

# THE ALAMANCE GLEANER

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## HEADLIGHT BROUGHT GOOD LUCK

(By D. J. Walsh.)

JAMES BRYANT lacked confidence. He failed because he didn't have nerve!

"There's a wonderful opening here in Jintown for a modern grocery store," Mrs. Bryant declared at the dinner table as she and her husband discussed the family fortunes; "we might easily establish one."

"But, Hattie," Bryant cautioned, "we haven't the capital stock. We've only our little savings account of \$500."

"But that would give us a start," the wife countered; "the wholesale men will 'carry' you for a time if you make an initial payment. Five hundred dollars ought to lay the foundation for a nice stock of fancy groceries. The rent on the Stubbs property isn't high. If we could operate the first month then we could take our profits and increase our stock for the coming months—"

"But, stop, my dear wife," Bryant urged, "we can't take a chance. What if the business failed? Then our life's savings would be swept away and we would have to start all over again. I tell you, Hattie, my \$35 a week at Cohen's isn't so bad. Bookkeeping gets on my nerves sometimes. But a fellow has to do lots of things that he doesn't like."

Thus it was for the thousandth time the family of James Bryant indefinitely postponed the day when the head of the family would launch out in business for himself. The wife at length agreed her husband acted wisely in urging a conservative method of operation.

One day a tall, bevhiskered gentleman stepped from a train in Jintown. The street urchins trailed at the heels of the aged man and people at shop windows eyed with great curiosity this odd-looking stranger, who, unheralded and unannounced had entered the streets of quaint Jintown. The venerable gentleman paused before a sign that read "Cohen's General Store" and a moment later stooped to enter the rather low door.

"I'm looking for a boy named Bryant," the old gentleman announced, "or rather a man perhaps by this time. James Bryant's name. I'm his uncle. I'm Tex O'Bannon from Del Rio, down on the Rio Grande, a gold miner in Mexico and I'm here to see my nephew."

An instant later and James Bryant was shaking the hand of his aged uncle. In another instant he was studying the huge stone worn on the uncle's hand. The uncle discovered that ring with the giant set had been seen, and he smiled with satisfaction.

"It's the real article!" O'Bannon said; "why, in Del Rio they call me Headlight O'Bannon due to that sparkler!"

"But where did you get it, Uncle Tex? Here in Georgia we don't have mines that produce such gems as that—guess you dug it out of the ground?" Uncle Tex O'Bannon smiled at his nephew's apparent ignorance of the mineral products of Texas.

"No, I was given that diamond ring as a reward for kindness done an old miner down in Chihuahua," explained O'Bannon. "The miner was dying of pneumonia and I nursed him in his shack until death released him from his misery. Now, the old miner gave me this ring and I've worn it ever since. They say it's worth a fortune. But I've never worried to find out its real value. I had a special purpose in view for this ring during the five years I have kept it, and now I'm going to dispose of the ring as I have planned and then rush on to a miners' meeting before the congressional committee at Washington."

Bryant grew interested. His eyes widened with excitement and he listened with the enthusiasm of a school child expecting a holiday announcement.

"Yes, James, my dear nephew," Tex O'Bannon announced, "I'm going to make you and Hattie a present of this ring—a wedding gift! I've meant to give you something all these years. But we Westerners just get careless. I'll run down and leave it with the wife and then catch the next train northward. I'm in somewhat of a rush!"

Jim Bryant could hardly believe his own eyes. He sat in a dazed condition for several minutes. Then, with a reckless daring that had never been exhibited before by him in his life, Bryant picked up his felt hat and boldly walked from the cashier's room like an imprisoned bird flitting through the door of a cage accidentally left open.

"I'll be back shortly," Bryant announced to his employer, "going out to get a bit of fresh air; haven't had much lately."

The store owner overlooked the surprising remark and smiled. He was of a generous nature and really was delighted to see good fortune

come the way of his hard-working bookkeeper.

