THE JEFFERSONIAN

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THE JEFFERSONIAN

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LOGIE BONNETT, Editor and Manager

SAT. MARCH 22, 1924

"WHEN THE PAPER DOESN'T COME."

My father says the paper he reads
ain't put up right;
He finds a lot of fault, too, he does,
purusin' it all night;
He says there ain't a single thing in
it worth to read,
And that it doesn't print the kind of
stuff the people need;
He tosses it aside and says it's strictly
on the bum,
But you ought to hear him holler
when the paper doesn't come.

He reads about the weddin's and he
snorts like all get-out;
He reads the social doin's with a
most derisive shout,
He says they make the papers for the
women folks alone;
He'll read about the parties and he'll
fume and fret and groan;
He says of information, it doesn't
have a crumb,
But you ought to hear him holler
when the paper doesn't come.

He sees they don't have what we
want the darn newspaper guess;
"I'm going to take a dry spell from
and go and put 'em wise;
"Somehows it seems as though they
must be deaf and blind and dumb,"
But you ought to hear him holler
when the paper doesn't come.

From time to time we receive complaints from subscribers here, there and everywhere, that they think the paper does not come. Well, maybe Monday—the day that they say we are absolutely no boards, as the entire run of The Jeffersonian forces can plant behind midnight Fridays and in ample time to be assorted at the postoffice in order to catch all mail trains leaving the south is sure, sure, but "Uncle Sam's."

Over and over again we have complained to the local postoffice authorities, and getting no satisfactory answer, we have to resort to the better up with the postoffice authorities at Washington. For a time deliveries ran along in good shape, but now carriage is covered here and to get each service from the postoffice department is as to wait—complaints will mean no "free" weeks on a Monday's work.

To help remedy the situation, for which there is no excuse, THE JEFFERSONIAN asks all subscribers who do not receive their paper on Monday to drop us a post card, on Monday night to spread it every week to the postoffice authorities, who demand specific localities where delays occur.

TAXATION AN OLD PROBLEM.

The present-day tax problem calls for the highest degree of expert attention, and requires a high application of economic science.

In ancient times taxes were levied at the highest amount the taxpayer could pay and still exist and produce taxable wealth. Now the various tax levies are based upon as nearly equitable lines as possible, and the continuous criticism and complaints that are made, while in the main just, the true source of trouble is seldom considered by the average taxpayer.

The era of inordinate prosperity that prevailed during the World War and for a year after, caused people to plunge into an orgy of wild extravagance. Large increases in wages and salaries called for increase in living costs, and high prices on staple commodities once established, presents a difficult problem for reduction without lowering wages and salaries, or incurring a temporary loss on the producer and distributor.

People in all walks of life became accustomed to a higher plane of living and nothing short of a severe reversal of fortune seems to compel the average man or woman to seek a lower level. Countless numbers of young men left the farm or crowded out of our small communities, hoping to secure an easy life with a consequently the general plan of life large income, and consequently the general plan of life was changed.

The vast army of employes of the National, State and local governments had to be awarded an increase in overhead expenses to be met by general taxation. Again, the prices paid for commodities used by the various agencies of the government were subject to the same increase in price, and increasing the amount of tax to be levied and collected.

Then we have been, and are confronted with a heavy increase in population. More children of school age are knocking at the doors of our educational institutions for admittance. This sacred obligation of the public must be met, and as modern methods are demanded, they must be met at an increased cost. Our thickly populated sections require highly developed systems of sanitation to preserve us from the ravages of various epidemics. Modern plans and apparatus must be brought into use to preserve public health. Public safety must be safeguarded and all these necessities call for large outlays of money raised by taxation.

What is the general solution of the problem?

First—reduction in public work; second—reduction in general expense of governmental operation, and third—capable men at the head of affairs.

As the private individual may not be able to drive a high priced car and must content himself with a make of more moderate cost, so the community, the State and the Nation must restrain the desire to have every [illegible]

FILMS THAT LIE.

The inter-church conference at Washington recently, called to discuss immoral movies and how to combat them, could not do much except condemn, advise, and urge the people to patronize good shows and stay away from the bad. But even that little will have some effect; even the sower found that, despite the thorns, stones, and hot sun, SOME seed fell on good ground. Isn't there also a reference to a thirty- sixty, and hundred-fold yield?

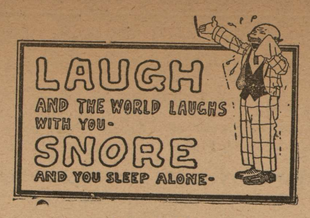
These valiant churchmen have the right idea, but like all pioneers need hearty backng. Periodically theses and others give cause for us to speak our own lines. If we don't, naturally we can't expect a happy ending.

They discussed actresses and the example they give modern maids; censorship and the gross things it overlooks; mercenary aims of producers and to what extent they are legitimate; politics which corrupt films; crime, and how some films breed it; the family and home, and whether they are helped or disrupted by the silver screen.

They concentrated on immorality; yet the big sin of the movies, asininity the next. Most senarios seem written for morons. Art is shocked by tedious explanations, ragged continuty, impossible situations and scenes, and the conclusions drawn from plots we know should work out just the opposite way. These, too, are often hackneyed; all must end with a kiss fifty feet long; and it is astonishing and delightful how the villian is always worsted for good while the noble hero and heroine—more noble by far than in life— are generally rewarded.

Agan, we get distorted ideas of life by the so-called happy endings. They should better be called happy beginnings. Why should we assume that an obviously mismated couple, who clinch at the end of six thousasnd feet of tribulations, have done the right thing and will be happy when married? A rich girl and a poor man, or the reverse, may be happy for a half century together; but the chances are decidedly against it. A man of fifty may fall in love with his ward of twenty, after, of course, she has wandered away from him to another only to suddenly remember his nobility and return. But what will happen if he loves his fireside and she preferss cabaret lights? Or why shsould a married couple, separated by suspicion, be forever immune after a little child has brought them to a reconciliation in the last reel? We have to take our films with a generous dose of common salt, and from an artistic, common sense, and moral standpoint this should not be.

Beyond the happy ending lies life. It is far more prosaic and difficult than we have seen it in five short reels. She won't always be radiant and he may be held [illegible]



(By D. F.)

BACK HOME.

Back Home.
Oh, wondrous words are those,
That every weary wanderer knows;
For cast about where'er we may,
We plan to go back home some day.
Across the miles that intervene,
The prairies seems a bit more green;
The skies still seem a bit more blue
And old time friends a bit more true.
Back Home.

Back Home.
I wonder if the neighbors say
That they have missed me since I
went away.
There's many that can take my place
And fill it with a kindlier grace;
There's many that can do my task,
And yet I hope some one will ask
Just when they are expecting me.
Back Home.

Back Home.
But one must sometimes go away.
Oh the thoughts those words convey,
For when you wander 'round the land
You long to grasp an old friend's
hand;
You long to see that old time smile
Awaiting for you all the while;
And hear in that familiar voice
"Old pal," your friends will all rejoice
That you're
Back Home.

SLANDER.

The business man's wife, who had called at his office, regarded the pretty stenographer with a baleful eye.

"You told me that your typewriter was an old maid," she accused. The husband, at a loss what to say, faltered in his reply, but at last said: "Yes, but she's sick today, and sent her grand-daughter in her place."

IN THE FIRST NATIONAL.

The trig little woman with the horticultural display on her head stepped upon the pay-right-now-while-we've-got-you car.

The conductor held out his hand for his fare.

"You'll have to wait until after I get inside," she told him.

"Oh, no," insisted the faretaker, "you have to pay right here on these cars."

"But I tell you I can't pay you until I get inside," repeated the little woman.

"Yes, but—"

"Here!" interrupted a big man who had climbed on behind the woman. "Just take her fare out of this. I know how it is. My wife carries her money that way."

A SOCIAL DISTINCTION.

Casey had dropped in for a visit on Callahan, and during the course of his stay observed that Miss Callahan spoke several times of a chafing dish party she had attended the evening before.

Now Casey agreed with Callahan that the latter's daughter was putting on entirely too many airs; so, with a view to disconcerting her, he suddenly asked:

"An' phwat the divil is a chafing dish?"

"Chafing dish, Casey," said Callahan, with a sly wink at his visitor, "a chafing dish is a fryin' pan that's got into society!"

THEY MIGHT TRY SUGAR.

"If you fellows care to go for a ride in the dog-cart, do so with pleasure," said the farmer to the two town youths who were recuperating in the country.

SAILS FOR EUROPE.

