

BOARD OF TRADE HEAD EXPLAINS WHEAT RISE



C. H. Canby, President of the Chicago Board of Trade.

C. H. Canby, president of the Chicago board of trade, was a voluntary witness before the inquiry instituted by the attorney general of New York into the rise in the price of bread and wheat. He insisted that there was no such thing as a monopoly of wheat, and that the high prices were caused merely by the European demand.

This is what Mr. Canby had to say when he was asked if a large corporation, like the Armour grain interests, cannot by buying grain from the farmers and holding it indefinitely in their elevators control the export wheat situation, and by controlling that regulate the domestic market:

"I wouldn't call that a popular myth. I should say it is principally all moonshine—just plain bunk."

"The present situation is remarkable but lawful," he continued. "The export surplus fixes the domestic price. We can't expect to buy here for less than is offered abroad. However, our export facilities are limited. Otherwise, Europe would be in the market for all the wheat we have. Germany would pay \$2 a bushel for any quantity."

"One advantage of high prices is that people waste less wheat, flour and bread when it is expensive."

"I do not understand how people like ours, which spends millions a year on cheap chewing gum, cigars and other trash, can be affected by an increase of 1 cent in the price of bread."

"Turning back to the wheat situation, Mr. Canby asserted:

"Liverpool is the wheat barometer this year. I believe Europe is accumulating a surplus."

"I think we may have as much as 100,000,000 bushels left to export and I am confident that speculation this year is vastly less than it usually is. I don't know of any speculator or any bold group of speculators who have plunged and made fortunes. I do know of some big people who have overpaid themselves and been badly frightened. Mostly the operators are sitting on the fence."

"Speculation neither raises nor lowers prices; small amounts cause wider fluctuations than large amounts."

PASSPORT FRAUDS ARE UNEARTHED

Federal Authorities Begin Rigid Investigation of Serious Charges Against German Officer in Washington As Result of Statements Made by Young German Arrested in New York.

Washington, Feb. 27.—President Wilson today received a letter from Mrs. Richard Stegler, wife of the German reservist arrested in New York on the charge of fraudulently issuing passports, asserting that Stegler had been led to his crime by Capt. Boy-Ed of Washington. Mrs. Stegler asks that her husband be set free. Her letter referred to the department of justice. Mrs. Stegler wrote the President that Capt. Boy-Ed had promised her \$250 per month while Stegler was abroad and \$150 a month for life if he was killed. She declared she had no money now and did not know how she could support herself unless her husband is freed.

Mrs. Stegler adds that her husband made a clean breast of the whole affair and should be given his liberty.

New York, Feb. 26.—Federal authorities today began a rigid investigation of a statement by counsel of Richmond P. Stegler, the German naval reservist arrested here Wednesday that Capt. Boy-Ed, naval attaché to the German embassy in Washington had furnished an American passport to Carl Hans Lody, the German spy put to death in the tower of London last November. In a general denial of the statement Capt. Boy-Ed referred to this allegation as "trash."

Charles H. Griffith, former assistant United States district attorney, has been assigned by the United States commissioner to defend Stegler. "Stegler told me," Mr. Griffith said, "that on one occasion while he was on his way to keep an appointment with Capt. Boy-Ed, Dr. Fuhr told him that Capt. Boy-Ed had said he, Stegler, said that Capt. Boy-Ed was the only person who knew all the details of the plot."

Mr. Griffith says all of statements were corroborated by Mrs. Stegler. According to Mr. Griffith, Stegler was to have sailed for England to work for the German government in obtaining information on the English fleet. Stegler was to have gone on the Franconia according to the lawyer and when he decided not to go a young German-American was assigned to the perilous task and sailed on the steamer with a bogus passport.

The Franconia is due in Liverpool in a few hours. Stegler was quoted as having said his wife was to have been paid \$250 a month while her husband was in England and if he was captured she was to receive \$150 a month as long as she lived.

New York, Feb. 26.—As the result of a tip received from an angry woman the government special agents arrested yesterday Richard Peter Stegler, a German naval reservist, until recently assistant manager of the export department in the Hoboken factory of the Kenfeldt & Essen Co., and Gustave Cook, a waiter in the American Hotel at Hoboken.

According to the charge, Stegler wished to get back to Germany to join the navy and he formed a conspiracy with Cook, who is also known as Fred Cooke, to get the passport in the name of an American citizen. Cook is said to have introduced Stegler to Richard Madden, who is an employe in a New Jersey dance house, and this man, according to Superintendent Offley, agreed to permit Stegler to impersonate him in applying for the passport to Secretary Bryan. Then another man, who is not yet under arrest, is alleged to have joined in the conspiracy. He is called Leonard, and his part was to attest that Stegler really was, as he represented, Madden, an American citizen.

