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Fable of the Hungry Fame-Seeker

By GEORGE ADE

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ONCE there was a Greenie who borrowed some Tackle and went fishing off Catalina Island, hoping that he might get a Nibble from a Tuna. To those who never have seen a Tuna, it may be imparted that this Marine Monster is a Minnow two sizes smaller than a Submarine. It is fully as long as a Freight Car and if domesticated, could be used for towing Barges. The Yap who rode back and forth across the dancing Waves, trolling an attractive Bait and begging the Fish to give him some Trade, was playing in rare Luck, because he never got a Strike. If he had, the poor Woofus would not have remained in the Boat.

On another Occasion a cheerful Imbecile polished up a dinky Rifle such the Merry-Makers at Coney Island use in shooting at sheet-iron Ducks and other movable Targets. He put on a Boy Scout Uniform and went out into the Hills, hoping that he could scare up a Grizzly Bear. All day he scrambled around, kicking at the Underbrush and making Noises which were meant to insult the Bear and induce him to come out and put up a Battle. The Guardian Angels who fly over Cars driven by Women and protect the Patriot who buys Fireworks must have been on the Job that Day because the dauntless Nimrod never saw Hide or Hair of a Grizzly. That is why he lived to get back home and eat a hearty Supper.

It happened that a Young Man who thought he was, whereas he really wasn't, came into more sweet Currency than you could shovel with a Scoop Shovel in Three Months. One Night, in a select Club, which has since been padlocked no less than three times, he found himself gazing at a hypnotic Brunette even as an English Sparrow might gaze at the beautiful but deadly Cobra.

He never before had seen so much Brunette packed into so few Clothes and he knew that Life would not mean anything to him unless he could be near her, to inhale the 30 or 40 kinds of Perfumery she was using and have all the other Johns chewing their Wrist Watches in Envy.

This one made Pola Negri look like a Clergyman's Daughter. You could hear the Current crackling.

The yearling Child of Fortune tried to semaphore a few Signals to the dusky Queen and get her interested but she had no Line on the Bank Roll and did not like the Soft Shirt he wore with the Dinner Jacket, so she threw him about 1,500 Feet into the Air and rode away into the Night with a big Sausage Man from the West.

For several Days the Sailors on his Yacht had to watch him to keep him from going overboard with the Anchor in his Arms, which would have been his only chance of sinking. He thought that he had been given a Dirty Deal, whereas he should have been singing at the Top of his Voice, for if little Rita Pozza, the undulating Vamp, had taken a real Fancy to him, it would have cost him over \$300,000.

Poor Brakes Break Many a Man.

Two years ago a prominent Member of the Chamber of Commerce of Oklahoma City, Okla., was in Europe taking his first real Rest since the Syndicate in which he was interested struck the Gusher. He watched the wheel at Monte Carlo and, being quick at Figures and able to see right through any Proposition on the Jump, he felt almost sure that it would be a Cinch to win all the depreciated Currency and close the Dump.

He sat up for two Nights and wore out two Pencils doping a System which could not lose. He explained the Modus Operandi to his two Traveling Companions and said it was a Pipe, if backed up by enough Coin, so as to keep on doubling. He wanted Bill and Bud to put in \$50,000 apiece and let him go in and shoot up the Place, but they were Leery and said that the Suckers had already put up too many Buildings and laid out more Flower Beds than were needed. They were cold around the Ankles and devoid of Sporting Blood. There was Nothing Stirring and consequently all of the Boys are back home and living in comfortable Circumstances.

These Examples have been cited to prove that many a Chump who thinks that the Breaks are against him is really the favored and pampered Child of Destiny. Herbert J. Prangle, of whom we are compelled to write, was not so fortunate. He went fishing and the Tuna got him. While searching for the Grizzly he had the Tough Luck to find one. When he smiled at the

Beautiful Female she gave him a quivering Embrace and darn near smothered him. He found a Chance to play his System and after he got into the Game he learned that he couldn't escape.

Looking the Part.

