

THE CARROLL RECORD

(NON-PARTISAN.)
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FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 25th., 1916.

All articles on this page are either original, or properly credited. This has always been a fixed rule with this office, and we suggest the adoption of it by our exchanges.

Legislators Better Spenders Than Providers.

Are our legislators only expected to spend money, and not to provide it? It begins to look that way. Most of the financial bills so far presented have been of the "spending" kind, and few for an increased revenue.

The State is about \$2,000,000 in debt; the State Road Commission wants \$2,500,000; the Fourth Regiment wants \$500,000; the Agricultural College \$400,000; various towns are asking for armories costing from \$25,000 to \$50,000; road bills have been presented calling for from \$50,000 to \$100,000; the private and semi-private institutions are asking for their customary many thousands, or more; the Widows' Pension bill will require a big slice, while the usual "omnibus bill" will call for—nobody knows how much.

The revenue measures are yet to come, but nobody is willing to commit himself to details. Whenever a certain interest is "touched," that interest raises the howl—"don't tax me, put it on somebody else." Our legislators promised their efforts for equal and well distributed taxation, but there seems to be a feeling now that revenue will be raised from the direction of the least resistance—from those who can't put up a dangerous fight.

Mortgages, judgments and interest-bearing bank deposits, will almost surely not be taxed, because the general financial and investing interests do not want them taxed, and as long as men are elected to the legislature who are specially responsive to such interests, there will be no change. It is too soon yet to reach positive conclusions, but we believe now that those who pay the bulk of the taxes will continue to do so, and that the "dodgers" will still "dodge."

Why Advertise Crime?

The bill providing that all hangings be held in Baltimore, is a good one, though it may not be desirable that such events be held at the city jail, or at the penitentiary; at least not in any such manner as to give the inmates of these institutions either knowledge, or sight, of executions. Wherever these legal "killings" take place, they should be strictly private, and without publicity of the "horrible details," which some people have the bad taste to appear to enjoy.

Executions, in recent years, have usually been private, almost everywhere, excluding the morbidly curious; and even newspaper reports of the "falling of the drop," the manner of the victim, the contortions of his body, and whether his "neck was broken," have largely disappeared, for which, humanity in general is devoutly thankful. There was a time when "hanging days" were harvests for saloon-keepers, when getting "tanked up" was a usual finale, and those who were sober enough to remember and tell "all about it," felt themselves envied personages.

May we not hope, in the near future, to advance the status of our civilization a little further, by having murder, and other criminal cases, tried with very much less publicity? Why should every scene of such trials, and every scrap of testimony, be seen and heard like a play on a stage? Why should the general public argue and become deeply absorbed in cases in which they have not the slightest real personal interest?

The newspapers report the most horrible crimes in detail, because there is a patronage that wants all of this sort of stuff that it can get—the newspapers make profitable working capital out of crime, distributing it on the "mail order" plan to those not able to attend the real thing in person and get details fresh at first hands. And this patronage is not always one predisposed toward criminality, though there is no question of a similarity of taste between many such persons, and those actually criminally inclined by nature.

We are of the opinion, too, that "crowded court rooms," during murder trials, do not add anything to moral uplift. Those who attend such scenes are likely inspired by no stronger reason than mere curiosity, but the fact that there is such a curiosity indicates a bent

of mind that should not be encouraged. There is no phase of criminality that should be staged and advertised beyond the absolutely essential and unavoidable; therefore, there should be no crowded court rooms, but only those admitted who have real need to be there.

Baltimore Boosting Booze.

We can readily understand why Baltimore raises such an awful howl over the possibility of prohibition, because all of the liquor interests there are great, due to the great population, but no more than that. There is not, so far as we have observed, any special new reason advanced why the liquor business should live in Baltimore, even though it might safely be done away with in smaller places. It is the same old question of right, or wrong. If the business is wrong anywhere, it is wrong in Baltimore.

We note that the business men of the city are disposed to imagine ruin, to the business of the city, and that the citizens would be overwhelmed with taxation, due to loss of license revenue. This is, of course, very familiar argument everywhere that prohibition is agitated, but the fears of Baltimore—even if genuine—are groundless. Baltimore would not be injured more than any town in Carroll county where local option is in force—no more in proportion, or per capita—and Carroll county is not suffering.

The plea that the liquor revenue is needed, is not more true in Baltimore than any other place. It is a cowardly argument to use, at best, that wrong must be licensed in order that the people as a whole may be benefited; moreover, it isn't true. It would be just as true that murderers, and burglars, and "fire-bugs" ought to be licensed, in order to produce revenue.

It isn't true, either, that the sale of liquors could not be prevented in Baltimore, even if the prohibitory law was passed; nor is it true that conditions would be worse after than before. These are arguments that have been so often proven false, that it is remarkable that any intelligent person will continue to use them.

Baltimore may fight off the present law, but it is almost inevitable that so doing will be merely postponement. Baltimore will exist, and so will the whole country in a few years, without the liquor business, and the people will not be bankrupt because of it, either. The handwriting is on the wall—the liquor business has been "tried and found wanting."

The Hampstead Enterprise, commenting editorially on the same subject, truly says:

"The only difference between a city saloon and a country saloon is that it is easier for the city saloon to take its toll—to pick up its victims. A licensed bar in the city has greater power for evil. It is more closely allied with the brothel and with the gambling interests. It reaches out further after the boys and it gets more of them. It reaches out into the counties after them and in order to save their boys from the city saloon, the counties propose to make it impossible to tempt and debauch them when they go to the city. You can not dry up the counties while booze is free in Baltimore."

Another thing, Baltimore has absolutely no regard for the counties—absolutely no respect for their prohibition laws. No sooner were the saloons voted out of Carroll county than the whiskey interests from the city began to contrive to break down the law. They sent agents out to solicit orders, in violation of the law, and they kept it up until they saw that it was leading to more trouble for them. Then they took to soliciting orders by mail and promised to make deliveries by auto. When the citizens declared that they would give these autos a warm reception, deliveries were abandoned, but the liquor interests have shown their utter contempt for the local law and are now getting liquor into dry territory by devious ways.

These efforts to break down the law show the utter lawlessness of the liquor traffic as an institution and the decent people of the State do not propose that if the saloon is kicked out of the rest of the State, that the rum holes of Baltimore shall continue to menace the moral and physical welfare of those who live in dry territory. If the saloon goes from the rest of Maryland it must go from Baltimore.

The Towson, Baltimore county, *New Era*, says: "Backed up against a wall by public sentiment the liquor ring is fighting desperately for its existence. Rum sellers, wholesale and retail, are sending up yells that the passage of a State-wide prohibition bill will create a prohibitive tax rate and tend to paralyze business. It is the old, old story that has been worked overtime and they expect the Legislature to fall for it."

