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NEWNAM

Message to Seekers of Success

Your Dollar's Opportunity

Your dollar's opportunity is now, today! Set it to work for you. Give it the task of multiplying itself. In doing so it will perform its part in the world affairs.

Every man's money should be making use of this opportunity. Farmers, for instance, can not only feed the world; through businesslike handling of their farms and businesslike handling of their incomes they can help to develop the world.

Thrift Is Patriotism

Saving is a form of serving. It is one of the biggest forms of national service—service to your country. Our first president said, "Economy makes happy homes and sound nations."

The way to start right is to start right now! Saving is as much a habit as spending or putting things off. Once formed, it is easy to continue. But unlike other habits, it is a good habit.



To Save Your Money and Make Your Money Safe

BANK WITH US

Caroline County Bank

GREENSBORO, MD.

T. CLAYTON HORSEY, Cashier

Message to Seekers of Success

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.



To Save Your Money and Make Your Money Safe

BANK WITH US

THE PEOPLES BANK

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WARNS NATION OF RED PERIL

U. S. Department of Justice Urges Americans to Guard Against Bolshevism Menace.

CALLS RED PLANS CRIMINAL

Press, Church, Schools, Labor Unions and Civic Bodies Called Upon to Teach True Purpose of Bolshevist Propaganda.

Washington.—Calling for the patriotic support of all true Americans in its fight to protect their homes, religion and property from the spreading menace of Bolshevism, the United States Department of Justice has issued a warning against the insidious propaganda of the "Reds" during the new year. It reads:

"It would be extremely helpful to the cause of good government, the maintenance of law and order and the preservation of peace and happiness in our country if the people on this New Year's day would resolve to study, understand and appreciate the so-called 'Red' movement. They can counteract it most effectively by teaching its purpose through the press, the church, the schools, patriotic organizations and labor unions, all of which are within the range of its insidious attacks.

"Red" Theories Criminal.

"The 'Red' movement does not mean an attitude of protest against alleged defects in our present political and economic organization of society. It does not represent the radicalism of progress. It represents a specific doctrine—namely, the introduction of dictatorships the world over by force and violence. It is not a movement of liberty-loving persons, but a distinctly criminal and dishonest movement. Lenine himself made the statement at the Third Soviet Conference, 'Among one hundred so-called Bolshevists there is one real Bolshevik, thirty-nine criminals and sixty fools.' It advocates the destruction of all ownership in property, the destruction of all religion and belief in God. It is a movement organized against Democracy and in favor of the power of the few built by force. Bolshevism, syndicalism, the Soviet Government, sabotage, etc., are only names for old theories of violence and criminality.

Russian Labor Crushed.

"Though their adherents in this country are advocating and fomenting strikes, Lenine and Trotzky forbid strikes, and trade unions are being broken up and completely subordinated to the will of the few demagogues in control in Russia. This Bolshevist experiment on the living body of the Russian people has not proven in any sense of the word an experiment in Democracy. The Bolshevist leaders frankly repudiate democratic principles as we understand them. It has been a gamble which meant for Russia, and, indeed, for the whole of humanity, enormous losses in lives as well as in material resources. The Bolsheviks have run up a colossal bill which the Russian workmen and peasants will have to pay.

"Reds" Menace America.

"Having lived at the expense of the Russian people for two years, these speculators in human lives and other people's earnings are trying to move to new fields to the east and to the west, hoping to take advantage of the economic distress and confusion of mind in which humanity finds itself after the terrific strain of five years of war.

"Its sympathizers in this country are composed chiefly of criminals, mistaken idealists, social bigots and many unfortunate men and women suffering with varying forms of hyperesthesia. They are enemies of the government, of the church and of the home and advocate principles which mean the abolition of all three of these safeguards of civilization.

Would Rob Everybody.