The complaint then charges that to carry out this conspiracy Stegler on January 25 signed the name of Richard Madden to an application for a passport and appeared in the Federal District Court and took the oath of allegiance to the United States. Two days later, it is alleged, he presented his application at Washington, and on January 29 received in this city Passport No. 48,821, which had been duly issued by the State Department in the name of Richard Madden and on which the State Department had fixed the photograph of Stegler as that of Madden.

The alleged conspiracy seems to have run along smoothly until a jealous girl got wind of it. Then she told Special Agent Albert G. Adams and he reported it to Assistant District Attorney Roger A. Wood, who had the warrants issued. Stegler and Cook were induced yesterday to cross the river to New York, and were promptly arrested on this side of the North River so as to avoid any trouble about removal proceedings. They were arraigned before Commissioner Houghton and were held in \$15,000 bail each. In default of this they were committed to the Tombs to await further examination. Cook requesting as he was led away that as his health was poor the Deputy Marshal would be sure his cell was airy.

Stegler, who is a clean-cut young German, married an Atlanta, Ga., girl last December.

NEGRO JIM WEBSTER AND HIS SILVER DOLLAR

Jim Webster, a colored man who lives about six miles west of the city, believes in witches and wizards and hoodoos and all that sort of thing, and for forty years has carried a silver dollar in his mouth night and day, not to make his speech silvery but to keep away the hoodoo. He keeps one dollar in his mouth until all of the letters and figures are worn off, then he exchanges it for a new dollar. He says he is now wearing his fourth dollar.

Jim thinks that as long as he carries that dollar in his mouth, witches and hoodoos have no power over him, so he works, eats and sleeps with it in his jaw. A large number of other colored people think the silver dollar in his mouth gives him some kind of hoodoo-like powers, and they are rather shy of him.

Jim owns a little farm out in the country, and came into the city one day last week to pay his taxes. He lacked a few cents of having enough money in his pocket to pay his taxes, and some one suggested that he use the dollar in his mouth. But Jim said he would let the land be sold for the taxes first.

Jim condescended to show the dollar he carries in his mouth, taking great care that no one else should touch it. It is a bright bronze color and doesn't look a bit like silver.

Jim said that he had his land surveyed some time ago, and that as long as the line was running between him and his white neighbors it ran along just where it should have been; but when he came to a line between him and another colored freeholder, he found that the land marks had been moved over on his side so as to take about two and a half acres of his land, and he has brought suit to settle the boundary. Jim says that Mr. C. Watson may be right as a general theory that the Anglo-Saxon will cut over in running a survey, but it doesn't square with his experience.

MAYOR O. B. EATON ON TYPHOID DISPENSARIES

Ahead the opening of the typhoid virus dispensaries, the opening of which has been announced by Dr. V. M. Long, the following statement has been issued by Mayor Eaton:

"I see that Dr. Long has announced that he will open a dispensary in the municipal court room on Tuesday and Saturday and in the Depot street colored school on Thursdays of each week from three to four o'clock p. m. for vaccinating against typhoid fever."

"I want to earnestly commend this work. The city will undertake to keep vaccinating on hand all the time, and any citizen can come or send their physicians and get it."

"Several thousand people in the city were vaccinated last year and there was not any bad effects from it. One man told me that he was vaccinated and his wife refused to be vaccinated and she had a very severe attack of fever which cost him his summer's work."

"Now if anybody in Winston-Salem has typhoid fever this year they can't charge it up to the city when an absolute preventative is offered. I hope the manufacturers and the heads of the various departments will encourage this work and the citizens generally will have their children vaccinated and stamp out this most dreaded of all diseases."

GOOD PROGRESS ON MOTOR COMPANY'S NEW HOME

The Fogle Brothers Company, contractors, are making good progress on the modern new home for the Motor Company. The brick and concrete work will be completed this week. The heating plant which is one of the latest type of the American Radiator Company production, and which is being installed under the supervision of Manager Fisher, of the Motor Company, will be completed with in the next few days. The storage department to occupy the building next week and with fair weather the entire new building should be ready for occupancy by March 10. A leading trade journal, referring to the Motor Company's new home, in a recent issue stated that "The Motor Company, of Winston-Salem, have now under construction one of the most modern garages and sales depots in the South, not only of the latest type of garage construction, but it is to be equipped with the latest machinery thru-out."