The liquor people realizing that they are facing an on rushing wave that will bury them have made an appeal to so-called business men of Baltimore to save them. In the daily papers they are buying space at a tremendous cost. The news-columns are filled with accounts of meetings at which resolutions supporting them are endorsed.

Delegation after delegation has been sent to Annapolis to persuade members of the House to kill legislation that would prevent the manufacture and sale of intoxicants. The main pressure is being brought on the House because the liquor gang knows full well how the Senate stands for prohibition.

The very fact that the liquor interests are trying to have the State-wide bill amended so that Baltimore City will not be affected, clearly demonstrates their desperate straits. Those who favor prohibition, as well as those who oppose it, know that to leave Baltimore City out would practically make the measure a useless one.

Should the rum lobby, and it is very evident at Annapolis, find that they can save Baltimore City at the cost of the counties it will make strenuous efforts to do so. According to reports that are being freely circulated at Annapolis the liquor people have almost unlimited funds with which to wage their fight."

The Real Liquor Interest.

Believing in extending personal liberty to the fullest possible degree consistent with the general welfare, and feeling confident that the people of Baltimore county are fully competent to decide for themselves whether they want liquor sold or not, the Union News has had but little to say on the abstract question of license or no license, only demanding that if the traffic is to continue it be surrounded by all proper restrictions and that these restrictions be enforced. Of course we know that the mere admission that restrictions are needed involves the concession that the business is a dangerous one at best, but we do not expect to see the millennium come all at once. A good many people are not ready for it.

But the hysterical appeal of a "half-page" of heavy and near-heavy taxpayers printed in the Baltimore daily papers on Thursday is so specious, so misleading and absurd, that it should not be allowed to go unchallenged. These men beg the members of the Legislature not to abolish liquor licenses, because taxes would thereby be raised. As the only measure before the Legislature which could possibly tend to such a result is the State-wide Local Option bill, it is to be presumed the said taxpayers mean that they do not want local option, that is, they do not wish the people of the State to be allowed to say by a majority vote whether they want liquor sold or not.

Said taxpayers allege that Baltimore city's revenue from liquor licenses is \$1,000,000 a year; that the loss of this revenue would cause an increase of 30 cents in the city tax rate and the loss to the State in the failure of the State's share of the licenses in the city and those counties where license is now permitted would cause an increase of the State tax rate from 324 cents, which it now is, to 50 cents. The argument is made that this increase in taxes would be made necessary because of the loss of revenue which is not now paid by the taxpayers but comes from the "Liquor Interests."

Who comprise the "Liquor Interest"? It is usually erroneously assumed that it is made up of the distillers and brewers and the wholesale and retail liquor dealers. The real liquor interest is composed of every man, woman or child who takes a drink of whiskey or beer. They are the people who pay the bills. The manufacturer gets his money back again, the dealer gets his back again, and both with profits added. But the ultimate consumer, the man who pays his dime or his nickel, is the foundation and cornerstone of the whole business. He parts with his money and gets nothing in return but a headache. Now this man is the real liquor interest, in the financial sense, for he pays all the bills. He is the man these heavy and near-heavy taxpayers want to saddle the extra load upon.

The amount of money paid for liquor licenses in Baltimore city is not \$1,000,000 a year, but for the sake of the argument we will assume it to be that. We have no figures to show the amount of the retail drink bill in Baltimore, but it must necessarily be many times \$1,000,000. When a man pays \$1,000 a year for a license, and in addition pays his rent, his living expenses, including silks, furs, diamonds, etc., for his wife, and automobile, which most saloon keepers seem to think necessary, and in addition pays the bills for supplies and expenses of his business, it will be seen that the patrons of even the humblest saloon pay many thousands of dollars in order that the proprietor may make profits enough to pay his running expenses and contribute \$1,000 a year to the relief of the other taxpayers. Is it better for Baltimore city and the State of Maryland that its citizens should pay \$20,000,000 a year for something which injures them in order that \$1,000,000 may be saved in direct taxes?

Such arguments will not do, Messrs. Bondholders. Talk all you please about "blind tigers," "speak-easies," "prohibition does not prohibit," "personal liberty of the individual," or other well-worn phrases, but for goodness' sake don't attempt to defend the liquor business on financial grounds. If you like whiskey, come out in the open and say so; it would be more manly than to attempt to evade paying your fair proportion of the expenses of government in this manner.—*Balt. County Union News*

Before and After Prohibition.

The police records of the new prohibition states speak convincingly of the benefits of prohibition. In Denver, during the first ten days of 1915 there were 401 arrests for crime of all kinds; during the same period this year only 149—a decrease of 252. On the charge of drunkenness 75 were arrested during the first ten days of 1915; this year only 23—and 20 of these were taken between midnight and 5 a. m. on January 1.

Following is the record of Portland, Oregon: During October, November and December, 1915, the average number of persons jailed for drunkenness was 26 per day; during the first 21 days of January this year the average was a trifle more than one a day, this including New Year's day with its list of "drunks" from the closing night's revel.

From the state of Washington: Seattle—674 arrests for the first sixteen days of December, 1915; 408 for the same period in January, 1916. Tacoma—drunkenness cases decreased 23 per cent, disorderly 31 per cent, vagrancy 40 per cent. Spokane—54 arrests for drunkenness from Jan 1, to Jan 20, 1915; 28 arrests for the same cause for the same period this year. And so it goes. Dry states all testify that state-wide prohibition decreases crime and saves money for the taxpayer.—*W. C. T. U. Press Service.*

Experience vs. Reading.

The doctor reads his medical journal and learns from it. He boasts of the fact that he keeps up in his reading, and if he is not acquainted with some subject recently written up he apologizes for the fact that he has been too busy to read lately.

Earning is quite as complex a business as practicing medicine. The lawyer is ashamed to confess that he fails to read the latest decisions. The best compliment that can be paid to a lawyer is that he is well read. So with the teacher, the preacher, the engineer. All of them confess their dependence upon the literature of their professions to supplement the things they learn from experience.

It is only among farmers that we find any large number of successful men who declare that they learn altogether by experience. Among farmers there are still to be found numerous individuals who seem ashamed to confess their indebtedness to the farm press for helpful articles. Yet these men are engaged in a business that has a literature as extensive and important as the literature of the lawyer, the engineer, the minister or the teacher.

This aloof attitude of the farmers is a confession of weakness. One of the best cattle feeders in the country stated, after he had won prizes in the International, that he had never been in another man's feed yard, but had learned all he knew about feeding from papers and books and through experience. This is the real expert's spirit. Most farmers who deny that they get benefit from reading are not quite telling the truth. They talk about legumes, nitrogen, humus and balanced rations—things of which they would not have been able to speak twenty years ago, and of which they could not have learned, except through books and papers.

The farmer who is not a book farmer is only half as good a farmer as he might be. The business is too complex to be learned wholly from experience in a single lifetime. Why not be both mentally alert and intellectually honest?—*The Country Gentleman.*

Has Used Chamberlain's Cough Remedy for 20 Years.

