AMERICAN UNION

Vol. 64, No. 15. DENTON, MARYLAND, THURSDAY, APRIL 8, 1920. $1.00 Per Year.

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Messages to Seekers of Success

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To Save Your Money and Make Your Money Safe
BANK WITH US
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"THE CHURCH OF THE BLACK SHEEP"

Though the humble Church of the Black Sheep holds its services in the open air, with neither massive pulpit nor cushioned pew, and draws its congregations from the alleys and the slums, it still is the most cosmopolitan of all our churches; for within its sympathetic circle is drawn representatives of every social class, every race and tongue, and every degree and grade of vice and crime.

For the Church of the Black Sheep is the Salvation Army, which welcomes with brotherly love every derelict that comes within its reach. To it turn the poor rum-soaked, drug-doped, vice-hardened outcasts from whom organized charities turn away in despair, since they seem beyond every hope of reclamation.

The Shepherds in the Churches of the Black Sheep stretch out the friendly hand, draw the desperate, lonely heart-hungry wretch who stumbles in their midst into an atmosphere of friendliness. They feed him, warm him, clothe him, secure medical treatment, if he is ill, and steady his tottering footsteps toward a job in one of their industrial homes, all the while fanning back into flame the dying spark of hope, and shielding by their comradeship and cheer, the poor victims of weakness and sin from the gibes and temptations that their upward turning calls forth from their companions.

With the announcement of the early opening of a campaign for a Home Service Fund, the writer sought to discover just what the Salvation Army means to any community, and just what contribution their organization makes toward good citizenship in Baltimore.

Seeking out the sweet-faced wife of the officer in charge of this district, Mrs. William Escott, who has devoted her life to service in this cause, the writer learned that with these people the nature of the deed is forgotten in their zeal and joy in the doing. To them there is but one solution of every problem, one cure for every trouble—conversion; salvation. While they feed, clothe, warm, comfort and meet every actual physical need, they have the goal before them of coaxing back the wayward sinner into the fold of religion. To them no reformation is assured without a conversion.

Asked how they found so many sorrowing and ready to which to minister, Mrs. Escott explained:

"Through our singing in our open-air and indoor meetings; through our Sunday Schools and our work for children; through the rescue homes, emergency homes, day nurseries, the people hear of us and come to us, and we go to them."

Asked to tell of the work of the rescue homes, one of which is to be established in Baltimore, so that the hundreds of girls who seek care in them every year, may not have to be sent to other homes in the district, because of lack of facilities in the present make-shift arrangement, Mrs. Escott cited the cases of several girls under her own observation.

"There was Ruth," she said, "I will not tell you any more of her name. She was led into misfortune through ignorance, as so many poor girls are. Ruth had been obliged to break her engagement with a young lawyer, because her mother and grandmother depended upon her support. After a time she met a man who interested her, and she foolishly went out to dinner with him. She found herself at home next day and had no knowledge of what had transpired in the meantime. By and by, the situation became so tragic to her, that she turned to the Salvation Army, as she could not face her family nor the people of the church (where she had sung in the choir).

"We put her in one of our rescue homes for six months. After her baby was born, she found she could re-secure her former position in a large store, but she could not keep the baby with her, nor could her bed-ridden grandmother nor invalid mother keep it. So that little baby girl was adopted. Ruth was the first one of the many young mothers who have gone through our Baltimore rescue work, to be freed from the obligation of keeping her child with her."

The rescue home takes a girl and keeps her from six months to a year. When she is again able to work, the Salvationists see that she finds a position where the people will permit her to keep her child, or else she may pay a small sum for its care at one of the day nurseries. A nickel a day is asked of those earning money, but to the mothers not able to afford even this small sum, the service is not denied.

After the girls leave the rescue home, for three years they are kept on a list of visiting. Weekly meetings are held in one of the rooms at the home. If the girls are away from the city letters are exchanged regularly between them and the officer in charge.

Mrs. Escott explained that through this association and loving supervision 92 per cent. of all the girls who stayed through their three-year trial return to lives of permanent respectability, which proves that a woman too "may be down, but never out."

