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To Help You Win

Riches—power—happiness. The average man places these as his goal. He dreams about having them.

But the average man is slow to take a practical step towards that goal. He is content to dream about it—and never gets there.

The most practical start is to start a savings account. Rockefeller had to save his first thousand dollars. It earned the rest of his fortune.

Character Earns Credit

Saving men not only have capital for their efforts. In saving, they establish a reputation which will make it easy to secure additional capital when necessary.

A farmer has frequent need for capital if he is striving continually to improve his property. How important it is then that he build up his credit—establish his character.

The easiest and quickest way is to start a savings account.

Messages to Seekers of Success



To Save Your Money and Make Your Money Safe

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Let us fit you with glasses that will give you the best satisfaction.

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Jeweler and Optometrist

Denton, Maryland

The Denton National Bank

Denton, Md.

SAVING a dollar and investing it shows more patriotism than singing the Star Spangled Banner. It is serving the country, by increasing its capital and promoting its thrift.

Saving promotes character; makes better citizenship; increases the general happiness. Whether your income is little or big, SAVE.

Make a resolution NOW to start your Savings Account, and come at once to The

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Our Up-to-Date Savings Department pays you

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HARVEY L. COOPER,
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SATAN'S THRONE IN BERLIN

Not, However, the Seat of the Kaiser's Authority, as One Might Reasonably Suppose.

In order to understand where the throne of Satan came from and how it came to Berlin, it is necessary to open the pages of ancient history and renew our acquaintance with Pergamum.

Pergamum (Pergamos or Pergamon) was the ancient capital of Mysia, in Asia Minor. It was about three miles north of the Caicus river and fifteen or twenty miles from the Aegean sea. Under the Greek rule of Attalus I (241-197 B. C.) it became not only a powerful city but also the center of the artistic and literary life of Asia.

Attalus built many wonderful temples, altars and monuments that attracted the attention of the entire world. His son Eumenes II (197-159 B. C.) carried on the policy of his father. He founded the famous Pergamum library, which contained 200,000 volumes. This library was later removed to Egypt by Antony and presented by him to Cleopatra.

Attalus III bequeathed his treasures and the kingdom of which Pergamum was the capital to Rome, and so, at his death, in 133 B. C., it became a Roman province. This was the first Roman province on Asiatic soil.

Carl Humann, a civil engineer, who had traveled in Asia Minor, induced the Berlin museum to fit out an expedition to excavate for the hidden treasures of ancient Pergamum. In 1886, at the close of the third campaign, Humann and a friend named Conze unearthed the great altar and the site of the library. Subsequent expeditions uncovered many treasures.

The great altar was shipped, piece by piece, to Berlin and re-erected in the Kaiser Friedrich museum. A few parts of it are in Constantinople.

However, the central and main portion of Satan's throne is in Berlin. With the throne of Satan in Berlin it is not difficult to understand the military ambitions and actions of the German government.

The Game of Living

By S. B. HACKLEY

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Robert Bickley paused in his leisurely walk down Bradlaw street and seated himself on one of the imposing stone steps of the church on the corner.

"I've got to rest a minute," he said half aloud, fanning himself slowly with his straw hat. "It doesn't take much exertion to use a fellow up when he's only three days out of the hospital—but it's glorious to be out again! John says it's pretty quiet on my beat—me for duty in a couple or so days now!"

A pretty young girl came out of the church and paused a half moment uncertainly on the upper step. The young man, in his swift, involuntary glance, felt his heart leap. He rose hastily and stepped aside. She started down the steps, but her eyes were misty from crying; she stumbled, missing a step. Bickley caught her full in his arms as she fell.

"Thank you—oh, thank you!" she faltered as she stood erect. "I was very awkward!"

She passed on down the street, but he had seen despair in the eyes she raised to him. He looked after her with a strange constriction of the heart.

"That was my girl!" he said to himself as he walked slowly back the other way, "and I don't even know her name or where she is going! And oh, good Lord, she looked like she wanted to die!"

A month before, the old insurance man for whom Hester Moran worked had died—the city was overcrowded with workers—the girl had not found another job. On this Sunday she had shrunk from going to the little church she regularly attended, and so had gone to a big strange one; but in this great church it seemed to the little stenographer every one was "rich in lands and money;" there were but two pennies left in her purse, and, after Tuesday night, her rent would be up. No money, no work, and nowhere to go!

With despairing bitterness in her soul, Hester had risen and slipped out of the church.

"I'll try again tomorrow and Tuesday," she said to herself—"perhaps Wednesday—then—"

Monday and Tuesday were one continuous tramp. She had asked for work at everything she could do, only to be turned down everywhere. In the dusk of Wednesday she stood in the lobby of a great office building, resolved to make one last try. "Stenographer wanted," the slip of paper she held in her hand read, "Room 609."

