ONE OF MAIN ACTORS

Like an Eerie Tale of Fiction, but It Was an Actual Occurrence.

By VICTOR RADCLIFFE.

Gray hairs?—yes, plenty of them, as you see. Came in a night, too. You have read of that in many an eerie tale of fiction. Let me tell you one where it was an actual occurrence. I am the man to tell it, for I was one of the main actors in the life drama—very nearly a tragedy.

I was young and foolish in those old days, especially so over the Gladdon girls, Mary and Bertha. The latter was the younger sister, but I favored Mary. She was sweet, gentle, gracious. Bertha was just the reverse—rompish and a coquette. A lover's tiff with Mary caused an estangement. She was only pained but—silent. I resented what I called her indifference, and, like the sallow, self-poised being I was, set about making things worse, believing I was independent and smart.

Bertha was ready for any innocent frolic. I made up to her, and it pleased her fickle nature to boast that she had stolen her sister's suitor away. Perhaps she liked me, but when Ross Evans came along she changed her mind.

Young Evans was a fine, manly fellow, but I was in such mood that discontent with my work, jealous, conceit and a miserable chagrin over Mary's calm, quiet ways combined to make me bitter and vengeful. Evans had come to work in the drafting department of the great Vulcan Iron works. He was bright, clever and accommodating, but the first time I saw him in Bertha's company, and noted the mischievous twinkling in her bright eyes, I marked him down for my worst enemy. I visited the Gladdens no more, and lined up with a rapid group, shirking my duty at the bank days and wasting my time nights.

I met Mary on the street one day, and she looked reproachingly at me, I fancied. I was in my usual ugly mood,

"Some Dark Night We'll Capture Evans."

however. I hung my head at a thought of how she must know about the bad company I was keeping, and slunk away without speaking to her. A very bad crowd it was, indeed—the worst of the reckless groups of loiterers about the town.

There was a young fellow named Dave Tompkins, who was a member of the reckless group I was training with. In some way he fathomed my feelings regarding the Gladdons. One evening when we were together he made the casual remark:

"I suppose you feel none too kindly towards that fellow Evans?"

"Kindly!" I snarled, in my very worst mood at the time, for I had been called down about my shiftless work at the bank that day by the cashier—"I hate him!"

"Then maybe you and I can do some business together?" intimated Tompkins, with a wicked laugh.

"What do you mean?" I inquired.

"Well," was the response, "he's an interloper. I happen to have heard how he cut in with the Gladden girls."

I made no reply but nursed my wrath darkly.

"Then, again, he blocked my plans, I was slated for the position he now fills, when he came along with his recommendations and cheek and got in ahead of me. I'll admit he's smart and steady, but if he was out of the way I'd get the job. The company knows I'm good at it; they couldn't find a more experienced man, so—will you help me give Evans a vacation?"

"How do you mean?" I asked.

It was a precious scheme that Tompkins proposed. When I look back at it I see how close I was to the brink of becoming a criminal, I shudder. He saw that I was reluctant to engage in any real criminal undertaking, so he made my share of it appear light and easy for me.

"Some good friends are willing to assist me in getting my rights," was the plausible way in which he put it. "All the details are arranged. Some dark night we'll capture Evans as he is leaving the works. You know he often stays over-time."

"What do you intend to do with him?" I inquired rather uneasily.

"Take him away to some friends who will keep him safe and sound for a week. Then we will manage to let the company hear of a big spree he is on in another city. Oh, that end is all fixed up and ready. I'll get the job, and you'll have him out of your way."

We caught Evans one night just as he was coming out of the works, where he had been helping a new night shift in blowing in some furnaces. He was promptly seized, tied hand and foot, and gagged. We started out with him, when the lookout reported two watchmen in sight. There was a board out of the fence, and we slipped through it. Then, beyond some molding flasks, some workmen were discovered coming our way.

"Quick!" said Tompkins, "we've got to hide him till the coast is clear. There's No. 6 cupola. It's dead. Run him up the ladder and throw him into the chute."