"Twenty million people in this country own Liberty Bonds. These the 'Reds' propose to take away; 9,830,000 people in the United States own farms and 3,836,000 more own homes, which they would forfeit; 11,000,000 odd people have savings accounts in savings banks and 18,000,000 people have deposits in our national banks, at which they aim. There are hundreds of thousands of churches and religious institutions, all of which they would abolish. In other words, 110,000,000 hard-working and saving people who own property, love liberty and worship God are asked to abandon all the ideals of religion, liberty and government, which are the outcome of the struggles of their fathers and their own development, and to place themselves, their homes, their family and their religious faith in the keeping and their property under the domination of a small group of Leninos and Trotzkys.

Protection Promised.

"This department, as far as existing laws allow, intends during the forthcoming year to keep up an unflinching, persistent, aggressive warfare against any movement, no matter how cloaked or disguised, having for its purpose either the promulgation of these ideas or the excitation of sympathy for them who spread them. The movement will not be permitted to go far enough in this country to disturb our peace and well-being or create any widespread distrust of the people's government. It will fall away before the light of popular knowledge and appreciation of its aims and purposes."

WILD LIFE OF PALESTINE

All Kinds of Birds, European and Tropical, Found There, and Fishes in Great Abundance.

Swarms of European birds visit Palestine in winter and many breed there. The cranes, as in Dante's fine line, still pass the winter "trailing their long-drawn line drawn across the sky," and in the spring the voice of the turtle-dove is heard in the land.

The Holy Land is appropriately a stronghold of the pigeon family; turtle doves are found, the wood pigeon comes in myriads in winter, and the common pigeon, the true dove of Scripture, is still abundant, both wild and tame, throughout the country.

As a contrast of the "every raven after his kind," the crow tribe of several species is in abundance, and birds of prey, from the great griffon vulture, the "eagle" of Scripture, to the sparrow hawk, are a feature of the country.

In the deep, tropical Jordan valley we find a sort of aviary of real tropical birds, which found there a refuge from the last glacial epoch—the lovely little sun bird, or "Jericho humming bird," the land-feeding, white-breasted kingfisher and a species of the gregarious thrush.

On the coast is found the great Indian fishing owl, and among the rocks of Marsaba the monks have half-tamed the orange-winged blackbird, which is really a starling of African type, as much out of his latitude as the hyrax. One of the birds peculiar to Palestine, the pretty little pigmy Moabite sparrow, which lives in reed beds, is one of the rarest birds in the world.

Reptiles abound, and even the Nile crocodile, the leviathan of the Bible, lingered long enough to give Tristram the chance of obtaining a specimen nearly twelve feet long, while in addition to the African cobra, we find the grass snake among the harmless species, and the wicked little horned viper lies in wait, as in olden times, to bite the heels of the horses.

As for the fish, they are as abundant and varied as ever, and it is interesting to note that the Sea of Galilee is still packed with them, and that the most common kinds are of an African family, an interesting illustration of the scientific interest which unites with the religious to make Palestine among the most interesting of all countries.

Custer's Island.

The town of Hays, Kan., has a normal school and a history. The two naturally come to mind together, for the normal school is built near the site of the historical events which made Hays famous, and the students of the school have taken it upon themselves to restore the spot to something of its old-time appearance.

Hays was once Fort Hays, and General Custer, the famous Indian fighter, was stationed there during the building of the first transcontinental road. His wife accompanied him and shared all the hardships of frontier life. A little island in the stream which flows past the fort is known as Custer's island and is especially identified with the name of Elizabeth because she nearly lost her life there in a flood. One of the soldiers lashed her to a great log, so that her body might be found after the flood was over.

The engineering class of the Hays Normal school has undertaken the work of restoring the old fort and blockhouse and has already erected a monument to General Custer upon the island bearing his name. The custom is for each class to erect some monument or restore some landmark to its original appearance. Upon its graduation day the class unveils its work to the public.—"Miksah," in Chicago Daily News.

Spicy Advertising.