The stylish, elderly man into whose office she was admitted gave one look at the newcomer, and turned to the six girls waiting to talk with him about the job.

"No use waiting," he flung at them, "I can see none of you will do!"

With a gallant air he set a chair for Hester in his inner office and drew his own big chair close up beside it.

"You'll suit me to a 'T,' duckie," he remarked. "I've been looking for something slick like you, and I can see with one eye you're a live wire."

Sickened, Hester edged her chair away.

"How much does the place pay?" she asked.

"Five dollars at first!"

"But I—a girl can't live on that!"

"Who expects you to, sweetness? A looker like you doesn't have to live on $5. Why, you might get as much as twenty a week if we hit it off together. That's what my last stenographer got,"

He reached over and squeezed her hand. Hester rose, her cheeks aflame with helpless wrath.

"That's the last insult I'll ever receive," she assured herself when she was in the street again, "the very last."

The smell of the bakeshop's fresh rolls sickened her hungry stomach, empty since her breakfast of crackers. At the foot of the stairs that led to her room she paused tempted to borrow a slice of bread from her landlady, but she clinched her hands and climbed the steps.

"I won't be hungry very long," she thought.

It was close on midnight when she crept out to the park, where the strong tide beat against the sea wall. The night was warm and sultry, but the girl shivered as she crouched on a park bench.

"I've got nobody," she defended herself to conscience; "nobody to care."

But as she spoke, there floated before her excited brain the face of the young man who had saved her from falling at the church steps.

"He'd never hurt a woman," she thought; "he looked good. I could have loved him! I wish I had known him and he had wanted me!"

A clock not far from the park struck twelve. The young fellow in a policeman's uniform, standing on the sea wall, heard a light step behind him. Then a small white figure slipped past him like a bird and flung itself into the water. He let himself swiftly into the washing tide and struck out for the sinking white figure. In a little time he was back at the base of the wall, and John Tweedle, another officer, whom his cries had brought, was helping him.

"Let me, Bob; you're not fit to lift her again," Tweedle remonstrated, as, with a prayer in his heart, Bickley bent over the girl.

Her eyes were closed, but he knew her for the girl who had passed him on the church steps on Sunday. He had found her again, and like this!

Late in the afternoon Hester awoke to clear consciousness in the hospital bed.

She raised herself.

"Why didn't they let me drown? It wouldn't have hurt anybody!"

The nurse shook her head in reproach. "It did hurt some one. The young man who saved you is just up from a fever—he went back on duty only last night—he wasn't fit to jump into the river, but he risked his life because he wanted you to live! He's a good boy, too—I've known him all his life!"

Hester's white face turned whiter.

"Where is he?" she demanded. "Help me to dress."

A moment later Robert Bickley took hold of his nurse's sleeve. "I'm going to get up," he told her. "I'm all right now."

"Lie still," she bade him, "lie still and keep your eyes shut. I'm sending somebody to see you—that girl that you saved. I think it'll be a lesson to her."

"Oh, don't die!" There was remorseful agony in the voice that Bickley, lying with closed eyes, heard presently, "don't die! I never thought I'd hurt any one!"

He opened his eyes and sat up.

"Don't," he besought her, "I've just been a bit tired since—since I helped to give you another try at the game of living, that's all!"

"I—I haven't got anybody to care!" she sobbed, unheeding. "If you die, I'll try it all over when there's nobody by!"

"No you don't!" he said, and reached out for her hands. "I am all right—and you have got somebody! There—there's me! Say," he went on, a bashful red coloring his cheek, "I've been loving you ever since I saw you Sunday on the church steps. I've been wishing every minute since I could find you and make you love me. I've got enough saved up for a bit of a home for my wife, and we—we could be the happiest things alive! Say you'll think about it, little girl!"

When the nurse came back, the girl hid her face on her friendly shoulder.

"She says she thinks she'll like the game of living, from now on!" the young man cried, his eyes shining.

NOT ALL IMPRESSED ALIKE

Curious to Note the Different Behavior of Animals in the Vicinity of War's Alarms.

Some interesting notes have been made in regard to the behavior of various animals under the terrific conditions of noise, vibration, explosion and other disturbances at the front. Thus it seems clear that some kinds of birds under the dominance of instincts of feeding, nesting or brooding, behave as if they are indifferent to all kinds of turmoil. Living creatures of many kinds are not in the least impressed by sounds which have no interest for them. To terrific disturbances, which have neither inherited nor acquired "meaning," an accurately sensitive organism may remain quite indifferent.