No. 6 was a furnace supposedly blown out for lack of working force. At the top platform was the coal chute which fed into the melting pot. Politics had run high in the district the week previous, and a crowd had hung the effigy of a disliked candidate there two days before. We knew our ground well. We rudely dumped our victim through the feeding hole, the others scurried to cover, and I crouched down on the platform.

I was wicked enough to think how scared and uncomfortable Evans must be. It was at perhaps the end of five minutes, when with a shock my vengeful emotion was changed to wild horror.

There was a rasping clang. From below some one had pulled the feeding chain. A blinding glare from the red hot furnace singed me as the fuel began to slip down. I saw a rolling, tumbling form shoot with the moving mass and plunge into that molten void. One blood curding shriek rent the air. Clang! went the shut-off again, and I fell flat on the platform—a writhing, terrified wretch.

They told me later how I ran by my companions, a raving maniac. I must have dashed away from the works and the town, roving aimlessly through the woods, over hills, into swamps, for, when the awful blight of horror and remorse was past, my clothing was found torn and gnarled with brambles, my hands and face cut and bleeding, and I was drenched to the skin. And my hair—turned white!

I have a dim memory of coming back to the village. Some powerful influence drew me to the home where Evans lived. A light in a room I knew to be his led me to look in.

It was to view, tranquil and visible in all form and substance, the man I had murdered! Then the last shock, and I fell, crashing helplessly through the window.

When I came back to life, I lay on a couch. Bending over me, kindly and anxious, was Evans. He smiled sadly, and gently stroked my whitened hair, with the pathetic words:

"Poor, poor fellow!"

I lay like a man of stone until I learned how he had escaped. When thrown into the cupola bin, his clothing had caught on a tool hook. It was the effigy used to ridicule the political candidate that I had seen rolling down into that molten furnace, though it was Evans' own yell I had heard as the hopper opened beneath where he hung.

Ross Evans did something more than nurse me—he brought Mary Gladdon to my bedside. You can realize that I was in a state of mind to drift forever out of the bad rut I had got into. Full-grown man that I was, to the woman I truly loved I sobbed out my gratitude and my remorse.

(Copyright, 1912, by W. G. Chapman.)

NEW ARTIFICIAL HAIR IDEA

Frenchman Has Found That Spun Crystal Will Imitate Actually the Demand to Be Supplied.

France seems to be the land where most experiments for making artificial hair are carried on. Not long ago attempts were made to form wigs from certain fibrous plants, the same kind that have served to furnish material for rugs and blankets. By splitting fibers extremely fine and then treating them chemically it was possible to make an artificial hair. But the price was high and the results not satisfactory.

Now successful experiments have proven that it is possible to use spun crystal and reduce it to any shade and degree of fineness.

And the resemblance to the human hair is almost perfect. It is light, also, lustrous, and absolutely hygienic.

A German engineer has invented a way to transform ashes into marble of rare beauty and which will take the highest polish. But he absolutely refuses to reveal his secret, although several owners of large quarries have made him splendid offers for his secret.

His method seems simple as far as his apparatus is concerned. He has a small gas stove and a kettle. It is known, of course, that his process is a matter of chemical synthesis, and with these few implements and his secret he has been known to manufacture a medium sized slab of marble in half an hour.

BE PREPARED.

"If you think you are beaten, you are;
If you think you are not, you don't;
If you like to win, but you think you can't;
It's almost certain you won't."

For Your Protection--Read

Wage Earners Are Being Robbed
Dishonest men are tempting people to exchange their Liberty Bonds and invest their hard-earned savings in "get-rich-quick" schemes that promise big returns but are worthless.

Hold Fast to Your Liberty Bonds
Dont' exchange them for anything. Don't sell them unless absolutely necessary. Keep them in a safe place or have them registered (free) in your name.

If in Doubt, Consult Nearest Bank or Undersigned
Before selling or exchanging your Liberty Bonds.

Beware of the Man
Who tempts you to part with your Liberty Bonds, they are the safest and best investment in the world.

CARTER GLASS,
Secretary, United States Treasury Department,
Washington, D. C.

