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WILL BRING JAPANESE LAD TO AMERICA TO BE EDUCATED

Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Stack Were Befriended by Kenshiro Okunishi, and Will Now Return His Kindness by Bringing Him to This Country to Receive an Education at Trinity College.

When Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Stack were traveling in Japan they met a young Japanese christian, who showed them much kindness and rendered them assistance in locating a party, and now they will reward him by bringing him to America to be educated at Trinity College.

While in Japan, Mr. and Mrs. Stack went to Tokuyama to see Mr. N. S. Ogburn, a Monroe boy who is a foreign missionary. When they reached the place they found no one who could speak or understand English. There was no hotel for foreigners; no one could be found who knew Mr. Ogburn, and they were completely "at sea." The rickshaw boys carried them to a native inn, where they had to take off their shoes at the door, eat on the floor, sit on the floor, and where there was no stove or fireplace for heating the room. Japanese inns have no chairs, no tables, no beds, and no way to warm guests. It was bitter cold weather, and sitting on the cold floor, without shoes, called forth memories of far-away home comforts and conveniences.

The landlord saw their predicament and tried in every way to help them. Finally, he sent for a young Jap in the town who could speak English. From him it was learned that Mr. Ogburn had moved to another place several miles back. Mr. and Mrs. Stack had passed through Nitirigi, Mr. Ogburn's town, that morning, and were further informed that the place had no hotel, and that they would meet with much difficulty in locating their friend. They were encumbered with much baggage, worn out with travel, had not heard from their children in over twelve weeks, and were anxious to reach the next place where they expected mail from home. After being acquainted with the circumstances, the young Jap promptly volunteered to take the next train back for Nitirigi and bring Mr. Ogburn to Tokuyama. In a few hours he returned with Mr. Ogburn.

Recently Mr. Stack received from this young Japanese friend the following letter:

"Takuyama, Japan, Jan. 25.
"Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Stack:

"Dear Sir:—It comes near one year since I first saw you in Tokuyama. I am very glad to hear that you are enjoying your sound health. As soon as I received your letter, wished to write you a few notes, but I was very busy to do so on account of the church work. Mr. Ogburn is very well in health, and I used to see him twice a month and talk a great deal. Mr. Grafton left here for Shanghai last October. When I saw you I remember that I told you I am planning to go to America some time future. Since then I was thinking to catch the chance and also take a friend of mine who is a missionary. He recommended me to the dean of Trinity College in N. C. and I get an answer from the dean, saying that he will allow me to study in his college, and also will give me a scholarship. By this answer I decided to go to America strongly and study there for a few years.

"I am very sorry, however, I have not money enough for the travel, as you know I am a humble preacher. My friends are not all rich fellows, so I almost fall by this question, but wise idea comes to my mind that if I ask your help you should help my plan. I am sure you think that I am an impudent fellow, but I cannot help by any other way. I ask you that, would you lend me one hundred (\$100)? When I reach San Francisco I will surely pay back to you. If you help me this time I cannot express my over joy and I shall be much obliged to you.

"I am expecting to start Japan on coming April. Please answer me as soon as possible. I am writing for your good news, and also expecting to see you in America.

"Yours faithfully,
"ZENSHIRO OKUNISHI."

Upon the receipt of the above letter, Mr. Stack took up with the Trinity college authorities the question of expenses, and the college has agreed to take care of Mr. Okunishi while he is at school. Mr. and Mrs. Stack will send him the \$100 and bring him to America so that he can get a college education and then go back to work among his countrymen, and they confidently believe that with a good American education, he will prove a blessing to his people and be an ornament to the church.

Store Breaking at Wingate.

Wingate, March 22.—We have had so much on this week that we did not see how we could get out any notes for this issue of The Journal, but since we have a little time this morning, we decided that we would accommodate our readers.

We have just closed a very successful meeting at Meadow Branch. The crowds were the largest we have had at our spring meetings. The attention given the preaching was almost perfect. The interest manifested was very gratifying, and the results were all one could expect, considering our present condition. Ten wait baptism and will be baptized next Sunday afternoon at four thirty in the Womble pond. The door of the church will be opened at the morning and baptismal services. If any more decide to join

they will have a chance. Rev. John A. Wray did some of the most earnest preaching we have ever listened to. He is a great worker indeed. He is clear cut in his propositions, and has no traps whatever. We were very much pleased with his work.

