AMERICAN UNION

Vol. 63, No. 44. DENTON, MARYLAND, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1919. $1.00 Per Year.

To Save Is to Have

Suppose you save 25 cents a day. That does not mean much to the average man. You won't miss it.

Yet that 25 cents a day in ten years grows to nearly a thousand dollars. And the interest, which we pay you for saving your money, brings the total to well over eleven hundred dollars.

Think of what you can do with this.

Realize Your Dreams

Just a few years of small but steady savings will bring you many of the things you are longing for. Perhaps you want a car. Perhaps you want to buy the farm next to you. Perhaps you want to start a son in business, or to go traveling, or to educate yourself or your children.

Saving will do all these. And best of all, you will have formed the saving habit and will never be one of the nine men out of every ten who pass their last years penniless—in the poorhouse or dependent on others.

Messages to Seekers of Success



To Save Your Money and Make Your Money Safe

BANK WITH US

THE PEOPLES BANK

DENTON, MD.

H. T. NUTTLE, President. T. F. JOHNSON, Cashier.

F. J. Wright F. J. Wright

DENTON, MARYLAND

School Supplies—Pens, Pencils, Erasers, Ink, Tablets, Books.

Watches, Clocks—Chime and Alarm.

Kodaks and Supplies

Jewelry, Fine Cut Glass, and China Ware

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

F. J. WRIGHT

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

Denton National Bank

Our Up-to-Date Savings Department pays you

4 Per Cent.

computed quarterly, on your money. We solicit your banking business.

HARVEY L. COOPER, President.

In Practice.

"I see your wife has one of those hobble skirts."

"She was early in the game. I'm going to make some money this summer."

"How?"

"By taking her around the picnic circuit. She ought to win first coin in any sack race for ladies."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

RED CROSS GIVES FULL ACCOUNTING

War Council Tells How Millions Contributed by Public Were Used For Relief.

BIG TASK IS DESCRIBED

In Twenty Months $154,000,000 Was Spent Overseas and $119,000,000 in the United States.

Washington. (Special.)—Through a complete report of the work of the American Red Cross in the war by Chairman Henry P. Davison, on behalf of the war council, the organization on the eve of its annual enrollment of members during the Third Red Cross Roll Call, November 2 to 11, has rendered an accounting of the many millions given it by the American people to help our fighting men and our allies. The statement is, in part, as follows:

"The war council of the American Red Cross is now prepared to make a complete accounting to the American people of money contributed and expended, as well as the work done by the American Red Cross during the period in which the war council was in control of its affairs. The war council was appointed May 19, 1919, and went out of existence February 28, 1919.

"It was the practice of the war council to give complete publicity to its policies and finances, but it is only now that a picture of the war period as a whole can be presented. It is the feeling of the war council that a report in this summarized form should be made directly to the public which provided the money and gave the effort which made the American Red Cross a success.

"A statement of the American Red Cross effort and finances since the war council relinquished its control will be made to the public through the executive committee, and it is important, therefore, that the fact that this report covers the period only until March 1, should be carefully noted."

Following are certain round figures covering American Red Cross participation in the war, as revealed by the war council's report:

Some Outstanding Figures.

Contributions received (material and money).	$400,000,000
Red Cross members: Adults, 20,000,000; Children, 11,000,000 ...	31,000,000
Red Cross workers.....	8,100,000
Relief articles produced by volunteer workers..	371,577,000
Families of soldiers aided by Home Service in U.S.	500,000
Refreshments served by canteen workers in U.S.	40,000,000
Nurses enrolled for service with army, navy or Red Cross	23,822
Kinds of comfort articles distributed to soldiers and sailors in U. S....	2,700
Knitted articles given to soldiers and sailors in U. S.	10,900,000
Tons of relief supplies shipped overseas	101,000
Foreign countries in which Red Cross operated	25
Patient days in Red Cross hospital in France.....	1,155,000
French hospitals given material aid	3,780
Splints supplied for American soldiers	294,000
Gallons of nitrous oxide and oxygen furnished French hospitals	4,340,000
Men served by Red Cross canteens in France....	15,376,000
Refugees aided in France	1,726,000
American convalescent soldiers attending Red Cross movies in France	3,110,000
Soldiers carried by Red Cross ambulances in Italy	148,000
Children cared for by Red Cross in Italy.....	155,000

Of the $400,000,000 in money and supplies, contributed to the American Red Cross during the twenty months the war council was in existence, $262,000,000 was allotted to national headquarters, while $137,000,000 went to the chapters to finance their activities. Expenditures in the twenty months totalled $273,000,000, divided as follows: By national headquarters in France, $57,000,000; elsewhere overseas, $61,000,000; in the United States, $48,000,000; by chapters in the United States, $43,000,000; cost of chapter-produced articles distributed in France, $25,000,000, elsewhere overseas, $8,000,000; in the United States, $28,000,000, making total expenditures in France, $82,000,000, elsewhere overseas, $72,000,000; in the United States, $119,000,000.

