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AMERICAN SENTINEL.

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NO PLATE MATTER

$1 PER ANNUM. WESTMINSTER, MD., FRIDAY AFTERNOON, MAY 7, 1909. VOL. 78--NO. 19.

BABYLON & LIPPY COMPANY

This Weeks Specials On
Knickerbocker Suits, Hosiery and Knit Underwear.

This week you can buy the above named specials at REDUCED prices.

Every item is Staple, and good value at its regular price.

We have provided liberally for this sale, BE WISE, COME EARLY.

Boys' Knickerbocker Suits

This week we offer special inducements in Boys' Knickerbocker Suits in Blue, Brown, Grey, and fancy colorings, in all sizes, at from $3.00 to $7.50. It will be to your advantage to see us before purchasing.

Men's Hosiery!

Men's Interwoven Hosiery, regular 3 for $1.00 kind, 25c pair.

19c Men's Black Cotton Hose, light weight, with double heel and toe, all sizes, 6 pairs for 75c.

Specials in Men's Underwear

39c Men's Balbriggan Underwear, first quality, in best weight, in all sizes, we offer them for 25c the garment.

39c Men's Nainsook Shirts and Drawers, Coat Style Shirt, Short drawers to match: 25c the garment.

Special Saturday

12½c Percales, yd. wide, 9c yd. Irish Lace Center pieces ¼ off.

Why Not Buy The Best When You Can Get It For The Same Money

COFFEE and TEAS
ARE OUR SPECIALTY

Your Checks are worth 10c on the dollar.

Look at our **56 Piece Dinner Set,**
with your INITIAL on each piece.

Boys!
Don't forget! we are Headquarters in the Sporting Goods Line.

Carroll Merchandise Co.
Opposite **Westminster Savings Bank.**

Joseph D. Brooks, Solicitor.

Assignee of Mortgagee's Sale
OF A
DESIRABLE LITTLE FARM
In New Windsor District, Carroll County, Maryland.

By virtue of a power of sale contained in a deed of mortgage from David H. Greenwood and Rosanna Greenwood, his wife, to Edward O. Weant, dated April 26th, 1897, and duly recorded among the real estate mortgage records of Carroll county, in liber B. F. C. No. 40, folio 101, &c., the undersigned as assignee of said mortgage will offer at Public Sale at the Court House Door in Westminster, Carroll county, Maryland, on

MONDAY, THE 10th DAY OF MAY, 1909, at 10 o'clock, A. M., all of the land mentioned in and conveyed by said mortgage, containing

16½ ACRES OF LAND, more or less.

The improvements consist of a Two-story Frame Dwelling House and other outbuildings. There is an Orchard and very good Water on the premises.

This property is located to the left of the McKinstry Mill road leading from New Windsor and to the right of the Sams Creek road leading to McKinstry's Mill, adjoins the lands of Jeremiah Greenwood, George A. Weller and George G. Lambert, and is well worth the notice of any one desiring a small property.

Terms of Sale.—Cash on day of sale, or upon the ratification of the sale; other terms, however, may be made with the undersigned.

JOSEPH D. BROOKS,
ap 9 4t Assignee of Mortgagee.

SHERIFF'S SALE
OF
Real Estate.

Under and by virtue of a writ of fieri facias issued out of the Circuit Court for Carroll County, at the suit of Howard T. Myers and Charles T. Repp, executors, &c., use of Edward O. Weant, use of the George W. Albaugh Real Estate and Brokerage Company of Carroll County, against the goods and chattels, lands and tenements of David H. Greenwood, I have seized and taken in execution the following property, to-wit:

All that piece or parcel of land, situate, lying and being in Carroll County, in the State of Maryland, the same being part of a tract of land called "Mount Pleasant," containing

9½ ACRES OF LAND, more or less,

and being the same land, which the said David H. Greenwood obtained from Jeremiah Greenwood and Sarah M. Greenwood, his wife, by deed dated January, 1859, and recorded among the land records of Carroll County, in liber B. F. C., No. 84, folio 310, etc.