LAST THOUGHTS OF ROOSEVELT

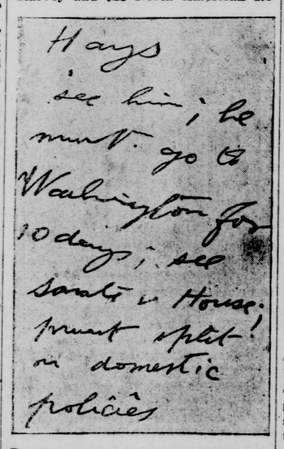
Desired Republicans to Close Ranks and Give Attention to Domestic Issues.

TANGIBLE EVIDENCE OF WISH.

Colonel Harvey in North American Review Presents Facsimile of Penciled Memorandum Left by Roosevelt.

Theodore Roosevelt's last thoughts were of the great domestic issues of his country, issues whose determination will decide the weal or woe of the next generation. He saw in a united Republican party, just given a vote of confidence and a commission to formulate and carry into action policies of reconstruction, the guarantee of the prompt recognition and successful handling of these domestic problems.

Tangible evidence of this is a memorandum, the last penciled thoughts of the late President. To Colonel George Harvey and the North American Re-



Hays
see him; he must go to Washington for 10 days; see Senate & House: prevent split on domestic policies

Facsimile of Last Memorandum of Colonel Roosevelt, Penciled a Few Hours Before He Died.

view the country and the Republican party are indebted for the publication of this interesting document which carries a message from him "who, being dead, yet speaketh." In the leading article of the current number of the North American Review Colonel Harvey sets forth the vital import of this last penciled notation of Mr. Roosevelt. He says:

"Mr. Roosevelt died the acknowledged leader of the great party into which he was born. His last written words, penciled by his own hand a few hours before his death and addressed in the form of a memorandum for the brilliant young man for whose selection as Chairman of the National organization he was largely responsible, were these, as reproduced above in facsimile:

"'Hays
see him; he must go to Washington for 10 days; see Senate and House; prevent split on domestic policies.'

"Here is evidenced as clearly as if the few words filled a volume Mr. Roosevelt's realization of both his responsibility and his obligation. The simple memorandum marked the inauguration of a definite party policy, to be carried through to a no less definite conclusion. It was more than a passing thought or a mere suggestion. It was a Message, signifying the need of immediate and unremitting vigilance in achieving complete unity of action in resolving domestic problems before attacking those of wider range soon to be thrust upon the country—a true soldier's call first to close the ranks.

"Nothing could be more characteristic or more clearly illustrative of the breadth of vision, the foresight, the directness in method and the painstaking attention of the man. Nothing, too, probably could have served his purpose better than that these words should have been his last. Difficult as it is to reconcile oneself to the decree of Divine Providence that the removal of that great patriot at this crucial moment was not untimely, we cannot but realize, as he would have been the first to acknowledge, that the last vestige of animosities which might have continued to impair his highest aspirations was buried with him, and thereby the perfect union which he so ardently desired against all things un-American was attained.

"Thus we find the Republican party resuming full legislative authority thoroughly united and invigorated by the peculiar confidence which so often carried it to victory in former years."

ROOSEVELT'S DEPARTING WORDS TO HIS COUNTRYMEN

Col. Roosevelt died about 4 o'clock on the morning of January 6. The previous evening at a great patriotic rally in the New York Hippodrome a message was read from him, written especially for the occasion. In it was this striking sentence:

"We have room for but one flag, the American flag, and this excludes the red flag, which symbolizes all wars against liberty and civilization just as much as it excludes any foreign flag of a nation to which we are hostile, * * * and we have room for but one soul loyalty, and that is loyalty to the American people."

MUST MEET EVERY DEBT

The war will not be over until the United States Government has honorably met every commitment made in order to win the war.

CARTER GLASS,
Secretary of the Treasury.

WHY ONE MORE LOAN IS NEEDED

It Will Settle Nation's War Debts and Will Care for Sick and Wounded.

Once in a while some one asks: "What's the need of another Liberty Loan now that the war is over?"

Revenue from taxes will not be sufficient to pay all the bills, so the people will be called upon to provide the money by subscribing to government bonds. This money is going to pay off the army of producers at home—the farmers, merchants, manufacturers and others.

America had just begun to fight when the Hun decided it was time to quit. Allied leaders expected the war to last another year and the United States government was turning out ships, arms, ammunition and food to overwhelm Germany in one big drive.