"Did he leave it?" questioned Bryant in an excited tone as he entered the humble Bryant cottage in an outlying section. "Hattie, did he leave it?"

"Yes, my dear!" Mrs. Bryant, her cheeks flushed with excitement, exclaimed, "and he says it's worth a fortune!" "Dear old Uncle Tex, I remember he once wrote us a letter from Mexico telling us he was going to remember our wedding. We've been married all these years and I had long since forgotten about his promise. Dear old Uncle Tex; a real diamond! Big as a headlight; a fortune, but he'll never miss it. He's past seventy now and worth half a million, he says."

Just two weeks after the visit of Texas O'Bannon to Jintown the cozy little neighborhood grocery of James Bryant opened on an important street of the Georgia cotton town. The Bryants, made confident with the possession of the headlight, had invested their savings in a stock of choice groceries. They had a nest egg!

James Bryant was a natural business man. His store prospered and the first month's receipts were sufficiently large to pay outstanding debts and to increase the stock. Within six months the store was found too small and a larger place was rented on an important street intersection. But Bryant's business still increased. At the close of the first year he opened a second store.

Then, with the passing years, James Bryant became a wealthy man and a power in the commercial world. Uncle Tex O'Bannon had long since passed away, but his enterprising nephew was following in the footsteps of that man whose boundless energy and venturesome spirit had wrung a fortune out of the desert sands of Chihuahua.

Meanwhile a baby daughter had been born to the Bryants, had grown into young womanhood and had chosen for herself a mate. The wedding was approaching and James Bryant, now weighing down with cares of a huge chain of grocery stores and a half-dozen other business enterprises, had but little time for romance. But at length he came to discuss the matter with his wife. They must select some suitable wedding gift.

"Oh, I'll tell you," the wife said enthusiastically, "the headlight! It brought us good luck. Now let us pass it on to our daughter."

James Bryant hurried away to the National Bank building. A teller escorted him to a safety vault where a private lockbox was removed. The headlight was taken with tender care from the place where it had rested for many a year. Then Bryant went to a jeweler's establishment across the street. He would have the headlight mounted on a better class of material.

The wedding day approached and Bryant went after the headlight. The jeweler wore a perplexed look when the wealthy James Bryant entered. He seemed to have something on his mind that was giving him a lot of trouble.

"Is the headlight ready?" Bryant asked.

"Not yet," the jeweler replied, "I've delayed the work pending a conference with you, Mr. Bryant. The headlight is worthless! Just glass! Nothing more!"

James Bryant was silent. "I'm afraid somebody has taken advantage of your ignorance of gems," the jeweler announced. "I'm willing to help locate the culprit!"

Bryant stood as erect as an Apache on guard. He didn't see the jeweler. He saw instead a struggling bookkeeper who was afraid to resign from a \$35-a-week job and take a chance with fortune!

"I'm sure you are wrong!" Bryant finally said, "the stone is worth a million dollars of anybody's money! Go ahead and mount it on the most valuable material that you can obtain."

### Daddy of Timepieces

According to the London Daily Mail, there are more than 500 clocks in the palace of Westminster, the official designation of the houses of parliament, all synchronizing with "Big Ben," father of timepieces.

There are more than 500 rooms in the "palace," and each has its clock, while other clocks are placed in corridors and on stairways. A gentleman with a light ladder in his hand is constantly in attendance on these clocks.

### Act of Gratitude

Washing dishes is not to be done merely that they may be used again, says Sontoku Ninomiya, a Japanese writer. It is also an act of gratitude for the service they have given.

Though he have nothing more to eat, let a man clean his dishes and then starve, for he owes something to the dishes for having been useful to him when he had a use for them.

### Advice for Parents

The gamesome humor of children should rather be encouraged, to keep up their spirits and improve their strength and health, than curbed and restrained.—Locke.

