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1 PER ANNUM. WESTMINSTER, MD., FRIDAY AFTERNOON, JULY 2, 1909. VOL. 78--NO. 27.

BABYLON & LIPPY COMPANY

The Great $5.00 SUIT SALE

As a fitting climax to this winding up of odd and end Clothing Sale, we shall treat the Carroll Co., Public to the most amazing bargains, they have ever known Clothing will be sold at prices that barely cover the cost of material, and if you fail to take advantage of the tremendous money - savings offered at this sale you will miss the opportunity of your life.



$8.00, $10.00 and $12.00 Suits $5.00

57 Suits in the lot, only one or two of a style left. We placed same on one table regardless of their real value and name one price for any suit in the lot $5.00

We decided to continue the Great ½ price Shoe Sale of last week one week longer in connection with this Great Clothing Sale. :-: :-: :-: :-:

Specials Saturday, Ladies' Waists

The Westminster Savings Bank

CAPITOL $50,000.00. SURPLUS $70,000.00.

UNDIVIDED PROFITS $37,000.00.

DEPOSITS OVER ONE MILLION DOLLARS.

PAYS INTEREST ON DEPOSITS

If you don't bank with us it is your fault.—
We respectfully invite you to Open an account WITH US.

The Westminster Savings Bank

WESTMINSTER, MD.

E. O. GRIMES, President. JACOB H. HANDLEY, Treasurer.

—ORIGINAL CHARTER 1898.—

Westminster Deposit and Trust Company,

Westminster, Maryland.

CAPITAL - - - -	$100,000.00
SURPLUS - - - -	27,500.00
UNDIVIDED PROFITS -	72,500.00

Invites personal and business accounts.

Acts as Executor, Trustee, Guardian or Administrator, and does a General Banking Business.

We pay four per cent. per annum interest on deposits in our Savings Department. Interest due depositors will be added to their principal on the books of the Company on the first day of July in each year.

Safety Deposit Boxes for rent from $3.00 to $10.00 per annum.

Three and one-half per cent. interest paid on Certificates of Deposit if left with us for one year, and three per cent. for a shorter time than one year.

OFFICERS.

DAVID E. STEM, President.
T. HERBERT SHRIVER, First Vice-President.
JACOB H. BLOCHER, Second Vice-President.
GEO. M. PARKE, Treasurer.
N. H. BAUMGARTNER, Assistant Treasurer.

DIRECTORS.

David E. Stem	Chas. E. Fink	John E. Masenhimer
T. Herbert Shriver	John D. Roop	Fred D. Miller
Jacob H. Blocher	Alfred Stevenson	Francis Neal Parke
Geo. W. Albaugh	Edward E. Reindollar	J. Ezra Stem

THE Union National Bank

OF WESTMINSTER,

Westminster, Maryland.

STATE DEPOSITORY.

Does a General Banking Business. Has been in continuous existence for 92 years; has declared 184 semi-annual dividends.

PAYS INTEREST ON SPECIAL DEPOSITS.

INVITES YOUR ACCOUNT.

Extends such accommodations to Patrons as is consistent with safe and conservative banking.

J. H. BILLINGSLEA, President. J. W. HERING, Cashier.
J. PEARRE WANTZ, Assistant Cashier.

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Local Office

179 E. Main St., - Westminster, Md.

THE

FRANKLIN MERCHANDISE CO.

1417 North Charles Street

BALTIMORE, - MARYLAND.

Authorized agents will call

and

deliver a Catalogue.

Both Phones.

DOYLE & MAGEE,

28 AND 30 W. MAIN ST., Westminster, Md.

Jobbers and Retailers.

BINDERS, MOWERS, RAKES, GASOLINE ENGINES, CREAM SEPARATORS, THRASHERS, BUGGIES, SURREYS, RUNABOUTS,

We are prepared to show the farmers the largest and best assortment of Vehicles, Farm Machinery and Household Furniture ever offered in Carroll, Co. If you are in need of anything in our line we will appreciate a call.

1000 Bushels Home Grown Clover Seed WANTED.

HARNESS, HARROWS, SEED PLOWS, GRAIN DRILLS, CORN CULTIVATORS, CORN PLANTERS, FARM WAGONS, POTATO PLANTERS, HAY TEDDERS.

HORSES AND MULES

FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE.