But another point is raised, says Nature, by some observations which refer to the diverse ways in which sheep and cows react to 'dummy bombs released from an airplane. The cows seem entirely indifferent to the "swish" of the falling bomb, but the sheep "invariably scatter in panic." Have the cows a different—more placid—temperament? But how excited they get at times by the buzzing of flies that cannot hurt them. The excitement is probably due to fallacious association with the buzzing of blood-sucking flies which can hurt them; and the suggestion is that sheep are panic-stricken because the swish of a falling bomb is probably not unlike the sound of a bird of prey, say a golden eagle.

How Flowers Were Named.

The daisy (as Chaucer has it) "the eye of day"—i. e., the sun; the sunflower is named from its rays of sunshine, yellow. There is also the moondaisy. The geranium is the crane's-bill, the Greek word for a crane being geranos. From the form of the leaf we have dandelion (French dent de lion, lion's tooth).

Pimpernel, a corrupt form of "bipinet" (Latin bis and penna), is the double-winged flower. From their properties, mostly medicinal, are named narcissus (narcotic), nasturtium (nose twister), honeysuckle and lavender (used to scent linen fresh from the laundry).

Thirty Days in February.

In traveling around the world a day has to be added or thrown overboard, according to the direction you are going. The adjustment is invariably made when crossing the 180th meridian, almost midway between Japan and California, so a vessel on the spot on February 29, in a leap year, must accordingly have a February 30. In point of fact February 30 does appear in the ship menu. But it is hard lines on a baby born aboard ship that day, as he can never have another birthday unless he journeys across the line when February 29 becomes February 30.

Strange!

"Dear me," said old Mr. Boggs, hesitatingly, "I know I've forgotten something, but, for the life of me, I can't remember what it is."

AGENT GAVE IT UP

Nothing for Him to Do but Hand Out Ticket.

Now He Makes Plaintive Appeal for Rule by Which He Can Tell a Minister From Ordinary Run of Mankind.

"Sky pilots! Whe-e-w!" whistled the ticket agent of a Missouri town the other day, so the story goes. "Well, it seems to me there are just ten times as many as there used to be in this neck of the woods, and I tell you some of the guys who come up here to this window sayin' they're ministers and asking for half-fare tickets look more like ballyhoo men at a street fair or circus than sky pilots.

"The trouble is when a fellow comes up here to the window and says 'I'm a preacher,' there ain't any rules laid down for me to go by to tell him from a professional crook, or moll buzzer, or a right reverend, and so I have to hand out the ticket.

"The other night I was talking to my wife about it, and we hit on a scheme, and when I went down to work next morning I had the family Bible tucked under my arm, and when a sporty-looking old chap, puffing a cigarette, with a plaid suit and a necktie so loud it was screaming at you, came up to the window, and says 'minister's ticket to Kansas City, please,' I said respectful like:

"'Please excuse me, sir, but will you please tell me who wrote the second book of St. Paul's Epistle to the Galatians?'

"He smiled at me friendly, and said pretty quick, 'Why Paul, of course. Now get busy with a ticket.'

"'Nope,' said I, just as cold as you please, looking him hard in the eyes. 'You're dead wrong there. Paul didn't do any such thing, and nobody else ever wrote a second book to those Galatians, for there ain't any such book,' and I thought I had finished him.

"But, mind you, he just sort of looked at me sad-like for a minute like he felt sorry for me, and then he reared back and said in a voice just like he was praying: 'Sir, I am a minister of the holy gospel, whether or not this finite thing called mind tricks me in reference to the number of books written by the blessed saint, Paul. I teach the philosophy of rational thought so as to co-ordinate with the elucidation of internal forces upon the outward or extraneous matter which operate in opposition to the complete domination of the purely physical to the intellectual—the soul, some call it—and that the elevation of the spiritual retards the development of disease and error on this terrestrial planet on which we live and move and have our being.'

"I looked at him a minute, and then I said out loud, 'Well I be dogged!' For I was thinking all the time to myself how a ten-dollar-a-week ticket man was ever going to get wise to a line of talk like that even with a Bible in his hand. And I handed out the ticket."—Kansas City Star.

Quaint Island.

Elmley, one of England's oddest little islands, though only 48 miles from London, is a parish where roads, shops, lamps, telephones, motor cars, public houses and postoffices are unknown. The island, which lies off the Isle of Sheppey, Kent, has an area of about 2,000 acres, and is the property of Oxford university. The inhabitants are mostly shepherds of large flocks of sheep. The oldest man of the village is in his seventieth year. He has yet to see a motor car. The school and church are the two chief landmarks on the island. The reason they were built in such a sparsely populated spot is that in winter it is almost impossible to leave the island, as the ferry which runs to and from the island is dangerous.

A novel method of obtaining the services of the ferryman, who lives opposite to the island, is the opening of the white door of a hut facing the shore. At night a lighted candle held aloft serves the purpose of the open door.

Stonewall's Plan.