Much of the responsibility for girls going wrong lies in the fact that they are not taught the dangers and temptations that beset them on every side. Mrs. Escott said, illustrating this idea:

"I must tell you about Annie—such a sweet, refined, dainty girl, but oh—think of it—only seventeen and in court for drunkenness and vagrancy.

"Annie was with us several months, but she never would tell her name. 'My mother shall never hear of me. She must be dead anyway,' she said. Finally, Annie was converted, and then she told the circumstances of her downfall. She lived in a little town—never mind where; it was nearby—and she had never been allowed to come to the city alone. A shopping trip had been planned, and on the day appointed, Annie's mother was too ill to go. Annie begged to go alone.

"'Why, mother, I am seventeen; I can perfectly well go. I will come back on the 4 o'clock train. Do say I can go!'

"Against her vague mother fears, she let the child go. If only she had not!" Mrs. Escott's mother heart was wrung with the memory.

Annie did not return at 4 o'clock that day, nor for a year; and then only to die a broken wreck in the arms of her broken-hearted parents.

"While shopping," said Mrs. Escott, "she met a former high school mate, beautifully gowned and bejeweled, who glibly told her little friend of her wealthy husband and pretty home, and insisted on taking Annie home to lunch, promising to take her to the train at four.

"The 'home' was in the red light district. Annie lunched in all innocence of her true surroundings. She was drugged, to awaken next day to the horror of the full truth. A few days after, brain fever set in and a long illness followed. Convinced that her delicate mother had not survived the shock of her non-appearance, Annie threw herself into the wildest dissipation, shortly landed in the courts and from there in the Rescue Home.

"Realizing that her frail body was breaking and death was only a matter of time, the Salvation Army officers managed to learn the name of the town from which she had come. One of them went in person from door to door, asking 'Have you by any chance a daughter away from home?'"

A whole day spent thus yielded nothing but disappointment. Finally, when about ready to give up, the officer noticed through the windows of the last home on a street, a woman dejectedly rocking before the fire with a hopeless expression. To herself the officer said, "That must be Annie's mother!"

A knock brought a weary, elderly man who swayed pitifully at the question, and in hoarse whispers begged the visitor not to let his wife hear, as she was losing her mind from grief. "But if Annie is your daughter, I bring you good news!" Too sacred, too heart-wracking, to tell of the meeting between the girl and her parents—how the officer took her home to them the next morning—and after a few months of re-union, the girl's death was soon followed by the mother's.

"No case is ever hopeless," says Mrs. Escott. "God's power is omnipotent. Take for example the celebrated newspaper man—no, I won't tell you his name—gambling and drink brought him to the lowest of the slums, where for a year or more he lived in filth and squalor, disowned by friends and family. A $10,000-a-year man sleeping on park benches, grafting and begging the price of a drink.

"He stumbled into one of our outdoor meetings. The singing caught his attention. His condition was observed by the leader of the services. She talked to him, begged him to come back next day. He did. Three days later, he brought her fifty cents, clutched so tightly that his nails had left their imprint in his palm, in his struggle to pass by the temptations in the two-mile tramp from the spot where he had earned it to the meeting.

"He became converted, cleaned up, helped to a position in one of the industrial homes; soon came reconciliation with his wife and family. Today, he is earning $5,000 a year!

"You see," continued Mrs. Escott, "that is what we work for—conversion—and no work is too slow nor too difficult for the Salvationist in helping a wanderer back to Christ.

"I have seen my husband be at the door of a lodging house, or a man's home morning after morning for three weeks or more on a steady stretch, to give that man a morning sheer, a word of prayer, and walk to the door of his work-shop or factory with him; be there again at closing time and go home with him, until he had gathered courage and strength in his new faith to go on alone.

"I could tell you stories of the work in the prisons, for the condemned men, and best of all, the work and help given those who came out to face the world again. I could tell you columns of the rescue homes, the emergency homes, the hospitals, the industrials, but it is nothing new. What is done in Baltimore is done all over the world by Salvationists, and has been done right along for 40 years.

