

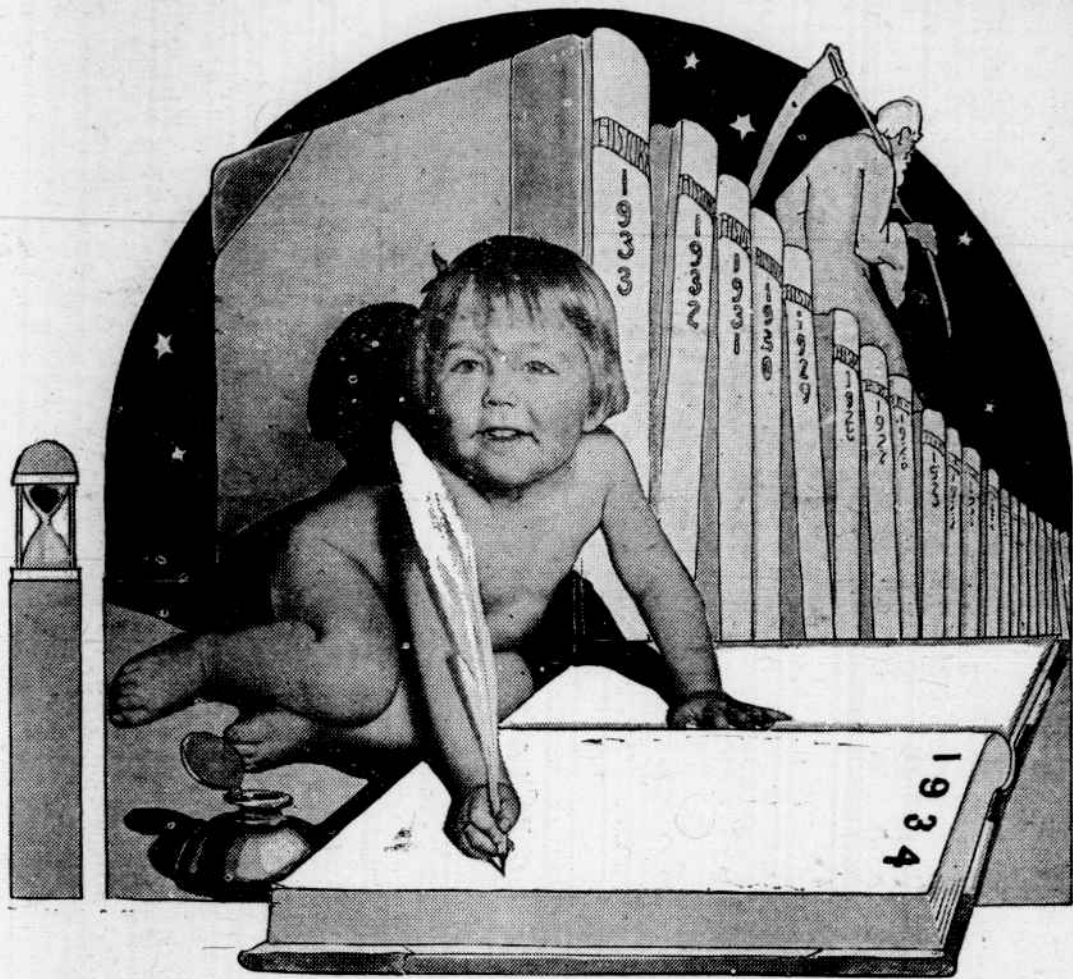
# THE ALAMANCE GLEANER

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## A Busy Year Ahead



## Her New Year's Resolution

By Helen Gaisford

JOHN LARKIN was too busy for frivolities on New Year's Eve. He sat at his massive desk till eleven, and then, to rest his eyes, turned off his lamp and sat in darkness, watching the lights and figures on the street below.

When he woke with a start an hour later at the sound of horns and sirens, he was cold and stiff. Suddenly he realized that some one else was in the room. He sat very quiet, scarcely breathing. A beam of light flashed and was gone. A moment later the unseen visitor had picked out the safe, and delicate fingers twirled the dial.