I have arrived in Westminster,

with a Car Load of Horses and Mules,

as fine as ever came to this county, all well broke and to suit all purposes.

CHAS. W. KING.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

This is to give notice that the subscriber has obtained from the Orphans' Court of Carroll county, Md., letters Testamentary on the estate of

MANDELLA YINGLING,

late of Carroll county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated, to the subscriber, on or before the 7th day of December, 1909, they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate.

Given under my hand this 7th day of June, 1909.

JOHN YINGLING, Executor.

ju 11 4t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

This is to give notice that the subscriber has obtained from the Orphans' Court of Carroll county, Md., letters of Administration on the estate of

J. WILBER SHIPLEY,

late of Carroll county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated, to the subscriber, oh or before the 14th day of January, 1910; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate.

Given under my hand this 14th day of June, 1909.

ELLA M. SHIPLEY, Administratrix.

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No. 4379 EQUITY.

In the Circuit Court for Carroll County in Equity.

Henry Reck vs. Charles F. Reck.

Ordered by the Circuit Court for Carroll County, sitting as a Court of Equity, this 18th day of June, A. D. 1909, that the report of the sales made of the properties mentioned in these proceedings, at public and private sale made and reported by David N. Henning and Charles O. Clemson, trustees, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 19th day of July, A. D. 1909, provided a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper published in Carroll County, Maryland, once in each of three successive weeks before the 12th day of July, A. D. 1909. The report states the amount of sales as trustees to be $1655.00.

DAVID F. SMELSER,
Clerk of the Circuit Court for Carroll County.
True Copy-Test: DAVID F. SMELSER, Clerk.

ju 18 3t

FAIRFIELD'S FEED BLOOD TONICS

A SEPARATE PREPARATION FOR HORSE, COW, HOG AND POULTRY



GREATEST KNOWN BLOOD PURIFIERS

THE working capacity of any horse can be practically doubled by feeding FAIRFIELD'S BLOOD TONIC for HORSES regularly. It exterminates worms, builds up the health and saves feed.

The farmer that sowed wheat all over his farm and expected to reap a crop of wheat, oats and corn from the same, would be no more foolish than the man who feeds his horse, cow, hog and poultry from the same package of Condition Powder and expects to get results. The intelligent farmer feeds FAIRFIELD'S, because there is a separate preparation for each kind of animal.

The Fairfield Preparations are sold under written guarantee by the W. H. Davis Co., Westminster, and Geo. W. Yeiser, Union Mills.

NOTICE.

Is hereby given that applications for Water may be signed for at the office of the Company at any time in the A. M. Customers who have not so signed, are urged to do so prior to July 1st, 1909, as bills for use of water cannot be made out until said application is signed.

ju 18 3t CONS. PUBLIC UTILITIES CO.

JOHN D. BOWERS.

FANCY and STAPLE GROCERIES

HEAD QUARTERS

For the Best Goods for the Least Money.

SPECIAL DEALS IN EVAPORATED FRUITS AND CANNED GOODS.

WHITMAN'S CONFECTIONS.

My different grades of COFEEE, all are intended to make you call and buy the best for the least money. One SODA TICKET with every cash purchase of One Dollar.

I remain, yours to please,

JOHN D. BOWERS, 47 E. Main St., Westminster, Md.

Both Phones---C. & P. 72-F

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LIGHTNING RODS



If you desire your buildings rodded by competent and reliable people who thoroughly understand the business, send us your order, or write and we will have one of our salesmen call on you and give you estimates and prices on work. We use Copper Rod, and rod entirely on the Edison system, with sufficient points to protect gables, ventilators and chimneys; and all are connected in metalic circuit with not less than two rods running to the ground buried to moisture.

We also do repair work of all kinds and our prices are reasonable.

Do not have any rodding or repair work done until you consult with us on material and prices.

Carroll County Rod Co.,

Westminster, Md.

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LETTER FROM ABROAD.

Special to the American Sentinel.

(By W. B. Seabrook.)

Holy Week in Rome—The Chanting of the Tenebrae—The Ceremony of the Lavanda—The Purification of the High Altar at St. Peter's.

Rome, Italy.

As my last communication from Rome, before starting on my tramp through Northern Italy and over the Alps into Switzerland, I wish to tell my American friends something of Holy Week in the Papal City.

