Keep Money working *and the* Country will keep prosperous.

LIKE stagnant water, stagnant money breeds nothing useful. Like rushing water the power of money in motion is practically irresistible.

Every dollar invested in the Victory Liberty Loan will be put to work and kept at work. Every dollar will pay interest regularly and every dollar will be returned. Meanwhile, the Nation will be cleansed of debt, the value of business improved and the country's prosperity insured to all.

Victory Liberty Loan Committee

This Space Contributed by

WILLIAM H. SMITH, Denton, Md.

HE FINISHED THE JOB

A. F. MOON, JR.

Unique in the annals of war loan history is the case of A. F. Moon, Jr., cashier of the Cartersville Bank, Cartersville, Va. He has already secured subscriptions for the entire allotment of his bank. This is the first bank in the Fifth Federal Reserve District which has made such a record, so far as is known.

"I am working night and day for my town, county, state and nation," declared Mr. Moon. "At the close of the Fourth Liberty Loan campaign, I thought it would be a good idea to keep the ball rolling, so instead of stopping I went straight ahead and continued getting subscriptions for the Fifth Loan. Our bank sold $35,000 of the Fourth issue, which is more than double its quota, and I was so much encouraged over that record that I decided to start right to work on the Fifth Loan.

"Up to date, we have subscriptions for more than $20,000 Victory Bonds, but we are not through yet and expect to go right ahead and try to double this if possible. The argument I used was simply that the Victory Loan was needed by my Government and that it was up to every man to finish the job by paying the bills for a victory which would have been cheap at double the price."

Mr. Moon said he didn't know much about the terms, interest rates or other details of the Victory Loan and didn't care, going on the assumption that the loan would be a good proposition in any shape offered.

SPECULATORS TRY TO OBTAIN BONDS

Reports are wide-spread that some owners of Liberty Bonds have sold them at prices lower than their market value. Investigations show that shrewd speculators are active in trying to induce people to part with their government securities. Many of them are offering to take Liberty bonds in exchange for other so-called "security" which promises a higher rate of interest than Liberty Bonds.

It is pointed out by treasury officials that Liberty Bonds are worth every dollar paid for them. One evidence of their value is the eagerness of the speculator to get possession of them. He knows what they are worth. The Liberty Bond owner does not know the value of the "stock" or "bond" he is offered in exchange for his government security.

Liberty bonds have back of them the entire resources of the United States which makes them worth their face value. The person who exchanges them for some other kind of paper risks losing the money invested in his bond as well as the interest.

Other people are selling their bonds because they feel that "the war's over" and they are no longer obligated to hold them. Although fighting has ceased, the war will not be over until the peace treaty is signed and our soldiers are home. A Liberty Bond is a certificate of service and the person who sells it at a sacrifice, except in cases of extreme necessity, is failing to "carry on." He is reflecting on his own patriotism and surrendering an investment that never will fail to pay returns.

It is recognized that there are times when investors are compelled to seek relief from financial distress. Often their first impulse is to dispose of their Liberty Bonds. In such cases the bank is the place to go. Banks will lend money on Liberty Bonds. The borrower is helped out of his difficulty and does not lose possession of his government bond.

The Deadly Nightshade.

Deadly nightshade, which is cultivated to supply the English market with atropine, bears a botanical name. Atropa belladonna, curiously appropriate to its qualities, evil and good, combining the name of the most dreaded of the Fates—Atropos, whose function was to cut the thread of human life—with the Italian for a beautiful woman. One of the most curious facts concerning the poison of the nightshade is its much more potent effect upon human beings than on animals, for though deaths from eating the berries are fairly common among children, the birds eat and thrive on them, and the leaves, almost equally dangerous to man, seem innocuous to horses, sheep, pigs, rabbits, and other animals, which browse upon them freely. The frequent occurrence of nightshade in the neighborhood of ruined abbeys and monastic houses makes it reasonable to believe that many of the wild plants are survivors from monkish herb gardens.

Koszta Incident Recalled.

The first serious difficulty between the United States and Austria arose 65 years ago as a result of the Koszta incident, which strained relations between the two countries almost to the breaking point. Martin Koszta, a Hungarian patriot, after taking part in the uprising in 1848 and subsequent years, came to America and declared his intention of becoming a citizen. In 1853, while on a visit to Smyrna, he was seized and imprisoned on board an Austrian war vessel. He had with him an American passport and claimed the protection of the United States warship St. Louis, then in the harbor of Smyrna. Captain Ingraham demanded that Koszta be released, but he was not freed until after the decks of the St. Louis had been cleared for action.