Although he realized that a shot might pass unnoticed in the din outside, he could scarcely sit and be robbed. With a sudden lunge he grasped both of the intruder's wrists—and in his arms lay a frail form, quite motionless. He looked for a weapon, found none, and turned on the lights.

"A girl," he exclaimed. "In boy's clothes!"

She stirred and sat up. "Well," he demanded. "Tell me what you wanted in my safe."

"Nothing. Let me go."

"I suppose you were responsible for those letters that were stolen last week. But they were in code, so you came back for the key."

"Do you mean these?" She took from her shirt a sheet of papers. "I was going to put them back. I have decoded them."

He took the papers. Above the code ran a perfect translation. He looked at her a long time. "Don't, please," she said, and covered her face with her hands.

"Did anyone ever tell you how beautiful you are?" he asked. "White and dainty like those snowflakes falling outside."

She shrugged. "I suppose if you were going to call the police you would have done so by now."

"Are you going to let me go?"  
"More than that. I'm going to take you home."

"I can get home all right. Even if anyone recognizes this as a disguise they will think it part of the night's celebration."

"As you say. But won't you tell me why, at midnight on New Year's Eve, a beautiful woman returns a cleverly decoded message to my safe?"  
"Yes," she answered. "Sit down. 'A week ago,' she began, 'I was very down on my luck. I have always been rather a gambler, and I vowed that I would either be well off or flat broke by the last day of the year.'

"That night I read in the paper of your exploits in the stock market—how everything seemed to rise or fall at your command. I decided to throw my lot with yours—only I knew that of course you would not divulge your methods to a stranger."

"When the stranger is so beautiful one might do many things," he murmured. "Was your ruse successful?"  
"Vory. I now have ten times what I had then."

"But I don't understand how you got into my office, and found the combination to my safe."

She laughed. "That was easy. My father was a locksmith; when I was a child locks and their mechanisms were my toys. I could open them by touch."

"And decoded the messages."  
"That did take work. I sat up all that night, trying again and again. You see, the possibility of a code had not occurred to me when I first decided to rummage among your personal effects. That was why I had to take the papers away, instead of just reading them. But at last I was lucky, and once I got a start, it was just a question of time."

"You have a good start into the New Year as a safe-breaker," he observed.

"Please don't say that. I was so desperate, and it hasn't hurt anyone."

"But it has," he insisted. "I'll never be the same unless I am sure you are keeping out of such devilry."

"If I make a New Year's resolution never to crack another safe will that satisfy you?"

"Partly," he answered, as he opened the door for her, "only I think I had better come around now and then to see that you keep it. What are you doing this coming year?"

"I'll be a safe-breaker," he observed.

"That's what Reddy is so interested in."

"Oh, is it?" There was something very like surprise in Billy Mink's voice. "I thought it was your food. He didn't mention house to me. Well, I must go on. I think I'll go down to the Big River and see what is going on."

The silver line with the little brown head at the end of it moved swiftly across the Smiling Pool and vanished down the Laughing Brook. Jerry Muskrat thoughtfully pulled his whiskers. "That is funny," said he to himself. "That certainly is funny. Reddy never mentioned food to me. I wonder—"

But just what Jerry wondered no one will ever know, for who should appear on the bank of the Smiling Pool just then but Reddy Fox himself. "How's the little worker getting on with filling his storehouse?"

"Not as well as he is going to be in about two minutes," replied Jerry rather shortly, and with a splash dived from the Big Rock. He was gone for quite a while, during which time he dug up and carried to his storehouse three particularly fine roots. Then, being tired, he once more climbed out on the Big Rock and the very first thing he saw was Reddy Fox just where he had last seen him. Reddy didn't look as if he had moved.

"I've been waiting for you, Jerry. You were gone for a long time," said he.

"I didn't know you were waiting," replied Jerry. "I guess it wouldn't have made any difference if I had, because these days I have too much to do to gossip. Winter will soon be here and I've a lot to get done before then." To hear him you would have thought that he had so much to do that he couldn't sit still a minute.