To look at Mr. Prangle, about the time he was eased out of College and began to ramble in the daisy-dotted Field of Literature, it never would have been suspected that he had this lurking Determination to Prove to the whole World that he was a Heller. He was skinny and wore powerful Glasses and had a bulging Head, like the large end of a Gourd. He was bashful in Company. Strangers often asked if he had passed through any Serious Illness when quite Young. If an attractive Cutie gave him a couple of roguish Looks and began to ask him pert Questions, he jammered for a little While and then sank below the Horizon.

Who would have dared to predict that Herbert J. Prangle was planning to write Love Stories so sizzling that he would have to use Asbestos Paper? To look at him he was just as passionate as a Rubber Glove.

Even as the bloody Historical Romances are written by slender Maidens just out of Smith College, and all that Free Verse about Nymphs dancing in the shadowy Wildwood is turned out by hard-faced old Grouches wearing Overshoes, and Advice to the Lovelorn comes from a Police Reporter, so it was inevitable that this Clam would write about heaving Bosoms and Clinging Kisses.

For a long Time the Immediate Friends and Relatives little suspected his Intentions. He kept on producing Manuscripts that were rejected with Thanks. They put up with his Delusions and kept him hidden away in a Cheerful Room where they would not have to look at him very often.

Then there came a Day when the Book Reviewers all began to gibber and say that a New Light had appeared in the Heavens and it was Some Light. About 2,000 Candle Power.

They agreed that Herbert J. Prangle, author of "Seared Souls," was indecent, audacious and salacious but a Master Analyst of all the Fundamental Emotions and a Genius with a large G.

All at once his apologetic Kin began running up and down the Streets asking everyone, "Have you read Herbert's new Book?"

Soon after the Volume had been barred from many Libraries and denounced from the Pulpit, and Hollywood was demanding the Picture Rights, and the Tremolo Sisters were camped on the Front Porch to interview the daring and devilish Author, it is claimed that Herbert received, in one day, no less than 100 Requests for Photographs and Autographs.

The Glare of the Limelight.

For a matter of Years he had waited and hoped for this Day to come. All through the toilsome Nights he had been sustained by an Intrepid Belief that some Day the World would simply have to recognize him. He felt within himself the Pulsations of True Greatness and he knew that, eventually, the Universe would vibrate in Sympathy.

Well, he began to get the Vibrations and they nearly ruined him. He suddenly discovered that One may not acquire one Portion of Fame without taking on about three Portions of cheap, low-down Notoriety Herbert, the shrinking Violet, suddenly found himself in a Class with the Ford Joke, the Radio, the Statue of Liberty and Ziegfeld's Follies. All the Farm Hands in Iowa were fully informed regarding his Peculiarities and Eccentricities and blighted Love Affairs.

He found that he could not stir out of Doors without being trailed by a brazen Hussy in shameless Attire and sticky Rouge, known as Publicity. He learned, in a Hurry, that the Laurel Wreath had a lot of Thorns in it. Strangers crawled up the Fire-Escape to get a Look at him in his own Room. The Public Prints were full of veiled References to his Checkered Career and it was whispered about, under Cover, that his tough Novel was really a Story of his Own Life.

Which was fairly hard on a harmless Boob who was just as pure as Rainwater.

If a distant Relation, whom he never had seen, got into a Jam anywhere, it always came out in the Dispatches that the accused Party was a Cousin of the well-known Novelist. This is known as Advertising.

Mr. Prangle received countless invitations to address the Women and the Rotarians and the Free Thinkers, but he could not generate sufficient Vocal Energy to make Himself heard to Himself. In fact, he couldn't do anything except sit in a Back Room and write on Paper. When the fierce Glare snote him he was scorched to a Cinder.

At present his unmarried sister has him up in the Woods, feeding him Gluten Biscuits and Milk.

MORAL: It is almost impossible for a Drum Major to pass along Main Street without being noticed.

Sells Motor for \$5; Loses It to Court

New York.—Vincent Costello, thirty-seven, sold his automobile for \$5 and turned the key over to the purchaser.