"We take people that other institutions turn over to us as being beyond them. We have women and girls who have kept our homes in a state of wild upheaval night upon night, until finally prayer subdued the evil and the poor, stubborn creatures found peace in conversion. That is why our goal is to lead the black sheep back to the fold, for every converted sinner means a good citizen and one less problem for the courts and jails, the potter's field and the poorhouse."

"Do they slip back?" she was asked.

"Sometimes, yes. Then we help them to a fresh start. Often we never see the results (or hear from the people we have been permitted to aid) for years afterward. Sometimes, letters come thousands of miles to tell us of the upward climb of some of the men and women who pass through our homes and our meetings. But we know that no effort is too great, no sacrifice too big to make in the service of God for the saving of one soul.

"But where the funds are so limited and the demands so great, we are hampered in our work. That is why we are asking the generous public to translate their belief in us into dollars, that we may put more workers into the field, reach out and gather in more wayward girls—and carry on."

Countless tales come to light of the unobstrusive work of these untiring men and kindly women who will not tell their part of the service. A deserted and destitute Italian wife, unable to speak but a few words of English, came to the headquarters in Baltimore for a basket of food for her five little children. Noticing her condition, Mrs. Escott told her to send for her when she needed her.

The call came one day and this carefully nurtured, Christian woman took bedding, clothing and food from her own home, took charge of the poor creature, got her a doctor and finally left her, after the sixth child was born, in the hands of another Salvation Army woman, to be looked after until she could get back to her work.

The sick woman looked at her clean bed, her new-born infant, bathed and dressed. Her hungry children were busily devouring their supper; and putting out a trembling hand, she stroked Mrs. Escott's arm and said brokenly: "All so clean, so good, so kind—it must be God."

The work of the Salvation Army in the community is beyond measure and price, for it works 24 hours out of the day with never a thought beyond the need that confronts them, and their work bears daily fruits in the restoration to the community of some man or woman, who through their aid has found the aid and the courage to come back to respectability and independence, and who ever after has an undying love for the Church of the Black Sheep.

EASY PICKING FOR SCOTSMAN

Canny Individual Right in His Element in German Prison Camp—Got All the Money in Sight.

A Scotch corporal was appointed by the commandant to look after our boots and to serve our soup. His name was Allen, but we called him "Steamboat" for short. Steamboat immediately began a siege upon the affections of the German nurse who had charge of the officers' mess and our fare began to improve.

He stole beef and potatoes for us and schnapps for himself. Steamboat was not the only one who was stealing. There were a few tons of potatoes in the basement and a guard would take a fatigue down occasionally to pick out the rotten ones. They spent most of the time putting good potatoes by a window for the Belgians and invariably came back upstairs with their breeches legs filled with the best. These were boiled and issued through the ward at night. You can imagine what a row there was when an inspector went down and found the basement innocent of potatoes.

Steamboat had with him a crown-and-anchor board, a great gambling game of the British army. He soon found when the Germans would get their pay and made plans accordingly. He spread his board on a table and began rattling the dice in a tin cup and with familiar accents began spieling. "Old Joe, the man with the dough." "If you don't speculate you can't accumulate," speaking in English. The German walking wounded crowded around. I put down a few pfennigs and won. Ruett came in for a little loss. The night nurse tried her luck and it was bad. In a few minutes play was in full swing and they were almost fighting for standing room about the table. In two hours Steamboat had all the money. Crown and anchor became an institution, with Steamboat winning at nearly every session. With this money he bought vile German cigarettes for his comrades and wine for himself. When I left Peruwelz he had a beautiful diamond ring and several hundred marks.—From Captain Morris' Letter in Memphis Commercial Appeal, relating experiences as a German prisoner.

Made Good Use of Hairpin.

Dr. Arnold K. Henry of Dublin, who was a surgeon with the British expeditionary forces in France, relates in a letter to the Lancet several instances of using a hairpin when called upon to perform an operation without the proper tools. In one case he horrified the mother superior of a French convent by using a common hairpin, bent as a retractor for an eyelid. In another he extracted with it a foreign body from the ear, which syringing had failed to remove. Once when he had to perform tracheotomy on a baby, with no instrument but a knife, he borrowed a hairpin, bent it, inserted it into the wound in the throat and utilized the projecting ends as attachments for tapes around the neck.