Also all that piece or parcel of land, situate, lying and being in Carroll County, in the State of Maryland, the same being part of a tract of land called "Mount Pleasant," containing

4 ACRES and 21 SQUARE PERCHES

of land, more or less, and being the same land which the said David H. Greenwood obtained from John E. Senseney by deed dated 29th day of March, 1879, and recorded among the land records of Carroll County, in liber B. F. C., No. 84, folio 311, &c.

These tracts of land join Samuel Hoff, Eugene Greenwood, George A. Weller, Jesse Buckingham, and others, being in New Windsor district, Carroll County, Md., about 2 miles from New Windsor.

And I hereby give notice that I will sell all the right, title, interest and estate of the said David H. Greenwood, both at law and in equity, in and to the above described real estate, so seized and taken in execution, at the Court House Door, in Westminster, Md., on

MONDAY, MAY 10th, 1909,
at 10 o'clock, A. M.
J. BELT TOWNSHEND,
ap 16 4t Sheriff.

STEWART'S
corner Main and John Sts., for
Groceries and Queensware.
The best Coffee for 16c per pound in the city.
Fine blend at 18c per pound.
Teas a specialty.
Colored Candles
for Birthday Parties, Receptions, etc. Something new.
A large assortment of Chamber Sets, $1.98 to $10.00.
Lamp Goods of all kinds.
Electric Globes and Gas Mantels.
Agent for Victor Talking Machines.
FRANK S. STEWART,
cor. Main and John Sts., Westminster.
ju 26

HAIR.

Cut Hair and Combings made to Order by
EMMA F. OGG,
99 W. Main St., Westminster.
sept 11 9m

Local Office
179 E. Main St., - Westminster, Md.
THE
FRANKLIN MERCHANDISE CO.
1417 North Charles Street
BALTIMORE, - MARYLAND.

Authorized agents will call and deliver a Catalogue.

Both Phones.
DOYLE & MAGEE
28 AND 30 W. MAIN ST., Westminster, Md.
Jobbers and Retailers.

BINDERS, MOWERS, RAKES, GASOLINE ENGINES, CREAM SEPARATORS, THRASHERS, BUGGIES, SURREYS, RUNABOUTS,

We are prepared to show the farmers the largest and best assortment of Vehicles, Farm Machinery and Household Furniture ever offered in Carroll, Co. If you are in need of anything in our line we will appreciate a call.

1000 Bushels Home Grown Clover Seed WANTED.

HARNESS, HARROWS, SEED PLOWS, GRAIN DRILLS, CORN CULTIVATORS, CORN PLANTERS, FARM WAGONS, POTATO PLANTERS, HAY TEDDERS.

SIT UP AND TAKE NOTICE
That all goods bought of
CASSELL, THE JEWELER,
In the Springtime, Look just as Good, Wear Just as Well, Price Just the Same as in the Summer or Winter. Come buy in the Springtime.
YOURS,
JAMES H. CASSELL.
C. and P. Phone 196-R. jy 5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

This is to give notice that the subscriber has obtained from the Orphans' Court of Carroll county, Md., letters of Administration on the estate of

FREDERICK L. BANKERT,

late of Carroll county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated, to the subscriber, on or before the 26th day of November, 1909; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate.

Given under my hand this 20th day of April, 1909.

GEORGE N. BANKERT,
ap 30 4t Administrator.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

This is to give notice that the subscribers have obtained from the Orphans' Court of Carroll county, Md., letters Testamentary on the estate of

ZEPHANIAH LEISTER,

late of Carroll county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated, to the subscribers, on or before the 20th day of November, 1909; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate.

Given under hand our this 20th day of April, 1909.

WINFIELD SCOTT LEISTER.
DENTON HALL LEISTER,
ap 23 4t Executors.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

This is to give notice that the subscriber has obtained from the Orphans' Court of Carroll county, Md., letters of Administration on the estate of

NATHANIEL BAIR KNOWN AS NATHANIEL ZILE,

late of Carroll county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated, to the subscriber, on or before the 19th day of November, 1909, they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate.

Given under my hand this 19th day of April, 1909.

ALICE G. ZILE,
ap 23 4t Administratrix.