Treasury officials have revealed that in 1919 America would have had a tank at the front for every seventy-five feet of line. We would have had ten tons of mustard gas ready for shipment for every ton Germany could produce. Thousands of batteries of guns would have been in action for every one America had in 1918. Everything else was being produced in proportion.

This gigantic preparation brought an early end to the war and saved thousands of lives. Victory Liberty Bonds will pay for this work which had been contracted for and was being delivered when the armistice was signed.

There are other purposes for which money is need. Part of our army of 2,000,000 men must be kept in Europe until the peace treaty is signed. These soldiers must be fed, clothed and otherwise maintained. Then they must be brought home.

The sick and wounded must be cared for in hospitals. The army must be demobilized. There are thousands of maimed soldiers, heroes of the great war, who must be taught self-supporting trades and given an opportunity to earn their living.

This reconstruction work at home must be carried on. The job must be finished. The American people who furnished the money to win the war must supply it also to bring the nation back to a peace basis.

HOLD ON TO WAR SAVINGS STAMPS

Secretary of Treasury Urges Citizens to Keep Government Securities Until They Shall Have Matured.

Carter Glass, Secretary of the United States Treasury, has issued a warning to patriotic American citizens against unscrupulous persons who advertise that they are willing to purchase War Savings Stamps. Mr. Glass does not wish to have the government securities sold at sums below their actual value.

He points out that people who are actually in need of money may take their War Savings Stamps to a post office and receive cash. Mr. Glass urges holders to keep their stamps until maturity.

He states that War Savings Stamps belong only to the individual who first purchased them and that people who offer to buy stamps at low premium are violating the letter of the law in so doing. Men and women selling stamps are not only losing money which rightfully belongs to them, but are aiding unscrupulous agents to reap profits.

PERSHING ESTABLISHES ARMY UNIVERSITY

General Pershing has signed an order establishing an American army university in France to accommodate from 15,000 to 20,000 soldier students, according to a cable message received by the Y. M. C. A. War Work Council. Col. Ira L. Reeves has been assigned to the post of military commander at the school, which will be opened in a few days at Beaune. At the same time the main office of the Y. M. C. A. Army Educational Commission will be moved from Paris to Beaune. General Pershing states in his order that this university is to provide three months' courses for soldiers who cannot attend European universities. Courses in engineering, liberal and fine arts, science, music and the like will be offered. The Y. M. C. A. War Work Council announced that the cost of the educational program in the A. E. F. had now reached $700,000 a month. Books and supplies costing $1,300,000 have been sent overseas. The army pays for the books and distributes them to the soldier students.

DOUGHBOYS WENT OVER TOP FOR HUN PIANO

There was no piano in the trenches where a Pennsylvania Signal Corps detachment had held their advanced post in France for months, but there was one in a dugout behind the Hun lines. So, in order to have the Y. M. C. A. show that was to come the next night to amuse the tired men, a raiding party was sent out to the German side to take the piano captive. The squad detailed to the job killed 28 Boches and brought in 14 prisoners, in addition to the upright, which was waiting for the "Y" entertainers when they arrived at the post.

When one of the German prisoners saw the Y. M. C. A. performers and learned that the object of the raid had been the piano and not their own precious bodies, he cried out, "Ach, Gott! Der Krieg ist fertig!" This was on November 4, and one week later his lament came true.

BUYING LIVES, ONE PURPOSE OF LOAN

Your Victory Liberty Bond Subscriptions Will Help Pay for Saving of Hundreds of Thousands of "Doughboys"

One of the features of the coming Victory Liberty Loan is that it will, in part, pay the cost of saving the lives of more than 500,000 Yanks and thousands of our allies, according to Lewis B. Franklin, Director of the U. S. War Loan Organization.

"The speed and bravery of the American doughboy affected the Germans on the front line more than it

LEWIS B. FRANKLIN
War Loan Director.

did the men at German general headquarters," states Mr. Franklin, "but the fact that America was preparing for a drive on Berlin struck terror to the general staff.