"Chamberlain's Cough Remedy has been used in my household for the past twenty years. I began giving it to my children when they were small. As a quick relief for croup, whooping cough, and ordinary colds, it has no equal. Being free from opium and other harmful drugs, I never felt afraid to give it to the children. I have recommended it to a large number of friends and neighbors, who have used it and speak highly of it," writes Mrs. Mary Minke, Shortsville, N. Y. Obtainable everywhere. Advertisement.

Mortgaged Farms Prosperous.

People are discovering that the farmer carrying a mortgage is generally the prosperous one, while the man without a mortgage is apt not to be prosperous. The most prosperous farming States are those with the most mortgage debt; the least prosperous farming States have the smallest mortgage burdens.

Congressman H. V. Worring of Kansas, in a speech recently made this very plain. From census figures he showed that the four Southern States of Georgia, Alabama, Louisiana, and Mississippi have a total of only \$43,000,000 of farm mortgages; Wisconsin alone has almost ten times that much. Yet Wisconsin is an ideally prosperous farming State; the Southern States are the reverse.

These four Southern States have an average of three tenant farmers to two proprietor farmers, while in Wisconsin there are six proprietors to one tenant. It's the same all through. The best agricultural States have the most mortgages and the most proprietor farms; the poorest States have fewest mortgages and fewest proprietor farmers. The mortgage is the poor man's stepping stone to ownership. A poor man can't hope to buy a farm unless he can mortgage it. The South's trouble has been that there is no money to loan there on farm mortgages. Iowa owes more on farm mortgages than any other State—about \$204,000,000. Nobody doubts that Iowa is quite an agricultural State, and yet Iowa's farm mortgage debt is just about twice the combined mortgage debts of these eleven Southern States: Alabama, Arkansas, Delaware, Florida, Georgia, Louisiana, Mississippi, North Carolina, South Carolina, Tennessee, and Virginia.

The explanation is perfectly easy, but it isn't generally understood. It isn't the mortgage that hurts farming; it's the inability to get capital. Northern farmers can get working capital; Southern farmers can't.

But the argument that is having more effect on Congress than any other, in favor of a scientific system of helping the farmer to cheap capital, is tenantry. In 1880 the percentage of tenant farmers in the country was 25; in 1890, 28; in 1900, 35; in 1910, 37. That's a mighty bad showing, and it gives worry. The country needs more mortgages and fewer tenant farmers; a system of rural credits that will help in this direction will be useful. A system intended to "help the farmer pay his mortgage" is all uncombed. A lot of city Congressmen still think that's what we want. It isn't.

Here's a pointer from the Post-Office Department. The farmers are not selling so much by mail as they ought to. They are using parcel post more and more liberally in buying; but they are not patronizing it much in selling. A great effort has been made to popularize farm-to-table marketing by post. The cities and towns are full of people who want to buy this way, but they can't find the farmers who want to take their orders and give good, regular service.—*Farm and Fireside.*

HESSON'S DEPARTMENT STORE

Store Closes Monday, Wednesday and Friday, at 6 p. m.

New Goods for Spring have already begun to arrive and we invite you at any time to call and inspect our lines. We do not say we have the best in town. We are not in a position to judge, but are willing to let you be the judge.

Dress Goods

This Department is always well stocked with a Fine Line of Dress Goods, in all the leading colors and materials, at the most reasonable prices.

Embroideries

Our New Stock of Embroideries has just arrived and we are now showing a very attractive line of these, in almost any width you may wish.

Percales

We have on display, at the usual price, a big lot of the Best Quality Percales, in both light and dark colors and very attractive patterns.

Dress Skirts

They have just arrived. A very nice assortment of Dress Skirts for Ladies, made up according to the latest dictates of fashion and of the latest material, are now here for your inspection.

Ginghams

We are showing a large assortment of all the Standard Brands of Ginghams for dresses and Aprons, and invite you to give them your inspection. The prices are the lowest possible.

Galatea Cloth

This Cloth has become very popular for making House Dresses, Waists, Etc., and you can find a very pretty line here, in light and dark colors.

"Taylor" Tailoring

The New Spring Samples have just arrived. The values are just as good as ever and the variety for selection large. Come early and select your Suit for Easter. If you let "Taylor" do it, you will be tailored right.



Old Merchants Exchange on Wall St., used by Bankers in the early part of the last Century.

- From the birth of the nation to the present time of national prosperity and influence the banks have been a prominent factor in the development of this country.
- This bank is a prominent factor in the prosperity of the people of this community. It offers to them the same kind of banking facilities that are enjoyed by the great business interests of Wall Street.
- This bank is safe, sound, careful and courteous—the essential attributes of successful banking.
- It is the place for your account; a place where your money will grow.
- Get the saving habit.
- Start a bank account with us today.

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READY FOR FALL

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We have special good values in Ladies' Shoes, at \$2.00. Also great values in Boys' and Girls' School Shoes.

We are agents for the Best Line of Men's Heavy Work Shoes on the market, from \$1.50 to \$3.25 per pair.

Everything that is new and up-to-date will be found here in Men's and Boys' Hats and Caps.

Remember we are headquarters for NECKWEAR, COLLARS, SHIRTS, UNDERWEAR, HOSIERY AND GLOVES.

WM. C. DEVILBISS,
22 W. Main Street, WESTMINSTER, MD.

JIM GAY

A Story of a Reformed Card Sharp

By ELEANOR MARSH

A man rode up to a settler's cabin in the far west, threw himself from his horse and asked for something to eat. The settler was not at home, but his wife received the stranger, and her daughter, a child of twelve, looked up at the man with a pair of big black eyes wondering.

The mother was evidently troubled at his coming, but children are not aware of the differences in persons, and the daughter, who seldom saw any one except her parents, did not seem ill disposed toward him. On the contrary, his arrival was something out of the common in her life. The man was young, not over twenty-one, and not bad looking, but there was something in his appearance to make the elder woman shudder. She set out some bread and meat for him. It was not very tempting, and he asked if it was the best she could do.

"Mother," said the girl, "you have forgotten that you made pies yesterday."

The mother cast a quick reproving glance at her daughter and, going to a cupboard, took out a pie and placed it on the table before the stranger.

"Wouldn't you like a cup of coffee?" asked the child.

"Reckon I would," replied the man.

The woman frowned, but her back was turned toward the man, and he did not see her face. Besides, his attention was fixed on the child, who was instrumental in bringing forth what there was in the larder. He was fighting his way through the world. His hand was against every man, and every man's hand was against him. He was touched by the only kindness he had received in a long while.

The woman made the stranger a cup of coffee, and, having eaten and drunk, he said:

"I've had a square meal, thanks to you, sis. Now I'm going to have a sleep. In case you hear or see any one coming, little girl, wake me at once."