ELECTION NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given to the stockholders of The Wakefield Mills and Lime Company of Carroll County, Maryland, that a meeting of said stockholders of said Company will be held at the office of William B. Thomas & Son, Bankers, in Westminster, Maryland, on

MONDAY, THE 17th DAY OF MAY, A. D., 1909, between the hours of 9 and 10 o'clock, A. M., for the purpose of electing Seven Directors to manage the affairs of the Company for the ensuing year; and for the transaction of any business that may properly come before said stockholders.

WILLIAM B. THOMAS, President.
W. FRANK THOMAS, Secretary.
ap 9 5t

ELECTION NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given to the stockholders of The Wakefield Valley Railroad Company, that a meeting of said stockholders of said Company will be held at the office of William B Thomas & Son, Bankers, in Westminster, Maryland, on

MONDAY, THE 17th DAY OF MAY, A. D., 1909, between the hours of 9 and 10 o'clock, A. M., for the purpose of electing Seven Directors to manage the affairs of the company for the ensuing year; and for the transaction of any business that may properly come before said stockholders.

ELIAS O. GRIMES, President.
W. FRANK THOMAS Secretary.
ap 9 5t

DR. J. W. HELM
New Windsor
SURGEON DENTIST

Crown and Bridge Work, Plate Work, Filling Teeth, and teeth extracted without pain.

I will be in TANEYTOWN, 1st WEDNESDAY of each month. Engagements can be made with me by mail, and at my office in New Windsor, at all other times except the 3rd Saturday, and Thursday and Friday, immediately preceding that day. Nitrous Oxide Gas administered.

J. W. HELM, D. D. S., Graduate of Maryland University, Baltimore. C. & P. Phone. ju1005

LETTER FROM ABROAD.

"The Noble River, That Flows by the Gates of Rome," and Its Treasures

Some Strange Stories of Superstitions.

Special to the American Sentinel.
(By W. B. Seabrook.)

Rome, Italy.

Two fishermen, whose net had caught on a supposed snag in the Tiber, recently found a fine bronze female figure stuck head downard in the mud, with a shapely pair of lower limbs pointed skyward, seeming to struggle frantically in the yellow current. She was rescued, poor girl, after having remained for two thousand years in that uncomfortable and indelicate posture and, while the grey haired archeologists of the National Museum were gravely tearing each others beards out by the roots in the course of polemic discussion as to whether the unfortunate young lady were a Venus or a Diana a flippant young student from Columbia University cut the gordian knot and settled the question, at least so far as the Roman public is concerned, by glibly quoting,

"Took a header,
"And a deader
"Was Ophelia!"

The pasquinade was keenly relished, and while the statue has finally been classified and labelled as "Diana" by the savants, it will henceforth be known in the local unwritten history, in the gossip of the Roman studios, as the "Ophelia."

Apropos of this same "find," a Roman archeologist has declared that the bed of the Tiber contains more treasures and works of art than any single museum in the world, and he leaves out of consideration the Golden Candlestick, brought by Titus from the temple at Jerusalem placed in the Temple of Peace, at Rome, and afterward, according to some authorities, thrown into the Tiber. It is sculptured on the Arch of Titus which stands so proudly against the sky at the summit of the Sacred Way, near the great forum. The Jews of Rome once asked permission to drag the river-bed for the missing candlestick; the Pope refused, but a reliable authority states that it was taken from the river by Genseric, who afterward carried it to Carthage; later it was heard of at Constantinople, and was eventually melted down to be made into candelabra for the Holy Sepulchre.

But the golden candle-stick, the "Ophelia" and the numerous other marvels which have been fished out of the Tiber are as nothing compared to those which still lie beneath its waves. Napoleon and his engineers once conceived the gigantic plan of damming the stream above the city, turning it from its course for a length of three miles and laying bare the bed for excavation, but the all-absorbing struggles with the allied powers left them no time to carry the idea into effect, and the "noble river that rolls by the gates of Rome" will probably guard its wondrous secrets for centuries to come, as the government of modern Italy has neither the capital nor the initiative necessary for the revival of such a herculean enterprise. And, besides, the Roman museums and churches are already so rich in classic masterpieces, that people think "What's the use?"

The traditionary guardian and tutelary genius of all these antique treasures is the wolf of Romulus, or rather one of her lineal female descendants, kept in a small cage on the Capitoline Hill; she looks cross and cramped, like the Roman eagle which is chained to the branch of a tree close by. Children love the wolf, and even grown-ups often stop to gaze on the historic animal. One of these latter once asked a Roman friend,

"Why are there no geese on the Capitol?"

"Oh, there are—in the German embassy!" was the reply. The embassy occupies the spot where the sacred geese cackled their legendary warning and saved the citadel.

The staircase, a little further down, where Rienzi once stood to harangue the populace, is now the haunt of postcard boys, who know just enough English to be annoying—or amusing, according to the hearer's humor at the moment. A lady, who recently refused to have greatness, in the shape of picture postals, thrust upon her, was addressed by the exasperated vender as "Rascal English woman!" He had learned from experience that rascal was a term of reprobation. The highest flight of conversational power was reached one morning by an imp, who gravely announced, "Very cheap to-day; I'm in liquidation," and when his cards were refused he promptly added, "All right, skidoo for you!"

But the Italian's facility for expression in the cold, unknown Northern tongue is naturally not to be compared with his vituperative eloquence in his own musical, flowing lingo. His profanity is classical. Not for nothing is he a countryman of the immortal Cicero. The only person on earth who can outcurse an Italian signore is an Italian signora. Not long ago, a woman, whose husband was dying, went to the window to throw a bunch of faded flowers into the street. A beggar standing below asked alms of her, and when she refused, the mendicant called up,

"May he be much worse than he is!"

This naturaly enraged the prospective widow, and she replied,

"Brutto villanzona!" (horrid brute) loathsome animal, may you be covered with shame! Depart hastily and die from accident! May you be murdered! May seven thunderbolts strike your bloody corpse as it is being carried home to your wife! May your soul scorch in hell!" The beggar hurried away terrified, while a passing coachman, who had heard the tirade, stopped to raise his hat deferentially, and cry,

"Bravo, signora!"

As for the fugitive, he probably dodged into the nearest church to neutralize the vitriolic potency of the curse, by sprinkling himself with holy water. The Italians are as a race superstitious to a degree, and live in constant dread that some ill-disposed neighbor will cast a spell upon them, either by a formula of magic words or by the power of the "evil eye," of which mention was briefly made in a former letter. Nine tenths of them keep charms or amulets constantly upon their bodies, and sometimes one sees even an Anglo-Saxon wearing a small hand of gold or silver on his watch-chain, a fairly sure protection against the jettatura. The wearing of this miniature hand however, is merely a compromise, growing from the belief that in the presence of a jettatore one must cross the fingers (the sign of the cross) or close the second and third fingers while the index and little fingers are extended in the mystic symbol of the horns; the miniature metal hand is always cast in one or the other of these positions; but the most efficacious protection, the realy sacred charm which foreigners scarcely ever see and which Italians wear secretly beneath their clothing, next the heart, is the ancient pagan amulet of coral, the Latin "fascinum," the identical form that their ancestors wore, long, long ago in prehistoric times, when Venus and the wrathful Juno were still quarreling over the safe arrival of Aeneas in Latium, when the fauns still dwelt in the forests, and the walls of Rome were wooden palisades.

Today in Rome there is a well-known prince, a man prominent in the social and political life of the capital, who is always greeted when he appears in public by the sign of the cross or the mystic horns. The signs, of course, are made secretly, and it is possible that the poor nobleman does not know he is accredited by the populace with the malevolent power of a jettatore. What stories one hears of the Roman princes! One of them acting on a motive that was said to have been in some obscure way religious, recently had his saddle horse painted green and varnished. The poor beast died of suffocation in a few hours, but the gods were appeased. One might almost fancy that the sun had stood still on Gibeon since Joshua's time, and that Rome is a pagan city in the twentieth century if this were all of Rome.

THE SEMINARY COMMENCEMENT.