HIS CONSCIENCE IN REVOLT

Killer of Condors Refused to Practice Profession for Any Paltry Remuneration.

In his book, "In the Wilds of South America," Mr. Leo E. Miller tells us that when he went into Argentina on a collecting trip he found an Italian who claimed to be the champion condor hunter of all South America. During ten years he had killed more than sixteen thousand of the magnificent birds. His record for one day was 114. Naturally, they had become greatly reduced in number, for a condor lays no more than two eggs, and it takes many months to rear the young.

The man's method was to drive a burro to some lonely gorge among the bleak mountain tops favored by the birds and then kill the animal. He was very particular in stating that the burro had to be fat—a poor one would not do for bait. He then spread nets about the carcass, and when the condors had gathered about to feast he pulled a rope and ensnared them. On one occasion he snared 67 at one throw of the net. The captured birds were dispatched with a club and the long-wing feathers extracted, to be exported to France to decorate women's hats.

With his accumulated wealth he built a powder mill, but it promptly blew up, and he was virtually penniless. Of course there were condors in the mountains—in fact, he knew of a ledge where more than eight hundred birds were accustomed to congregate to spend the night; but the price of feathers had gone down 50 per cent. He ended his speech in a very dramatic manner.

"What," he said, "me go out and slaughter such a wonderful, magnificent and rare a bird as the condor for ten pesos each? No, senor! Not me!"

AROMA FROM THE BUTTERFLY

Perfumes Pleasant and Unpleasant to Human Nostrils Are Secreted by Both Male and Female.

Peculiarly transformed scales on the wings, or tufts of hairs on other parts of the butterfly exude an aromatic secretion, the secondary significance of which is that it appeals to the female insects. Some of the scents produced by the male Lepidoptera are pleasant to the human olfactory sense, resembling musk, mint, vanilla, honey, and the like; others are suggestive of mice and bats. It is interesting to notice that in some cases, though glandular scales are abundantly present, we cannot smell anything, which probably means that the aromatic substances lie outside our range of olfactory stimulation, just as many rays of light lie beyond our range of vision.

It may be that the volatile poison of toads, known as phrynin, inflames the olfactory membrane if we sniff it, yet there is no smell.

Emily Dickenson.

She was never known to have a lover. She seldom left her father's house in Amherst, Mass., and when she crossed its threshold it was to wander alone in the quaint garden. And she has written some of the most impassioned verse in modern literature. Her solitary life set into the frame of her glowing verse is the answer to the question, "Do writers have to go through the varied phases of life to know 'love'?" Emily Dickenson was born in Amherst in 1830. She died there in 1886. Of her extraordinary verses that were witchery of new forms of expression, regardless of poetic rules, a prominent clergyman and distinguished author of New England, Thomas Wentworth Higginson, said, "When a thought takes your breath away, a lesson on grammar seems impertinence."—Chicago Journal.

Fortune Telling by Bones.

It is strange that in the Transvaal the belief in Kaffir doctors and their wizardry has not died out. Nearly every old Kaffir has always with him a bag of bones, knuckles and joints of animals. With these he pretends to be able to foretell the future. He throws the "dolod" as they are called, and then reads out the omens. Should a white man wish to confer with the oracle, he must throw the bones himself. Many white men firmly believe in the ability of the Kaffir doctor to cure them from sundry ills, and in Rhodesia there have been many cases where the Kaffir doctors have saved whites from the ravages of the terrible fevers that rage there, in addition to coping with the toothache and other ills.

Beauty Due to Geometry.

Why is a Greek statue, building or vase of the best period more beautiful than a statue, building or vase of any other nationality or period? Jay Hambidge, an American, thinks he knows. He says it is because every Greek work of art conforms to a definite geometrical proportion which he has discovered. Hambidge has profoundly impressed officials of the British museum and art authorities to the extent that the London Times carried two columns about his "dynamic symmetry" on the editorial page of its educational supplement.

Natural Proceeding.

"They had a hard time in that piece with the actors representing the elements of the storm."