Death of Mrs. Owens.—Mrs. Sarah Owens died of heart trouble at her home two miles north of the city Thursday afternoon at 3:30 o'clock. She was 45 years of age and had been in declining health for two years. She is survived by her husband, Mr. William Owens, and by four sons and six daughters. The funeral was conducted from the residence Saturday afternoon by Rev. J. A. Ashburn, and interment followed in Woodland cemetery.

YOUR FRUIT TREES SHOULD BE SPRAYED NOW

No fruit tree will do its best without being sprayed during this, the dormant period, for San Jose Scale, etc. Write, phone or call on the

**OWENS DRUG CO.** at Winston-Salem, N. C., for full information.

You can't have perfect fruit without spraying your trees now.

Extracts From A Civil War Diary

Mr. J. A. Linsback has kindly given permission to publish the following extracts from a diary kept by him during the late Civil War. The extracts cannot fail to be interesting to the readers of The Sentinel as they make their weekly appearance, giving an intimate personal glimpse of a side of the late war. The extracts are exact quotations from the diary which makes the reading all the more pleasant.

Jan. 13, 1865.—The railroad bridge between Greensboro and Danville was washed away, so we got no mail today. A working detail was sent out and we were ordered to go with the men and play for them, but later were excused. This day we only drew half rations of meal and flour.

Sunday, 15.—Clear and cold. Ed says, "Awfully tired of this miserable existence." I say, "Me too."

Tuesday, 17.—The fall of Fort Fisher and the consequent loss of Wilmington, was announced in the papers. This we knew would stop all blockade running as there was no other port in possession of our forces. The end seemed to be nearing rapidly.

20.—We received mail today, the first in a week.

25.—Our men had built a large dam in front of our lines, that backed the water of a stream for a considerable distance, thus preventing the advance of the enemy at that point. Part of his dam has been washed away, however.

We called Col. Lane into our cabin and discussed the furlough question, but did not get much satisfaction.

24.—This was the coldest day we have had. Richmond papers speak of an armistice. O, that something will be done to stop this hopeless struggle and let us go home.

26.—It is reported that orders to furlough details for the men have been issued and this gives us fresh hope.

27.—Still colder than two days ago. Feb. 5.—A large part of our forces again went down to the right and engaged Warren's corps in a heavy fight. The enemy losing heavily and being driven back.

6.—Our troops returned again today.

Repeated efforts had been made to arrive at a satisfactory agreement between the authorities, North and South to stop the war with its dreadful and continual loss of blood and life and at last the president and secretary of state of the United States had consented to meet commissioners from our government and discuss the matter.

They met at Fortress Monroe for this purpose, but nothing was accomplished thereby. On the part of the United States, nothing but an absolute surrender of our cause and the return of purpose, but nothing was accomplished or even considered and our commissioners could not negotiate on any basis but a recognition of the independence of the Southern Confederacy. Of course two such antagonistic views of conditions could not be reconciled and our representatives returned to report their utter failure.

7.—During the night orders to move at daylight were received and troops accordingly left again, we remaining in camp. During the day we heard heavy firing, but our brigade was not engaged and returned at night, the enemy having succeeded in extending their line.

At this time our men were in desperate straits for food and rest. The following extract from General Lee's report of this last Hatcher's Run fight dated February 8, 1865 will give a true idea of this state of the case.

"Yesterday, the most inclement day of the winter, the troops had to be maintained in the line of battle, having been in the same condition the two previous days and nights. I regret to be obliged to state that under these circumstances, heightened by the assault and fire of the enemy, some of the men were suffering from reduced rations and scant clothing, exposed to battle, cold and sleet. I have directed Colonel Cole, chief commissary, who reports that he has not a pound of meat at his disposal to visit Richmond and see if something cannot be done. If some change is not made and the commissary department not reorganized, I apprehend dire results. The physical strength of the men, their courage and services must fall under this treatment. Our cavalry has to be dispersed for the want of forage. I had to bring William H. F. Lee's division forty miles on Sunday night to get him in position."

President Davis endorses this report as follows:

"This is too sad to be patiently considered and cannot have occurred without criminal neglect or gross incapacity. Let supplies be had by purchase or borrowing or other possible means."

In this manner the days and weeks wore on. Along the line there was more or less selling and picket firing at all times, while on the flank, the enemy was inching his way, farther and farther in his efforts to cut off our subsistent supply by way of the Weldon railroad. Sometimes at night, we would go farther some distance in front of our quarters and watch the bombs flying back and forth, their course being marked by the burning fuses. It was much like an exhibition of sky-rockets, rather pretty to look at, yet we could not forget that possibly one or the other of the flying meteors would bring destruction, suffering or death to some one perhaps, helpless innocent women or children. Surely "War is hell" as has been so aptly said by a prominent federal general.

