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Current Comment

The Truth About Jude Johnson. There is no truth in the report that Jude Johnson has gone across the waters to enlist. He has gone across the bridge for a drink—Atchison Globe.

Mexico's Consolation. Things might be worse for Mexico. It has no Vice President.—Cleveland Leader.

The Up-to-Date Daughter. "Do you mind if I close the door, mother? I hate to see you work."—Life.

Someone Has Said "What is Punch?" "Punch" is vim vitalized. It is vigor with a voltage behind it. It is "pepper" coupled to "push." It is power, personality, persistency and pugnacity done up in the same package.

"Punch" is the child of ambition and the father of success. "Punch" is just plain, every day "horse sense" with a "kick" in it.

TODAY'S BIRTHDAY PARTY. By O. Terence.

PRESIDENT WILSON, 58 TODAY IS TYPICAL "CAPRICORN MAN."

President Woodrow Wilson will pass his 58th milestone today, having been born at Staunton, Va., December 28, 1856. He was the son of a clergyman, and was christened Thomas Woodrow, the latter having been the maiden name of his mother. While few intelligent people nowadays have any respect for astrology, it will be generally admitted, even by the President's political enemies, that he is a typical example of the "Capricorn Man," and possesses nearly all of the good qualities attributed by astrologers to men born under this sign. Inspiration and absorption, and devotion to duty, as declared to be among the higher attributes of men born during the period ruled by Capricorn, the sea goat. They are described as high minded, self confident, deep thinkers and good teachers, and are likely to seek distinction in the political world. "They are public spirited, independent, born leaders, with the executive temperament, and hold high ideals," says one astrologer. "They are natural leaders in undertakings of great moment. They resent interference, and never meddle with the affairs of others. They are kindhearted, but undemonstrative, loyal but secretive. They are often impatient with details."

Judging by precedent, President Wilson's birth month was auspicious, as three chief magistrates of the republic have been born in December. The last three and the first four months of the year include the birthdays of all but three of the Presidents of the United States. Two were born in January, three in February and four in March and April. May and June are apparently unlucky months for Americans with high political ambitions, as no President has been born in these months. July, August and September each include the birthday of one President. October had four. November four and December three. The twenty-ninth is the most auspicious day of the month, with three Presidents born on that date. Two each were born on the fifth, the fifteenth, the twenty-third, the twenty-seventh and the twenty-eighth days of various months. Not a single President of the United States has ever been born on either the first or last day of a month. A fourth of all the Presidents have been born on the twenty-seventh, twenty-eighth or twenty-ninth.

WHO'S WHO IN THE WAR.

GASPARRI. Cardinal P. Gasparri, the secretary of state of Pope Benedict XV, is confidently expected to play a prominent part in bringing order out of the European chaos. It is the supreme ambition of the new pontiff to bring the war to a speedy end, and it was with this object in view that he selected Cardinal Gasparri for the important post of papal secretary of state. Cardinal Gasparri is of peasant origin, and was born 62 years ago in the village of Capovallazza di Ussita, in Umbria. In his youth he stood at the head of the students and his exceptional ability was recognized by an appointment to the pontifical seminary at Rome. Graduating with high honors, he entered the priesthood, and while still very young was made professor of theology at the seminary and private secretary to Cardinal Martini. A little later he was appointed to the chair of canon law in the Urban college of the Propaganda Fidei, and afterward taught canon law in the Catholic Institute at Paris. For nearly a score of years he lived in Paris, and made many friends, even among the free thinking officials of the republic. In 1898 he returned to Rome, where he received from Leo XIII the titular archbishopric of Cesarea. He then spent three years in South America as apostolic delegate to Ecuador, Peru and Bolivia. In 1907 he was given the red hat of the Sacred College and appointed secretary of the commission for the codification of canon law.

SOME TIME

You will need— A Doctor— A Prescription Filled— A Good Drug Store— And Careful Compound-ing. Then Remember— That We Await Your Orders And Will Faithfully Serve You.

CRANE'S Drug Store

BONNIE MARY OF ARGYLE. I have heard the mavis singin', His love song to the morn'; I have seen the dewdrop clingin' To the rose just newly born. But a sweeter song has cheered me At the evening's gentle close, And I've seen an eye still brighter Than the dewdrop on the rose; 'Twas thy voice, my gentle Mary, And thine artless winning smile That made this world an Eden, Bonnie Mary of Argyle.

The 'thy voice may lose its sweetness And thine eye its brightness, too, