

THE ALAMANCE GLEANER

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Best in the Master Snap Contest



LITTLE Donald Frank Queen is far too busy brushing his teeth to care about the fact that he is posing for the picture that won the first prize of \$500 in the recent Master snap-photo contest sponsored by the Master Photo Finishers of America. The photograph was submitted by Mrs. F. P. Crawford of Columbus, Ohio.

THE CHILDREN'S STORY

By THORNTON W. BURGESS

THE SURPRISING SECRET OF STICKYTOES

For a long time after Stickytoes the Free Toad had left him Johnny Chuck sat perfectly still. He actually forgot to eat. "I never!" he exclaimed over and over again. "I never! I believe he really meant it, but I never before heard of such a thing in all my life!"

You see Stickytoes had just told Johnny Chuck a secret and it was this secret that so astonished Johnny Chuck. It was the secret of where Stickytoes had spent the last winter and where he intended to spend the coming winter. In fact, he was on his way there when he happened along where Johnny Chuck was stuffing himself to pass the winter in comfort, and he had told the secret to Johnny in a whisper when Johnny had asked him where he would spend the winter.

"You will have hard work believing it, but it is every word true," Stickytoes had said. "Last fall I happened to be over close to Farmer Brown's house and I discovered some very nice plants right on the doorstep of the house. One day when no one was around I visited them and I found a lot of bugs on them which, of course, meant plenty to eat, so I decided to stay there for a while. I knew it was about time for me to be looking up a place to spend the winter, but I just couldn't leave those nice plants. They

were growing in queer red things, which I believe are called pots. The earth in these pots was very fine and easy to dig in and always was damp, because every day Farmer Brown's wife watered the plants. She seemed very fond of those plants. Whenever I heard her coming I would hide under



"There Were a Number of Plants About Me, but They Were All in Those Queer Pots."

the leaves and keep perfectly still, and she didn't see me at all. So I stayed on and on after I knew that I should have hunted up a place to sleep for the winter.

"Then the weather became cool and I grew so sleepy that I just had to find a place to go to sleep. So I dug myself out of sight in the earth in one of those pots. You see, it was just the kind of a place I like to sleep in. I don't know how long I slept, but the next thing I knew the earth was so warm that I thought it must be that Mistress Spring had arrived, so I dug my way up to the surface. For a little while I was so surprised that I couldn't even think. There were a number of plants around me, but they were all in those queer pots. The leaves were green and there were flowers on some of the plants and the air was just as warm as in summer, but when I looked up I couldn't see any sky. I could hear a bird singing but it was a different song from any I ever had heard before, and when I finally saw the singer he was all yellow and was in a queer thing, all made of wires so that he couldn't get out.

"The Jolly Little Sunbeams were creeping in under the leaves of the plants and when I looked in the direction from which they came I saw the most surprising thing. I was looking out of what looked like a great doorway, only it was covered with something hard that I could look right through and outside everything was all white. I found out afterward that that was snow, the first snow I ever had seen.

"It took me days and days to find out all about it. It seemed to me that the whole world was topsy-turvy. Now, where do you suppose I was? I was in Farmer Brown's house! Yes, sir, that is just where I was. Farmer Brown's wife had taken these plants into the house and me with them. She discovered me that very first day.

Hollywood Dogs Must Be Nose-Printed



HOLLYWOOD has a new ordinance providing that the nose prints of all dogs there must be taken as an aid to the police in recovering them when they are lost or stolen. Our photograph shows the pet of a screen actress being subjected to the process by E. E. Crumpler of the bureau of identification.

Then Farmer Brown's Boy and Farmer Brown came to see me, and they were all very good to me, so that I grew quite fond of them. It is summer all the time in their house. Of course, I went back to sleep again, but every once in a while I would wake up and come out.

"When Mistress Spring really did come back the plants were put out of doors again and I left them for the trees. Now I'm going back to spend this coming winter in Farmer Brown's house. It's the finest place in the world to spend a winter. You ought to try it, Johnny Chuck."

This was the surprising secret of Stickytoes which Johnny Chuck was having such hard work to believe. I don't wonder, do you? But it was true, every word of it. I wonder if Stickytoes will spend the winter there this year.

(© 1932, by T. W. Burgess.—WNU Service.)

THE OLD WAY

By DOUGLAS MALLOCH

EACH day it's another boy, Each night it's another place, A search for a later joy, A smile from a newer face. She says it's a better way, She says, and she ought to know; I think of an older day, The days of the long ago.

Each day it's another girl, It's not like it used to be; One look, and a heart awhirl, And only one girl for me. It's not like it used to seem; A look, and a heart astray, A walk, and a maiden's dream, And only one boy for her.

Each day 'twas the same old boy, Each day 'twas the same girl still, No search for another joy, No quest for a greater thrill. It may be it tied her down, Her chances, perhaps, were few; She married right here in town, A fellow she really knew. © 1932, Douglas Malloch.—WNU Service.