"If you're sleepy," said the child, "why do you want to be wakened?"

"See here, younker; if some men come along they're probably limting for me, and the sooner you awaken me the better it will be for me."

"Why are they hunting you?"

"To hang me."

The girl paled, but asked no further questions. The man stretched himself on a bunk fixed to the wall in the living, dining and bedroom in one, while the woman went to the other room, the kitchen, and washed the dishes. The stranger must have been long without sleep, for no sooner had he stretched himself on the bunk than he fell into a deep slumber.

There is something so inoffensive, so powerless, about a sleeper as always to attract sympathy. In this case sleep seemed to relax the man's features so that the animosity against mankind so marked upon it when he was awake disappeared. Twenty-one is the very beginning of manhood, and the youngster, his face being in repose, was singularly handsome. Perhaps the girl was old enough to feel drawn to one of the opposite sex. At any rate, she looked upon him sympathetically out of her great black eyes and presently got a blanket and threw it over him. Then, remembering what he had said to her, she went outside and scanned the country roundabout. Far in the distance she saw several men on horseback galloping toward the cabin.

The sleeper was conscious of hearing voices.

"Mother, some men are coming. I'm going to wake him up."

"Do no such thing. He's a desperado, quite likely a horse thief. Let him alone, and they'll get him."

"I won't; they'll hang him."

Then the man felt himself shaken. He started up.

"They're coming," said the girl.

The man sprang to the door, shaded his eyes with his hand against the sun, caught the child in his arms, kissed her, vaulted on to his horse and dashed away.

Not long after his departure a posse rode up to the house.

"Anybody been here?" asked one of them.

"Who are you looking for?" asked the woman.

"Jim Gay, the card sharp. He took \$500 last night from a greenhorn in Silver City."

"Well," replied the woman, "a young fellow has just been here and lit out. Reckon if you go that a-way (pointing you'll be on his track."

The men rode on, leaving the mother and daughter together, the latter receiving a scolding for protecting the stranger. The father came in later, and when told that Jim Gay, the card sharp, had been there and had been saved from capture by his daughter he gave her another scolding.

"Who is the fellow anyway?" asked his wife.

"I never saw him, but they say he's the slickest man at cards in the territory. He doesn't take much interest in doing a sneaker. He rather runs to men who pride themselves on being up to all the dodges in the profession. But he's skinned so many of them that they won't tackle him any more."

"Papa," said the girl, "is it wicked to

play cards? You play cards sometimes, don't you?"

No response was made to the question. The father's besetting sin was the gambling table.

During five years following this episode the country round about the settler's cabin was filling up, but with that rough element which seeks new countries. Silver was what attracted the crowd, and many were growing rich from the mines. Scarborough, the settler, was in a position to avail himself of opportunities; but, being subject to a passion for gambling, whenever he got a good thing he gambled it away. In vain his wife pleaded with him to keep away from the gambling tables. It is singular how credulous are those who are afflicted with this passion. And yet is not the passion so strong that they are swept away by it, knowing that the chances are all against them?

Meanwhile the little girl who had saved the card sharp was growing to be a woman. She was a serious character, for she lived in a country where she saw a great deal to indicate to her that the world is not a bed of roses. Then, too, she experienced trouble at home. Her father was a bright man, but they say "death loves a shining mark," and it is hard to find a person with a superior intellect who is not handicapped by some glaring defect. Just as soon as Scarborough made a deal by which he pocketed a handsome profit he would go to a gambling den and lose it, and that, too, to men who were his inferiors.

One evening Scarborough, who had just sold a piece of property for \$3,000, was being relieved of it by a gang of sharpers. While he was playing a young man of clerical cut and wearing a white cravat entered the den and, taking position in the center of the room, began to speak against the gambling passion. The proprietor looked at him as though uncertain whether to stop him or let him proceed. Seeing that no one in the room paid any attention to the speaker, he chose the latter course.

While the young clergyman was inveighing against the sin of gambling a girl of seventeen entered and, moving straight to Scarborough, put her arms about his neck and begged him to come away.

"Mother says that you will lose all the money received for the sale of the property," she pleaded.

"I've lost it already, but I'll get it back again, and more too."

"Oh, father!"

"Just you go home and tell your mother not to worry. I'll come out all right."

When the girl entered the gambling house the clergyman ceased his remarks on the sin of gambling and fixed his eyes upon her intently. He heard what she said to her father, and when he refused to go away with her the clergyman went over to the table where her father was playing and looked over the game.

"Gents," he said presently, "would you mind a man of the church taking a hand in this game?"

There was a burst of laughter and much chaffing of the clergyman at having preached against gambling and then going back on all he had said. But the men at the table, except Scarborough, were all card sharps and thought what a fine thing it would be to fleece a parson. He was admitted to the game with a welcome and, taking \$100 from his wallet, invested the amount in chips.

Never at that board had such hands been held as by the parson. If the best hand against him was a full of nines he held a full of tens. When he dealt the cards it seemed that he was enabled to give the others such hands as would draw them out, and he always topped them. The chips all came his way, and before long he had a pile before him that filled the others with envy. Then he said:

"Gents, no more playin' for chips. Cash these and let the game go on for hard money."

Since he was winner, there could be no objection to this, and the game proceeded on a money basis. When the parson had won more than \$2,500 he suggested a jack pot. The betting was opened with a pair of queens. The parson bet so high that he drove all the rest out except one man. When he was called and showed his hand he was found to hold four kings and an ace. He won \$500 on that hand alone. Turning to Scarborough, he said:

"How much money did you bring in here?"

"Thirty-two hundred dollars."

The parson counted out the amount, pushed it toward him, deducted the hundred dollars he had begun the game with and left the balance on the table.

"You're a fine parson, you are," said the man who had lost the jackpot. "Who are you, anyway?"

"I'm Jim Gay, who used to be known in these parts for the slickest card shifter of all professionals."

"One day, when a posse was after me, I got into the cabin where this man and this girl were livin'. The girl was a child then, but against her mother's wishes she warned me of the coming of the committee and enabled me to show a clean pair of heels. Somehow I couldn't get her kindness out of my head, and it worked on me till it reformed me. I concluded to get an education to preach, so that I could spend the rest of my life exposing men who fleece and are fleeced. Do you remember me, little girl?"

"Yes, I do."

The three of them took the regained funds to Scarborough's cabin. It was invested in a silver mine and made the family comfortable. The father never gambled again, and Mabel Scarborough, as Gay's wife, is now assisting him in his crusade against gambling.

DESSERTS OF MERIT

HOW ONE CLEVER HOUSEKEEPER UTILIZED CAKE.

Prevented Waste and at the Same Time Furnished Most Delicious Preparations for the Delectation of the Family.

For the holidays I had made a large-sized fruit cake and some small fancy cakes of various kinds. In addition to this supply a friend sent in a huge fig layer cake, so it was inevitable there should be a surplus in the tin box.