## Russian Youth Poke Fun at Uncle Sam



Scene in Moscow during the international youth day celebration, showing the caricature of Uncle Sam as an angel of peace perched on a cannon and carrying a revolver, which was a feature of the parade of 150,000 young men and women.

## Masai Youths Are Early Fighters

### Members of Africa's Fiercest Tribe Called to War at Age of Sixteen.

Washington.—When the prince of Wales recently visited Nairobi, Kenya colony, the Masai tribesmen entertained him with a war dance. Amid roaring war whoops the tribesmen, hidden behind their large shields, menacingly wielded their spears in a way which showed the prince why explorers avoid Masai villages when the tribesmen are on the warpath. "The Masai are one of the fiercest tribes in Africa," says a bulletin from the Washington (D. C.) headquarters of the National Geographic society. "While members of the tribe near Nairobi have been tamed by British and missionary influence and have settled down on plantations, their relatives in the hills of western Kenya still spend their time raiding neighboring tribes when not tending their herds."

### Begin to Fight at Sixteen.

"A Masai village is a military barracks. At the call of the chief, the young warriors don lion manes which they wear about their heads, and, perhaps, a string of beads. With spears and leather shields as their only arms, they set out to attack the enemy."

"The Masai begin his military career at sixteen. When he is thirty, he becomes an elder, settles down, and has as many wives as he desires. The furniture in his home of mud-plastered sticks costs no more than his haberdashery. Over an open fireplace hangs an iron kettle while additional utensils are made of gourds. A long gourd is a Masai milk can and half gourds are used for cups. Some of the huts have a three-legged stool or two for the older tribesmen."

"Even when the Masai is not on the warpath, the American traveler would be inclined to avoid him for sanitary reasons. Spitting upon a visitor is a sign of reverence and good will among some of the tribesmen. Every one who sees a newborn baby must spit on it. If a warrior is friendly, he spits on his hand before greeting a stranger."

"Outside the villages, one might stumble upon the skeleton of a tribes-

man whose body has been left to the hyenas, jackals and vultures. Only the chief of the tribe deserves a burial. After a chief has been buried for a year the son of his successor digs up the old chief's skull which is a treasured possession in the village.

### Grass and Snakes Held Sacred.

"The tribesmen's wives presiding over his hut jingle with every move. Their legs and arms are covered with dozens of wire rings. These adornments and a dozen or more rings encircling their necks sometimes weigh between 15 and 25 pounds. Both men and women are frequently seen with wood cylinders and tin cans in their distended ear lobes."

"Masai tribesmen have been almost impossible to convert from nature worship. When the chief would invoke the pleasure of the gods, all the children in the village stand in a circle and chant. Grass is sacred to the tribesmen. If a Masai hands a stranger a tuft of green grass, it suggests friendship. When young warriors start out on raids their sweethearts throw grass upon them to insure victory. The hyena has a certain sacred character. If a beast happens to cross the path of a warrior, the whole tribe goes in mourning. The python is held in veneration, for they believe the souls of their ancestors are reborn in them."

"Some tribesmen worship a black and a red god. The black god is benevolent, living immediately above the earth, while the red god lives farther up in the heavens. When the Masai hear thunder, they believe the red god is trying to get through the domain of the black god. The rumbling is the voice of the black god pleading with the red god not to harm the tribesmen below."

"The Masai hate agriculture in their native environment. They are cattle herders when not on the warpath, and live entirely upon the food their herds provide. It is a common practice to drink warm blood immediately after it has been drawn from a cow shot with an arrow through the jugular vein."

## New Perpetual Service Barn



Perpetual service and use, uninterrupted by fires or repairs, is the promise of the masonry arch barn, a new wrinkle in farm buildings developed at Iowa State college by engineers under the direction of J. B. Davidson, head of the agricultural engineering department. The barn is constructed entirely of masonry. Aside from window frames and some equipment inside, there is no combustible material in the building. Outstanding in the construction of the building is the catenary arch used in the roof. The picture shows one of the barns partly completed.