Charles Dudley Warner, who was connected for many years with the Courant of Hartford, Conn., once asserted that the colonial newspaper was a "broadside of state news with a moral essay attached." Whatever may be true of the news some of the advertisements in these old newspapers were rather interesting reading, or at least they are now. There was nothing very stale in this item inserted at regular rates in the New York Gazette in 1734:

"Whereas James Moore of Woodbridge has advertised in this Gazette as well as by Papers sent out and posted up, that his Wife, Deliverance, has eloped from his Bed and Board. These are to certifie, that the Same is altogether false, for She has lived with Him above Eight years under His tyranny and incredibitable Abuses, for He has several times attempted to murder Her and also turned Her out of Doors, shamefully abusing Her, which is well known to the Neighbors and Neighborhood in Woodbridge."

Who Invented the Telephone?

The first patent for a practical telephone was granted to Alexander Graham Bell by the United States patent office in 1876, but Bell had a close rival for the honors in Elisha Gray of Boston, whose caveat for an invention "to transmit the tone of the human voice through a telegraphic circuit" was filed a few hours after the Bell application for a patent. Gray had described his invention in a paper communicated the previous year to the American Electrical society.

The Gray and Bell telephones were similar in many particulars, but after a memorable litigation in the honor of the invention was awarded by the courts to Professor Bell. Gray contributed many other important inventions to mankind.

NOBODY WANTS A BABY

By OLIVE R. BARTON

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When Philip McChesney parked his car as usual in front of the building in which he had his bachelor apartment, and stepped from the marble-lined corridor into the passenger elevator, he had no reason to believe that the long lane of his life had come to the proverbial turn.

He was getting very tired of the lane. As he slipped his key into his door it occurred to him he was doing pretty much the same thing he had been doing every afternoon for many years and was likely to do for many more.

My, how tired he was of the routine! How sick he was of everything! How different it would have been if Madeleine had consented to marry him! He was devoted to Madeleine—pretty, willful and altogether selfish Madeleine.

But what was the use of even thinking? She never would have him. She had told him so a hundred times.

"You see, Phil, we are too much alike to be running mates," she said. "We both want a good time, but we want it in our own way; neither of us would be willing to give in to the other. If you wanted to go to a movie, I'd want opera. If I chose Mrs. E.'s dinner you'd be sure to want something else. I think I ought to marry some one different from myself. I'm such a useless creature, you know. I never did a good turn for anyone in my life. Neither did you, now, did you? All you've ever done was to make money. I'd like to think of my husband as somebody unusual. It's so ordinary to be just rich."

Philip's thoughts were getting too unpleasant for further retrospection. But he knew Madeleine was right. He was only good to make money, and everyone was doing that now.

Every bank, firm of brokers and bond company listed in the evening paper was gorging in riches. The



A Light Hand Fell on His Arm.

stores and shops were prospering, too, every one of them, clearing an enormous profit. Wasn't there anything in the world but money?

Ah! Yes! There was pleasure. Money and pleasure; that was all. And on the front page of the paper the different kinds of trouble resulting from the mad pursuit of both.

Suddenly he saw this unusual notice:

IMPERIAL THEATER.
Fairbanks in "The Sportsman," First Class Vaudeville.
SPECIAL.

"To the holder of the lucky ticket a real, live baby will be given away. Eleven months old. Good parents.

"Don't miss the chance!"

"Ridiculous," thought Philip. A live baby! They wouldn't dare do such a thing. But suppose they did! Who in New York would want a real, live baby? A dog or a monkey might have a chance—but a baby! The red slowly mounted his temples. He was fond of children, unusually so of babies, and he found himself getting curiously excited over the thing.

They'd no business of raffling off a baby even if it could be done legally. But the worst of it was no one would want it!

The lane of Philip's life was approaching a sharp curve at last, had he known it.

That evening found him sitting uneasily through ten reels of film and listening to half a dozen vaudeville sketches in the very show house that advertised the baby—he couldn't stay away—his indignation and curiosity had grown by degrees until now he was waiting for the lucky number to be read.

The house was packed to its limit—the S. R. O. sign had long been out—yet a deathlike stillness hung over the place as the numbers were read. The ninth number out of the box was to Baby Marie.

"Lost—27557," called the man drawing the numbers. "Who has 27557? Will the person holding 2755 please step this way?"

Philip looked around curiously. But there was no response. No one seemed to have the number. Every one looked at his neighbor, necks were craned all over the house. But no one stirred.