Mr. E. D. Allmendinger, manager of the Export Department of the Black & Decker Mfg. Co., sailed this week for England, where he will spend several weeks in the interest of the big Towson Heights plant.

TOWSON MAN ILL.

Mr. W. W. Hoopes, in charge of the Towson Postoffice, has been confined to his home by illness.

POW-WOW AND CARNIVAL PLANNED.

Anoka Tribe of Red Men, of Towson, will hold a pow-wow and carnival about the middle of June. It will be an elaborate affair.

MASONS TO ATTEND CHURCH SERVICE TOMORROW AT TOWSON.

Members of Mt. Moriah Lodge of Masons will attend services in a body tomorrow (Sunday) morning at the Towson M. E. Church.

The pastor, Rev. Mark Depp, will occupy the pulpit and preach an appropriate sermon.

"SOPHRONIA'S WEDDING" TO TAKE PLACE AT GREGORY CHURCH.

"Sophronia's Wedding" will be rendered at Gregory Memorial Baptist Church, Govans, on the evening of March 27th, with Mrs. Arthur E. German in the leading role.

OELLA MAN APPOINTED TO POLICE FORCE.

The County Commissioners have appointed Howard Robinson, of Oello, a patrolman.

COURT PASSES ORDER IN CONSIDINE CASE.

An order was passed by Judge Walter W. Preston, allowing Mrs. Russell Stewart Considine, of Towson, to have access to her minor son, John T. Considine 3rd, and be alone in his company on each Saturday afternoon between the hours of one o'clock and five o'clock. The Court retains jurisdiction of the child, who resides with his grandfather, John T. Considine, at Govans.

Mrs. Considine has a bill pending against her husband, John T. Considine, Jr., for separate maintenance.

ERNEST C. HATCH HEADS TOWSON COMMUNITY BIBLE CLASS.

The Men's Community Bible Class of Towson elected the following officers for the ensuing year: President, Ernest C. Hatch; vice-president, John S. Held; secretary, David Smith; treasurer, U. G. Witts. Leroy H. Stansbury was re-elected instructor for another year.

"UPPER END" COUPLE CELEBRATE 25TH WEDDING ANNIVERSARY.

Mr. and Mrs. D. Ford Cathcart celebrated their twenty-fifth wedding anniversary at their home at Madonna last Saturday night.

Over one hundred guests were in attendance and they were the recipient of many valuable presents.

TOWSON GIRL WEDS.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Maurice Watkins announce the marriage of their daughter, Lida May, to Mr. H. Dalton Berry, son of Mr. Harry W. Berry, 6009 Ready Ave., Baltimore.

The ceremony was performed by Rev. Peregon Wroth, at the rectory of the Church of the Messiah.

The bride was attractively attired in a traveling gown of brown with hat and gloves to match and wore a corsage of sweet peas and roses. The marriage was witnessed by the two immediate families of the couple.. Immediately after the [illegible]

SOME FOLKS OF OVERLEA CONSIDERING A FARMERS MARKET.

There has been talk among the citizens of Overlea of seeking to establish a farmers' market in that part of Baltimore and the County known as Overlea. This large and thickly settled area is some five or six miles from the City. The farmers haul wagon load after wagon oad of truck through this section to the Baltimore markets and then the citizens here get on the street cars and follow up the farmer and haul back this very same produce in heavy hand baskets and on crowded street cars.

It seems a terrible waste of time and effort on the part of all concerned. This is a field the various farm organizations that are seeking more profitable methods of marketing for the farmer might well consider. It is possible that through this paper the organizations or the farmers themselves, might get in touch with the organizations of Overlea which might result in a market that would be profitable to all parties concerned.

G. O. P. LEADERS FACING ADDED TROUBLES RIGHT NOW.

If Wisconsin Senator Goes On Third Party—Rampage, "Bright Lights" Of Party, See Only Defeat.

(Continued from Page 1)

in this year's election. Of this, the leaders are convinced.

La Follette has denounced President Coolidge as too reactionary. He has refused to permit his own name to go on the regular Republican ticket in several State primaries as a Presidential candidate, and he has shown other tendencies toward what Republicans call "a third party menace." Yet, the leaders are eating out of his hand.