My economical spirit rebelled at the idea of wasting good cake, so I donned my thinking cap, and the result was several desserts much enjoyed by the family, writes Jeannette Ross in the Philadelphia Public Ledger.

The remains of the layer cake required my first attention as it had become quite dry. I softened it with a little warm milk, just enough to moisten it somewhat; then I poured over the cake an ice-cold custard made of the yolks of two eggs, one cupful of milk, two large tablespoonfuls of sugar and half a tablespoonful of cornstarch rubbed smooth with a little milk. Judging from the family's clamorous demands for a second helping of this dessert, it met with their approval.

I hardly knew how to make use of the small cakes I had left, but a few days later I solved the problem. I poured warm milk over them, as I had the layer cake—then put one cake on the bottom of each plate, with three or four upright around it; on the center cake I put half a preserved peach, and covered the whole with sirup from the jar of peaches, then added a meringue, made from one egg and powdered sugar. This dessert met with as cordial a reception as the first.

Thus encouraged, I wondered how I could utilize the small pieces of fruitcake left. In lieu of a steamer, I put the cake in a colander over a pot of boiling water, covered it with a lid, and when it was thoroughly soft and heated through, served it with sauce made as follows: One small cupful of sugar, two level tablespoonfuls of flour, one tablespoonful of butter, a pinch of salt, one egg, one pint of milk, cooked together until thick and smooth, flavored with a little nutmeg. When the family sampled this dessert they thought I had made another plum pudding and could hardly believe it was composed of the remnants of the fruitcake.

Pieces of stale sponge cake form the foundation for what, as a child, I called "make-believe charlotte russe." Make small cups or holders of stiff paper, pasting the edges together. Line the sides and bottom of the cups with cake which has been soaked in a little sherry. Fill the centers with a stiff meringue made of the white of two eggs and powdered sugar and decorate the tops with a maraschino cherry. Although grown men and women, my family enjoy this dessert as much as when they were children.

Small pieces of any kind of stale cake can be made into a very good cake crumb pudding, which is made as follows:

Two cupfuls of milk, two eggs, one large cupful of sugar, one cupful of cake crumbs, pinch of salt, small lump of butter. Flavor with a little vanilla and nutmeg and bake. This pudding can be eaten plain or with a sauce made of any thickened fruit juice.

Useful Cupboard.

Where to keep dishes that are in constant use is a question. Some like them on open shelves as a labor-saver, but a really good suggestion is that of a cupboard in the wall between dining room and kitchen, with glass doors on dining room side and a solid one on side near kitchen sink. The work of opening doors is less than that of keeping dishes properly wiped. The lower part of the cupboard may have solid doors, behind which to keep plates, also left-over preserves, crackers and other articles so lacking in decorative effect that one does not wish to display them behind glass doors.

Mock Cherry Pie.

One cupful cranberries seeded (cut across as you would an orange and shake in a colander, seed will fall out) and washed, one cupful sugar, one-half cupful raisins seeded and chopped fine, one heaping tablespoonful flour; mix well, then add one and one-quarter cupfuls boiling water and two teaspoonfuls vanilla; let stand on back of range (not allowed to cook) until you line two pie tins with a light, flaky crust; divide equally fruit and liquid into two pies; bake as mince or berry pies.

Flaxseed Lemonade.

Carefully pick over and wash two tablespoonfuls of whole flaxseed, add three cupfuls boiling water, let cook for two hours, keeping below the boiling point, strain, add sugar and lemon juice to taste. Of great value in throat and lung troubles.

Apple Water.

Core a large sour apple and in the cavity put one teaspoonful sugar; bake until tender. Wash, pour over one cupful water; let stand one hour. Drain, serve hot or cold.

Flour for Burning Kerosene.

It should be a matter of common knowledge, since flour is always within convenient reach, that wheat flour is the best extinguisher to throw over a fire caused by the spilling and igniting of kerosene.

STILL THE LAND OF GOLD

California's Output of the Precious Metal So Far Shows Little Sign of Prophesied Diminution.

Careful estimates place the California gold output for 1915 at fully \$2,200,000 more than the previous year, when the total output was \$20,653,496. The yield will easily be the largest in 32 years, and, with one exception, the largest in 51 years. So California still remains the premier gold-producing state in the Union. Placer mining for gold, for years considered a decadent industry in California, has for the past 18 years been growing in importance, until now the placer mines are producing 44 per cent of the total gold yield, the other 56 per cent coming from deep mines. This condition has been entirely brought about by the dredging operations, the gold dredges now producing some 86 per cent of the placer gold. The present tendency is toward extensive yardage in dredging operations, so the new machines are much larger and more powerful than those built formerly. It is considered probable that for this reason the yield of dredge-gold in California will continue about the same for some years, even though the old and smaller machines discontinue operations. A gold dredger is now being built to dig 70 feet below the water line. There was a distinct revival in all kinds of metal mining in the state in 1915, particularly in gold mining. The dredgemen have begun operations on tracts formerly considered too small for this class of work; and numerous quartz mines were reopened, while the older ones were deepened with good results.

ALL BIRDS FLEE FOREST

Argonne, Where French and Germans Are in Conflict, Deserted by Their Natural Inhabitants.

When the history of the present European war is written, the forest of Argonne will be recorded as the place where more blood was shed than in any other spot on the wide fields of conflict. The French made a stand there on the first German drive towards Paris, and, later, when the Germans were forced back, it was the scene of weeks and months of desperate struggle.

Not a bird is left in the forest and practically every tree, which remains standing, bears the mark of battle. It was swept by artillery fire time after time, and was the scene of desperate hand-to-hand fighting.

But it was not the first time, for in the campaign preceding the battle of Sedan, in the Franco-German war of 1870, it was the scene of many sanguinary struggles.

The forest covers a number of wooded heights, 800 or 900 feet high, in the northeastern part of France in French Lorraine and Champagne. It is about thirty miles long, and from one to eight miles wide. It is bounded by the sources of the Aisne, runs along that river to the Meuse and northward to Chene-Populeux, separating a stretch of fertile plains from the barren steppes between Vitry and Sezanne.

Old Waterbury Watch Recalled.

The fakery are selling a new toy. It's a fake watch winder—a cog with a ratchet that makes a loud click. The idea is to take out your watch and attempt to wind it, at the same time working the toy which is concealed in the palm of the hand. The noise it makes sounds like the winding of a town clock. "For the love of Mike," exclaimed an ex-puddler, now a broker, who was attracted by the noise a man was making while winding his time-piece, "what kind of a turnip have you there anyway? That sound reminds me of a rattling of the pinions on a set of muck mill rolls." The stranger showed the toy and the former Pitts-burgher said the drinks were on him.

Couldn't Trust Grandson.