"How so?"

"The lightning struck."

SANTIAGO SAVED BY LEONARD WOOD

Herculean Labor of Soldier-Doctor in City Infested by Plagues. Profiteering Stamped Out.

By JOHN G. HOLME,
Author of "The Life of Leonard Wood."

IV.

When Leonard Wood, now Brigadier-General of Volunteers, assumed charge of Santiago about one-third of the city's 50,000 inhabitants were sick and the whole population was threatened with starvation, for the city's food supplies had been cut off during the siege. The whole municipal government had broken down. Riding into the city which he was to govern so wisely and successfully, Wood encountered bodies of human beings and animals along the highway and in the streets, while overhead soared great flocks of buzzards, carrion eaters. The atmosphere was poisoned with a miasma of fever and the stench of decaying bodies.

Within the city, one of the worst plague spots on the face of the earth, malaria, smallpox, typhoid and yellow fever raged. The only sewers were open gutters, dammed here and there by dead bodies and refuse. The streets looked as if they had never been cleaned. Never had Hercules himself essayed a worse cleaning job than that which lay before the American soldier-doctor.

Cleaning the city and making it a fit place for human habitation were the first tasks to be taken up. General Wood recruited a large force of idle Cuban soldiers and set them to work collecting the bodies of men and animals and cleaning the streets. The natives, who went to work under compulsion, continued willingly when they found themselves paid regularly in cash and rations.

Wood Killed Profiteering.

It was impossible to bury the dead, so Wood had the corpses and carcasses carted beyond the city limits, soaked in kerosene and burned. The streets were cleaned and kept clean. Within a day or two American soldiers found large stores of food hoarded by dealers who now demanded exorbitant prices, which the population were unable to pay. Wood sent for the principal butchers of Santiago and asked them how much they were charging for beef.

"Ninety cents a pound, senor."

"How much is it costing you?" asked Wood.

"Meat is very dear, your excellency."

"I asked you how much it was costing you." The military governor was stern.

"Fifteen cents a pound, your excellency, but we have lost much in the war—"

"And so have your customers," interrupted Wood. "Now, hereafter beef will be 25 cents a pound retail, and the man who tries to force the people of Santiago to pay more while the wholesale price remains at 15 cents will go to jail."

Wood was not quite so gentle as a Food Administration during the war; but, on the other hand, he was far more effective. He killed profiteering in Santiago in a few minutes.

One of Wood's first acts was to appoint a city council, which had charge of the affairs of the town under his general supervision. Having ordered the city, he issued an order establishing the freedom of speech and of assembly. For the first time in Cuban history the press was unmuzzled. Santiago was full of radicals, and the radical press immediately began abusing General Wood, but the press remained free. Wood always hated censorship.

Monuments of His Labor.

It is now more than twenty years since Leonard Wood left Santiago de Cuba, yet you can visit that city today and view everywhere the monuments of his labor. You stroll along the beautiful marine boulevard. It is the work of Leonard Wood. The city has an excellent water system piped from reservoirs in the hills—Leonard Wood's work. Santiago has a modern sewerage system. Wood created this improvement. You can take a ride into the country over excellent roads. Wood built these highways. Santiago is clean and sanitary. Leonard Wood, M. D., personally drew up Cuba's sanitation code, now a part of the Cuban Constitution.

No; he did not do these things all alone, but he showed himself, although only thirty-seven years old, a master organizer and executive. He never used his military power except in emergencies. He used arbitrary power to enforce health regulations. You cannot argue with diseases and death. The death rate in Santiago was 200 per day when he became military governor. In four months the death rate dropped to ten per day and Santiago was the cleanest city in the western hemisphere. A New England sea captain in the transport service told of the changes wrought by Wood in this way:

"When we made our first trip to Santiago harbor in 1898 the sky was full of buzzards. In the summer of 1899, when Wood had been military governor for a year, there was quite a number left, but in the summer of 1900 when we sailed into the harbor the first mate discovered only one bird hovering in the sky. He looked lonesome, and I'll bet he was hungry."

Wood had destroyed the buzzards' business. Santiago was healthy.

(To be continued.)

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