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Time Really Flies in This Case



WHOEVER first said "Tempus Fugit" did not imagine that time actually would fly, but it did when this shipment of electric clocks was sent by airplane from a California manufacturer to an eastern department store.

STORY FOR THE CHILDREN

By THORNTON W. BURGESS

STICKYTOES TELLS JOHNNY CHUCK A SECRET

WHILE Johnny Chuck was stuffing himself in order to make more fat before seeking his bed to sleep the long winter away he did a lot of thinking. You know one can think and eat at the same time very nicely. What was Johnny Chuck thinking about? He was thinking about the coming winter and the curious ways in which his friends and neighbors would spend it. When other people do things in a different way from the way we do them we are very apt to think that their ways are curious, quite forgetting that to them our way may seem just as curious.

To Johnny Chuck there is only one sensible way of spending the long months when rough Brother North Wind and Jack Frost roar and howl and pinch and squeeze, and that is to curl up comfortably way down where rough Brother North Wind and Jack Frost cannot reach him and there sleep until they have gone back to the far Northland. Johnny Chuck always thought of it as the only sensible thing to do. He sometimes quite forgot that it was the only thing he could do and so took credit for sense and wisdom which really didn't belong to him. You see, Johnny has no choice in the matter. He has to sleep that way because in the winter there is nothing he can eat.

But this is not so with many of his neighbors. Some of them eat things which can be kept for a long time without spoiling, like nuts and seeds, and those who eat these things pack them away into storehouses or hide them where they can find them. Then in the winter they sleep in bad weather and come out to play a little and

to get food from their hiding places in pleasant weather. Happy Jack Squirrel and Chatter the Red Squirrel do this. Striped Chipmunk pops up for a breath of fresh air on warm, sunny days in winter. Jimmy Skunk is another who sleeps only part of the time. He does not store up food in storehouses, but like Johnny Chuck himself stores it up in the form of fat. But he does not depend on this wholly as does Johnny. He likes to come out and prow around a little when the snow is not too soft and deep.

Then there are others like Reddy and Granny Fox, Old Man Coyote, Billy Mink, Shadow the Weasel and Little Joe Otter, not to mention Peter Rabbit, who always manage to find enough to eat through the winter and so do no more sleeping than they do in the summer. That is why they are provided with thick, warm coats. The same thing is true of the feathered folks, except that none of them sleep all winter. Those who cannot find food fly away to the sunny Southland where they can find it.

Johnny Chuck was thinking of these things as he ate and ate and it seemed to him that his way was far the best way. It saved a great deal of work and worry. He never was cold. He never was hungry. It made no difference to him what the weather might be. He wondered that everybody didn't do the same thing. He knew that wise Old Grandfather Frog does and Old Mr. Toad does. Thinking of Old Mr. Toad reminded him of Stickytoes the Tree Toad, who had spent the summer in the apple trees of the Old Orchard. He and Johnny had become great friends, being such near neighbors. At the thought of him Johnny stopped eating.

"I wonder," said he right out loud, "where he spends the winter."

"Where he spends the winter?" asked a small piping voice. It was the voice of Stickytoes himself and there he was almost under Johnny's nose.

"Why, you?" exclaimed Johnny Chuck. "I was just thinking of you and wondering if you have as much sense as your cousins, Old Mr. Toad and Grandfather Frog. They do as I do, sleep all winter, and I was wondering if you do the same thing."

Stickytoes chuckled. It was a throaty little chuckle. "I think," said he, "that I have got quite as much sense as they have. In fact I think

PRESIDENT

By DOUGLAS MALLOCH

WHEN I was just a youngster, then They used to say, the older men, That any boy, they used to say, Might yet be President some day. His father might be rich or poor, But one thing, though, was certain sure, They used to say, and what they meant Was that he might be President.

And that today is just as true; This later generation, too, That famous title, too, may wear, Sit in the Presidential chair. The very youngster that you meet Right now upon the village street, Just as my elders used to say, May yet be President some day.