Two stores were broken into in Wingate last Tuesday night. The Wingate Drug Store, and the Williams Drug Store. The thieves did not do much damage. They took about fifty dollars worth of jewelry from the Wingate Drug Store, but did not meddle much with other things. This is the second raid they have made on this lot of jewelry, making a hundred dollars worth or more of it they have taken. They did not take many things from the Williams Drug Store, just little things like chewing gum and cold drinks. They went in by breaking the glass above the door and reached in and unlocked the door so they had nothing to do but walk in. Someone did this who knew all about how the doors are locked, and if people will keep their eyes open, they will see the jewelry some time. It was made to wear, and those who got it got it to wear. Such robberies as this ought to be stopped, and they can be if we will all keep our eyes open.

Mr. Jack Mangum was severely hurt yesterday by a mule kicking him. He had two or three ribs broken and one arm severely hurt.

John Williams and Miss Bright Bass were married last Saturday at Oakboro, Q. E. C. Coble officiating. The groom is a son of Mr. W. B. Williams and the bride is a daughter of Mr. J. B. Bass. This young couple have our best wishes.

Miss Mary McBride spent last week with her aunt, Mrs. Tinie Mullis.

Miss Esther Little of Marshville visited Miss Annie Perry last week.

Rev. R. M. Haigler and family visited his father in Mecklenburg county this week.

Uncle Joe Bivens has been on quite a visit to his son's in Stanly county, and from there to see his daughter who lives in Salisbury. He returned yesterday evening. When we see how vigorous Uncle Joe is we are reminded of what Job says about the righteous. "Thou shalt come to thy grave in a full age, like a shock of corn cometh in in his season." Job: 5:26.

Mrs. Tom Evans went to Charlotte to consult a specialist. She has been having serious trouble with her ears. We hope that she is much improved by this time.

Rev. E. C. Snyder is as busy as a preacher ever gets these days. He is having his house remodeled and his yard walled in, cement walks laid, and many other modern conveniences put in. He is expecting T. D. Maness of Concord here today to arrange for his water works. He and Mr. Bagan are putting in water works together. They have bought the new plant invented by Walter Stegall and sold by T. D. Maness, Esq. This improvement is going to add much to the appearance on Main street.

Mrs. I. S. Funderburk is expected here tomorrow or Monday. She is much improved now. She has been so very sick it looked like that she just could not live, but she is convalescent now, and is able to sit up so that her relatives here are expecting her to spend a few days here next week.

Mrs. J. C. McIntyre has not been well for some time.

We were sorry to have more of our boys leave for the camps this week. Boyce H. Griffin and Ernest Robinson left for Camp Jackson. If the war is won it is going to take the most of our men. It is not going to be won by newspaper announcements, or by hard things we say about the Germans. They are a most formidable foe. We cannot whip them in a day, nor can we whip them with paper balls. It is going to take the brain power, man power, gun power, and the most of the resources of our nation to bring the victory, but many of our folks do not believe this. We will before it is over.

Several of our little girls went the rounds yesterday getting up old clothing for the Belgian sufferers. They did well, so they say. Our people responded nobly and they will to every legitimate cause. They do not take up with just anything, but once you show them that a thing is needed and they will respond as liberally as they need to.—Glenalpine.

Marriage of Mr. Tyson and Miss Mullen.

(Written for The Journal.)

Mr. W. B. Tyson, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Tyson of Jackson township, left last Thursday morning for Spartanburg, S. C., where he met Miss Imogene Mullen, daughter of Mrs. H. F. McDonald of Cambridge, O., and came to Monroe where they were united in marriage at the manse by Dr. H. E. Gurney Friday evening, the 15th of March at 7 o'clock. Mrs. Tyson was beautifully dressed in a grey tulle coat suit with accessories to match. She has visited here before and made many friends while here, and all are glad to welcome her again. She is a beautiful and charming young lady and is a talented musician. She attended school in Houston, Texas, and graduated last year from the Cambridge Business College in Ohio. Mr. Tyson is a prominent young man of fine character and is a merchant of Waxhaw. They will make their home near Waxhaw where they have many friends who hasten to extend congratulations and best wishes.