"And those millions and billions of dollars spent were far from being wasted in an unnecessary preparation. I feel that the fact that money was spent and that an enormous output of munitions was ready was the controlling factor in the weakening of the German general staff, and that it caused their message to the kaiser that they were beaten and that he must sue for peace. And the way I see it is that this money, instead of being wasted, can be written down as having saved the lives of hundred of thousands of American men who would have been sacrificed had the war continued another year.

"That is the money we are going to ask the American people for in the Liberty Loan. We are going to ask them for the money to bring our boys home safe and sound, instead of leaving them buried in France. And when the people of America realize what this money did, we are not going to find that they are lacking in patriotism to 'come across.'"

THRIFTOGRAMS

God helps those who help themselevs.—Buy War Savings Stamps.

Spend one penny less than thy clear gains. — Buy War Savings Stamps.

Look before, or you'll find yourself behind.—Buy War Savings Stamps.

If you would be wealthy, think of saving as well as getting.—Buy War Savings Stamps.

Remember that money is of the prolific, generating nature.—Buy War Savings Stamps.

Resolved.

That peace will find us backing Uncle Sam as strongly as we backed him in war.

That between now and April we will lay every possible stone of the groundwork for the Fifth Liberty Loan and leave no act undone which will tend to keep alive and quicken the consciousness of the nation that savings and thrift are peace essentials.

That we will exert our efforts to stop trafficking in bonds of the first four loans and will keep our War Savings Stamps.

That we will carry out our War Savings pledge if that is unfulfilled, and make and keep new Savings pledges this year.

That we will work tooth and nail from now till the last day of the April drive to oversubscribe that Liberty Loan.

That we will finish our job.

OFFICIAL TRADE MARK OF THE 1919 WAR SAVINGS STAMPS

(The picture of Benjamin Franklin reproduced above appears on the War Savings Stamps of the new series.)

The next issue of the Telephone Directory goes to press on

Tuesday, April 1st, 1919

THE CHESAPEAKE AND POTOMAC TELEPHONE COMPANY

H. M. THOMPSON, District Manager.

Tel. 12000 Hillsboro, Md.

FARM PROFITS WILL AID LOAN

Rural Business Men Are Well Able to Take Up Their Share in the "Victorious" Fifth.

More than ever before the American farmer finds himself in the position of comfort and prosperity which is his just due. Lean years are for him no longer. Last year the average of farm earnings broke all records. Six million farms in 1918 produced crops worth $12,280,000,000.

This year it is estimated that a greater wheat acreage than ever will be sown. Naturally, the farmer is making the most of his opportunities, and with guaranteed wheat prices and high prices for everything he grows, the outlook for him is most encouraging. And Europe will furnish a market for his fat hogs and steers.

It would be interesting, if possible, to assemble comparative statements of the farmers' bank accounts now and five years ago, and the list of mortgages that have been cancelled. And it would be more interesting perhaps to have a statement of the Liberty Bonds now in the hands of these tillers of the soil.

Very soon the farmer will have further opportunity to prove that he is not without loyalty as well developed as any man's. For another loan is almost in sight, a loan that will draw upon us all.

Because of his price guarantee of $2.26 a bushel, Uncle Sam stands to lose from 50 to 75 cents upon every bushel of wheat harvested next season. Having given this guarantee to the farmer, he will make it good. That is Uncle Sam's way. But what is Mr. Farmer going to do for Uncle Sam in the Victory Liberty Loan?

In every Liberty Loan to date the farmer, as a class, has bought less bonds than men in other prosperous classes. He has been able meantime to get more sugar and everything else upon which the government put a restriction, than others have.

The big question now, when he stands to cash in at a 25 per cent premium upon his wheat crop, is what is he going to do next Liberty Loan drive?

Some Liberty Loan officials are suggesting that the farmer should buy a $100 bond for each 100 bushels of wheat he sells to the government. He has made the profit and should have no hesitancy in taking a high-grade security in payment for the difference between what the government gets and what he receives for his wheat.

SEIZED CAPE COLONY TWICE

Peace of Amiens Nullified Britain's Capture of Holland's South African Territory in 1795.