The exercises incident to the Twenty-sixth Commencement of Westminster Theological Seminary began with the baccalaureate service, which was held in the Methodist Protestant Church on Sunday morning. The church was crowded by a deeply interested congregation and those in attendance gave close attention to the eloquent and impressive baccalaureate sermon delivered by Rev. Dr. Hugh Latimer Elderdice, president of the institution. The service was conducted in the usual manner of the Methodist Protestant Church. The singing was congregatonal, except the rendering of a selection by a choir of students.

The subject of Dr. Elderdice's sermon was: Leadership; or the Minister as a Spiritual Guide. The text was: "Go, lead the people unto the place of which I have spoken unto thee; behold, mine Angel shall go before thee." He said in part:

There is a Call, a Campaign, a Captain.

The Call to leadership comes a Divine command—"Go." It first came to Moses while feeding his flock. By refusing to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter he had spurned a royal sceptre for a shepherd's staff. During the forty years his feet were fastened to this treadmill of lowly life, his heart was as far away as the brickyards of his kindred and his thoughts were as high as heaven. He who hears the cry of his fellows will also hear the command of his God—and to Moses it came while at his daily task. Rationalism declares that the Burning Bush was only the reflection of a volcano in eruption; but the man on the spot at the time testifies that "the Bush burned with fire and was not consumed." One hears only the superstitious story of a simple shepherd; the other takes off his sandals on holy ground and hears the voice of God.

In these days of a dearth in the ministry, strenuous efforts are made to muster recruits. Special pleaders are laying the claims of the ministry upon the strong students in our Colleges; pastors are uniting to explain the Call to preach; churches are setting aside a day for special prayer for more laborers; Theological Seminaries are offering free Scholarships and Pulpit Committees are increasing salaries to capture the choicest leaders. All such appeals—unless foolish and frantic—have their place; but in the constant clamor of human tongues there may be danger of deciding that the only call is in the urgency of the need. It is therefore well to remember that Moses knew the need of a deliverer in Egypt forty years before he dared assume that role. Nor should it be forgotten that no other outward call is alone sufficient—whether it be natural qualification. Providential preparation, church solicitation, personal preference, father's advice or mother's prayers. No man may aspire to leadership until in some silent spot he finds a Burning Bush ablaze with God and hears the command—"Go."

Whether his Burning Bush be a vacant pulpit or a passage of Scripture, matters not. With Gideon on the threshing-floor, it was a fleece of wool—now wet with dew, now dry: with Elisha at the plow, it was the mantle of the Tishbite prophet. And whether his call come by a sermon or a song, a personal prayer or a special revelation, matters not—for though varied the voices it is the same Spirit speaking in the secret chamber of the soul.

The newly called leader may not at first feel free to obey. Knowing his weakness, he shrinks from the tremendous task. Reason after reason rises to exempt him from the Divine draft. Nor does this halting invalidate the call but rather confirms it, for only "fools rush in where angels fear to tread." But He who calls can meet all objections to obedience. The plea of Moses that the scepter of a king was too powerful for the rod of a shepherd, was met by a miracle which changed the rod into a live serpent and whitened with leprosy the hand which held it; and his further claim that he was so "slow of speech" that he could not convince the Court of Pharaoh of the justice of his cause, was met by the reply: "I will be with thy mouth and teach thee what thou shalt say."

After the Call comes the Campaign. The Duty, Destination and the Headquarters are specified in the Marching Orders: "Lead the people unto the place of which I have spoken unto thee." To say that it is the duty of a leader to lead, may sound superfluous; yet the utterance is timely. Our day demands strong leadership. It is a day of doubt, of scientific skepticism, of greedy commercialism, of self-centered luxury and self-sufficient salvation. The minister should lead in the new Psychology which educates the child and the youth along lines which lead to Christ and link to the Church; in the new Sociology which shows that the redemption of Society is not to be secured by a legal system but by a Christian spirit; in the new Politics which declare that no citizen who sells himself to Satan can hold office in the State; and in the new Evangelism which looks beyond the altars of a local church and sees the whole world bowing at one common mercy seat. In the realm of religious action there is need of a master hand for the complicated and multiplied machinery of modern organizations. The smallest country church, as well as the largest institutional city church, is looking, for a Nehemiah whose level head and steady hand can organize and utilize all his forces. No bookworm—"invisible all week and incomprehensible on Sunday"—can lead the pastoral movements of the twentieth century.