MICKIE SAYS



One Frenchman's Sacrifice.

Thirteen sons dead, that represents part of the war's cost to a French farmer who lived at Reninghe, near Ypres—surely a record. He had 36 children, and 20 of his 22 sons fought on the various fronts. In 1917 the widow of one of the sons was killed by a German shell at Dunkirk. The farmer himself and one of his daughters met a tragic end. In October, 1914, they went to Lille to take part in celebrating the hundredth birthday of a relative. They were met on their return by a German patrol and were shot.

join

The American Red Cross

All you need is a ♥ -and a- $

The Dear Somebody

By A. MARIA CRAWFORD

(Copyright, 1919, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Isabella Guilford looked up and down the long rows of tables stretching for one block on Market street. Twenty-five hundred returning soldiers, her townsmen, were to eat there that day. A profusion of early summer flowers, like a gorgeous rainbow in the tropics, spanned the snowy tables.

Over a thousand fried chickens, hundreds of delicately frosted cakes, the pride of many a housewife; sandwiches, pies, everything dear to the doughboy's heart, had been prepared for the feast.

With an ardor born of loneliness Isabella wished that the eyes of one khaki-clad man would brighten at the sight of her, that a dear somebody would hasten to find her, unhappy if she were not there. But she realized all too well that the only soldiers she knew would smile, grasp her hand indifferently and pass on to some girl for whom they really cared.

Isabella was thirty, and for some inexplicable reason she had never had a lover. She had numbers of friends, so many that not even the people with whom she was intimate suspected the embarrassing truth that none of the men who called on her and took her about wanted to marry her. Many of her associates joked her on the subject, inquiring in feigned sarcastic fashion what she was waiting for, a prince or a millionaire. Isabella had always laughed at such questions, but the laughter was forced.

Ever since the news that twenty-five hundred local members of the great Thirtieth division, which had done some of the hardest fighting, were to parade in their home city on their way to the demobilization camp, she had covertly hoped that she would be asked to serve them. But the committee in charge had decided that the very youngest and prettiest girls should serve the men, while the older ones, like Isabella, could stay in the supply rooms to cut cakes and pies and to prepare the plates as they were needed.

She thought of the story of Mary and Martha in the Bible, and reflected somewhat bitterly that the role of Martha would always fall to her.

From somewhere far off frenzied shouts sounded. Torpedoes placed on the tracks of the incoming trains exploded like the firing of a salute. There was the sound of martial music, and then every whistle blew and every bell in the city rang, adding to the human din. It was like another armistice day. The boys, their own home boys, had come back to their loved ones at last.

Isabella's eyes grew a bit misty and she dabbed at them uncertainly as she hastened to help the dozens of other workers prepare the feast. Many of the girls and young women, unable to restrain themselves, yelled something excitedly and rushed off toward Gay street, the line of march. So Isabella and the older women, most of them married, generously piled the fried chicken, the pickles and pies on the papier mache plates.

"I'm glad that you're not man crazy, Isabella," said one old lady, gruffly, indignant because her own share of the work had been disorganized by the unexpected flight of her young helpers.

"You are dependable, the kind of woman who makes a good wife. Now you can keep your head!" she ejaculated crisply. She could keep her heart as well as her head, thought Isabella sadly, thinking of her lack of lovers.

Finally the vanguard swung into view at the far end of Market street. The girls were marching with them, waving flags, shrieking their own joy. At sight of the tables, loaded with good things, a lusty cheer broke from the boys.

Isabella left the street and went into the hot, smoky rooms which had been fitted up as temporary kitchens. She handed out plates, she cut cakes and pies until her thumb was sore, but still the demand came for more supplies.

"Run outside, Isabella, and see if anybody could have been overlooked," said one matron.

Many of the soldiers called to her as she passed along the tables, waving their arms and shouting greetings, but Isabella knew that she was not essential to the happiness of any of them.

