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ANYWAY he has some queer ways. That is what Peter Rabbit thinks, and Peter ought to know. But as to that it is quite probable that Buster thinks some of Peter's ways queer. It is the way of the world to think other folks queer, and Buster thinks some of Peter's ways queer, and I am quite sure that both think your ways and mine very queer indeed.

To Peter's way of thinking one of Buster Bear's queerest habits is that of sleeping away most of the winter. Since his talk with Prickly Porky the Porcupine, Peter had begun to understand why Johnny Chuck and some of the others went to sleep as soon as cold weather came, to stay asleep until Mistress Spring should arrive. They

Peggy Saved Four



This is Peggy, of Los Angeles, who saved four persons from probable death by carbon monoxide poisoning. Although violently sick from the deadly fumes, the faithful dog, sensing something was wrong, barked a warning to arouse the household after she had failed to awaken a boy made unconscious by the gas.



"The difference between a regular widow and a golf widow is simple," says knowing Nora. "The husband of the one lies under the sod and that of the other lies over it."
(WNU Service.)

TASTY TORTES

FOR the cake par excellence, the torte is one of the daintiest. Our German cooks excel in this kind of a cake combination. Tortes are rich with nuts, chopped or rolled fine, plenty of eggs and crumbs, with spices. The baking is another important point, as slow, careful baking is necessary for a light and tender torte.

Date Torte.

Rub sixteen dates to a smooth paste with two tablespoonfuls of lemon juice. Beat two whole eggs, add seven yolks, add one, and three-fourths cupfuls of

KITTY MCKAY

By Nina Wilcox Putnam



The girl-friend says she almost bought a carry-all for taking things to the beach, the other day, and only just remembered in time that her husband would be cheaper.
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OUR BEDTIME STORY

By THORNTON W. BURGESS

had to sleep or starve, for there was none of the food they need, and wouldn't be so long as winter lasted. But somehow Peter couldn't seem to make the reason fit the case to Buster Bear. Buster didn't seem to want to go to sleep for the winter. He had prowled around until after the snow had come to stay, and then, and not until then, he had stretched out on his bed of leaves under the shelving rock deep in the Green Forest, where he had slept away the last winter, and Peter knew that they would see no more of him until spring.

"Now, why should he go to sleep for weeks at a time that way? Peter

puzzled and puzzled over it as he turned it over in his mind. Johnny Chuck lives on tender green things, and in winter there are no tender green things. Old Mr. Toad lives on worms and bugs. At least there are none where Old Mr. Toad can get them. But with Buster Bear it was different. Why shouldn't he keep awake all winter just as Reddy Fox and Old Man Coyote do? It seemed to Peter very absurd that such a great big fellow as Buster Bear, of whom everybody else was afraid and who had such a great warm fur coat, should hide away and sleep just because it was winter. Finally he went back to

Prickly Porky to try to satisfy his curiosity.

"Buster Bear is smart," said Peter. "He is one of the smartest of all the people in the Green Forest. Everybody says that. And if he is so smart why can't he catch enough to eat in the winter just as Reddy Fox and Old Man Coyote do? They don't waste their time sleeping, and they don't starve to death. They may go hungry some of the time. Most of us do that in bad weather. But they catch enough to live on. Why doesn't Buster Bear?"

"Huh!" grunted Prickly Porky. "You don't know much about Buster Bear. What do you think he lives on, anyway?"

"Why, on any of us little people he can catch," replied Peter promptly. "Everybody knows that!"

"Then everybody knows something that everybody doesn't know at all. That is the trouble with a lot of people—they think they know when they don't know. Now take the queer case of Buster Bear. Every one seems to think that because he eats a mouse or a rabbit or some other of the little forest people silly enough not to keep out of his reach, that he lives on them altogether, just as Old Man Coyote does. That shows how little some folks know about their neighbors. If Old Man Coyote should catch you, Peter, which I hope he won't, you would make him a good meal. But you wouldn't be more than a mouthful for Buster Bear. Two or three fat mice would do Reddy Fox for a whole day, but they wouldn't more than tickle Buster Bear's stomach. Buster eats meat when it happens to fall in his way, but what he lives on mostly are roots and berries and nuts and bugs and fish and frogs, and he has to have a lot of them. Where, pray tell, would he find them at this time of the year? He is just like Johnny Chuck and Bobby Coon and the other sleepers—he'd starve if he didn't sleep."