## Submerged City Was Once Island Capital

Nevis, West Indies.—North of the town of Charleston camera men are making pictures of the submerged city of Jamestown, once the capital of Nevis.

The remains of the city may be seen near shore, beneath the level of the shore. On April 30, 1680, Jamestown was visited by an earthquake, and the town slipped into the sea, carrying with it all its riches and a population estimated at 14,000. The submerged city is located on the west or leeward shore of the island.

## "Gold Rush" Is Traced to Joke in Capital

Washington.—Washington had its own "gold rush" recently. The report got abroad that workmen excavating for a garage had discovered an ancient barrel containing rare gold and a bottle of wine a century old.

No wildfire ever traveled faster than this report. It started with gold coins aggregating \$25, which had increased to \$21,000 before the curtain fell.

Hundreds of curious spectators stood around the excavation while boys raked over the mud looking for the glistening coins. A barrel could be seen in the excavation, but all the treasure had evaporated.

The report was finally traced to a man in a nearby tire shop. He told it to a colored helper as a joke.

## FOR DRY AGENTS



The newly authorized cap and badge to be worn by prohibition enforcement agents, especially those detailed on highways at night, so that motorists may recognize them as federal officers and not highwaymen.

## U. S. to Teach Indians Modern Way to Farm

Rosebud, S. D.—Through five federal directors, Indians of Arizona, Oklahoma, New Mexico and South Dakota are to be taught modern methods of agriculture.

Charles Graves, one of the five whose job it is to help the red man become self-supporting, has established headquarters here. He says it is the aim of the Indian service to have a man in each agency eventually.

In developing the South Dakota Indian, Graves plans to establish farm chapters and encourage each member with various projects, such as raising an acre of corn, growing a garden and raising live stock. For the boys and girls he will emphasize 4-H club work.

## SAHARA OASIS TOWNS



Street in a Sahara Oasis Town.

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

BISKRA, in Algeria, nearly 200 miles back from the edge of the Mediterranean, is a typical oasis town of the near Sahara.

Around it are clustered other oases, the group making up Ziban. There, only a short distance from the Europeanized coast, the traveler may breathe the life of the great desert that stretches on south and east for many hundreds of miles.

The oasis of Biskra is six miles long, possesses 170,000 date palms, beside tamarind, fig, and orange trees, and likewise possesses what is claimed to be the most perfect climate in the world from November till May. Its genial temperature, clear sky and luxuriant vegetation are indisputable charms, and its dry atmosphere makes it particularly curative for pulmonary diseases. Sometimes seventeen or eighteen months pass without a shower, and yet there is a never-failing supply of delicious cold water from natural wells throughout the whole oasis.

There are five villages in this island of the sand-sea, and the outlying ones of Fillah and Geddecha also belong to Biskra. The Arab villages and the villages des negres are built of sun-dried mud, with doors and flat roofs of palmwood.

There is a pretty public garden, where feathery pepper trees make a pleasant shade, a church, a mosque, streets of shops, a handsome casino and officers' club, and three good hotels, of which the principal one, the Royal hotel, is said to be the best in Algeria. It is certainly a delightful surprise to find in the Sahara a hotel with every appointment of elegance and comfort.

### Market Place Is Fascinating.

A visit to the market place during the morning is one of the sights of the town and oriental in every tone. Squatting groups of bronze-legged Bedouins, in brown and white camel-hair burnouses, are selling cous-cous, dried peppers and, of course, dates.

Bunches of fresh grass and green barley and thistles are heaped in one corner of the enclosure. Moorish slippers here and a pile of red fezzes there, and souvenirs for the tourist not lacking. For a few francs one may purchase a set of graceful gazelle horns, and curious knives and Arabian guns tempt the collector. An ebon negress is selling oranges, an Arab boy in a red fez, and not much else, carries a basket of purple fruit in green leaves, while cloaks, burnouses, turbans, and yakmaha, purple, blue, deep red, and spotless white all crushed together, make kaleidoscopic color in the whitewashed square. Bags of henna leaves, for staining the nails in Arab fashion, send forth their pungent odor, and the aroma of coffee and cigarettes fills the air.