The new owner allowed the car to stand all night. In front of Costello's store at 804 Ninth avenue and in the morning a policeman gave Costello a ticket for parking. Magistrate McGee fined Costello the \$5 he had received for the car.

"PICTURE BRIDE" IS GRETA GARBO

Story of a Man, a Woman and a Photograph.

Montreal.—Henry Hrysky came from one of the central European countries to Quebec some years ago, took up land, cleared it and, in time, built himself a cottage.

He said to himself: "Now, the only thing lacking is a wife. A good, strong girl from the old country, one who isn't afraid of hard work."

He wrote out an advertisement and sent it to a newspaper in his home country. The result was a deluge of applications.

All the girls—except one—described their qualifications. They would milk cows, drive a plow—or pull it, if need be; they could make butter, bake bread and they knew how to cook, scrub and sew.

But the letter which caught his bachelor fancy promised none of these useful things. It was "beautifully written," as he said later. He answered it, asking for a photograph of the writer.

A photograph arrived and completed the conquest which the letter had begun.

The next letter from the old country said the girl was ready to leave for Canada at any time, but would Henry send \$500 with her ticket so she could buy a little trousseau.

Henry would, and did.

When the ship on which she was to sail reached Quebec he was at the docks. But the bride was not on board.

Henry took his troubles to a lawyer. "You have a picture of the lady?" the lawyer asked. "Let me see it." Henry handed it over.

It was a photograph of Greta Garbo.

Twelve-Year-Old Girl Chained Up Two Years

Camden, N. J.—New friends in Camden's detention home brought happiness to Lena Persiana, twelve-year-old slave, whose mother chained her "like a dog" while she made lamp shades for her parents to sell.

The mother refused to kiss her daughter after her cruelty was condemned in court and father and mother were held for trial.

The undernourished girl's big, brown eyes were afe as she told how she had been chained by the legs during a two-year period. She recalled vividly the day her mother first chained her when she was a little more than ten years old.

The other day the little girl broke the lock on her chain, ran away and fell into the hands of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children.

So Judge Pancost committed her to the house of detention while he sought a home for her.

Gets Back His \$2,500, Forgets "Thank You"

New York.—Abe Herman, who runs a locksmith's shop at 124 Featherbed Lane, the Bronx, still can't figure it out.

"I was here alone," he said, "when in walks one of those professional looking men—a lawyer. I guess I make a key for him and he walks out."

"After he's gone, I notice he's left a package behind. I open it and it's a lot of \$20 bills—\$2,500 in \$20 bills. That's a lot of dough these days. I'm wondering what to do with it when the customer returns for his package.

"Do you know what's in this?" he asks. "Sure," I says, "two and a half grand." "That's right," he answers, and then walks out with the \$2,500 without saying as much as "Thank you." Can you beat it?"

Mother Catches Baby on Fly When Taxi Tosses It

New York.—Mrs. Mary Leuch turned outfielder in front of 1487 First avenue and so saved her baby from possible death.

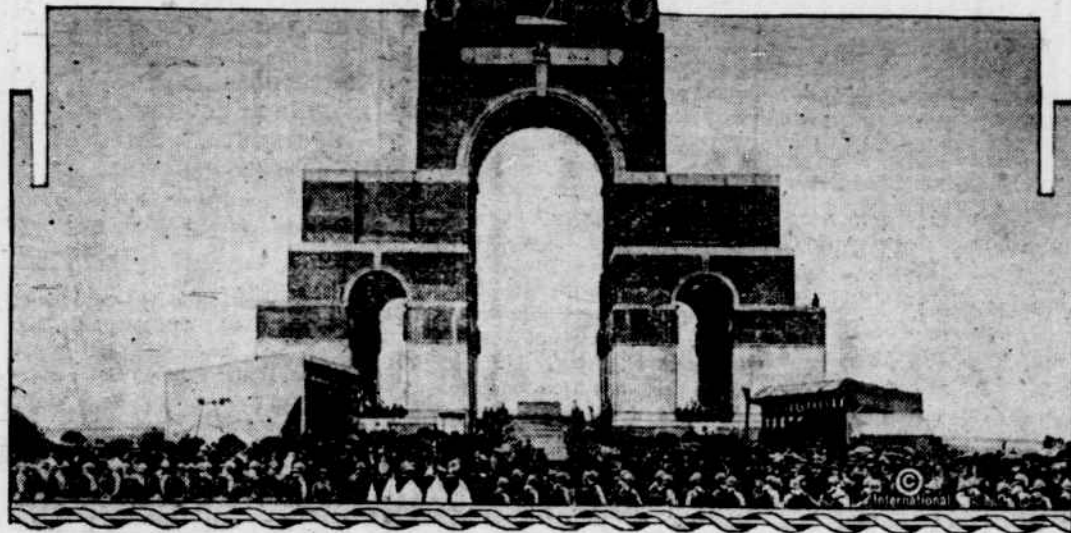
Mrs. Leuch, who lives at 323 East Seventy-eighth street, was chatting with a friend when a taxicab backed into her baby carriage in which was her son, Leo, three months old.