After having remained at Rome especially for this week, I missed seeing the procession of the palms. No ceremonies of note took place until the following Wednesday, when I went with an English lady to the monastery on the Aventine Hill to hear the Tenebrae chanted in Gregorian by the monks.

The church was darkened and fourteen candles were burning in a triangle on the altar; some hundred monks were seated in two groups, one group on each side: at the end of every chant a candle was extinguished until only one was left burning: then this last candle was carried out of sight behind the altar, leaving the church in darkness, while the monks dropped their heavy books with a loud clatter to the floor. It was of course all symbolic: the disappearance of the last candle, I think, symbolized the death of the Saviour on the cross, while the noise which followed typified the commotion of nature when the great darkness covered the earth and the veil of the temple was rent in twain. The solemn Gregorian music and the ghostly black-cowled figures made it very impressive.

The next morning in the Gesu church I saw the blessed sacrament carried in solemn procession to the altar of repose. The scene was one of indescribable beauty. The Gesu interior is finished throughout in dull gold and old yellow marble: nothing is garish, nothing suggestive of gilt or tinsel: the rich colors are too deep for that: in the shadowy places the gold becomes almost red and the marble seems tinged with brown. It gave the impression that one was standing in the autumn woods at sunset.

The vessel containing the sacrament was carried by an arch priest, attended by other members of the chapter who held over his head a canopy: after him came other priests, followed by the students of the German college, robed in black and white (not in the flaming gowns of cardinal red by which they are so well known in the streets). These students, handsome, manly fellows with splendid voices, were singing a processional as they marched. The church was crowded and all the people knelt as the sacrament was borne through their ranks. This ceremony was ended by A. M. and I at once hurried to the church of Saint Apollinaris in the same neighborhood, the only church at Rome in which the traditional lavanda or washing of feet still takes place. In former years, I am told, the Pope each Easter Thursday used to wash the feet of twelve poor men, symbolizing the washing of the apostles' feet by Jesus, but once, so runs the story here, one of the poor men, in the time of Pius Ninth, got disgracefully drunk and caused a terrible scandal, and on account of this, or for some other reason, the lavanda has been discontinued at the Vatican. At St. Apollinaris, twelve young priests played the part of the twelve apostles: when I entered the church they were seated in a row, on a slightly elevated platform, each with one foot bare: presently an old cardinal in his robes of state came slowly in and ascended a throne in front of the platform: an attendant, bending on one knee before the cardinal, divested him of his mitre and mantle, tied a white apron around his waist and presented a silver basin, in which the cardinal dipped the tips of his fingers, drying them on a towel offered by another attendant. Then, followed by two assistants, one carrying a silver basin and one a silver pitcher, he approached the priest who sat at the left of the line: the young fellow was blushing furiously and was terribly nervous, but managed with a visible effort to stick his bare foot out from beneath his robe, while one attendant held the basin beneath and the other poured a drop or two of water: then the cardinal knelt to dry the foot with his towel, and bent to kiss it. This was repeated all along the line, and then the cardinal reascended the throne, washed his hands a second time, was re-vested, and the ceremony was ended.

In the afternoon I saw the procession at Saint Peter's and the annual purification of the high altar by Cardinal Rampolla, in his capacity as arch-priest of the Vatican basilica. The great elevated marble altar beneath the center of the dome was cleared of all candelabra and ornaments. Cardinal Rampolla, attended by the whole chapter of St. Peter's, approached the altar and marched slowly around it, carrying a large white mop, called an "aspergillum," made of cherry-wood shavings, and each person in the procession bearing a similar one: they were very beautiful and from a distance looked like white ostrich plumes. When the moment for the purification arrived, Cardinal Rampolla poured wine and oil upon the broad flat top of the altar, and then performed the cleansing process with the aspergillum. In the deep silence, I could distinctly hear the swish and splash of the liquid. The two or three hundred other members of the chapter marched past the altar, each pausing a moment to dip his mop as the Cardinal had done. Afterward while the procession halted in the middle of the nave, the exposition of sacred relics (a piece of the true cross, the spear that pierced Christ's side, and the handkerchief bearing the imprint of his face) took place from the high balcony above the statue of St. Veronica. It was gorgeous, splendid, glorious: I never saw so much gold, so much pomp, so much purple and fine linen. It was all very beautiful and impressive. I don't know why I went home thinking of a man who walked poor and bare-footed by the Sea of Galilee.