"Oh, it doesn't matter," replied Reddy. "I have time enough to spare. I

## Reason for Each Odd New Year's Belief

WHEN we come to consider old customs and folk-lore, there is always a very definite reason for each strange belief says a writer in Pearson's Weekly; what has always struck me, too, is the craving for material prosperity that is at the root of many old-time observances. We find this shown particularly in New Year's customs belonging to bygone days.

Of course, it is natural, for the first day of the year easily would become a kind of guide for the rest; indeed, there is a pretty general belief that luck on New Year's day foretells good fortune for the rest of the year. In many places I find it is still looked upon as a thing of good omen if the first words spoken on New Year's day are glad words of greeting; or if the

first person to enter the house on New Year's morning "carries in" rather than "fetches out." Perhaps that is why even in days of economy we continue to send New Year's greetings; and an old postman told me that whenever possible, he sets one foot inside the door, so that he may prove the bringer of good luck to every house on New Year's morning.

## New Year's Is Holiday Nearest Chinese Heart

THE Chinese have several religious festivals during the year which they observe with greater or less enthusiasm, but the New Year marks the holiday nearest the Chinese heart. No matter in what part of the world he may be at that season, he does not fail to celebrate it as well as his exchequer will permit.

As the lunar calendar is still followed in the celestial kingdom, this fête falls somewhere between January 15 and February 15, and lasts for nearly a month in certain parts of the empire, during which time business is at an absolute standstill. Shops close, trade ceases, all courts and government offices suspend operations; and absentees from home, if possible, return to spend the holiday in jollification with their relatives and friends. In the open ports, however, intercourse with the foreign residents and officials has modified the custom, for the representatives of western commercial houses refused to have their work interrupted for a longer period than two weeks.

## The Passing Year

By Henry Loukas, in Detroit News

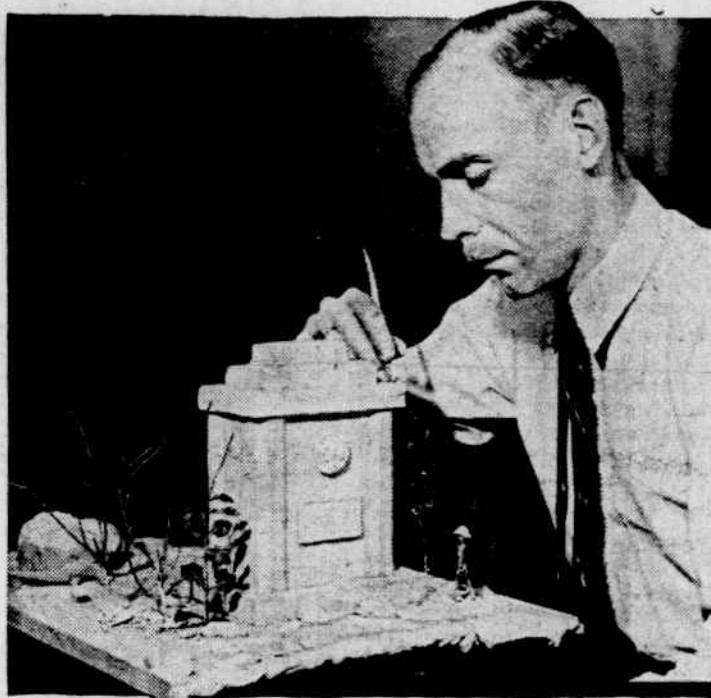
THE year that we measured has ended; And has faded with the eons sublime. The landmarks we knew have all blended In the age old image of time.

Its suns and its shadows have perished, Like the leaves that we quickly forget; But the spring and the autumn it cherished Still haunt with a tinge of regret.

We meet on this threshold each season; And we sigh as the sands must drift by. Each grain is as precious as reason, For they total the years 'til we die.

"Yes."