As an American troopship pulled away from a New York dock on its journey to France, Stonewall Jackson and Welcome Brown hung over the forward rail and looked with solemn faces down into the choppy waters of the Atlantic.

"What you'all gwine to do, Stonewall, if one of dem pow'ful mean torpedoes smash into dis here boat?"

Stonewall remained silent for a minute, then he turned a sober face toward his brother in sorrow.

"What I gwine to do? Listen, Welcome, my ole mammy done tole me dat dere nebber wuz but one man dat eber walked on de water an' got away wid it—but ef one ob dem chasers ever smash into dis boat—say, Welcome, Ah'm goin' to be de second one."—John E. Scroggins, U. S. N., in Judge.

Rats Cause Losses.

Losses from rats in cities are enormous. In 1908 the biological survey made a careful study of rat infestations in two cities, Washington and Baltimore, with the result that actual losses of produce and other property amounting annually to $400,000 and $700,000 respectively, were revealed. These sums are nearly in ratio to the populations. The Woman's Municipal league of Boston recently announced that losses from rats in that city amounted to $1,350,000 each year. Losses in Pittsburgh, Pa., have been estimated at over $1,000,000 a year.

Miracles in Money

A city skyscraper seems a miracle in steel and stone. But it is only a vast number of girders painstakingly placed together—a vast quantity of bricks placed end to end and one above another.

Miracles in money are seeming miracles only. You can work miracles in your own life.

Saving Wins Success

You can have a big prosperous farm, own a car, or travel wherever you wish.

Men who have really succeeded spell it S-A-V-E. You can win the same success. You do not need a lot of money to do it. You need no great education.

You need only the determination to start now and continue. Let us help you.

Messages to Seekers of Success



To Save Your Money and Make Your Money Safe

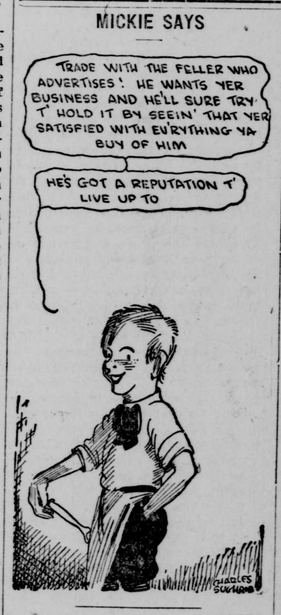
BANK WITH US

Caroline County Bank

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MICKIE SAYS



Secret Service Work.

"Secret Service" in its narrow sense is the name applied to that bureau in the treasury department the duties of which as defined by law are to detect counterfeiting and to protect the president. The term "secret service" in its broader sense includes all of those agencies which detect violations of federal laws and which keep the government informed as to international relationships. Military intelligence is the chief secret service agency in the broader sense and it co-ordinates and uses all the lesser detective agencies of the government.

Age of Cedars of Lebanon.

Several efforts to calculate the age of the famous cedars of Lebanon now standing have been made by counting the rings in the heart wood of those that have fallen. These estimates, according to Prof. A. Henry of the Royal College of Sciences for Ireland, in an article in Country Life, vary from 2,230 years to 2,500 years, although it may be that they are of slower growth than the specimens tested in other countries. The largest of the cedars is 13 feet in diameter.

Indian Jewels.

Crossing from China to India, we shall find the people there often loaded with jewelry, writes Frank G. Carpenter, in "How the World Is Clothed." That worn by a single girl in the Himalaya mountains may weigh many pounds. It is usually of brass, but sometimes of gold and silver. In the valley of the Ganges, there are women who wear metal rings in their noses, and some who have silver bells much like sleigh bells fastened about their toes.

Practical Sympathy.

James Shaffer of Uniontown, Pa., struck a foreigner who made disloyal remarks and was fined $10, but the money was paid by ten members of the local Christian church, who on their way home happened to stop in the burgess' office. Each of the men planked $1 down on the desk of the official and the case was ended.



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MICKIE SAYS



Walks Upside Down.

Because he walks upside down as well as right side up, the black-and-white warbler is also frequently called the black-and-white creeper, says the American Forestry association of Washington, which is conducting the national birdhouse building contest. This bird has been called a symphony in black and white because of the beautiful manner in which these two colors are used over his body. His head is barred black and white with a white stripe over each eye; he has wing bars on each wing and the inner webs of his outer tail feathers are white patched. This bird gets most of his food by gathering insects and grubs from the crevices in the bark of trees, thus destroying pests which might work injury to fine trees.

About the Carat.

The "carat," the unit of weight peculiar to jewelry, was introduced from India. Man sought to record the weight of small objects by using tiny seeds. The barley grain was used in Europe. In the East the seeds of a vetch were in use, and it is from the Greek word for vetch (keration) that the now familiar term "carat" is derived.

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