"I thought so," said everybody. "Nobody wants a baby!"

"I thought so," said Philip with the rest. "No one wants a baby."

His indignation began right here to boil. It impelled him at last to get up and start down the aisle. He gained the stage by enormous strides.

"If no one wants the baby, I'll take it," he said. "It's an outrage, the whole affair. But if the baby is an orphan and has no home I'll see that it gets one. I—I'll take it home and raise it myself."

There was tremendous applause then. Although it seemed no one wanted the baby, the crowd was glad enough for some one else to play angel.

The manager smiled down into Philip's earnest, indignant eyes.

"Very good, young man. If you really mean what you say, suppose you call at the St. Stephen Children's Home tomorrow, here's the address, and Baby Marie will be handed over to you if the board of trustees are satisfied you are a responsible person. They tried to find homes for a dozen little tots this week but weren't having very good luck."

"Then it isn't just a raffle?" asked Philip, relieved.

"Not exactly! Don't want to hedge, do you?"

"Certainly not! I'll get the child to-morrow. And Philip turned and walked out.

A light hand fell on his arm, and he turned.

"Madeleine! What are you doing here? Are you alone?"

"Yes. Oh, Philip, I saw the notice about the baby and I just had to come, too, it sounded so awful! And I want to tell you how perfectly splendid you were. Do you really mean it? Are you going to get that baby?"

"Certainly. I said I would."

"And take it home?"

"Yes."

"And bring it up?"

"By the grace of God, yes. It would be one thing I might be useful for, besides making money," a little bitterly.

"But you'll have to have a nurse."

"Two, perhaps."

"And it will be very expensive, and—and inconvenient," she reminded him."

"Well?"

"Oh, Philip, let me take the baby. I was just going up anyway when I saw you. And I'm a woman."

"You take it!"

"Yes. Why not?"

"You said you were selfish and useless."

"You said you were, too!"

"And you wouldn't marry me for that reason. The reason doesn't seem to exist now," eagerly.

She had no reply to this. She looked away quickly, but her eyes were very soft.

"You haven't that excuse now, dear. I wonder if—" A new thought had struck him. "Why can't we give the baby a home together, dear? What do you say?"

"All right," she half whispered. But he heard.

CHANGES IN CAPITAL CITY

Some Little Difference Between Washington Today and As It Was a Century or So Ago.

Visitors in Washington, this winter, will appreciate some of the contrasts between the city of today and the capital of the United States of a century or more ago, as described in the recent biography of one of the early justices of the supreme court. In those days, it appears, the White House was surrounded by a rough rail fence, characterized by a contemporary as "not fit for a barnyard," while Pennsylvania avenue was merely a stretch of "yellow tenacious mud," bordered on either side by tree stumps. There were no hotels then. Washington lived in boarding houses. But it was possible to sit at the table with Thomas Jefferson and John Marshall, all for fifteen dollars a week, including service, "wood, candles, and liquors." Now we have the city spacious and beautiful, with our choice of comfortable hostelries, if not of prices. And lo! It is all "bone dry."—Christian Science.

Crave Our Gift of Anecdote.

Some time ago it was less unusual than it is now for one person to absorb the conversation with pleasure to himself and others. Anecdote is out of fashion here (in England), but apparently it remains popular in America.

Very often lately we have heard the conversation of prominent Americans, from the president downward, admired for the color and richness lent to it by witty anecdote and analogy. Perhaps they will revive the fashion in the old country.

Humorous [illegible] has a double value. A head in one place qualifies himself to become a speaker in another. Also there is no doubt that each man in a company united by laughter laughs more heartily than any man can laugh alone.—From the Spectator (London).

The Editor's Office Boy.

"Tommy," said the editor to the office boy, "take this manuscript out to the waiting woman and tell her we are very sorry but we can't use it."

"Yes, sir."

"And, Tommy?"

"Yes, sir?"

"Try to look sad as you go out. That's part of your job around here."

LIFE AT ITS BEST

Advantages of Dwelling in Country Town.