Some day the youngster's task may be To bring us back prosperity, To keep at peace with other lands, And have a congress on his hands. Yes, any boy, no matter what His present fortune, present lot, Although the future may be dim, May yet—but why discourage him? © 1932, Douglas Malloch.—WNU Service.

I've got a little more. Can you keep a secret, Johnny Chuck? "Certainly I can," replied Johnny Chuck. "Just try me and see." Stickytoes hopped a little nearer to Johnny Chuck and whispered. Johnny Chuck's eyes grew round with surprise. "Do you really mean that?" he asked as if he could hardly believe what Stickytoes had told him. "Every word of it," replied Stickytoes, "but remember it is a secret. Now I must hurry or I shall be too late." Stickytoes wished Johnny Chuck a long sleep with pleasant dreams and started on.

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Gibbons' New Job



Mike Gibbons, the former "phantom of the ring," who has been appointed physical director of the St. Paul police department, and whose duties now are to keep the men of the force in the well known "pink." He will instruct them in boxing, wrestling, disarming, running, kicking and other tricks of the game.

Air View of the Longest Viaduct



HERE is an air view of the three mile viaduct from Jersey City to Newark, N. J., which was officially opened the other day. It is the longest in the world, cost \$21,000,000 and is expected to be used by more than 20,000,000 automobiles each year.

BONERS



The three dramatic unities were Dante, Petrarch and Boccaccio.

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

My daughter is dying of a long name in her stomach.

The English government is divided into two things called the lords of God and the men of God. The lords of God are not inherited.

Robinson Crusoe was a great singer who lived on an island.

The metric system refers to kilograms, centigrams, telegrams, etc.

The Monitor was an ironclad ship. It whipped the other ships because their bullets could not go through its clads.

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BANANA DISHES

NOVEL recipes are always welcomed by the housewife who is constantly looking for appetizing dishes to please the tastes of her family.

Banana Marmalade.

Peel and slice bananas, using two pounds of bananas and the same amount of sugar and the juice of a lemon. Put into an earthen dish and let stand one hour. Turn into a preserving pan and cook gently, stirring constantly as soon as it thickens. Test by dropping a little on a plate; if it sets it is ready to pour into jars. Serve with toast at tea.

Bananas Cooked in Cranberry Juice.

Wash a pint of cranberries and cover with a cupful of cold water. Cook quickly ten minutes and press through a sieve. Halve six large bananas lengthwise and cover with the juice of half a lemon. Add one and one-half cupfuls of sugar to the hot berry juice, stir well and pour over the bananas. Place in a hot oven and bake until the fruit is tender. Remove to a glass dish and cool. The cranberry jelly will make a thick, rich sauce for the bananas.

Banana Pie.

Bake a shell and fill with thinly sliced bananas which have been lightly sweetened, and a teaspoonful of lemon juice added to them. Cover with a rich, thick custard, cooked and cooled, and top with a few spoonfuls of whipped cream. Serve well chilled.

Fried Bananas With Bacon or Sausage. Cut each banana into halves crosswise, then lengthwise, roll in flour, cook in hot bacon or sausage fat and serve around the bacon or sausage.

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And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night.

And, lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them; and they were sore afraid.

And the angel said unto them, Fear not: for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.

For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Savior, which is Christ the Lord.

And this shall be a sign unto you: Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger.

And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying, Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.—St. Luke 2:8-14.

THE hope of the world is that Christmas does not grow old-fashioned. The world may be cynical, life may be hard, hand may be raised against hand and breast opposed to breast in the bitter struggle of men for the goals that entice them. Looking on that struggle and the oppression and injustice that accompany it, it is easy to say that human love and charity have departed from the hearts of men. But it is not so. All human relationships are founded on the qualities



Christmas Brings Home to Us Our Common Heritage.

that Christmas typifies in man. No human society could exist without them. Laws could not govern hearts that knew not love, nor force constrain the acts of men who knew not mercy. These qualities are inherent in man. He cannot divest himself of them. They are the heritage of his divine origin and nature. They distinguish him from the beasts.