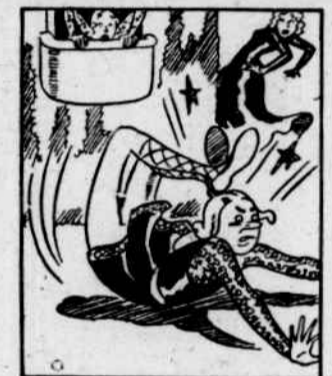


"And the clerk that sold me the fur," says disillusioned Doris, "swore I would never see one like it!" © 1932, Bell Syndicate.—WNU Service.

BENEFICIAL BRAN FOODS

THE roughage which raw bran adds to the soft foods, which is the large per cent of foods taken, is most important. The bran which is tasteless may be added to cooked cereal, stirring it in until well mixed. A tablespoonful is a good amount to use in a dish of cereal. If one cares to take

BONERS



Cassius was a vile selfish man who was always doing his best to make his own ends meet.

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

Gareth rode along a high cliff and fell into the jaws of a yawning abyss.

A sphere is two hemispheres stuck together.

Three times when animals spoke to people in the Bible are when the snake spoke to Eve in the garden, when the ass spoke to Balaam, and when the whale spoke to Jonah and said, "Al-most thou persuadest me to be a Christian."

Bacon said that where there is no love, talk is but a twinkling of symbols.

What is heredity? It means if your grandfather didn't have any children, then your father probably wouldn't have had any, and neither would you, probably.

An important invention of the Renaissance was the circulation of the blood.

It in the water when drinking, stir in a spoonful and it goes down very easily. For constipation of long standing there is nothing better. Take a glass of water with two tablespoonfuls of bran before retiring. We may add bran to all our food—bread, confections as well as cake—which makes it very agreeable to take.

Bran Muffins. Take two cupfuls each of flour and raw bran. Sift three and one-half teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one and one-half teaspoonfuls of salt, one egg, one-third of a cupful of sugar and three tablespoonfuls of melted shortening. Sift the flour and baking powder, mix as usual, adding the melted shortening at the last. Bake in heated muffin tins thirty minutes.

Bran Bread. Take two cupfuls of bran, three teaspoonfuls of baking powder, two cupfuls of flour, one-half teaspoonful of salt, one egg, one and one-half cupfuls of milk, two tablespoonfuls of molasses, and two tablespoonfuls of shortening. Sift dry ingredients, except bran, add bran, milk and beaten egg. Add molasses and the shortening melted. Beat well and bake one hour. This makes one loaf; add three-fourths of a cupful of nuts and you will have a most delicious nut loaf. © 1932, Western Newspaper Union.



"HAPPY New Year!" we cry with the best Christian intentions, and in so doing we celebrate the close of what is perhaps the oldest pagan festival known to man. For New Year's day ends the Yuletide festival, familiar to our Aryan ancestors as Hweolor-tid, or "the turning-time."

Among primitive peoples everything is thought to live; thus to the animistic savage the lightning and the falling trees are living and unfriendly things trying to hurt him.

Naturally enough in this stage of man's development the sun was regarded in the same light—as a reasoning being—and since the sun furnished primitive man with his very means of existence he came to worship it and to watch after its welfare.

Even today there are tribes who during an eclipse turn out with great clamor and shoot arrows into the air, under the impression they are attacking the monster who is devouring the sun.

Little wonder, then, that early man watched with growing fear the yearly drama of winter—the death of vegetation and the apparent weakening of the sun. Perhaps this time it really would die and leave him cold—helpless!

Then when hope had almost fled would come the great day of the turning-time, the day when the sun turned back and became gradually stronger that in due time green buds might spring forth and the song of the birds herald the coming of another spring.

The world was saved and man rejoiced during that season of Hweolor-tid, lighting great bonfires symbolic of the sun's warmth, and offering gifts to Freya, the Mother goddess.

Our modern personification of the old year is an aged man dying, and the New Year we conceive as an infant. The rebirth idea persists.

The probable reason for the sacred nature attributed to the mistletoe in the Eddas and early Celtic mythology, the important part it played in the Druidic rites, and its modern association with Christmas, may have been the mysterious nature of this plant's birth, springing as it does for no apparent reason and with no visible roots from the body of an oak tree.

Although New Year's day is mentioned as an important festival by Tacitus in the first century, it is not referred to as a Christian feast day until well on in the Sixth century. It was then that the date of January 1 was universally accepted, although even now in countries such as Russia and Greece, where the Gregorian rather than the Julian calendar is in use, the occasion is celebrated 12 days later than is customary with us.

In Imperial Rome the day was dedicated by Numa to the two-faced god Janus, in whose honor men were wont during this festival to forget old grudges, and to whom they would offer sacrifices of cakes, wine and incense. And as a tribute to this two-faced god—this god who could look back at what had passed, and forward at what was to come—Julius Caesar named the month of January.

