained as long as the supply lasts by writing to the United States Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C.

### Feeding Hens Legume Hay Favored Plan in Winter

Legume hay, either cut in one-half inch lengths or left in its natural form placed in a wire basket or box may be fed to laying hens during winter as a substitute for succulent green feed. The second and third cuttings of alfalfa are best for these carry the most vitamins and proteins because they have a higher percentage of leaves, according to the New York State College of Agriculture at Ithaca, N. Y.

Quoting the Ohio experiment station, the college says that, from November to May, as good results were obtained from laying pullets confined indoors and fed legume hay as from those having access to an outside range of blue grass.

The hay should be carefully cured to preserve the green color for the valuable properties of the plant seem to be linked with the color. Alfalfa and clover leaf shatterings are often obtainable when these hays are fed to other animals.

The Ohio experiment station reports that no benefits were derived from ordinary alfalfa meal mixed in the mash at a rate of 5 per cent by weight. Whether the recent product alfalfa leaf meal, will prove valuable like the hay, remains to be determined.

Another good way to feed the legume hay is to tie it in a bundle and suspend it from the ceiling with easy reach of the birds. The department says it is surprising how the birds relish the hay and the quantity they will eat.

### Everything to Be Said for Pushing Pig Along

There is everything to be said for pushing a pig to quick maturity. Its point is reached early in its existence when more meal is required to produce a pound of flesh. The pig, like a other growing or producing animal requires a maintenance ration that cannot be used for growth or production, and the longer it lives the more it absorbs in maintenance—and a tendency; if it is allowed to grow a so-called store condition it will have exceeded the most salable size by the time it is fit for slaughter; and last the benefit of rapid turnover is sacrificed.

## FARM FOREST IS ONE OF THE GREAT LABOR-SAVING CROPS

### Within the Reach of Every Farmer Without Outlay.

Reducing labor costs increases profits in any business and most progressive business men are constantly on a search for labor-saving systems. Farmers do this by installing labor-saving machinery but there is still another way which has been largely overlooked and this lies in giving more attention to labor-saving crops.

"The farm forest is one of the great labor-saving crops for North Carolina farmers," says R. W. Graeber, extension forester. "This crop is within the reach of every farmer without a great outlay of money if he will only co-operate with nature and follow the system which nature so plainly suggests."

Mr. Graeber states that no special soil preparation such as plowing and harrowing is needed for a crop of pines, oaks or poplars. No seed is needed if a few seed trees are left in place. No fertilizer is needed because nature maintains the fertility of the forest soil through the annual fall of leaves and twigs. All that is necessary is to keep out destructive forest fires. When the fires are kept out, a heavy blanket of leaf-litter prevents weed growth and helps to hold a good supply of moisture. It is in the harvest alone with a timber crop that labor of man is required.

"Nature has provided fine conditions for tree growth in North Carolina,"

## Farm Hint

It pays to keep cherry trees from growing too high; height makes difficult to harvest the fruit.

When corn is 75 cents per bush farmers can afford to pay as high as \$27 to \$30 a ton for shorts to feed hogs.

Sows that will produce litter in spring should have plenty of corn. They should be in good flesh but too fat at farrowing time.

Put alfalfa or clover hay in a wire basket where hens can get the leaves. They are a first-class treat for green feeds.