Easter at Rome! How full of promise that oft rep-ated phrase—how stupid the reality. I don't know whether it is because all interest this year centered in the approaching beatification of Joan of Arc, or because the Roman Easter has been for years living on the empty memory of its former splendor, but what ever the cause, the ceremony at St. Peter's on Easter morning was a disappointment. To begin with there were scarcely more than 8 or 10 thousand people in the basilica: it was built to hold 70 or 80 thousand and consequently looked empty: the crowd was listless: mass was celebrated way back in the Tribune—not on the high altar: the music was pretty enough, but was executed with organ accompaniment, and so had none of that unearthly, silvery beauty which characterizes the unaccompanied singing of the Giulia Chapel choir. It seemed all perfunctory. As for the great crowds, as one reads of them in Marion Crawford's novels and in Hall Caine's "Eternal City," they did not exist this year—that is not inside St. Peter's on Easter morning. The Easter week has been most interesting, the Tenebrae, the wonderful processions; the purification of the altar and all the other symbolic ceremonies were alone well worth a journey across the ocean to see, but the Roman Easter morning, the great culminating festival, is no more—it has gone forever—gone with the Carnival of Venice, gone with many of Italy's dead traditions, to catch the last faint glimmers of which the tourist of today may strain his eye in vain.

Holding the Pipe.

By Albert W. Tolman.

As the father of Billy and Jack Remfry emerged from the sitting-room closet with the checker-board, the two boys sidled up to him. Billy hugged an armful of rockets, while Jack was generously laden with firecrackers and Roman candles. "Aren't you going with us to Steel Bridge? You promised."

Tom Remfry hesitated. Fourth of July night though it was, he could not forego his weekly battle with Lon Pend, his fellow fireman and ancient checker foe. So he compromised. "Run along boys. I'll come after just one game. Don't point those rockets toward the city." Whooping, the boys made off. Tom and Lon sat down to the board, undisturbed by the noise outside. This game was unusually important, for Lon's victory the Saturday before had tied them with seventeen apiece.

While they whittled down each other's forces, Henry Marcot, watchman in Bustin's lumberyard, was uneasily watching three boys with firecrackers just outside the fence. So engrossed was Henry with the foe in front that he did not observe a flaming rocket-stick which, after soaring far and high, dropped quietly upon a hard-pine board-pile behind him. Startled by a sudden crackling, he looked back to see the whole pile ablaze.

When the rocket fell, Remfry's four kings were beleaguering Penfield's remaining three in the latter's dodge-corner. Marcot pulled the yard alarm just as an incautious onslaught cost the besieger two pieces to his enemy's one, and left the game a draw.

Clang! Clang!

Over went the board and up leaped both call-men. Out they darted, Remfry snapping his spring-lock, and ran at top speed for the house of Hose 5. The cart was rattling into the street when they jumped aboard.

"Where's the fire?" hallooed Remfry to Louville Craig, his elbow neighbor on the swaying wagon.

"Bustin's lumber-yard!" Craig shouted. "They say a rocket from Steel Bridge started it."

Remfry caught his breath as if doused with cold water. Steel Bridge! One of his boys' rockets! His heart went down like lead. Oh, why had he not gone with them and given up his game! But it was too late now. That very thing had been the nightmare of the fire department ever since he joined it—a blaze in the worst place and under the worst conditions.

The city stood west of the river on three terraces. The first contained lumber-yards, coalsheds and mills; the second, thirty feet higher, held the railroad tracks and business section; while the third, thirty feet higher still, was covered with residences. Unless the flames were checked, the east wind would drive them against an oil-tank right above the yard on the edge of the second terrace. That once afire, the whole city might be wiped out.

As Hose 5 clattered across the railroad gridiron between hurrying crowds, Remfry sighted the yard, and felt sick. The pine was blazing fiercely, sending out a dense yellowish black smoke. The second alarm began to clang, calling out the whole force.

The cart stopped near the engine, which was already in position. The two call-men rapidly donned rubber coats and helmets, while their mates took the butt of the hose off the wagon and rushed it to the hydrant.