\$500,000,000 IN NEW MONEY BEING PRINTED

Washington, D. C., Feb. 27.—Secretary McAdoo yesterday announced his purpose to print approximately \$500,000,000 of Federal reserve notes, to be sent to Federal reserve banks when demanded, thru the proper channels. They will take the place, to a large degree, of the notes issued under the Aldrich-Vreeland act, which expires June 30.

The Federal reserve board asked for the notes so that a large supply could be available at any time.



TWENTY-SIXTH REGIMENT.

1, Zebulon B. Vance, Colonel; 2, Harry K. Burfwyn, Colonel; 3, John R. Lane, Colonel; 4, J. T. Jones, Lieut. Colonel; 5, N. P. Rankin, Major; 6, Thos. J. Boykin, Surgeon; 7, J. J. Young, Captain and Assistant Q. M.; 8, James B. Jordan, 1st Lieut. and Adjutant.

Out in the "Golden West"

San Francisco, Feb. 22.—Every county in the state suffered from hog cholera last year; 359 mitch cows were found tuberculous and destroyed or segregated.

The Faster Died. The tailor who fasted 60 days had almost no blood in his arteries and his vital organs would not function. The man had starved himself to death, but he got rid of his coated tongue.

Water When Needed. There are 25 thousand individual irrigation plants in California. During the long dry summers the farmer who can pump some water on his land is the man who can raise the crops.

Many Will Come. From the railroad agents and the hotels come reports that an immense number of people will visit the great exposition. It will be the greatest of all shows, and no one will regret coming to San Francisco.

RODE TO FAME ASTRIDE CALF

(Joa. P. Watkins in Washington Post.)

Tom C. Rye, governor of Tennessee, and the first Democrat in recent years to wrest that state from Republican control, rode into prominence and into the heart of the girl he married astride a calf he had trained.

Too poor to buy a horse or a mule, Tom went to meeting and courting on the back of his bovine mount, and his popularity was not diminished thereby. Tom called his calf "Jim" because he thought if he gave the animal a high-sounding name he might live up to it.

When Tom and his calf first began to make their appearance together, country bullies saw a wonderful opportunity for fun, but after Tom had thrashed three of his tormentors in succession they began to have more respect for him and his mount.

It was in this manner that he courted and won the heart of pretty Beth Arnold, a belle of Camden, who for "Jim" brown sugar in a fence corner while Tom was telling her that he tended to be governor some day. His ambition to be a fit husband for his intended bride, he sold "Jim" bought some "store clothes" and went to Charlotte to study law.

The same perseverance and contempt for odds remained with him after years. He has established an enviable reputation as a sympathetic and kind-hearted lawyer. He has made good his boast that he would be governor, and the girl who was ashamed of him when he went a courting astride his calf is now the lady" in Tennessee, as her husband the leader of the party in power at that state.

Savannah, Ga.

MRS. HARRIET SHEPPERD DIES IN WAUGHTOWN

Mrs. Harriet E. Shepperd died of a complication of diseases at her home at 2455 Waightown street at 6:25. She was sixty-five years of age and had been in declining health for a number of years, and had been confined to her bed for eight years.

Mrs. Shepperd was a daughter of Mr. John P. and Mrs. Mary Nissen, whose maiden name was Yawters. She was born in Waightown in 1849, and was educated at Salem Female Academy. In 1869 she was married to the late William H. Shepperd, who died in 1901.

Unto this union were born three children—one daughter, Miss Carrie Shepperd, and two sons, Robah C. Shepperd and the late Oscar Shepperd, who died in 1913. The deceased is survived by two sisters, Mrs. M. E. Laugesen, of this city, and Mrs. R. C. Charles, of High Point, and by three brothers, Messrs C. F. W. M. and S. J. Nissen, and by two grandchildren.

Mrs. Shepperd was a devoted member of Waightown Baptist church, and a consecrated Christian woman. During the long years of her suffering she was patient, bearing her sufferings with true Christian fortitude, and her sweet disposition endeared her to a large circle of friends, by whom she will be greatly missed.

TWO BROTHERS ARE HELD FOR ROBBERY NEAR KING

King, March 27.—Mr. G. A. Carroll has moved his family here from Winston-Salem. Mr. Carroll is engaged in the insurance business.

Clem and Marshall Tuttle and William James, the three young men ar-

NOW HER FRIENDS HARDLY KNOW HER

But This Does Not Bother Mrs. Burton, Under the Circumstances.