WAR MOVIE DIRECTOR

HARRY W. WEBB.

He is a Baltimore theatrical man and has been appointed film chairman by the War Loan Organization of the Fifth Federal Reserve District. He will direct the movie program of the district, his biggest job being the distribution of "The Price of Peace," a movie of actual battlefield activities, which will be shown during the Victory Loan campaign.

Mr. Webb operates six of Baltimore's leading motion picture theaters. He has had wide business experience, having held executive positions with electric light and telephone plants in Wilmington, Pittsburgh and Baltimore. He was formerly vice president of the Wilmington Telephone & Electric Light Company, and was also engaged in the development of several of Baltimore's suburbs. Recently he has devoted his time to the motion picture business.

HIS BROKEN NECK CURED BY COLLAR

Surgeons Mend Lieutenant After Fall of 2,500 Feet and He Now Flies Again and is Happy.

There is a man in San Francisco walking around with a broken neck. He is Lieutenant Charles M. Cummins, of Virginia.

Cummins was an army aviator. While making a flight at Gerstner Field, La., in February, 1918, he fell 2,500 feet, fracturing the fourth, fifth, and sixth cervical vertebrae and dislocating several other vertebrae partially.

After the fall he was sent to Letterman General Hospital at the Presidio in San Francisco for treatment. Army surgeons who are working almost miracles there in the reconstruction of the war wounded finally fitted a metal colar on the aviator to carry the weight of his head. It worked—and now Lieutenant Cummins is walking about apparently normal.

One of Many.

Lieutenant Cummin's case is only one of many, but it stands out because of the popular superstition that a man can't live if his neck is broken. The reconstruction surgeons at Letterman are working on hundreds of cases much more difficult than the flyer's.

They are receiving men there daily from the battlefields of France, whose legs and arms hang withered and helpless and they are turning these men out, after months of treatment and patient mechanical manipulation able to use their arms and legs and capable of making a living. The cost, of course, is tremendous when one takes into consideration the fact that the same work is being carried on in many military hospitals.

More Money Needed.

Already Congress has appropriated millions of dollars to carry on the work and many millions more will have to be made available for the cause. For it is a cause, this regeneration of the men who gave their bodies to their country.

Part of the money to be realized from the Victory Liberty Loan will be used for this job of reconstruction or regeneration. Think of this when you are making up your mind as to how much of the loan you, personally, are going to subscribe.

Lieutenant Cummins made a flight with his collar on just to convince himself that he hadn't lost his nerve. We can't afford to lose our nerve on a dollar and cents proposition in the face of the deeds of such men.

Must Have Smelled to Heaven.

Throughout Italy of the sixteenth century the passion for perfumes amounted to a mania, according to Pompeo Molmenti, the historian. From cap on the head to the shoes on the feet, gloves—to such an extent that at Milan the guild of glovers and perfumers was one and the same—socks, shirts, even money, all were scented. And as if that were not enough, patrician ladies carried on their persons pouncet-boxes filled with scented unguents, and held in their hands chaplets of amber and smelling bottles. One finds in the inventories hairpins of amber. They put musk in their baths and amber, and aloes, and myrrh, peppermint, jonquil, Indian plum, cinnamon, ammonium and other scents. The patrician ladies, whose luxury in dress was imitated even by their servants, set the fashion for the wives of the wealthy citizens and their influence was nation-wide.

Largest Earth Embankment.

The Belle Esurche irrigation dam in South Dakota is the largest earth embankment in the world. Its construction was authorized by congress at a cost of $5,000,000. From an engineering standpoint this project is one of the most interesting which the government has yet undertaken. Its principal structure is the earthen dam. This dike, which closes the lowest depression in the rim of a natural basin, is 6,200 feet long, 20 feet wide on top and 15 feet high in the highest place. The inside face of this structure, which has a slope of one to two, is protected from wind and wave action by two feet of screened gravel, on which are placed concrete blocks each four by six feet. The cubical contents of this dike are 42,000,000 feet, or about half of the famous pyramids of Cheops in Egypt. The reservoir created by this dam covers about 9,000 acres and will be the largest lake in the state.

BLUFF THAT FATHER MAKES

Siberian Daddy Is Supposed to Be in No Hurry to Get Rid of Marriageable Daughter.