But your boldest battles will be in the pulpit. If you cannot lead in the realm of thought, you need not expect thoughtful men to follow you. Problems scientific, philosophical and religious raise interrogations which you must meet or lose ground as a leader. Dr. Pierson is authority for the statement that in a Theological Seminary in America were "four students: one was an agnystic, the second a skeptic, the third a dyspeptic and the fourth a fanatic." The Presbyterian church has recently rejected certain graduates because of their Theological views so far from orthodox standards, and in some Trinitarians' churches there may now be witnessed the same scene which occurred in a New England church when Horace Bushnell so preached that a saintly woman departed saying: "They have taken away my Lord and I know not where they have laid Him." But all doubters are not to be denounced, for some are honest. Phillips Brooks was right when he declared: "Men do not dread to believe, men long to believe." And the reason more do not is because their pastors have not intellectual ability to lead from doubt to faith. The young theologue anxious to make a short cut to the ministry, claiming that God will fill his mouth, should reflect that Moses took forty years to prepare before he began to interpret the laws of God to man. This is a bad age for a pygmy in the pulpit but the best for a giant who can lead.

The Destination of Moses was Canaan, but that of the minister is this side Jordan. He is not to offer the Gospel as a Fire Insurance Policy for the future but a panacea for moral ills in the present. God will take care of eternity, nature will show a man how to die, but the minister must teach him how to live. The goal of his ambition should not be a crown some distant day but a needy parish every day where he may make men like God and earth like heaven.

But to do so he must keep near Headquarters.

The wilderness Campaign of Moses would have failed had he not made frequent visits to headquarters for marching orders. Better than the school of Pharaoh was the Burning Bush and deeper than the philosophy of Pharaoh was the wisdom of Mt. Sinai. The secret of successful leadership is found in "the secret place of the Most High." General Gordon was a great leader not only because of his military training but because he had Headquarters higher than the War Office of the British Empire. In the Soudan war he daily dropped a handkerchief at the door of his tent as a signal that for the next thirty minutes no messenger should enter. Every soldier knew that their English Captain was also a Captain of the Cross and that he was waiting for the latest marching orders.

Though Moses was "mighty in words and in deeds" yet must he also have had a Divine Commander—the Angel. The leader must be led or he is not fit to lead is a paradox the pulpit must learn or leave the field of battle.

Members of the Graduating Class: You have heard the Call and are now to begin the Campaign. Salute your Captain. With all your years of scholastic preparation you are only lame lieutenants. But when your Captain calls you forth to fields of conflict, He will send His Angel before you to turn them into a field of conquest. "Jacob went his way and the angels of God met him."

The alumni service was held in the Methodist Protestant Church on Sunday evening, and again a large congregation was present. As an act of denominational courtesy no evening service was held in Grace Lutheran Church and many of its members attended the service at the M. P. Church, where the alumni sermon was delivered by Rev. Lewis Randall, of Crisfield, a graduate of the Seminary, class of 1892.

The Stockton Literary Society celebrated its 26th anniversary in the seminary chapel on Monday evening, and the Board of Governors held its annual meeting on Tuesday morning.

The commencement was held in the Methodist Protestant Church at 8 o'clock. Tuesday evening. The exercises were opened with congregational singing and prayer was offered by Rev. J. M. Sheridan, of Baltimore, president of the Maryland Annual Conference. The Seminary Glee Club sang a selection, the class oration was delivered by Alfred Henry Ackley and the address to the graduating class by Rev. M. D. Helmick, D. D., of Elkins, W. Va.

Dr. Elderdice then conferred diplomas on the seven members of the class, whose names, with the subjects of their graduating theses were published in the Sentinel last week, but the names are here repeated. They are: Alfred Henry Ackley, of Patterson, N. J.; Edward Lassell Beauchamp, of Baltimore; Alvin Boyer Dupuy, of Kempdown; Lewis Woodruff Gordon, of Manorville, N. Y.; Joshua Ronald Horsey, of Crisfield; Marion Eugene Hungerford, of Baltimore, and John Ralph Wright, of Cumberland. They were graduated with the title of "Reverend" and have entered the ministry of the Methodist Protestant Church.