In England it used to be the custom to save a part of the Yule log to light the New Year's fire, in order that some mysterious continuity, reminiscent of the pagan vestal fires, should remain unbroken. Many other strange superstitions were connected with the day, among them that of the "first visitor," which still prevails in Scotland.

According to another old legend, the first pitcher-full of water drawn from a spring on New Year's morning was supposed to possess remarkable properties, and maidens used to sit up all night to obtain this "cream of the year."

We still sit up to "see the New Year in."

So, when the bells ring out at midnight and we rush into the street, shouting and slapping strangers on the back, and performing what we think to be very original antics, let us remember that people acted in precisely the same manner and did exactly the same "original" things at the festival of the Saturnalia in pagan Rome more than 2,000 years ago.

For there is nothing new under the sun.—Boston Herald.

Millenium

What an earth would become of us if these New Year resolutions ever took effect?—Collier's Weekly.

THIS NEW YEAR

Why, here you are, you little tot! You hove straight in, right on the dot. Well now, I do declare you are The brightest baby year so far!

Anne Porter Johnson in The Country Home



Reynold's New Year's Resolution

IT WAS the last night of the old year, and Reynold was going to bed. "I wish I could make some of those things Cousin Lucy and Cousin Esther were making," he said. "They are going to begin in the morning. Cousin Lucy is going to practice her music some and study arithmetic harder and keep her dresses cleaner." "You mean resolutions?" asked his mother.

"Yes, that's it," said Reynold, "resolutions. I want to make some resolutions; but I don't know what to make."

"Well, let us think," said his mother. "What kind of resolutions would be good for a little boy six years old to make? You don't want to make too many. I believe, if I were you, I would make just one."

"Lucy and Esther made lots of them," said Reynold, "but they are big girls. One resolution would be enough for a little boy, wouldn't it?" "I think it would," said his mother, "and I think that a whole year is too long a time to make resolutions for. If I were you, I would make one good resolution for one day of the New Year—the first day—tomorrow."

"All right," said Reynold, "I will

make one for tomorrow. What would you make?"

"It is your resolution," said his mother. "You ought to make it yourself."

Reynold thought awhile, and then he said: "I will mind you all day tomorrow."

"Very well," said his mother; "that is your New Year's resolution; don't forget it in the morning."

Then she kissed him good-night and went out, and Reynold went to sleep. When he awoke the next morning the first thing he thought of was his New Year's resolution. He wondered if his mother had forgotten. She didn't say anything about it when he went down to breakfast. She didn't tell him to do anything, so he didn't have any chance to keep his resolution, but he never once forgot it until—who do you think came? Why, Great-aunt Prudence and Great-uncle Nathan. Great-aunt Prudence brought Reynold a pretty little willow basket full of cake—three kinds—chocolate, coconut, fruit. Reynold liked cake better than anything else. He was delighted when his aunt said the basket of cake was for him.

Mother gave Reynold a slice of the fruit cake, then she put the basket away in the pantry. A little while after Reynold asked if he might have some more cake.

"No," said his mother; "there will be cake for dinner; you must not eat any more of your cake today."

Reynold was just about to draw his face into a frown when his mother looked at him so strangely that it made him think of his resolution. Then the funniest-looking smile chased the ugly frown from his face. Mother smiled, too, and nodded and gave him three pats on the shoulder that meant "Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!"—Exchange.

Indian New Year's

By DR. E. A. BATES

THE soft white snow has covered the hills and in the valleys the song of the robin and the cricket is no longer heard. Even the purr of the little brook in the bark-house village is silenced by the fingers of the overhanging ice and the quiet hour has come to the soul of the red man.

At such a time in midwinter, when the moon is full at midnight, the New York Indian and his kindred prepare for their ceremonial of the New Year. This ceremony centers around his faithful companion, the dog; no other animal has an equal hold on the heart-strings of the Indian. The dog daily teaches him the ever-sought virtue of

loyalty. Then, too, the dog alone knows the trail to the land beyond the sky when the life trails of the red men are ended.

Thus it was in the olden days that the Six Nations selected a pure white dog, and by solemn gestures cast their sins into the sacrificial animal. The fire of white oak chips was kindled under the strangled dog and as the smoke ascended, the Indian knew that his confession of sin and plea for forgiveness carried in the soul of the dog had reached the all-seeing, all-knowing, Great Spirit far up in the land of the departed.

Even today the age-old ritual is carried out by the Iroquois; but instead of a white dog, feathers and ribbons from headaddresses are burned with all the ancient ceremony of their forefathers. Enemies become friends, harsh words are forgiven, family dissensions are healed, debts are paid, and parental objections vanish as lovers plight anew their troth at this Indian ceremony of the New Year. Inter-tribal discord is banished, old loyalties are renewed, and a fresh trail is blazed for a New Year on the daily earth trail of each red man.



Here is Charley Fox, new police chief of Euclid, Ohio, a Cleveland suburb. Charley is a well-known professional heavyweight wrestler. He thinks the knowledge he acquired in that line will help in the quelling of criminals and bolsterous characters.