Ordinarily fathers of marriageable daughters are very much awake at the approach of a prospective son-in-law, and are not at all given to being asleep when the actual request for the young lady's hand is made.

But in far-off Siberia, among the Samoyed, a people who huddle close about the arctic circle, things are different, and the father is, or pretends to be, more or less asleep when the matchmaker arrives, and has to be awakened.

The girl's father always assumes a pensive, taciturn attitude, a sort of drowsy, uninterested air, even if the terms offered are entirely to his liking. As one gift after another is proffered, he still preserves his silence, and even nods as though the whole thing made him tired and sleepy. Finally, the matchmaker, apparently at the end of his patience, strikes the uninterested parent with the ceremonial iron staff which he carries.

Then the father, thus rudely awakened to a sense of his obligations, promises to consult his son or other male relative about the matter. This he does, but only as a matter of form, for when the proceedings have reached this stage it is already certain that the marriage will take place.

"Grass Widows."

The term "Grass Widow" very likely originated from the wording of a Canon law of the eleventh century, which ordained that a widow should remain "under God's protection and grace" for a full year after her husband's death, and then marry if she pleased. Such women were "widows of grace," and in later parish registers they are described as "Grasse Widowes." In the time of Sir Thomas More the term "grass widow" was applied to unmarried mothers, and in this sense it was used in most of the Teutonic languages. In modern times the term lost that reproach, and has been applied to the wives of men long absent from home. Another explanation of its origin is found here in the United States. During the days of gold rushes it was common for men to board out their wives until they had made enough to start a home in the West, and this, in the picturesque speech of the time, was termed "putting one's widow out to grass."

Liberty Loan Levity

Just a half-wit, they called Barber Blaney.
Barber knew, though, some day would be rainy.
So he shaved and he shaved
And he saved and he saved—
And bought bonds.—Now they cal' Blaney brainy.

HAVOC CAUSED BY HAILSTORM

Account of Destruction in England in 1687 Seems Almost Incredible—Horses Felled at the Plow.

The greatest hailstorm that ever occurred in England was that of April 29, 1697, recorded by Edmund Halley, the astronomer. The story seems almost incredible, yet it is told by a philosopher, the contemporary and friend of Isaac Newton, and an accurate observer of natural phenomena. The main body of the storm, he states, fell upon Lancashire, in a right line from Ormskirk to Blackburn.

"The breadth of the cloud was about two miles, within which compass it did incredible damage, killing all sorts of fowl and small creatures, and scarce leaving any whole panes in any of the windows where it passed, but, which is worse, it cut off the blade of the green corn so as utterly to destroy it, the hailstones burying themselves in the ground; and the bowling-greens, where the earth was anything soft, were quite defaced, so as to be rendered unserviceable for a time. This I had from an eyewitness.

"The hailstones, some of which weighed five ounces, were of different forms. Two hailstones were weighed at Ormskirk which came to three-quarters of a pound each. As a young woman at Bootle was running for shelter her hat fell off, and a hailstone that hit her behind the ear made her tumble. The stones rebounded, many of them two yards high. At Ince two horses were knocked down at the plow, and a man fell at the same time."

ALPINE "SPORT" IN ENGLAND

Little Spot in Cumbrian Mountains Which Offers an Imitation of the Real Thing.

Few travelers, even those familiar with the by-ways, will think of England in connection with the sport of mountain climbing. Yet there is a bit of tumbled country in the west of England where a coterie of devotees of this perilous sport foregather annually at the Christmas season to get a taste of alpine work near home. The village of Wastdale Head, in the Cumbrian mountains, is the base of operations for these outdoorsmen who find their joy in scaling precipices with a forty foot rope about their waists and a hundred-yard drop below.

The village itself is one of the picturesque bits of old England which have not changed much in the last 500 years. Here you can attend services in what is probably the smallest church in the world—a tiny building with seats for twenty people. There is an inn, of course, with a battered signboard, which might have been modeled after a description from Dickens, except that it was flourishing some centuries before Dickens was born.

For eleven months in the year, neither the inn nor the church at Westdale Head are crowded. But the landlord at the inn has booked his little rooms with their low ceilings eight months ahead for the cold days of December. This is the season when the climbers gather, and the chance tourist who arrives at this time will probably sleep on the floor under the billiard table.

TIME TO SEEK YOUR TRAIN

Preliminary Windup of Announcer Should Be Signal for Intending Traveler to Get Busy.

A train announcer is a much misunderstood individual. His is indeed a much-abused calling—of stations.