Early in the wars of the French Revolution Holland was forced to become an ally of Great Britain. A British fleet appeared off Cape Town in August, 1795, and the colony surrendered on September 16. For seven years Britain held the country, spending fully eight million dollars in improving it. Monopolies were taken off trade, torture was abolished, and prosperity prevailed, whereas before the colony had been on the verge of ruin. In 1802 the Peace of Amiens secured for Napoleon a breathing spell, which he used in preparing still greater attacks upon the liberties of Europe. By this treaty Cape Colony was restored to Holland. War was resumed in 1806, with Holland an ally once more of France. Again the British captured Cape Colony, and when peace was definitely settled in 1815, after Waterloo, Britain retained South Africa, paying Holland six million pounds sterling, the colonies of Demerara, Essequibo and Berbice being included in the sale. The population consisted of 26,700 whites, holding 29,300 slaves, and 17,650 free Hottentots. Britain suppressed the slave trade and in 1834 the slaves were emancipated by the British government.

VARIED "VOICES" OF FROGS

Man Who Has Studied Subject Asserts He Can Tell Different Species by the Notes.

The first vertebrate creatures to succeed in producing vocal sounds were the amphibians, and, although there has been little variety in their individual repertories through the ages, they have diligently cultivated their powers. Dr. Frank Overton, in an account of the frogs and the toads of Long Island, describes their distinctive calls and songs. The common toad of Long Island has "a combination of a low whistle and a moan"; the common toad of the mainland utters "a sweet, thrilling whistle"; the spadefoot makes a squawk "like the groan of a deep-voiced man who is having his tooth pulled"; the chorus of the cricket frog "heard at a distance sounds like jingling of small sleigh bells," and close by "like the rattle of small pebbles poured upon a cement pavement." The common tree frog utters a loud, musical trill, and now and then a note "exactly like the sound make by a hen turkey that is calling to her mates." The spring "peeper" whistles shrilly; the leopard frog says "croak" very slowly, "in an extremely low-pitched bass voice"; the pickerel frog makes a soft sound like "a gentle musical snore"; the wood frogs heard at a distance "sound like a flock of barnyard ducks clucking, not quacking"; the note of the green frog "resembles that made by plucking a string on a harp or a bass violin." The bullfrog has a voice that in volume corresponds to the size of his body, which is more than eight inches long. "The sound resembles the bellowing of a bull." Doctor Overton can pick out the species by their voices and the notes.—Youth's Companion.

CARPET WEAVERS OF INDIA

Hard to Imagine Work More Monotonous Than That in Which They Pass Their Lives.

Carpet weavers of India work in a long, narrow shed, straw-thatched, without any walls, open to sunshine and the fitful breeze that stirs the swaying plumelike leaves of the slender palm and coconut trees rearing their tall, proud heads above it. Four or five or even more boys sit on wooden boards on the mud floor in front of the old-fashioned loom, their feet resting in a shallow pit underneath it, dug especially to receive them. In one corner squats a man, his back probably turned to the weavers, his eyes dreamily gazing into space or quite shut, droning: "Three magent, two green, five blue, one orange," and so on. His sleepy sing-song sounds, to one unfamiliar with his language, like the babbling of one talking in his sleep, or like muttered prayers. But he is neither dreaming nor performing his devotions. He is dictating to the boys at the loom the colors of the thread that each respective worker is to twist about the particular strand on which he is working. The lads obey his commands as mechanically as if they were automatons. None of them knows aught of the scheme of the carpet, nor is any of them conscious of the progress that is being worked out on the other side of the carpet from that on which the weavers gaze.

Why Navy Blue.

The blue color so prominent in the uniforms of almost all marines is of hoary origin. Vegetins, in his fifth book on the military affairs of the Romans, traces the origin of this color to the Veneti, an ancient people dwelling near the coast of Biscay and well versed in seamanship. It was customary among them to paint their outgoing ships as well as the masts and sails with a blue color; also their soldiers and sailors wore blue uniforms. According to our author, the Latin word "Venetus," which was both the name of the color and that of the people, points to its origin. From the Veneti the custom was adopted by the Romans. Thus the son of Pompeius, after defeating Caesar's fleet in a naval battle, wore the navy blue, although entitled to the purple. The Veneti were subdued by Caesar after a severe maritime war in 56 B. C.

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