Miss Ester Cleveland, daughter of the late Grover Cleveland, President of the United States, was married Thursday in Westminster Abbey, London, to Capt. W. S. B. Bosanquet of the Coldstream Guards, British army.

MARSHVILLE NEGRO BOUND OVER TO SUPERIOR COURT.

Nance's Lawyers Offered No Evidence at Preliminary Hearing, and Judge Lemmond Holds Him For Big Court—A Case of Much Interest Among Colored People.

Claude Nance, the negro who shot Joe Lytle at Marshville on March 8, from the effects of which he died a few days later, was given a preliminary hearing before Recorder Lemmond Wednesday afternoon, and bound over to Superior court which convenes the latter part of July.

Messrs. Stack, Parker, Vann, and Brooks assisted Prosecuting Attorney Stevens for the State. The defendant was represented by Messrs. Redwine & Sikes.

The witnesses introduced by the State, Ellis Lytle, brother to the dead man, Fulton Davis, Rommy Thomas, and Lee Baker, all colored and eye witnesses of the affair, told practically the same story. Nance, they testified, had gone into Lytle's store where John Lytle was with the avowed intention of beating John up about his wife. After having been cursed several times by Nance John Lytle picked up a stick and said he was not going to stand for anything else, said the witnesses. At this juncture Nance, who is a one-armed negro, jerked a pistol from his inside coat pocket, whereupon Ellis Lytle grappled with him and pushed him out the door.

After having pushed him out the door he then told him to put up the gun or leave. At this Nance said "stand back or I will shoot you," and fired into the ground at Ellis' feet. Joe Lytle, the dead man, who had been on the outside during this time, told Nance to get back to his own store and not to shoot John. "Shut up, damn you, or I'll shoot you," Nance said and fired, the bullet striking his mark. He then turned his pistol upon John, the one with whom he had been quarrelling, and fired twice, missing, so the witnesses testified. After he had emptied his gun he snapped it twice in the wounded man's face. He then went back to his store. John Lytle threw a stick at him and attempted to pursue him but was stopped by Ellis.

Rommy testified that the day before the shooting Nance had told him he was going to kill Lytle. He had bought the gun only the day before. Lee Baker also stated that he had told him he was going to kill John but when he had told him that he would not kill him but would beat him up Nance said that he was not going to kill John but was going to beat him up. No evidence was introduced by the defense. This case seems to be of unusual interest among the negroes as the recorder's court was packed with them and others standing in the hall.

Shooting at Lexington.

Lexington, Mar. 19.—J. Franklin Deaderick, cashier of the Commercial and Savings bank here, was shot and killed today about 1 o'clock by J. Graham Hege, in the sitting room of the latter's home. Five shots in all are said to have been fired, two of which pierced Deaderick's body, entering the right side and going entirely through the body. Deaderick rushed from the room and fell from the front porch to the yard, and died almost instantly. Hege immediately telephoned the sheriff's office and requested that an officer be sent for him, apprising the sheriff of the deed.

He refused to make a statement giving the details of the shooting, further than to say that he shot in defense of the honor of his home, and said, "I did what any other man would have done." Hege said further that he had formerly held the dead man to be the best friend he had in the world, and after being placed under arrest said, "Boys, don't ever have good friends. You can trust them too far."

From information gathered after the shooting, it appears that shortly after Hege arrived home from his work as manager of the Southern Upholstery company, Deaderick also arrived at the Hege home. Words were passed, followed by the firing, which ceased only when the pistol was emptied.

Sixteen Men Go to Camp March 31

Sixteen men have been ordered to report here March 30 for entrainment to Camp Jackson the next morning by the exemption board. This will be the first increment of the second quota. Three substitutes, whose names are Messrs. Onley E. Surratt, Matthews, Rt. 18; Grady H. Hooks, Matthews, and Henry E. Irvin, Mineral Springs, Rt. 1, are ordered to hold themselves in readiness to go in case any of the sixteen called should fail to appear.