"Run a line up Adams Street, you two, back of the yard!" shouted Capt. Joe Porter. It was the post of responsibility in the very track of the flames, and he picked his best men for it. Penfield and Remfry again jumped on the hosecart.

"Go ahead!" yelled the hydrant man to the driver. Off rattled the wagon, dropping a lengthening trail of hose. The instant they stopped, the firemen screwed on the pipe and began to drag the line toward the yard.

Close by stood the oiltank, big and black, with the smoke eddying thickly round it. Thirty feet below lay the lumber piles. Dropping their hose over the edge of the stone wall, they slid down to the ground.

"Play away, 5!" shouted Remfry, pulling down more line. They were in a space between high board-piles, and a strong wind was driving the fire and smoke toward them. The spot might easily become a dangerous trap.

"Come on, Tom!" bellowed Penfield, tugging at the pipe. "Let's get well in before the water comes."

The piles were twenty feet apart. Round a corner twice as far ahead red tongues were spurting. Already the air was hot and thick. Crouching, they dragged the line along several yards. Remfry was wild with impatience. He was responsible for that fire. He must put it out.

"Far enough!" he gasped at last. "Isn't that water ever coming?"

It was fully five hundred feet to the engine. A few lengths from it the three-inch hose was "Siameses" off into two smaller lines, one of which ran to the impatient call-men. Suddenly a tremor shook the closely woven cotton.

"Here it is!" exclaimed Penfield.

Psht! Psht! hissed the nozzle. Spasmodically at first, but in a few

[redacted]

might have prevented all this, [redacted] only gone to Steel Bridge with his boys.

Low as they might stoop, they could not avoid the smoke. Their smarting eyes could barely see to direct the jet. Both were choking. Penfield leaned forward and thrust his hand into the stream to spray his face. His foot slipped; he lost his balance; his grip on the handle loosened.

With a tremendous leap the pipe wrenched out of the men's grasp, and disappeared straight up in the thick smoke.

A deluge burst above the firemen. The hose had changed from their best friend to their worst enemy. It whipped the board-piles; it slapped full length on the ground to their right, vanishing, it dropped a moment after on their left.

Fearful in plain sight, it was doubly, trebly terrible in that impenetrable pitchiness. One rap from the crazy nozzle would smash a man's skull.

Remfry grabbed Penfield's shoulder. Their first impulse was to run; but where? Straight ahead was the only way out; and the fire barred that. Behind rose the thirty-foot wall.

Instinct told Remfry the only spot where for a brief period they might be comparatively safe.

"Back to the corner!" he whispered, hoarsely; and the two ran for their lives. Once the nozzle jabbed Penfield in the spine. Then Remfry ducked in time to lose only his helmet from a flying loop of hose. Soon they were crouching in the angle between the wall and a board-pile.

But the flames would soon drive them from this refuge. Besides, the chief counted on them to fight back the fire from the oil-tank. The force had its hands full. Every man and every line was busy. Somehow they must signal the engine to shut the water off, until they could regain control of the pipe.

"Hold on, 5!" shrieked Remfry. And Penfield seconded him with:

"Shut that line down!"

But no answering cry came back. It was not strange. Two men under a high wall, throats full of smoke and cinders, could hardly make themselves heard above the roar of the flames and the hissing of water, capped by the whirring and puffing of seven engines.

Desperate as was their own situation, the firemen's first thought was of the ruin threatened by the fire. The destruction of the lumber-yard was bad enough, but the whole city—every business block, every dwelling, their own homes—it was horrible! Remfry remembered he had just paid for his house, and that he had no insurance.

Meanwhile the fire was growing hotter; shriveling blasts swept against the wall. Hot, stinging pitch-pine smoke filled their eyes and lungs. The nozzle was vainly cascading every spot except the one that needed it. It maddened Remfry to see so much good water wasting. Every gallon was priceless. He could stand it no longer.

"No use, Lon!" he croaked, putting his mouth close to his comrade's ear. "We can't make 'em hear. We've got to catch that pipe."

Both knew well the peril they risked. Three months before had not a flying nozzle snapped Billy Bowen's leg? But they must take chances. Remry slunk along the right-hand board-pile; Penfield followed the left. Should one get his hands on the hose, the other was to spring to his help.

The dense smoke thinned, and they glimpsed the line, slatting like a maddened python. Three or four clutches at the elusive loops resulted only in their being flung down and dragged in the dirt.