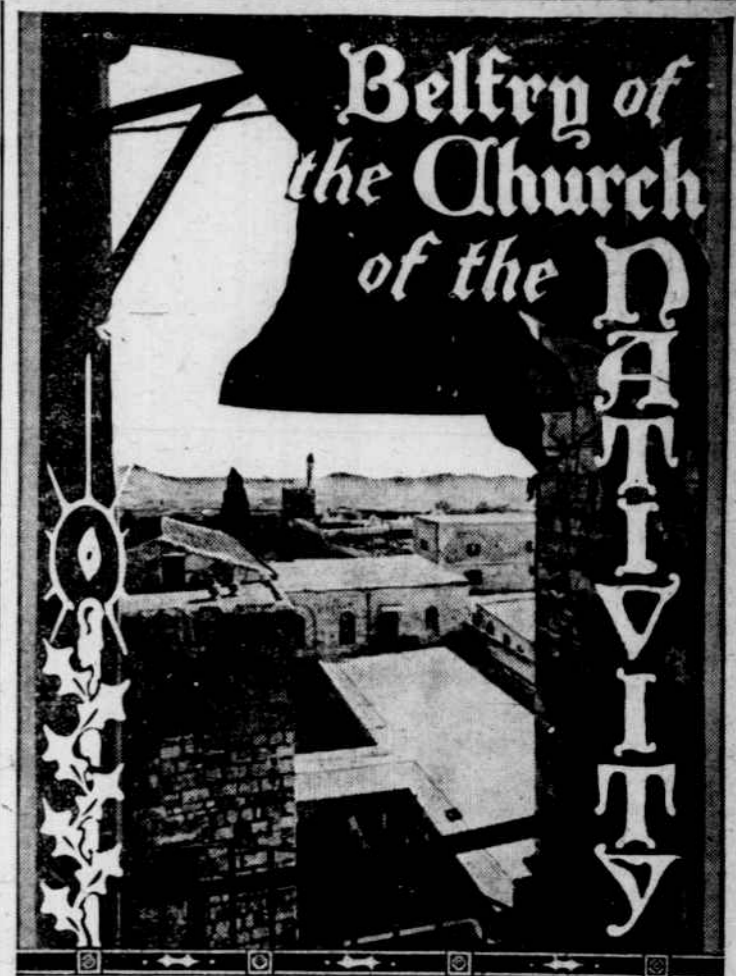
Christmas is his recognition of his own divine attributes. He cannot ignore the worship that is in him for those same qualities that his baser nature may often seek to overcome, to deny, to banish from human relationships. But it is the history of man's conquest of life, which often has seemed ruthless and savage, that no triumph of materialism, no pursuit of wealth, no indulgence and greed have ever separated him finally from that first altar of his worship—from the love and mercy that have taken form in his observance of Christmas.

With kings and counsellors of the earth, with princes that had gold and filled their houses with silver, and with the lowliest in their huts of desolation it is ever the same; together they must worship what is in the nature of all that breathe, for without it one man would forever be a beast of burden and his brother a beast of prey.

Christmas, then, brings home to us our common heritage. We cannot escape it if we would. As the flower holds up its chalice to the raindrops, so does man, obeying an impulse as instinctive turn to Christmas to receive the reviving forces that are in the human love it brings. Then does he lay aside all that is unworthy of him and partake anew of the spirit that alone can give purpose and dignity to his life on earth. As long as he turns in worship to this beauty that really is of himself, though often through his own failings removed from him and preserved only as an image or symbol, he is not lost to some sense of his own divine nature. He can still bring it back and receive it renewed and live by it.

Thus is Christmas never outworn, nor its reviving force exhausted. It cannot be while man has worship in him and gives it to that which he recognizes as the ultimate to which his nature aspires.