Those who leave on that day will be John F. Peach, Monroe; William F. Sullivan, Wingate; Charlie E. Taylor, R. 4, Waxhaw; Earl A. Helms, Monroe; Ralph Kendall, Indian Trail; Arlie R. Smith, R. 3, Monroe; Raymond H. Helms, R. 2, Monroe; William E. Starnes, R. 2, Waxhaw; Roland B. Pressley, R. 28, Matthews; Wm. D. Traywick, R. 4, Marshville; Chester B. Braswell, Marshville; Henry A. Ikard, R. 9, Monroe; Ernest L. Harris, Monroe; Curtis F. H. Helms, Monroe; John McCutcheon, Hartsville, S. C.; Stacy B. Orr, Indian Trail.

Hon. Isaac Stephenson, former senator from Wisconsin, died last week at Marietta, Wis. Aside from the fact that Mr. Stephenson, during his service as United States senator, enjoyed the distinction of being the oldest, as well as the wealthiest, senator in the upper house of congress, he ranked as one of the greatest producing lumbermen in the nation.

WAXHAW MAN THINKS ROOSTER WILL GO CRAZY FIGURING TIME

Daylight Saving Bill Thoroughly Discussed in Jackson—Brought Horses Through the Country—Many Personal.

By W. R. McDONALD, JR.

Waxhaw, March 21.—Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Gamble of Gastonia spent a few days of this week with their people here.

Mr. C. S. Massey spent Wednesday morning in Monroe.

Miss Carrie May Broom was real sick for several days with the mumps, but is improving now.

Mr. Paul Vestal of Yadkin spent Tuesday with his parents, Rev. and Mrs. M. H. Vestal.

Mr. J. L. Rodman Jr. spent Tuesday in Charlotte.

Miss Mammie Gamble entertained a few of the young folks at her home Tuesday night in honor of Mr. Frank Vestal, who goes to Camp Jackson Thursday.

Mr. D. S. Davis has remodeled the old Davis house on Providence street and moved into it and Dr. Guion's family are moving into the house that they formerly occupied. It has been repainted on the inside and is very nice indeed. Providence street has more houses than any other street in town and there is not a vacant house on it. The old Davis place was among the first ones in Waxhaw.

The Presbyterian Ladies Aid Society met with Mrs. W. R. McDonald on Tuesday afternoon. After an interesting program of songs, readings and talks, they packed the box of clothing for the orphans at Barium Springs.

The Sikes-Collins Co. received a fine bunch of horses and mules today. They were driven through the country and despite the bad weather, they were quite a lively bunch.

Waxhaw is one place that will never be placed on the "slacker" list of towns. For indeed she has done her part in sending boys to fill Uncle Sam's army and in many other ways, such as observing wheatless and meatless days. It was mighty hard to get used to eating corn bread for breakfast but Mr. Hoover thought it was best so Waxhaw came across and said they'd eat corn bread too. There are more war "gardens" in Waxhaw than in any other town its size anywhere we venture to say. There are lots of men who last year and years before then when spring would begin to make her presence known would begin thinking of summer resorts and tennis playing and all the things one naturally thinks of in spring, but who now have their gardens and patches all planted and ready to grow. The fine rain we have had will certainly bring out the seeds which have been lying waiting for water.

The right of way along the railroad from the overhead bridge to the McDonald hall has all been broken up and in a few days will be sown in clover and meadow grass. This will not only help to beautify the town, but it will also make quite a bit of feed for the town mule to eat on rainy days. The tennis court in front of the McDonald hotel has been plowed up and a nice crop of corn and potatoes will be planted instead of the afternoon games of the past.

Mr. Arthur Helton, who has been working with a construction company at Hagerstown, Md. for sometime, arrived home for a short stay Tuesday.

Moving the clocks up one hour suits everyone we've heard talk much about it. But one fellow said he always quit when he heard the factory whistle blow for twelve o'clock and he says if that thing blows for 12 that there will be no chance to get him to plow on one more hour before he goes to dinner. Everyone understands how it will be although a few have gotten pretty badly balled up about it. One man said that he looked for all the roosters to go crazy trying to figure out just when to crow in the mornings for rising time, so if some one can they ought to advise the roosters about it.