City Man Knows Nothing of the Sweet Contentment That Is the Lot of the Resident of Rural Places.

Observing the inconveniences and sometimes discomforts of city life, some of the brethren of the country press are taking a shot at the city dweller and emphasizing the fortunate position of the citizen who contrives to spend his life in some quiet town of the country, says a writer in the Seattle Post-Intelligencer. The country gentleman never cares whether the street cars run or not; he is not concerned with the electric light plant or the water supply, having his reliable kerosene lamps and a good well in working order for emergency use. He is not afraid that 400,000 of his townsmen will run out of coal at once and freeze to death, because the old grove on the east forty is capable of furnishing his fuel should his supply of five cords of sawed and split wood that he has in his woodshed become depleted. He lives away from the mass, and his small wants are not pushed and crowded by the small wants of hundreds of thousands of other people. He feels that if there is anything that he really needs that he does not possess, he can go out and procure it any morning without much trouble, and he is generally quite right about it.

Charles M. Horton, of Hadley, N. Y., cites the cases of the city and the country citizens in a recent issue of Collier's Weekly. Writes Mr. Horton:

The man who started the back-to-the-farm movement had something! The man who shouted "Back to nature," said something; The advice was directed at city dwellers, of course, because folks who were living out of the cities already did not need it.

He takes up the case of the $25 a week married man, who hardly exists in the city, and shows what he is accomplishing in the country town:

A clerk in the store here gets $25 a week, owns his own home and a boat on the lake and a jitney, goes hunting in the north woods in the fall, fishes evenings and days off without number, picks berries, kills his own beef in the fall, raises his own pigs, has a piano and a library and a silver service and linen, modern pictures on the walls, good rugs on the floors, mission furniture around the rooms, twin beds, a dog, two cats, a bear rug, low ceilings, plain wall paper, electric fixtures—everything, in short, that the city dweller has, or wants, but can't have—and he is a clerk in a grocery store at $25 a week. And he had these things when he was getting $18—six months ago, before he got a raise—had more, in fact, because he owned a trotting horse that could go some; this animal has since died.

The writer himself was beguiled from the country to the city under the common belief that the city is the only place for the man of ambition who would go far. He had brains, in a measure; he had money, in a measure, and then he tossed the whole thing up in the air and made back for the country, where he now exists in contentment. And when one sees city folk bedeviled and harassed and bepinched by every human want, living from hand to mouth, and worrying lest some necessity of existence be cut off by some whim of man or vagary of fate, one is inclined to give the argument of the country citizen large value and credence.

Carnegie Doubly Interested.

One more statue was unveiled, recently, of the immortal Robbie Burns, this time in Boston. Andrew Carnegie spent much of his holiday time in Scotland, and divided it between dedicating free libraries, opening church organs, and unveiling Burns statues. Meeting Mr. Carnegie at a St. Andrews dinner in New York, a braw Scot but recently come over said, "Mr. Carnegie, I would like to shake you by the hand; you unveiled a statue of Robbie Burns last summer in my home town." "Aye," said Mr. Carnegie, after a pause, "that would be Montrose, the only place I ever had anything to do with a Burns statue that I didna pay for. On that account I'm doubly pleased to meet you."—Christian Science Monitor.

Modest Linguist.

Prof. Robertson of Louisville has published a little book of his own on the Greek of the New Testament, a book weighing more than eight pounds and containing 1,540 closely printed pages. In the preface Prof. Robertson apologizes for his small linguistic attainments. He is not, he says, a specialist in the Semitic tongues, though he knows Hebrew and Aramaic and can use Coptic and Sanscrit. He knows Latin, Greek, French, German and Anglo-Saxon, but beyond those languages only Assyrian, Dutch, Gothic and Italian are to be added to his "modest linguistic equipment."

Cement's Adhesion to Iron.

The adhesion of cement to iron that gives strength to reinforced concrete is found by Vasilesco Karpen to be unlike the gluing effect of mortar on bricks. The cement does not stick to the iron firmly, if at all, but the adhesion is given by a gripping of enclosed iron as the concrete contracts in setting.

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