The impact hurled the baby high into the air. Mrs. Leuch turned, jumped forward and caught her hurtling baby. The cab sped away. The baby wasn't even bruised.

Huge British War Memorial at Thiepval

LARGEST of all the World war memorials so far erected in France is this impressive monument built at Thiepval to commemorate the 73,413 British soldiers who

died in the battles of the Somme. It was dedicated recently, the prince of Wales presiding at the ceremony and eminent men of all nations participating.



THE CHILDREN'S STORY

By THORNTON W. BURGESS

PETER RABBIT had a queer feeling inside. Yes, sir, he did. It wasn't a comfortable feeling. It was the feeling that he was going to see something dreadful happen, something which he couldn't stop, no matter how much he wanted to. You see from where he was sitting on the bank of the Laughing Brook below the Smiling Pool he looked right across to a big sandbank near the top of which was a hole which was the entrance to the home of Rattles the Kingfisher, and right down below him in the Laughing Brook was Billy Mink swimming straight across with his beady little eyes fixed on the doorway. He was swimming very fast, was Billy Mink, as if in a great hurry.

Peter guessed why Billy was in such a hurry. He guessed that Billy had guessed there were young kingfishers in that hole in the sandbank, and that Billy, who has a liking for young birds, was in a hurry to get them for his dinner before Rattles, their father, should return from the Smiling Pool where he was fishing. Now Peter never harms anyone himself, and he cannot bear to think of anyone else being harmed, but he knows that Billy Mink cannot live on grass and vegetables and bark, as he can. So he knew that Billy was doing nothing wrong in trying to get a dinner of those young Kingfishers. He had been born a hunter, and he was simply obeying the natural instinct to fill his empty stomach. He was not breaking one of Old Mother Nature's laws. Billy Mink had simply been smart enough to do what Peter himself had done—find the home of Rattles the Kingfisher—and now it was for Rattles himself to protect his babies.

Still Peter wished with all his might that he could do something to save those babies. If only Rattles would come back! He even thought of running with all his might up to the Smiling Pool and warning Rattles of the

terrible danger which his babies were in, but he knew that by the time he could do this it would be too late. If only Rattles would return! Billy had reached the shore and was standing perfectly still listening and sniffing. He took a step forward. At that very instant the harsh voice of Rattles sounded up the Laughing Brook. Like a flash Billy Mink turned and dived. Peter ducked out of sight with a sigh of relief. Down the Laughing Brook came Rattles with a tiny fish and vanished in the hole in the sandbank. There was nothing to warn him that anyone had been near.

It wasn't long before he was out again and off for another fish. The instant he was out of sight Billy Mink was once more at the foot of the sandbank. Where he had come from Peter didn't know. You know there is a saying that Billy Mink can hide in his own shadow. This time he promptly began to scramble up the bank. It was clear that he wanted to get those babies and get away before Rattles returned. Peter wished that something would happen to stop Billy. How he did wish it! But nothing did, save that the sand was so loose that it kept slipping under Billy's feet, and he made slow work of climbing up to that hole.