Following the conferring of diplomas came the presentation of prizes, of which there are seven. This was one of the most interesting features of the commencement. The prizes were awarded as follows: The Hering Hebrew prize, to John Ralph Wright; the Grimes Greek and the J. Norman Wills Thesis prizes, to Joshua Ronald Horsey; the Bates Memorial Historical Theology prize to Alfred Henry Ackley; the Queen Hymn and Bible Reading prize, to Edward Lassell Beauchamp; the Drinkhouse Impromptu Debate prize, to G. G. Shurtz, of West Lafayette, Ohio; the Dr. Forlines Theism prize, to W. H. Hodges, of Morgantown, W. Va.

The exercises closed with the benediction pronounced by Rev. Dr. J. L. Mills, of Baltimore.

Girls School Fired On.

Adana, Asiatic Turkey, May 1, via Constantinople, May 2.—Miss Elizabeth S. Webb, a missionary of the American board, from Bunker Hill, Ill., has written for the mission board a narrative of her experience in the first days of the massacres in Adana, when the girl's school to which she was attached was in the greatest danger and the lives of the students were threatened from all sides. She says:

"Our friends came to school as usual Wednesday (April 21). Although we heard that there was a good deal of unrest in the city we went on with our preparations for a school entertainment which was to be held the next day. Soon firing began in the city and before noon things were in such a disturbed condition that we were afraid to send the day scholars home. The girls were too excited to study, as there was a constant sound of firing. We ourselves tried to go on with our annual meeting, but the reading of the reports was interrupted by the screaming in the streets and the shooting.

"Mr. Chambers attempted to go to the Government Building for a guard, but he found it impossible to get through the mob and was forced to return. Two of our Turkish children were present, and we thought it would be possible to send word of our danger by a Turk who had come to take them home. Accordingly, notes to their father and to the Governor were written, but there was no response.

FIRES IN ALL DIRECTIONS.

"As night came on fires began to flare up in all directions and we were fearful that the rioters would break into the school buildings. Finally, about 9 o'clock, there came a knock at the gate and in walked the English Consul. You can imagine our relief at the sight of him. He had heard of the disturbances and had come from Mersina to investigate. The consul is Major Daughty-Wylie. He could stay only a moment, but he left three of his own guard of Turkish soldiers to take care of us.

"All through the night we actually seemed to be in a state of siege. The three soldiers kept firing their Martinis and the fire was returned from the minaret house near by. In the morning our guard discovered—whether it was a discovery or not I do not know—that the men in the minaret houses whose fire they had been returning were Turkish soldiers and that others who had been firing upon us were friends whom we knew by name.

"In the meantime the fires about the city had increased and the sound of shooting could be heard from every point. At last the Consul passed. He was able to spare only one man, but thought that this one would be more useful than the other three. Soon after the Consul left us fires broke out in the adjacent streets and unless something was done speedily our school building must be destroyed.

WOMEN AND GIRLS FOUGHT FIRE.

"If our building burned, the Chambers house must burn also. Then where could we go for safety? Our only safety seemed to be to check the flames. We women and girls carried water while the men cut down the shed and an old house in the corner of our yard. A shed on the opposite side of the street was also torn down, and we thought in this way the progress of the fire could be stayed.

"About this time we were horrified to learn that Mr. Rogers and Mr. Maurer had been shot. It seemed that they had been fighting the fire and were not with the other men cutting down the sheds. They were brought into our dining room. Mr. Maurer was already dead and Mr. Rogers lived only a few minutes. Rev. Stephen R. Trowbridge, who was near them at the time, escaped, although a bullet took off his hat.

"A new misfortune overtook us; our guard of one man disappeared; things looked pretty dark. I came to my room, where the girls were seated, quietly waiting. For me to tell them what had happened would only cause a panic, so I said, 'We have done all we can; now let us pray.'