Dr. L. E. Guion who has been commissioned a first lieutenant in the reserve officers training camp at Fort Oglethorpe, Ga., has been ordered to report for active service Monday, March 24th. He will leave Waxhaw on Sunday. It is with mingled expressions of pride and regret that we see him leave our midst. Proud that we have known such a fine gentleman and proud that he has achieved such a fine beginning into his new life which he will soon undertake, and regret that he cannot be with us always and that we are to lose such a beloved citizen. Dr. Guion is a man of fine christian character, a friend to all who knew him, either by just daily meeting and acquaintance or by his skill as a minister to the suffering. No night too dark or no weather too stormy but if you sent him the word he would come to your bedside to render his assistance. He is known by young and old and liked by both. It is, as we said, with regret that we see our doctor leave and with him goes our best wishes for every success and when it's all over "over there" may he return again to our midst for there will always be a place for him.

Mr. Murray Clark spent Thursday in Monroe on business.

Mr. R. J. Belk is spending some time with his daughter, Miss Annie Belk, at Sanatorium.

Mr. J. M. Niven spent Thursday in Monroe.

Dr. McCain, who has been sick for a few days, is better now and about able to resume his practice again.

The Waxhaw Graded school closes Friday, April 26th. All of the program has not been arranged yet. Prof. Hawfield is certainly fortunate in receiving

Leutenant Governor O. Max Gardner of Shelby to deliver the address on the 26th. A fuller account will be given later.

Mrs. Olin Niven entertained the M. N. R. Club at her home on North Church street Wednesday afternoon. Owing to the bad weather the members were not all present. First they sewed for the Red Cross awhile; later rook was played. Following this delicious fruit salad, sandwiches and ice tea were served. Although the weather was bad and everything outside was rainy, it was warm and cheery inside for Mrs. Niven knows how to make people enjoy themselves.

Mr. J. E. McCain has accepted a position in the grocery department of the A. W. Heath Co., filling the vacancy caused by Mr. Grady Massey having to go to camp. Mr. McCain has been engaged in the saw milling, real estate and insurance business.

The farmers are hauling their fertilizer right along although the roads are muddy but they are not stopping for such a little thing as that.

BAKER RECEIVES BAPTISM OF FIRE IN FRONT LINES

Secretary Walks Through the Trenches While German Shells Fall All Around—Had One "Close Shave."

With the American Army in France, Tuesday, March 19.—Secretary Baker had his baptism of fire this morning in the front line trenches and while he was returning a German shell burst within less than 50 yards of his motor car. He was not injured.

The secretary went into the trenches in a sector, the location of which must not be revealed, where American troops face the enemy nearby. For half an hour he plodded over the duck boards. The Germans maintained an active fire with heavy pieces and machine guns. Nevertheless Mr. Baker made his way to an advanced sap, entered a listening post and talked for several minutes with the soldier on duty there. But the narrowest shave was on his return to headquarters. The German shell of 165 millimeters, roared down and burst cleanly less than fifty yards from the automobile containing the secretary of war and the escorting officers. The shell hit a roadside dugout, digging a big crater. Mr. Baker wished to stop and ascertain whether there were men in the dugout, but the chauffeur, realizing the danger, opened the throttle and made his best speed until the danger zone was passed.

This was the secretary's hardest and most exciting day in France. On Monday evening, accompanied only by a general commanding a division and one other officer, he motored to a point accessible to the sector selected for his inspection. He dined and slept in the chateau of French friends of the officers. Retiring early the secretary arose at 4 o'clock in the darkness of an overcast, chilly March day. Taking breakfast quickly he drove through the misty dawn to his destination.

As the lines were approached the steady reverberation of guns signaled great activity of the artillery. This was confirmed when on arrival it was found that the road selected for approach to the trenches was under brisk shell firing. Indeed, the firing was so active as to cause the general considerable apprehension for the safety of his distinguished guest. He endeavored to persuade Mr. Baker from going on with the expedition, explaining the danger. But the secretary overrode his protest. Accordingly another route was reluctantly selected.

The party re-entered the motor and was driven to the selected point as far forward as motoring was safe. With the general and the other officer, Mr. Baker walked over the shell cratered region to a communication trench. He wore civilian clothes, covered with a trench coat, khaki breeches, and boots borrowed from a colonel of about his size. He also put on a shrapnel helmet.

The secretary was first put through the regular gas mask drill. He carried his mask slung at the prescribed position when he went in. A sentry halted the party as it was entering the trench and demanded a pass.

"Division commander and secretary of war, replied the general.

"Didn't you know that was the secretary?" the sentry was asked as the party passed by.

"Yes, sir; no sir," stammered the confused soldier.