Houston, Texas.—In an interesting letter from this city, Mrs. S. C. Burton writes as follows: "It think it is my duty to tell you what your medicine, Cardui, the woman's tonic, has done for me.

I was down sick with womanly trouble, and my mother advised several different treatments, but they didn't seem to do me any good. I lingered along for three or four months, and for three weeks, I was in bed, so sick I couldn't bear for any one to walk across the floor.

My husband advised me to try Cardui, the woman's tonic. I have taken two bottles of Cardui, am feeling fine, gained 15 pounds and do all of my household work. Friends hardly know me, I am so well."

If you suffer from any of the ailments so common to women, don't allow the trouble to become chronic. Begin taking Cardui to-day. It is purely vegetable, its ingredients acting in a gentle, natural way on the weakened womanly constitution. You run no risk in trying Cardui. It has been helping weak women back to health and strength for more than 50 years. It will help you, all its dealers.

Write for Chattanooga Medicine Co., Ladies' Advisory Dept., Chattanooga, Tenn., for special instructions on your case and 64-page book, "Hints to Women," sent in plain wrapper. 12c-15

American Standard ATLAS Cement

Ask any one who has used it if it is not the best. We can give you information about the use of cement upon asking.

FOGLE BROS.'S CO. Phone 85

What vagabond is this? he asked. "Hang him up to the nearest tree." His attendants seized him and were about to do his bidding when the Prince, his daughter, who was attracted by the Prince's beauty, secretly told the attendants not to put the rope around his neck but about his arms. So they hung him up and left him. As he thus hung, bemoaning his fate and his folly in squandering his fortune instead of saving it, he saw a little dwarf come by driving a cart heaped high with old shoes. He drove up close to where the Prince was. "Ha, ha!" he laughed. "I am the magic dwarf who did your bidding. See these worn shoes? They are the shoes I wore out running about for you. But you were so careless that you allowed me to steal the paper, and so giftless that you saved nothing; so this is what you come to!"

Then the dwarf, to make the Prince more unhappy, took the paper which he had and tickled the end of the Prince's nose, but the Prince snatched it away from him and swiftly read: "Jack, my boy, come hither."

Instantly the dwarf grew humble, and, bowing, said: "I am here to do thy bidding; command me."

A STORY FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

There was once a young Prince whose wicked uncle had taken the kingdom from him when his father, the old king, had died, and turned him out to wander in the world.

As he wandered one day, faint and hungry, thru a great forest, he came to a tumble-down hut, and, there being no other place to rest, he entered and laid down to sleep. When he awoke he noticed a huge box in the corner, and, going up to it, he lifted the lid. Inside there was another box. He lifted the lid of this and inside of this found still another box. Box after box he found inside, as he opened each one, and each one was smaller than the one before, until at last he came to a box no bigger than the tip of his little finger. When he opened this he was disappointed to find that it contained nothing but a scrap of dirty paper. He was just about to throw it away when he noticed there were words written upon it. Holding it up to the light he read aloud:

"Jack, my boy, come hither." Hardly had he pronounced the words when a voice said in his ear: "I am here to do thy bidding; command me."

The Prince was much startled at hearing the voice when he could see no one about, but he was a brave young fellow and so he said: "Well, I am very hungry; fetch me a fine supper."

As soon as the words left his mouth there appeared in the hut a table set with fine linen and china and filled with savory dishes.

"That this is great luck!" exclaimed the Prince, and, sitting down, ate his fill.

"Now," he said to himself when he had finished, "I will try what further the magic writing will do." So again he read aloud the words:

"Jack, my boy, come hither."

"I am here to do thy bidding; command me."

"Give me a handsome palace with many attendants," he said.

The next moment the hut vanished, and in its place there appeared a handsome palace filled with attendants. The Prince found everything there that his heart could wish; but he soon grew tired of it and wished for still other things; great treasures and ships and chariots and such costly things. And these he squandered in a reckless way. Anyone might have anything they might ask of him.

"For," he thought, "all I have to do is to read the paper, 'Jack, my boy, come hither,' and I can get twice as much more."

So the Prince got more reckless and careless each day until at last he did not take the trouble even to guard the magic paper. Then, one day, when he desired something and went to get the paper and ask it, he found it was gone.

Instantly everything he had, palaces, pleasure-grounds, retinues, and stables vanished, and he found himself lying again in the hut. As he lay there, the King of the country, who was hunting in the forest, came by and spied him.

"What vagabond is this?" he asked. "Hang him up to the nearest tree." His attendants seized him and were about to do his bidding when the Prince, his daughter, who was attracted by the Prince's beauty, secretly told the attendants not to put the rope around his neck but about his arms.

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