Not a few years ago—when Aldrich and Hale were running the Senate—Republican Senators, whenever La Follette rose to speak, would get up and walk out, leaving the Wisconsin Statesman addressing empty chairs. But they don't do that now. They listen to him; they would like to pitch him out of a high window, but they listen just the same. And here is a sample of the things La Follette hurls at his fellow Republicans:

"I say it with shame and mortification, that the Republican party, of which I am a member, as represented by those in control of the party machinery, has played as sorry a part in this investigation (Teapot Dome) as it did in the Ballinger investigation. And I say to these leaders of the Republican party that the policy they are now adopting will be as fatal to the Coolidge administration as their Ballinger policy was to Taft."

It is hard to imagine a partisan Republican extracting comfort from that speech. But notice that La Follette used the words, "of which I am a member." He is still in the party. The attitude of the leaders just at present is: "Kick us as much as it pleases you, but don't leave us."

The Republicans are frightened out of their boots by the prospect that La Follette will lead a third party movement. A third party would sap strength only from States which normally are Republican strongholds, and would sweep away any remaining chance of a Republican victory in the coming national election.

Comparison of the two major parties at the start of the campaign are especially odious to the Republicans. They are split by all sorts of internal dissension. Their "great minds" have failed at a time when failure was unthinkable. The leadership of "the only party fit to rule" appears to be standing dazed and bewildered in the presence of the grave problems demanding immediate treatment and solution.

The Democrats on the other hand, are in prime condition for the national campaign. The influential leaders

In truth, it is the seeming impossibilities made possible by the discovery of nature's marvelous secrets. The progress from 1915 has been startling. Are they a forecast of what will be developed in the next twenty-five years? Who can tell? Here they are:

In 1915 conversation was carried on by the transcontinental line from Boston to San Francisco, a distance of 3,650 miles. This same year speech was transfitted for the first time by radio telephone from Arlington, Va. (the military station), across the continent to San Francisco, over the Pacific Ocean to the Hawaiian Islands. Also this year the voice was heard across the Atlantic Ocean to Paris.

Another development was the deep-sea cable laid between Key West and Havana, Cuba, 115 miles; and in 1921 conversation was first heard between these two points. The longest distance for conversation was attained this same year, when the voice carried by submarine cable, overhead and underground lines and radio telephone was heard between Havana and Catalina Island, the distance of 5,500 miles.

In 1922 conversations were carried on, "ship-to-shore," when by wire and wireless telephones in homes and offices they spoke to the steamship America, 400 miles at sea in the Atlantic. This was hailed as unprecedented. It is hard to grasp. From a house phone to a rolling ship on the ocean, across 400 miles of water, human voice spoke and human voice answered clearly. Greater than this, however, came last year (1923), when trans-oceanic radio telegraphy was successfully demonstrated. From a telephone in New York City to a telephone in New Southgate, England, a group of scientists and journalists carried on a conversation.

What marvels. With the beginning of 1924 the two phones of 1875 have increased to over 15,000,000 in the Unite dStates. We are waiting, intense and expectant, to know what new marvel will be accomplished by the telephone in 1924.

OIL PROBE BEARS CAREER OF "GUM SHOE" MEANS, "GREAT INVESTIGATOR," ONCE ACQUITTED OF MURDER.

Only Few Years Back He And Wife Lived In Furnished Room—Received $177,000 From Kaiser's Representatives For Assistance With German Propaganda In U. S. Prior To War.

(Continued from Page 1)

and the oil gang and who was on the smooth and profitable inside of oil operations that now involve "Who's Who" in America.

Means made quite a jump from a furnished room to the inner counsels of the Kaiser's representatives, whose mission it was to create all the trouble they could for the Allied nations, hampering the building of ships, the manufacture of munitions and so-forth. In this Means was a strong aid and at one time was paid by the German Government $85,000 and another time received $92,000, making a total of $177,000 for his efforts.

Following this came a new chapter.

Mrs. Maude A. Robinson King, widow of James V. King, of Chicago, was a guest at the Means home, near Concord, N. C. King died, leaving $3,000,000 and a will under which the bulk of his estate was to go for the founding of a home for old men. Mrs. King got a portion under the original will. As her heir and relative she had Mrs. Mary C. Melvin, a sister.

How Means ever met the Chicago woman and how she came to visit his home has never been apparent; however, she was there and one afternoon after a drive that led to an old spring in a secluded woodland, Mrs. King was shot to death.

In the meantime, Means had dug up what he pretended to find, a second will made by Mr. King, in which the entire estate was to go to Mrs. Melvin. He insisted that he got the [illegible]