But those uncouth, unintelligible, inarticulate mouthings which are his wont when properly warmed up to his work are, if you must know, merely an evidence of your own abysmal ignorance, says Henry H. Craigie in Judge.

What he is really reciting through his megaphone, and which sounds to your uneducated ear like a cross-section of a buzzsaw and an asthmatic phonograph, is probably a poem from the Sanskrit, or some delicate strophe from the Syro-Chaldaic poets. It goes something like this:

"Blpxz-r-r-rzyz-nowreddyntrackfour," but it is not his fault if you need an interpreter to tell you what he is saying.

Paraphrasing the immortal words of a contemporary—I think we may call it the RRR of NG—"Your program is Your Timetable," and about as useful to you as a menu card a la Francaise is to a deaf mute with an intensive appetite for ham and eggs. For your timetable is really your key to the cryptic utterances of the train announcer—and nobody is supposed to understand either.

Under the hypnotic spell of his subtle eloquence you do not miss your train—until it has pulled out, and sometimes not then. If you are slightly deaf it adds to your enjoyment of the occasion, or you can make a game of it, as some do, by utilizing an opera glass in an effort at lip reading.

But if you are wise, at the first sound of his preliminary windup you will hunt up that train of yours by main force—and the devil take the hindmost. Delays are dangerous.

ESKIMO DOGS NOT VICIOUS

Writer Who Has Traveled in the Far North Found Them Friendly and Affectionate.

Eskimo dogs are supposed to be the direct descendants of the northern gray, or white wolf, which they greatly resemble. They are of various colors—black, white, brown, brindle and gray—and they weigh from 60 to 100 pounds. In the far North a team consists of from 8 to 12, each attached to the sledge by a 16-foot rawhide trace. The advantages of this arrangement are obvious. Seated on the sledge with a 25-foot whip, one can reach out and touch the back of every dog, thereby keeping him in his place and exerting him to keep his trace right. The disadvantages are the indirect pull of the dogs at the tips of the fan and the inevitable braiding of the traces into a rope as large as one's arm, the untangling of which at low temperature necessitates hours and hours of extreme discomfort.

"In my five years' work among these dogs I have failed to find the specie described by some writers as 'treacherous' or 'vicious' or 'ugly brute,'" writes Donald B. MacMillan, in his book, "Four Years in the White North." "On the contrary, the full-blooded Eskimo dog is one of the most affectionate in the world. A hundred or more were often about our door. My men passed in and out among them without the least fear. Two hundred and fifty were berthed on the deck of the Roosevelt. To walk for'ard it was often necessary to push them aside with the knees. No man, woman or child in the far North has ever been attacked, and not more than three or four of the whole tribe have ever been bitten."

Mouse at the Wedding.

A friend of mine, hysterically afraid of mice, had often declared that wherever she went one was sure to follow. She did not figure on one attending her wedding, however. She was married at home and during the ceremony a mouse scampered across the carpet at the feet of the bride. As she was about to say "Yes," she screamed "O," and, jerking her hand from the bridegroom's, she caught up her skirts and veil and mounted the nearest chair. Nothing could induce her to come down. There she remained until the ceremony was finished and the bridegroom lifted her from her perch. I witnessed the wedding, but, like the rest of the guests, I heard little of the marriage service on account of the laughter, which was general. The parson gave them a certificate, so I suppose they must be married.—Exchange.

Wood Ash As a Polish.

Someone has pointed out that the consumption of wood as fuel is attended with a by-product which has excellent polishing qualities. The writer recommends wood ash for polishing steel, pewter, brass, and copper in this way: That soft white, flaky ash is, as our careful grandmothers well knew, the best thing in the world as a cleaner and polisher. It will make the poor neglected fender shine like silver, put the wonted polish on the dulled luster of the brass candlesticks, fetch the soot off your enamel and aluminum kettles and pans, and clean them inside as well, without any of that unpleasant oily odor remaining behind which so many cleaning preparations leave in their wake. And—best of all—it costs nothing!—a recipe worth trying.—Scientific American.

TRADED HIS LEG.

A Canadian Baptist minister, who chose a rifle rather than a chaplaincy and lost his leg in action, was being commiserated on the "loss" of the leg.

"I did not lose my leg," he replied. "I traded it fofr a clear conscience."

"I traded it for a clear conscience."

Better trade your dollars for a clear conscience in the Victory Loan. You won't regret it and you will get the dollars back with interest.

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