Through those moments of exhausting struggle, of harrowing suspense, dread of the fire creeping ever nearer the oil, destruction menacing the entire city, Remfry's brain was busy with the terrible thought that he and his boys were responsible for it all.

The clouds lifted. Remfry saw the coil whip toward Penfield. There came a thud. Lon was swept off his feet, and dashed against the board-pile. Dropping like a lump of clay, he lay motionless. Remfry thought his mate was killed. He faced the hose with sudden fury.

Just then it caught for an instant under the end of a board. His chance! Hurling himself upon it, he wound both arms about the swelling tube just as it got away again.

Twining arms and legs round the hose, he hitched slowly forward. The whole thing now was on him, him! Lon could not help any more. Inch by inch he crept along the squirming tube, hugging it bearishly. It flirted him from one side to the other, rolling him in the dirt. It humped itself like a bucking bronco. Once it tossed him against the boards, almost fracturing his ribs. In spite of all he did not let go; for he knew he could never get hold again.

A weak cry made him look back. Under the smoke he caught sight of Penfield, struggling to rise. He had only been stunned. A great weight fell from Remfry's mind, and he clung with fresh strength.

"Take your time, Lon!" he shouted. "I'll hold it down."

Huge, black, formless, fiery-eyed, spitting forky flame, the conflagration overshadowed him, like a gigantic Chinese dragon, the spirit of ruin personified. Against its searing breath he crawled, now prone, now tossed aloft, battered, smoke-stifled, but creeping steadily on.

The end of the big tube was not far away. Remfry could tell that, for its oscillations were growing shorter and more violent. The part conquered lay quiet behind him. But somewhere in the smoke in front the metal pipe was brandishing like the snapper of a whip-lash.

With lightning suddenness down it smashed on the hose not three inches before his fingers. Had it struck his hand, it would have splintered every bone. The polished brass glinted as it gyrated wildly away. The next few feet would be the most perlious, for at any second the nozzle might crack his skull.

The hot black smoke puffed along the ground. Remfry butted blindly into it, lowering his face, till his lips brushed the dirt. Inch after inch of hard-round tube slipped back under him and grew quiet. With eyes closed tight he wriggled on. When he was within a yard of the pipe, he knew it would stop slatting.

The moment came sooner than he had expected. With one final flirt the nozzle gave up, conquered, and the jet began to furrow the chips and dirt. A second later Remfry's fingers touched the brass handes. Soon Penfield was beside him, his strength and consciousness fully restored; and they took up once more their battle with the flames.

It was well toward morning before the fire was out, and the two started for home. Remfry felt better. The city was safe. Still the thousands of dollars' worth of lumber that had gone up in smoke hung, a black, heavy pall, above his conscience. He dreaded to meet Jack and Billy.

As he stumbled on, a sentence from a passerby caught his ear:

"Started by a rocket from Triangle Hill, across the river."

He gripped the man's arm.

"Are you sure?" he almost shouted.

"Sure," briefly rejoined the stranger, looking in surprise at his begrimed, excited questioner.

Remfry dropped his arm. So his boys were not responsible, after all. Bruised, muddy, saturated with pitch-pine smoke, every muscle aching, he resumed his way homeward, his mind at peace.

Taft Aids Drug Crusade.

Special to Sentinel from Curran & Mead.

New York, July 1:—That President Taft has gone carefully into the evidence of the pressing need for a tariff check on foreign cocaine, which is secretly supplied to victims of the deadly habit throughout this country, was announced in this city to-day. On this humanitarian phase of the tariff question the President has strongly urged the leaders in Congress to consider the recommendations of the American Health League for a prohibitive duty and internal revenue restrictions, it is declared by leaders in the cocaine crusade in which this organization is active.

Through his marked interest in the problems of the South and the welfare of the negro race, it is reported that President Taft was first interested in the cause of curbing the cocaine evil. The inroads which this drug habit has made into the centers of negro population, where the results of its sale for illicit use have proved as disastrous as those of alcohol, have been called to the attention of the chief executive of the nation. The sad havoc that the secret circulation of cocaine has wrought among every class in towns all over the country has also been laid before the President.

In the White House as well as before members of Congress the facts of the rapid spread of the illicit use

CONTINUED ON FOURTH PAGE.

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