"Thank you, Prickly Porky," said Peter politely. "I've learned a lot. Yet even now I cannot help feeling that it is very queer that such a big, strong fellow like Buster Bear should sleep all winter. Anyway, I hope he has pleasant dreams."
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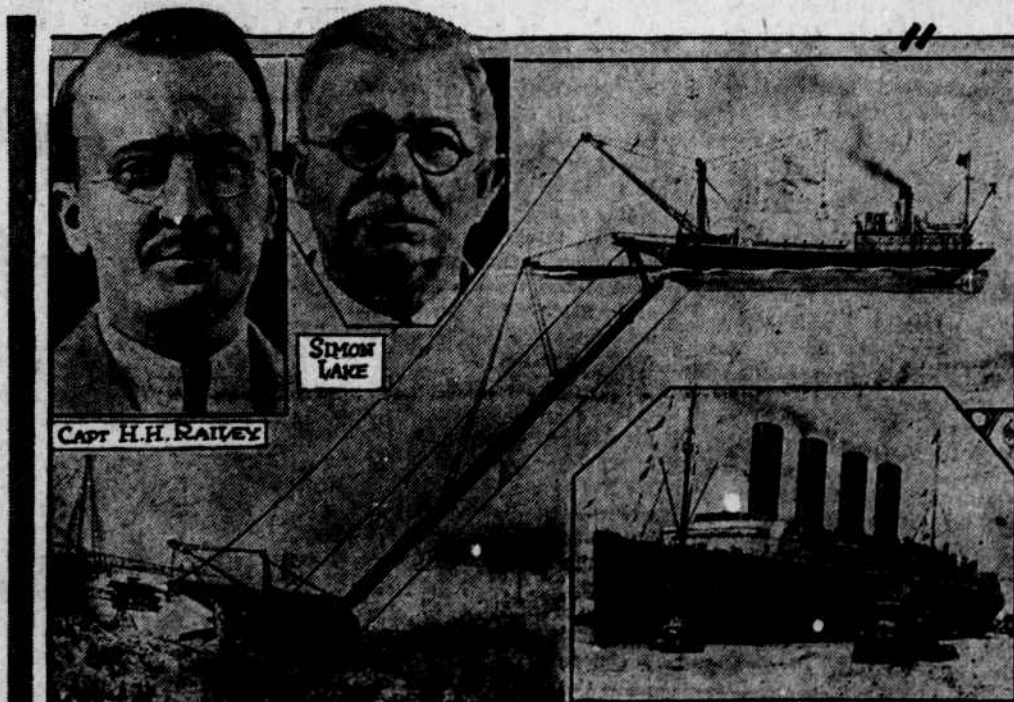
THE SHEPHERD'S STAR

By DOUGLAS MALLOCH

IT IS not strange that shepherds were the first to note the new-lit skies. Self-love is no philosopher, but tenders of the sheep are wise. It is the generous, the kind, who are the first the Christ to find, and those who gain the gift of heaven are always those who first have given.

Now in our arms we take the earth. Even as shepherds take the sheep, Give strangers cheer, and children mirth, And comfort to the ones who weep. It is not strange that those who love First feel the radiance from above, As shepherds, some poor lamb unfolding, Were first the Shepherd's star beholding.
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How Railey and Lake Will Explore the Lusitania



SIMON LAKE'S STEEP DIVING STAIRWAY

S. S. LUSITANIA

THE British board of trade has given to the Lake-Railey expedition official permission to explore the wreck of the Lusitania, which was sunk by a German submarine off the southwest coast of Ireland on May 7, 1915, and the work it is believed will now go ahead with the devices invented by Simon Lake, the American developer of underwater craft. Captain Railey, leader of the expedition, says there will be no attempt to raise the Lusitania or to salvage much of the cargo, though some of the latter, it is hoped, will be brought to the surface by the Lake submarine salvaging tube. Undersea photography at depths never before achieved will be an important objective of the expedition. The illustration shows how this is to be carried on.



BOB PARSELL, home from college for the holidays, entered one of the rear pews of the great cathedral and settled himself with a satisfied air of expectancy.