## Memorial for a Famous Naturalist



SARGENT CHILD putting the finishing touches to his model for the Darwin memorial that will be erected to the memory of the famed naturalist on Chatham Island in the Galapagos group by the members of the Darwin Memorial expedition that is to spend two and one-half years in circumnavigating Central and South America. The party, which left San Francisco, is composed of 15 scientists, artists and pathologists. They are using the four-masted schooner Golden Gate.

## CHILDREN'S STORY

By THORNTON W. BURGESS

## JERRY MUSKRAT HAS TWO CALLERS

IT WAS very, very early in the morning. It was so early in the morning that some folks would hardly have known it was morning. But it was Jerry Muskrat, sitting on the Big Rock in the Smiling Pool, knew that it was. He knew that over behind the Purple Hills somewhere jolly, round, red Mr. Sun was kicking off his bed clothes and making ready to show his big red face above the edge of the Great World as he began his daily climb up in the blue, blue sky, which didn't seem blue now because of the darkness.

A silver line started out from one bank and made straight toward the Big Rock. Jerry Muskrat saw it. Also he saw a small brown head at one end of that silver line.

"Hello, Billy Mink. How's the fishing?" squeaked Jerry.

Billy stopped swimming and floated while he talked. "Hello, Jerry," he replied. "I thought I'd find you here. It wouldn't seem like the Big Rock not to find you sitting on it at this hour. Fishing is good, thank you. That reminds me that Reddy Fox happened along yesterday and seemed to be taking great interest in you."

"It's my new house," explained Jerry. "That's what Reddy is so interested in."

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Just wanted to say to you that last night I discovered some of the finest carrots that ever I have laid eyes on, and knowing that you like them I thought of you right away and how perhaps you might like some to put away for the winter."

Right away Jerry was interested. © 1932, by T. W. Burgess.—WNU Service.

## GRAPHIC GOLF



## FLAT FOOTED GOLF

J. H. TAYLOR was a firm disciple of flat-footed golf. It carried him far in the golfing world and his sage advice: "Flat-footed golf, sir, there's nothing like it," has probably heartened countless golfers who have found it more to their liking to play golf in this fashion. There is little doubt that playing golf with the feet planted firmly on the ground will hardly result in as full a swing as a more complete pivot would allow. On the other hand there is a chance of more consistent accuracy being gained and in the case of J. H. Taylor this was

## THE BURDEN BEARERS

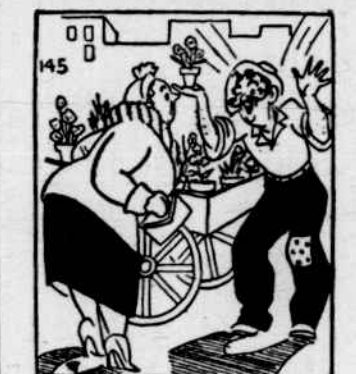
By ANNE CAMPBELL

A SHIPBUILDER chooses his wood From trees that grow At the top of the highest hill, Where fierce winds blow. The trees that have weathered the storm Make ships that sail In the trough of the heavy sea, And breast the gale.

Perhaps for the timber God needs To sail life's sea, He looks to the turbulent hill Where winds blow free. And the heaviest burden falls On souls made strong By the cruel beat of the rain When nights are long.

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## BONERS



Matriculation is what the Italians do with their hands when they talk English.

BONERS are actual humorous tid-bits found in examination papers, essays, etc., by teachers.

Caesar was re-elected ex-consul.

The root protects the plant from insects.

A plant is a human being growing in the ground.

An optimist is a person who does the opposite of everything you do.

Monogamy is the most famous form of marriage in modern times.

Paderewski was famous for his long hair.

A butterfly is an insect on whose wings are spots of paint.

© 1932, Bell Syndicate.—WNU Service.

Indeed the case. Golfers with a freer swing might outthrust him from the tee, though in fact Taylor achieved good distances, but his accuracy, particularly in the wind, more than made up the deficit. One player's form is hardly enough to form a basis of comparison on, but at least those golfers who find it easier to play golf in this manner should take hope from this example.

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## In Black Velvet



This statuesque gown of black Bagheera velvet has the slinky fitted lines and low skirt flounce that mark this season's evening modes.