Mr. Baker displayed the keenest curiosity in the surroundings so strange to him, asking explanations of every unfamiliar thing, its purpose and use and frequently breaking in with interrogations as technical matters were being explained. Several times he asked the calibre of shells which burst close by.

"Ah, that a machine gun," he exclaimed when one opened up from the American trench.

Often the secretary stopped to speak to the men, asking homely questions such as "Well, how is it going?" or "Where are you from?" "Fine, sir," or "going very well, sir," was the usual reply. Once the secretary asked a private if much was going on.

"It's pretty quiet, sir," came the easy response.

Mr. Baker's questions showed familiarity with trench construction and technicalities which had been gained from study. There was no mistaking his unrestrained and eager interest.

Troops from Ohio were among those in the trench. Several of the men were known personally to Mr. Baker and he talked freely with them about their homes and families. One

GERMANS LAUNCH BIGGEST ATTACK DURING THE WAR

Terrific Assault Is Made on Fifty Miles of the British Front, and Much Heralded Hun Offensive Is Believed to Have Started.

Exactly 25 months after the Germans began the historic battle of Verdun, the thunder of their guns deepened into a tempest of fire along the British front in northern France and they began what may be the greatest battle of the war, a struggle which may lead to results which will shape the destinies of millions of people over coming centuries.

The attack was made on a scale hitherto unknown during this war of major offensives. It was over a front of 50 miles. Official reports are very brief, but correspondents at the scene tell of the terrific storm of artillery fire that burst over the lines held by Field Marshal Haig's men.

The bombardment began at 5 o'clock Thursday morning just before the early spring dawn was breaking over eastern France. Shells of large and small calibers were rained upon the lines held by the British for about five hours. Then German infantry stormed out to make the first great assault. The Germans, favored by the wind, moved forward under cover of a pall of smoke which hid the assaulting columns from the eyes of the British holding the front lines.

War Gardens at Pastime.

A free exhibition of moving pictures arranged Saturday morning by T. L. Riddle, secretary Chamber of Commerce, to stir interest.

What other cities have done in making a success of the "Municipal War Garden" movement will be shown free Saturday morning at 10:30 at the Pastime theatre to interest the children of Monroe in the plan. You are urged to go and see the pictures.

The Story of a Merchant Prince.

"There was an old geezer and he had a lot of sense; He started up a business on a dollar eighty cents. The dollar for stock and the eighty for an ad Brought him three lovely dollars in a day, by dad!

Well, he bought more goods and a little more space And he played that system with a smile on his face. The customers flocked to his two-by-four And soon he had to hustle for a regular store

Up on the square, where the people pass, He gobbled up a corner that was all plate glass.

He fixed up the windows with the best that he had And he told 'em all about it in a half-page ad.

He soon had 'em coming and he never, never quit, And he wouldn't cut down on his ads one bit.

Well he's kept things humming in the town every since And everybody calls him the Merchant Prince!"

"Some say it's luck, but that all bunk— Why, he was doing business when the times were punk. People have to purchase and the geezer was wise— For he knew the way to get 'em was to advertise."

If your taxes are not paid by April 1, you may expect a collector to come around, and you'll have to pay the costs.

man said he was Iowa, another from Chicago.

The secretary kept up a running comment upon the strangeness of the circumstances under which men from all over America were fighting in distant France. Once he remarked: "I have been from farm to factory at home an dnow I am in the front line."

Finally, notwithstanding protests of the officer, Mr. Baker made his way through the sap to the listening post. Peeping over the parapet into No Man's Land, he said: home and now I am in the front dome."

The secretary asked the listening post sentry if he saw Germans often. "Not very often, sir," was the response. Then he asked whether the Americans' shooting was better than that of the enemy and seemed greatly pleased at the emphatic reply: "Yes it is."

Mr. Baker entered dugouts and inspected other features of trench war fare as far as possible, being given miniature demonstrations of every thing experienced in the American sector. His determination to overlook anything frequently compelled the general to exercise restraint.

Returning to the trench Mr. Baker encountered a working party laying duck boards. He saw a hammer lying in the mud, stooped over, picked it up and handed it to a soldier.

"You need not do that, sir," said the man.

"Well, the mud is so deep that I thought it might get lost," said Mr. Baker.

Have you paid your taxes? If not, why?