Bob had always wanted to attend one of these midnight services and at last he had made it possible—forced the issue as it were. Bob looked about him.

There was Mary, the Mother of Jesus, bending over the babe. Not far away was Joseph, the father. Mary's expression made him think of his own mother, when she and dad started off in the car for the hundred-mile drive to his unmarried aunt's home at Wakefield. Dad had said:

"Too bad your holiday job keeps you from driving with us, Bob. But I'll meet you at the station in the morning."

And mother, understanding her son a little better than father, had said: "You won't miss the midnight train, will you, Bob? It would spoil Christmas not to have you with us, you know."

And he, Bob, had said: "All right, not knowing himself just what he meant by it. And he felt sure mother didn't either."

But after they had gone he became more and more positive he was not going to Wakefield. Christmas was meant to be a happy time and he had been away from home all the year and besides he wanted to go to the tea dance Christmas afternoon with Margaret. Of course he knew mother would have had the Christmas at home if she had been able, but she hadn't gotten over that operation yet and father insisted upon considering his sisters and accepting their urgent invitation.

The manager of the store had told Bob to go but Bob seized upon the excuse to work until the store closed at eleven. He was going to do as he

pleased. Christmas was the time to be happy.

But when he called Margaret she was going away with her parents for Christmas. That in itself was disappointing but he would see what the midnight service was like anyway. But he wasn't a bit comfortable. Mary looking at that Christ child the way she did began to annoy him. It was too much like mother's look—and mother wasn't well.

"Oh, hang it all!" Bob muttered. "Why can't a fellow do what he wants and be happy?" He seized his coat and dashed out.

There was just time to catch the twelve-fifteen. No use taking a sleeper. Bob entered the coach with its nodding occupants. But who were those wide-awake people a few seats down? "Margaret! For Pete's sake! Where're you going?" Bob's exclamation roused several of the sleepers.

"Why, we're going to Wakefield. Dad's people live there and we go there occasionally for Christmas. This happens to be one of the occasions."

"Well, I'm more lucky than I deserve," Bob laughed a little awkward-



ly. "That's where I'm going. Do you suppose there'll be any kind of a dance?"

"I know there is. I was wondering who I'd go with, but now I know."

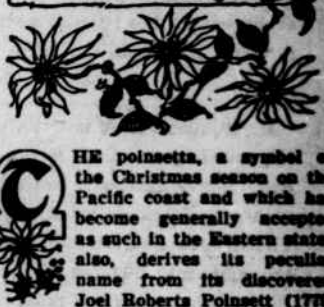
"Yes, you can know that for sure," Bob grinned.

Bob was philosophizing to himself as he dressed for breakfast:

"I sure would have been a cad to have stayed at home. Dad at the train to meet me and mother up waiting, so relieved and happy when I arrived. And a date with Margaret for good measure. Gee! Wouldn't I have been sore at myself at home? Christmas happiness means thinking of others besides ourselves, I'm convinced."

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The Christmas Floral Symbol



HE poinsettia, a symbol of the Christmas season on the Pacific coast and which has become generally accepted as such in the Eastern states also, derives its peculiar name from its discoverer, Joel Roberts Poinsett (1776-1851), who found it in Mexico early in the Nineteenth century and brought to the attention of the botanical world. Doctor Poinsett (for as a young man he studied medicine abroad) was quite a fellow in various ways.

He was appointed special minister to Mexico in 1822, after he had executed for this government an important previous mission to Chile and other South American countries; and internal difficulties prevailing in one or two of the countries below the Isthmus at the time of his visit, his leadership was recognized and made use of in restoring order.

From 1825 to 1829 he administered the regular portfolio of minister to Mexico, and published two volumes of his experiences and observations in that country.

Doctor Poinsett also was a member of the South Carolina legislature, a congressman from that state for four years, and was secretary of war in President Van Buren's cabinet from 1837 to 1841.

Probably one of the world's greatest outdoor displays of the poinsettia is that maintained by the city of San Diego in Balboa park, site of the 1915 exposition. The planting occupies an area approximating two acres, and as some of the stalks reach a height of fourteen feet and a diameter of more than three inches a foot above the ground, the garden impresses one as a young forest of green with a brilliant red top. Full effect is attained about December 10 and continues several weeks.
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