Maude Fulton, the clever actress, has a fund of anecdotes, and here's one of the best among them:

"She had stopped, panting, by the road to rest. It was the shell road in Pass Christian, and she was black. Beside her was a heavy market basket filled with overflowing. A passerby smiled and she responded with a full and free confidence. 'Yass'm, I is some (laid). An' l'me. All painful wid miseries. Yass'm I coulda done sen' someone else to mahket fo' me. Mah grandson he coulda gone. But I dasn't trus' him. He spends mah money too briefly.'—Young's Magazine.

Catless World in 1920?

With the slogan "Song birds for ever and a catless world in 1920," R. Sayre, one of the largest individual farm owners in North Dakota, has arrived from Chicago to look after his interests, which surround Devil's Lake, says a Devil's Lake (N. D.) dispatch.

Sayre's campaign against tabby has advanced so far that he is offering prizes to persons killing the most cats.

In a leaflet issued by the enemy of the cat the household pet is pictured as the most vicious, disease-carrying, germ-ridden animal in the world.

Truth Established.

Samuel Joyner, living near Sandisfield village in the Berkshires, saw a bear crossing a snow-covered swamp. When he related the incident the villagers doubted him. Next morning he drove to the swamp, cut off blocks of snow bearing bruin's footprints and, driving back to the village, placed the bear's tracks on exhibition.

WAR! What Is It All About?



HAS the whole world gone stark mad over a very foolish and trivial question? Are swords rattling, cannon rumbling, mailed armour glistening just because Russia wanted to show her love for the little brother—Serbia? Tear aside the curtain of Europe's politics and see the grim and sinister game of chess that is being played. See upon what a slim, yet desperate, excuse the sacred lives of millions are being sacrificed. Read the history of the past one hundred years, as written by some of the greatest authorities the world has ever known, and learn the naked, shameful truth. Just to get you started as a Review of Reviews subscriber, we make you this extraordinary offer. We will give to you

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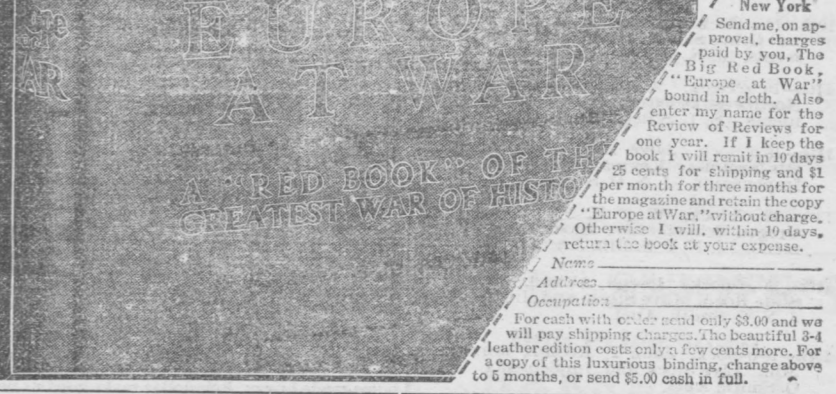
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SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Lesson X.—First Quarter, For March 5, 1916.

THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

Text of the Lesson, Acts, vii, 54, to viii, 3.—Memory Verses, 59, 60.—Golden Text, Rev. ii, 10.—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

Stephen seems to have remained silent before his accusers until the high priest asked, "Are these things so?" Then, beginning with the appearing of the God of glory to Abraham, he traced the history of Israel down to the time of Solomon and the building of the temple, passing from that to Him who spoke of Himself as the Temple, which He said if they destroyed He would raise it up the third day (verses 51-53; John ii, 19, 21). He referred to the delay in the fulfillment of the promise to Abraham, the sufferings and deliverance of Joseph, the people's refusal of Moses, but God's choice of him as deliverer, and then accused them of condemning all the iniquity of their fathers by murdering the Just One, who had been promised to Abraham and Moses and foreshadowed in Isaac and Joseph and Moses and Solomon. Although Joseph and Moses were refused for a time, God used them when the time came, and so He will use the rejected, crucified and risen Christ at the appointed time. As truly as Joseph came to the place of power and Moses delivered Israel, so surely shall Jesus Christ come to the throne of David and be king over a redeemed Israel when the fullness of time shall have come.

As usual, the accusation of being the murderers of their Messiah cut them to the heart (chapter v, 33) and made them angry enough to kill Stephen, which they succeeded in doing. As they gnashed on him with their teeth (verse 54) he was seemingly oblivious to it all, for he saw Jesus in glory. The expression "gnashing of teeth" was used just seven different times by our Lord concerning the torment of the lost and always concerning those who were professing religious, but not really His (Matt. vii, 12; xlii, 42, 50; xxii, 13; xxiv, 51; xxv, 30; Luke xlii, 28).

Stephen was filled with the Spirit to serve tables, to work miracles, to bear testimony, and now in his great hour of need to see Jesus Christ in glory and die triumphantly (vi, 3, 5, 8, 10; vii, 55, 60). To be filled with and controlled by the Holy Spirit is our great and supreme need for every occasion and all manner of service, for only thus shall we look up steadfastly and see the glory of God and Jesus at His right hand, something which we need to do in order to be steadfast in service and ready to live or die. This upward look and steadfast beholding of Jesus at the right hand of the Father, always so necessary, were never more needful than now in these awful days of the European conflict, and this very morning (May 8, 1915), as the papers announce the sinking of the Lusitania yesterday by torpedoes near Queens-town, with the loss of perhaps 1,000 lives, we surely do need to look up steadfastly. With the earth so full of unrest and the rage of the devil, the destroyer and murderer, so manifest, there can be no peace of mind unless we see heaven opened and the Son of Man on the right hand of God and hear Him say, "Be still and know that I am God: I will be exalted in the earth," and remember that He alone can make ways to cease on earth (Ps. xli, 9-11). Stephen's discourse began with "the God of glory" and ended with "the glory of God" (verses 2, 55), and we must see the God of glory and rejoice in the hope of the glory of God if we would be patient in tribulation and run with patience the race set before us (Rom. v, 1-3; Heb. xii, 1-3). I am always helped and enabled to look up better by a study of the passages where heaven is opened and we see visions of God, for there is no rest of soul in things that are seen, but only in the unseen and eternal (Gen. xxviii, 12-15; Ezek. i, 1, 26-28; Matt. iii, 16, 17; John i, 51; Acts vii, 50; x, 11; Rev. iv, 1, 2; xix, 11-16). It is restful to remember that there is One on the throne who is always quiet and unmoved and can do as He pleases and has all power, and no thought of His can be hindered (Isa. vi, 1; Ps. cxxxv, 6; Job xlii, 2, margin).