## Mother's Cook Book

## SUNDAY NIGHT SUPPER

FOR a Sunday night supper just try this loaf; it can be made some hours before the time for serving:

## Sunday Loaf.

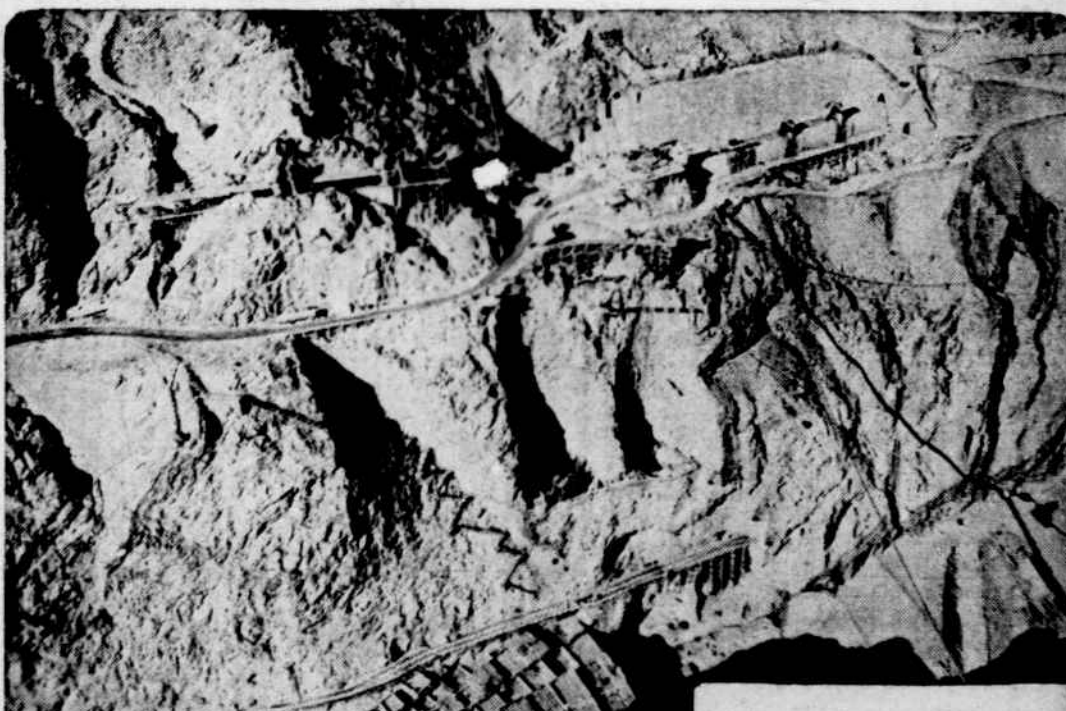
Remove the crust from a loaf of bread and slice lengthwise in three pieces. Place one slice on a platter and spread with mayonnaise dressing to moisten, then cover with chopped, raw cabbage mixed with chopped pimiento. Use a loaf of sandwich bread, one and one-half cupsful of chopped cabbage, one-half cupful of chopped pimiento, one-half pound of cheese or three cream cheeses. After covering with the cabbage and pimiento for the first slice spread the second with mayonnaise and cover with cheese relish with cream to make of spreading consistency. Mash the cream cheese, add salt, paprika and pepper with cream to make this enough for spreading. Spread this on the third slice and put them together; cover all over, like frosting a cake, with the cream cheese. Place in the ice chest to chill. Garnish with stuffed olives, radish roses and watercresses. Serve in thick slices. A sliced tomato may be served with the sandwich if desired or thinly sliced tomato may be used in one of the layers as filling.

## Quick Hot Saw.

Add to chopped cabbage that has been cooked in a very little water, butter, salt and a teaspoonful of sugar; serve with a very little vinegar, all piping hot.

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## Air View Shows the Progress on Boulder Dam



THIS remarkable air view of the construction of Boulder dam shows the work on the dam itself in the foreground, and in the background is seen the Nevada spillover.