A captain in the medical corps, a stranger, stood a little apart from the others, and Isabella's heart gave a flutter of pleasure at sight of him. Perhaps she could entertain him, and so feel that she was not an outsider after all. She went up to speak to him, her hand out, a little wistful look of longing to be a real part in the joyful celebration flushing her pretty face.

"Won't you have something else to eat? I don't believe you went out from here, did you? You must have taken Captain Newman's command when he was invalided home six months ago. I am Isabella Guilford."

"So I did, Miss Guilford," smiled the stranger. "I'm from Michigan. Bill Burdette is my name. I was just beginning to feel a bit lonely when you came. By being brigaded with your townsmen I am missing my part of the fun in my own home town. But it's all in the game! And these are wonderful days, compared with the time we spent over there."

As they stood there in the warm sunlight Isabella tried to make herself believe that he had come back to her, that he was glad because she was there beside him. Of course it was foolish, playing make-believe when she was all of thirty; but it was better than being lonely.

All at once Peggy Lacy's visitor dashed up to them and seized Capt. Bill Burdette's hands. "Why, Bill, you blessed thing!" she cried. Then she stood on tiptoe and kissed him. And the young medical officer laughed, held her off at arm's length, and then hugged her very close.

With an odd sinking of the heart Isabella turned away unnoticed and went back to the hot, smoky kitchen. Life was always doing things like that to her. A door through which she glimpsed a dream of happiness would open a little way and as soon as she started toward it it seemed to close with an ominous click of the lock.

She was just an old maid and she would have to substitute service for self, she concluded. The war had taught her that self-abnegation keeps one from grieving over personal problems. She thought of being a nurse, of going abroad during reconstruction days. There was much that she could do. She was capable. She knew that.

She began scraping the odd plates that had held the cakes, piling them in orderly rows on the littered tables. She could hear the soldiers and the girls singing outside, could hear their cries of delight as they bumped into each other, trying to dance on the asphalt paving. The mayor had declared a holiday.

There would be feasting and joyful gatherings all that day, but for her it would be a time of loneliness. Nobody would think of asking her to join their party that day.

"I—I beg your pardon," a voice said just above her ear, and she turned so quickly that an old plate slid out of her hand and crashed on the rough pine floor. She looked up into the flushing face of the medical officer.

"I hope that you won't think me presumptuous, Miss Guilford. I—I've hunted all over the place for you. My little cousin is visiting Peggy Lacy here, and when they asked me to go home with them I told them that I had an engagement with you. Now what am I going to do about it? You see—you were so bright and entertaining, so much like the girl I've always dreamed of meeting that I dared—" He hesitated, then continued bravely, "I thought it would be great to go off somewhere and have a little quiet talk with you until time for the train to pull out for the demobilization camp."

Isabella's heart was beating staccato time, but with all the coquetry born of Eve and handed down to every woman through the ages she smiled at him and said in matter-of-fact tones, "I think that I can manage it. We'll slip away and go home now."

She must not be too eager, she must let the male believe himself the hunter, she thought as she pinned on her smart little hat, her fingers suddenly cold and shaking. Life had unexpectedly dealt her the best cards in love's deck. How carefully she must play them!

LEARNED SOME UGLY FACTS

Two Cases Where Eavesdroppers Probably Convinced Themselves of Truth of Old Adage.

A woman who had fallen ill distrusted doctors. So she asked her sister to conceal herself and listen to the conversation between the family doctor and a specialist who were called in consultation. When the specialist joined the family doctor his only remark was:

"Bless my soul, I have never seen so ugly a woman in all my life!"

"Ah, but you should see her sister," said the doctor.

The sister's experience was scarcely as disconcerting as that of a man who was ill, and who desired to know the truth about his condition. According to a contributor to the Sphere, the butler, who had concealed himself at his master's order, reported that there was a disagreement between the two physicians.

"However, it does not matter," reported the butler, "for some fellow whom the specialist called 'Mr. Post Mortem' will settle the matter within two or three days."

Columbus' Tiny Vessels.

The largest of the three ships in which Columbus made his first voyage, the Santa Maria, was about ninety feet long and twenty feet beam, and was of about 150 tons burden. A single deck covered it throughout. It had three masts, one supporting a triangular lateen sail, which was more picturesque than serviceable for an ocean voyage. The vessel was about the size of one of our modern coasting schooners. The Pinta was somewhat smaller, and the Nina, Spanish for baby, was well named, being scarcely larger than a catboat, and not more than fifty tons. The three vessels carried only 150 persons in all. Irving says it was not for want of large vessels in the Spanish port that those of Columbus were so small. He considered them better adapted to voyages of discovery, as they required but little depth of water and could therefore more easily and safely coast unknown shores and explore bays and rivers.