"Before I had finished praying the bugle of the Consul's guard and the Turkish officials with whom he was patrolling sounded in the street. Unfortunately, he could not spare a guard for us but promised to send one immediately. It was a terrible situation—women and girls practically alone in the building, a murderous, bloodthirsty mob outside, with knife and bullet for the Armenians and the torch for their homes. To add to the misery, there were the dead on the floor below, and the widow of one of them, Mrs. Rogers, with her infant 10 weeks old, to comfort.

SOUND OF SHOOTING CONSTANT

"The flames we had been fighting finally died out but fires could be seen in all parts of the city, and the sound of shooting was constant. The British Consul had promised us a guard but the afternoon and evening passed and none came. We could not understand it. The following day we learned that Major Daughty-Wylie had been shot in the arm.

"That night young men from the Gregorian and Protestant communities patrolled the streets around our building. The situation was grave. A great crowd, composed of soldiers, Zambties, Bashimazooks and rabble, bent on plundering, had gathered at the rear of our house for an attack. Our only dependence was a self-appointed guard of young Armenians. A steady fire was kept up on both sides; that on the part of our young men was intended only to frighten the crowd and, if possible, to drive them away. Our Armenians called to those below, 'We are brothers; don't fire,' and asked them to send one man to confer with a representative of our side.

"This was agreed to, but in place of one man, hundreds started to come. They demanded that we give up our arms, but, with that angry mob, this meant certain death. Finally Mr. Trowbridge talked with them from a window. This, too, failed. The greatest danger, of course, was for the girls, and we decided to take them to Mr. Chambers' house. Seemingly without fear they marched out in order, two and two, across the street to the house of Miss Wallace, the English nurse; then through a hole in the wall, which had been opened for emergency, and through the yard out into the street again, where they reached the Chambers gate.

REFUGEES COWERED EVERY WHERE.

"I cannot describe the crowd, the noise and confusion in this house and yard. Refugees cowered everywhere. Both houses and court apparently had been overflowing with refugees before our arrival, but we added to the number more than 100 from our house and about 80 girls and teachers. Our girls and teachers were calmest of all.

"Mr. Trowbridge returned from the school to say that the only hope for safety to any Americans seemed to be to return to the school, staying there alone, separated from the Armenians. He declared that we were powerless to save the Armenians.

"It seems that after we left the school Miss Wallace, Mr. Chambers and a young Armenian preacher attempted to cross the street from Miss Wallace's to the school. Just at this time a mob rushed around the corner. The infuriated Turks recognized the preacher as an Armenian, and although Mr. Chambers threw his arms about him and did all in his power to save the man's life, they shot him dead. Not a single Armenian would they leave alive, the assassins shouted, as Mr. Chambers dragged the body of the murdered preacher into the building. You can see how powerless we were."

TROOPS FOR THEIR RELIEF.

Miss Webb relates how Mr. Trowbridge persuaded four Zambties to go with him to the Government House to demand protection. Two of them deserted him on the way, declaring that they were afraid of being killed by Armenians. Everything was confusion at the Government House, and after a long delay a detachment of 150 troops was dispatched to their relief.

Miss Webb was sent to Turkey in 1886 by the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. She was born at Bunker Hill, Ill., and later moved to Missouri. She is a graduate of Drury College, Springfield, Mo.

MEMORIAL DAY PLANS OF G. A. R.

TO DECORATE GRAVES OF CONFEDERATE DEAD.

An order calling for the observance of Memorial Day on Monday, May 31, was issued yesterday by Col. Benjamin F. Taylor, commander of the Department of Maryland, Grand Army of the Republic. Obedient to the wishes of Gen. H. M. Nevius, national commander-in-chief of the Grand Army, the graves of the Confederate dead will also be decorated.

Colonel Taylor announces this fact through the following paragraph in his general order:

"The broad, high, chivalrous sentiment of the present Commander-in-Chief, with reference to the Confederate dead, permeates the comrades of this department, and will lead them now, as in the past, to reverence lonely Confederate graves that fate has placed within the boundaries of their memorial services, and they will be garlanded as their own."

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