He has told us not to be afraid to be killed, for to the believer to die is gain, to depart is to be with Christ, which is very far better; to be absent from the body is to be present with the Lord (Matt. x, 28; II Cor. v, 8; Phil. i, 21-23). Our Golden Text does not tell us that we will be saved if we continue faithful till we die, but that as believers, saved and kept by His faithfulness, we must expect the hatred of the devil, and if we are faithful, even though we die for it, we will receive a crown of life, which is the special reward for patient endurance. See also Jas. i, 12.

Stephen's testimony as to what he saw led these servants of the devil to stop their ears at what they considered his blasphemy, rush upon him, cast him out of the city and stone him to death. Then he saw indeed that which he had seen a few moments before from his mortal body, and he was forever with his Lord, far beyond the reach of all his enemies. His last words are memorable: "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit," and "Lord, lay not this sin to their charge" (verses 59-60). They remind us of two of the seven sayings of Christ on the cross, as recorded in Luke xxiii, 34, 46. Saul was consenting unto his death and kept the raiment of them who slew him, and he never forgot it (vii, 58; viii, 1; xxii, 20).

The Specter of Pauperism.

Do you know that in the United States sixty-six out of every hundred people that die leave no estate what ever? Do you know that out of the remaining thirty-four only nine leave estates larger than \$5,000 and that the average of the balance of twenty-five is a little less than \$1,300? Do you know that at the age of sixty-five ninety-seven out of every hundred in America are partly or wholly dependent upon relatives, friends or the public for their daily bread, for their clothing and a roof under which to sleep? We all know that the one safeguard against pauperism by the countries of Europe has been thrift. France, Germany, Belgium, Holland and Switzerland have been the leaders in thrift. Do you realize that according to government statistics 98 per cent of the American people are living from day to day on their wages and that a loss of employment would mean pauperism for all but 2 per cent of us?—S. W. Straus in Leslie's.

Curious Shadow Casting.

"Did you ever see a waterfall cast a shadow?" asked Stephen T. Mather of the group around the club table. Mr. Mather, who is assistant to Secretary Lane in charge of the new development work which the department of the interior is doing in the national parks had just returned from a strenuous summer among the mountain tops.

"Well, Yosemite falls cast my shadow very distinctly one night last August. I was half a mile or more away, gazing, beauty bound, at the effect of the full moon upon these giant falls, which are, by the way, as high as sixteen Niagaras piled one on top of the other. The moon was behind me, of course. The double falls, shining like silver, lit brilliantly by reflected light the dense shadows of the trees which hid me from the moon. Turning, I saw my shadow outlined vividly upon the grass."—Our National Parks.

Ring Life Preservers.

"The worst trouble about a life preserver," said an old sailor, "is that few people know what to do with one when it is thrown to them. Many a man would drown in trying to get a life preserver over his head. The average person struggling about in the water would try to lift up the big life ring and put it over his head. That only causes the man to sink deeper and take more water into his lungs. The proper way to approach a life preserver in the water is to take hold of the side nearest you and press upon it with all your weight. That causes the other side to fly up in the air and down over your head, 'ringing' you as neatly as a man ringing a cane at a country fair. After that the drowning man can be rescued."

Fulton's Demologas.

On March 14, 1814, the congress of the United States appropriated the sum of \$320,000 for the construction of a war vessel in the shape of a "floating battery," designed by Robert Fulton. This battery was intended to be a deadly affair, for it was planned to shoot scalding water and red-hot cannon balls at the enemy. This was the first steam war vessel built by the American government. She was christened the Demologas, but after the designer's death her name was changed to the Fulton in his honor. She was launched Oct. 29, 1814, but her engine was not put in until the following May. By that time the war of 1812 was over, and the terrible battleship never got a chance to squirt hot water at the British navy.—Argonaut.

Sherlock.

The great detective, laying aside professional cares for the evening, is attending a dance. Introduced to a beautiful woman, he asks her to dance with him, and she graciously consents. "You have been married several years," he murmurs after a couple rounds of the floor.

"How could you guess that?" she asks. "I am not wearing my wedding ring. Do I look like a married woman?"

"Not at all," he replies gallantly. "But I knew you were married the moment we started to dance. You at once began doing the leading."—Judge.

Somewhat Different.

"This question whether a word should have its adverbial or its adjective form seems to me to have little to do with the sense. Now, what is the difference between talking loud and talking loudly?"

"No difference," replied the pedagogical friend. "But look here. For a large fee you give legal advice freely, but you don't give it free. I think that will retain you for awhile."

Sticking to His Post.

With but three minutes to catch his train the traveling salesman inquired of the street car conductor, "Can't you go faster than this?"

"Yes," the bell ringer replied, "but I have to stay with my car."—Harper's Magazine.

True Friendship.

That friendship only is indeed genuine when two friends, without speaking a word to each other, can nevertheless find happiness in being together.—George Eliot.

Two of a Kind.

First Frosh—My father has a fine red car. Second Frosh—"Nothing My father is a veteran and has a hickory leg.—Dartmouth Jack-o'-Lantern.

Can't Fool Her.

It can't be much fun to be president. A president's wife knows exactly how much salary he gets.—Spokane Review.

RAVINE OF DEATH

Where Fearful Battles Were Fought on Gallipoli.

More French Blood Was Spilled in Valley of Kereves-Dere Than at Any Other Spot in the Dardanelles.

Berne, Switzerland.—A French correspondent in the Revue Militaire Suisse describes the fearful battles which were fought in the early days of October on the peninsula of Gallipoli between the allied troops and the Turks. One of the chapters of the gruesome report is devoted to the Valley of Kereves-Dere, the "Ravine of Death," where more French blood has been spilled than on any other spot at the Dardanelles.

"We passed a dreary, dull day and sat in our holes, watching the Turkish trenches," the correspondent writes. "At last the evening came and darkness followed quickly. Then the moon rose and cast her silvery light over the landscape. This light was so bright and clear that we could distinguish the color of objects at some distance.

"The Turks kept very quiet and the night promised to be even more dull than the day had been. Towards midnight an officer invited me to accompany him on a little scouting expedition. Cautiously we crept through some miserable shrubbery. Everywhere we saw dead bodies, singly and in heaps. At last we reached the crest of the height and we were within gunshot distance from the Turkish position on the opposite hills.

"Between the two heights there was a large black hole, Kereves-Dere, the 'Ravine of Death.' I looked down into the valley and shuddered. There, in the bluish light of the moon, I saw the bodies of thousands of French soldiers lying on the gray sand, men of the Foreign Legion, colonials and zouaves.

"They were all heroes," the officer, my guide, said as he pointed down into the ravine. "From this spot they went into the gorge under a fearful artillery and machine gun fire. Dozens, hundreds of them fell, but like demons they began to storm the positions of the Turks. Bleeding, wild-eyed and roaring with rage they climbed upward until the fire of twenty machine guns greeted them and mowed them down.

"In ten minutes more than one-half of the heroes were dead or wounded. When the survivors fell back into the ravine the Turks counter-attacked and on the sand on the bottom of the gorge the most awful battle of the war was fought.