But at last he reached it. He sniffed cautiously, and it seemed to Peter that he could almost see a smile of satisfaction cross Billy's sharp little brown face. Then Billy put his head inside and his body followed.

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear!" cried Peter. "Oh, dear! Oh, dear!" And big tears filled his eyes. But Peter wept too soon.

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BONERS



During the Napoleonic wars, crowned heads were trembling in their shoes.

BONERS are actual humorous tidbits found in examination papers, essays, etc., by teachers.

"The railroads watered their stock." This means that they took out the horses and cattle and gave them a drink.

Lady Macbeth was a pitiful figure. Groans were issuing from every part of her body.

A saga was a pitiless warrior but a kind and loving husband.

Facetious is a term used to denote the followers of Mussolini.

A good orator breathes through his diagram.

Romeo and Juliet are an example of a heroic couplet.

(© 1932, Bell Syndicate.)—WNU Service.

Greatest Athlete



Jim Bausch was crowned the leading athlete of the world when he won the decaathlon in the Olympic games at Los Angeles. Jim, who hails from Kansas, was first in the ten-event contest with 8,462.23 points, a record-breaking total.

UNUSUAL BUTTERS

HUNGER is the best sauce," we all know, and good sweet bread and butter is always a feast for the hungry. But for appetite that needs stimulating, these butters will help the tickling of the palate:

Green Butter.

Take a small green onion, four sprigs of parsley, two branches of pepper grass or water-cress, one-half cupful of butter, one and one-half teaspoonfuls of salt and one-half teaspoonful of cayenne pepper. Mix well all but the butter, then add the butter and mix again and pass through a

sieve into a bowl. Place in a cool place until required for use.

Herb Butter.

Mix one-half cupful of butter with one teaspoonful of chopped fresh parsley, one-half teaspoonful of powdered savory, one teaspoonful of lemon juice, one-half teaspoonful of salt, one-fourth teaspoonful of white pepper. Keep in a cool place. Nice served over lamb chops or steak.

Horseradish Butter.

Take one-half cupful of fresh butter and add one tablespoonful of fresh grated horseradish. Mix well with a fork and add one tablespoonful of minced parsley. Put into a jar and keep in a cool place. This is very good with fish.

Bacon or Ham Butter.

Fry thin slices of lean ham or bacon, drain and pound to a paste on a meat board or in a mortar. Add enough butter to make a smooth paste. To two tablespoonfuls of the paste add one teaspoonful of horseradish or mustard.

Creole Butter.

Take one-half cupful of butter, two saltspoonfuls of ground mustard, two teaspoonfuls of vinegar, two teaspoonfuls of worcestershire sauce, one-fourth teaspoonful of salt, one-fourth teaspoonful of cayenne, two hard-cooked egg yolks; mash the yolks and mix well all the ingredients together.

(© 1932, Western Newspaper Union.)

Bound to Clear

By DOUGLAS MALLOCH

MY FRIEND Tom Wall ain't sad at all. For here's his letter here. It's dark today, but anyway, Tom says "it's bound to clear." 'Twas just a note that Tom Wall wrote (About a deal we had) That did not whine, without a line That said the times were bad.

When skies of blue get gray (they do), Some men set down and quit. They might work on till clouds are gone.

But that, of course, takes grit. It's easier to say, "No, sir. It ain't no time to buy— It's rainin' cats and dogs, and that's No time to sell, or try."

He ain't (Tom Wall) that way at all. If it's too wet to plow, He'll build a bin to put things in A little while from now. It's rained before, will rain some more, And then the harvest's here. The world's all wet, but Tom's all set—

"The skies are bound to clear." (© 1932, Douglas Malloch.)—WNU Service.

DADA KNOWS—



"Pop, what is bread?" "What the world has but still kneads."

(© 1932, Bell Syndicate.)—WNU Service.

King George Is a Real Sailorman



KING GEORGE of England was trained in the royal navy in his younger days and has never lost his fondness for the sea or his skill as a mariner. He is here seen helping the crew of his yacht Britania during the Royal Southampton Yacht club regatta at Cowes. The race was won by his majesty's boat.