Outside a Moorish cafe a row of Moors, clean in their white burnouses, are solemnly crouched, two of them playing a grave game of chess but the rest do nothing to perfection, without a trace of boredom or a gesture of impatience, a state of dreamy delight achieved apparently by habit of mind, a realization of Arabian Keyf.

### Street of the Ouled-Nails.

There is a mysterious charm in the quiet night as one goes "slumming" in the street of the Ouled-Nails. The stars are intensely bright overhead, and the briskness, purity, and sweetness of the air beggar description. Passing into the street of the Ouled-Nails is a sudden transition to much life, color and noise, the street itself

full of Arabs, young and old, while on matting outside nearly every door sit the Ouled-Nail girls, drinking coffee, smoking cigarettes, and chattering what is presumably Biskran slang at any halting passers-by.

The Ouled-Nails, sometimes called Almees, are girls from an oasis at some distance from Biskra, and of mixed Arabian and negro blood. They are more remarkable for their singularity of costume and grace of dancing than for the rigidity of their morals. Their faces are daubed with tar and saffron to accentuate the color of the African sun; tattooing in blue is quite a la mode, and their hair, mixed with wool and stiffened with grease and tar, hangs in ebon loops about the face. They wear loose gowns of bright cotton, and gold and silver coin, coral, and flagree in barbaric abundance, sometimes twenty pounds of silver being carried in the shape of bangles, anklets, chains, and massive girdles. One sits in a brightly lighted, low, white building and sips Arabian coffee while some of the girls dance their peculiar desert dances.

If Biskra is the political and social center of the Ziban, and the Ziban is the group of prosperous oases, villages extending from the foot of the Aures mountains to the Chott-Melghir, the religious capital is Sidi-Okba. Sidi-Okba is an oasis distant twenty kilometers from Biskra, and is named for that old warrior who, at the head of a small body of Arab cavalry, went forth to conquer Africa in the sixtieth year of the Hedra. When he had extended his conquest from Egypt to Tangier, he spurred his horse into the Atlantic, declaring that only such a barrier could prevent him from forcing every nation beyond it who knew not God to worship Him only or die. In a revolt of the Berbers he was killed, A. D. 641, and when the Arabs had reconquered the Ziban their leaders was buried in the oasis which bears his name.

### Going to Sidi-Okba.

The track across the desert to Sidi-Okba is practical for carriages. Most of the turbaned drivers gallop their three horses harnessed abreast over the hummocks of sand and tufts of sage-brush till the passengers beg for slower pace. Soon after leaving Biskra the road crosses a stony tract a quarter of a mile broad, with a deep stream in the center, the Oued-Biskra, and emerges on the desert. The tiny oasis of Bellah is passed on the right, the dome of a marabout's tomb shining among its trees. The long, low-lying line of the palms of Sidi-Okba is in the distance; the Aures mountains rise in golden and rose glory, the deep clefts in their side blue and mysterious.

Groups of Bedouin tents are passed at intervals, and the scarlet rug, the copper pan, the fire, and its group are dashes of bright color in the yellow-browns of earth and camp, canopied always with the dazzling blue of the sky. Herds of camels feed on the dry sage-brush of the plain, and the dromedary camels trot by their mothers in eolithic fashion.

Five other oases are passed, Chetnah, Droh, Sidi-Khabli, Seriana, and Garta, and at length one approaches the mud wall which surrounds the sacred oasis. Four thousand Arabs live in this village, and the mud houses are thickly packed, the streets narrow and indescribably dirty, with rivulets of muddy water running down the center. The tiny shops are open to the street, in eastern fashion, and behind their wares the cross-legged merchants sit in stolid indifference.