"The Turks attacked with knives and our heroes even used their teeth on the enemy. Neither side gave quarters; it was a combat to the death and the slaughter kept up until night came and the darkness made it impossible to distinguish friend from foe.

"Under a heavy shell fire we finally managed to withdraw the remnants of our troops from the ravine and the Turks returned to their trenches in the heights. The next morning we tried to save our wounded, but most of them had to be left to their fate, as the Turks would not consent to an armistice and shelled our ambulance corps.

"Let us salute the dead heroes down there. They were our bravest men and have sacrificed themselves to save the rest of our army from annihilation. Their heroism will forever live in the memory of the grateful French nation and future generations will mention them in the same breath with the famous Chasseur d'Afrique of Sedan."

IS CHARMING HOSTESS



Senora de Ewing, wife of Maj. Alfredo Ewing, military attache of the Chilean embassy, will be one of the most popular hostesses of Washington's official circles during the coming winter season. Senora de Ewing is shown with Baby Elvira and her older daughter, Nina.

A Cause of Unrest.

Undoubtedly for everything there is an ample cause. Far be it from the likes of me to knock on nature's laws. But why do modern architects assume that U is V and carve in stone that palpable and bold absurdity? The language used to be so poor, so terribly in debt, that it could not afford a U to grace the alphabet.

But now that we possess the U with soft and graceful curve, of unexcelled docility and willingness to serve, why do they carve United States and public school and such and make the English language look as funny as the Dutch, with restaurant and Pullman car and university and other marks of educational perversity?

That V impresses some of us as cheap and gaudy blarf, which parvenus may pry in place of more substantial stuff, but people who are fashioned out of unpretentious dust view all such affection with an unassumed disgust. Such exhibitions always make me very grim and blue. Now, honest Injun, don't they have the same effect on you?—Printer's Ink.

Hospitality in Greece.

Hospitality as understood in the West is not characteristic of the Greeks, who in their own country rarely invite friends to their tables. In her "Greece of the Hellenes" Miss Lucy Garnets relates how on one occasion she and a friend were invited into the suburbs of Greece by a Grecian lady who was giving a birthday tea to her young son and his playmates. "My share of the entertainment," says Miss Garnets, "consisted in watching the little lions feed, for neither a cup of tea nor a slice of the birthday cake came my way or the way of my companion, whose hospitality the hostess herself frequently enjoyed." This apparent ingratitude is, of course, entirely due to the custom of the country. The writer adds that the same hostess on coming to England entertained like the average Briton.—London Chronicle.

The First Bomb.

The bomb came into being during the troublous times in France toward the close of the eighteenth century. Its inventor was a French fanatic named Chevalier, who had conceived such an intense hatred of Napoleon that he determined to kill him. Being employed at a government small arms factory, he had gained some knowledge of explosives, and with this knowledge he managed to construct a bomb out of a barrel, which he filled with a mixture of powder, bullets, broken glass and white arsenic.

Chevalier's idea was for the bomb to explode under Napoleon's carriage as it passed through the streets of Paris. A miscalculation, however, caused it to go off a few seconds too soon.

Had Chevalier succeeded in his object the whole history of Europe would of course have been changed.—Pearson's Weekly.

Getting Into a Scrape.

Many years ago the wild deer that roamed through the forests of England used to dig holes in the earth with their forefeet. They pawed it out sometimes to the depth of several inches, sometimes a foot or more. These holes were called "scrapes," and travelers at dusk or night or those who were careless about their footing often tumbled into them. They were laughed at for their heedlessness when they came home covered with mud, and as this frequently occurred after they had been imbibing a bit they were said to have "got into a scrape." Some Cambridge students took up this expression, and thus it came to be applied to people who had got into difficulties of various sorts.

The Sun in Winter.

In winter we are 3,000,000 miles nearer the sun than in summer. Some may think that if this statement is true we ought to have warmer weather in winter than in summer, but it must be remembered that the heat we receive from the sun depends very much upon the direction of its rays. In summer the sun's rays are more vertical than in winter; hence the days are warmer.

Seeing Around Corners.

There are many insects which have a very much larger field of vision than we have. This is due to the greater concavity of their eyes, enabling them to see around the corner, so to speak, behind and at the sides. This development in man would have its objectionable points, but also its good ones, not the least of which might be the detection of pickpockets.—Chambers' Journal.

Freezing Water.

Water contracts until it is reduced to 40 degrees and then expands till it freezes. The expansion of frozen water is because the ice crystals fit less closely than the particles of water did. Nine cubic inches of water will become, when frozen, ten cubic inches of ice.

Learning Drilling.

Bill—Where's your brother? Jill—Oh, he's downtown learning to drill.

"Ah! Is he going to be a soldier?" "No, a dentist."—Yonkers Statesman.

Carrots Fed Cows to Color Milk.

Carrots are sometimes fed to color the cow's butter. Milk is not richer when yellow, but only has more coloring matter from the cow's feed.—Farm and Fireside.

Be of good cheer about death and know of a certainty that no evil can happen to a good man, either in life or after death.—Plato.

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The monument which you wish to have erected next Spring will cost less if selected now, and it will be finished with even more than usual care, since our workmen have time to spare during the winter months.

Allow extra time for quarrying and finishing, and you will be sure of securing an extra fine monument. During the slack period in Winter we can secure the choicest of material, and as an inducement for work to keep our men steadily employed, we will offer you a saving in price.

Why not take advantage of this double opportunity, and in the interest of economy and extra value, select your monument now?

JOSEPH L. MATHIAS,

East Main St., Opposite Court St.,
Phone 127 WESTMINSTER, MD.

Rheumatism!

How is rheumatism recognized? Some have said—

- Rheumatism is a dull pain.
- Rheumatism is a sharp pain.
- Rheumatism is sore muscles.
- Rheumatism is stiff joints.
- Rheumatism is a shifting pain.

All have declared—*Rheumatism is Pain.*

Sloan's Liniment applied:—
The blood begins to flow freely—the body's warmth is renewed—the congestion disappears—the pain is gone.

Sloan's Liniment

KILLS PAIN (GUARANTEED)

Rheumatism and allied pains yield to the penetrating qualities of this warming liniment.

No Furnace Like This

Here is the one furnace that successfully heats your house without pipes. Just one register and it keeps every room warm. No holes to cut in the house, no expense for pipes or flues. The

PIPELESS CALORIC FURNACE

can be installed in any house new or old. Heats comfortably in coldest weather. Burns coal, coke or wood and is guaranteed to save 35% of your fuel. You get heat without dirt and no carrying of fuel and ashes up and down stairs. Less fire danger.

Read This Guarantee

If this furnace is not satisfactory any time within one year after purchase the manufacturer will make it right. That amply protects you. Come in and let us show you its economy and efficiency.

GEO. P. BUCKEY,

Union Bridge, Md.

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