No, Christmas never can grow old-fashioned and in that is the hope of the world.—Kansas City Times.



THE CHRISTMAS DINNER

WHO among us can affect to despise the gastronomic delights of the family Christmas dinner? The most sophisticated person must admit our festive board at Christmas is a place where the gods might love to linger. What a picture it presents to the eye. The big turkey browned to a golden crispness; the heaping dish of mashed potatoes, which need only the addition of the delicious gravy to convert them into manna, and the dressing, seasoned to just the right proportions. Then there is the crisp pleasing salad, the golden sweet potatoes, the big dish of creamed cauliflower; the celery, olives, pickles and cranberry sauce; the mince and pumpkin pies, the rich, fragrant coffee, and the raisins, nuts and other goodies that follow. Kings and emperors in the past have conferred high honors on those who set some especially wonderful meal before them, but no king nor emperor of any age ever sat down to a dinner that looks and tastes as good as that which is set on the tables of the great American home on Christmas day.—Katherine Edelman.

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THE origin of the Christmas tree is much disputed and there are many popular legends concerning it. One popular tale pictures Martin Luther as attempting to describe the beauty of the snow-covered forest under the wintry sky. Suddenly the idea suggested itself. He hurried to the garden, cut a little fir tree, dragged it into the nursery, put some candles on its branches and lighted them. This was supposed to have happened on Christmas eve and the tale seeks to explain the origin of both tree and candles. One of the most popular German engravings represents Luther and his family grouped about the tree.

Another older German legend says St. Winifred is the originator of the idea. One day while surrounded by crowds of converts, the Saint was having a giant oak sawed down for use in Druidic worship. Suddenly a great wind rushed past the tree and sent it crashing backward where it destroyed everything in the path except a small fir tree. Because of the seeming miracle, St. Winifred decreed

the fir tree be known as the Holy Tree, the tree of the Christ Child.

Still another authority declares the tree comes from the ancient Egyptian custom of decking houses at the time of the winter solstice with branches of the date palm—the symbol of life triumphant over death and an emblem of the starlit firmament. At the same time the Egyptians were decking houses with date palm branches, the Jews were celebrating the Feast of Chanukah, in which lighted candles were a feature. A Greek festival at about this time is called "The Feast of Lights" and the Chinese festival of a corresponding period is called "The Feast of Lanterns." During the



"The Tree Represents Mankind," It Was Explained.

old Roman festival, pine trees were decorated with images of Bacchus, and the Christmas tree is believed by some to be a relic of this old custom.

The French have an interesting legend. In the thirteenth century a huge tree was found, the branches were covered with candles, some of which stood erect and some upside down. On the top appeared a vision of a child with a halo around his head. When asked to explain this extraordinary tree, the pope exclaimed: "The tree represents mankind, the child is Christ and the candles are meant to indicate the good and bad human beings." Thereafter, according to this myth, the Christmas tree was used at Christmas time to bring happiness and good cheer.

Now with all these vague traditions blended together we have as a final result the permanent establishment of the Christmas tree. Germany first decorated the tree with gifts. Not until the time of the marriage of Queen Victoria did the tree become a regular English institution. When the Germans emigrated to America, they brought the Christmas tree with them and we Americans borrowed it along with many other Christmas customs.—Indiana Farmer's Guide.

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THREE CELEBRATIONS

THREE Christmases are celebrated every year in the Church of Nativity at Bethlehem. The first occurs in the Roman Catholic section on December 25; 13 days later the Greek Orthodox church hold their celebrations, to be followed by those of the Armenian church in another 13 days.

In Black and White



The ever smart color scheme of black and white is carried out in this charming evening gown. The gown follows the figure to the knees and then flares to floor length. A novel feature is the cape collar which is nipped at the point of the V-neckline by a rhinestone pin.



"Judging by the speed they travel," says broken-up Bertha, "leads one to believe most motorists are afraid they may be late for their next accident." © 1932 Bell Syndicate.—WNU Service.