Cruel Husband.

A wife's coomplaint at a Queensland court, Australia, was that her husband, when at home, sang or whistled the same line of the same song hour after hour. The clerk agreed that that was excessive cruelty. The woman added that the previous day she locked herself in a room and pretended she was out. For three hours her husband whistled or sang the same line of the same song through the keyhole.

Lines to Be Remembered.

Recreation is not the highest kind of enjoyment, but in its time and place it is quite as proper as prayer.—Samuel Irenaeus Prime.

Your Business Partner

It is a good bank's duty to assist its clients in the solution of their problems—whether they be the problems of a merchant or a farmer. Both are businessmen.

In fulfilling this moral obligation, we like to consider our organization as your business partner — interested in your success and eager to forward your plans.

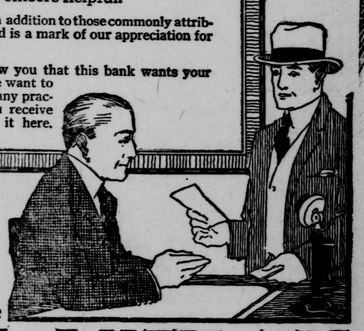
Confidential Counsel

If you wish sound advice in seeking credit, making investments, or even the more personal problems of your business you will be welcomed here. You will find a talk with our officers helpful.

This service is in addition to those commonly attributed to banks and is a mark of our appreciation for your account.

We want to show you that this bank wants your business. And we want to show you the many practical benefits you receive through placing it here.

Messages to Seekers of Success



To Save Your Money and Make Your Money Safe

BANK WITH US

Caroline County Bank

GREENSBORO, MD.

T. CLAYTON HORSEY, Cashier.

AN AMERICAN RED CROSS CLINIC



In many places one of the important American Red Cross activities for the preservation of health is its clinic, where, among other services, innoculation against typhoid fever and other diseases are dispensed, as illustrated in this photograph. Enroll now as a worker at local Red Cross Headquarters for the Third Red Cross Roll Call, November 2-11.

RED CROSS ENROLLMENT CERTIFICATE

The American Red Cross

acknowledges with thanks the receipt of ONE DOLLAR from

John Smith. (Name of Applicant)

who has enrolled as an Annual Member for the year 1920.

Baltimore Chapter (Name of Chapter)

Receipted by Mary Jones (Name of Chapter's Representative)

Certificate No. 1273

Membership begins January 1, 1920.

Above is an exact reproduction of the American Red Cross enrollment certificate, which will be sent to every one in the United States with a heart and a dollar. One million volunteers have been called for to act as enrollment workers. Enlist now in this vast army at local Red Cross Headquarters for the Third Red Cross Roll Call, to be held November 2-11.



(Copyright, by McClure Syndicate.)

Making Mother-of-Pearl.

The secret of another German key industry has been discovered, the manufacture of artificial mother-of-pearl. J. W. H. Dew, a fellow of the British Royal Society of Arts, found the process after much patient experimenting.

Doctor Dew was engaged during the whole period of the war in reconstructing, step by step, the method of manufacture.

Artificial mother-of-pearl is used for making fancy buttons, dress trimmings and many other articles. Before the war most of it came from Germany.

DISCOVERED VAST DEAD CITY

Photographs Taken by Airman Over Mesopotamia Reveal Site of Once Vast Metropolis.

Lieut. Col. J. A. Beazeley gives in Geographical Journal (London) an interesting example of how photography from an airship can extend our knowledge. When making an aerial reconnaissance in Mesopotamia over territory occupied by the Turks he took a series of photographs near Samarra which shows distinctly the ruins of an ancient city extending 20 miles along the Tigris river and two miles and a half wide, large enough to shelter easily 4,000,000 inhabitants.

This city would never have been noticed on earth, since it is not marked by anything but scattered hillocks, although pottery and medals had been discovered on the site. But the photographs show clearly its whole plan, with its fortifications, canals for irrigation, and streets.

The fall of the airplane within the enemy lines and the capture of its passengers did not permit Colonel Beazeley to pursue his researches, but since the British occupied the territory an archeological expedition, guided by the photographs, has begun to explore the dead city.

©Maryland State Archives, msa_sc2929_scm3542-0330.jpg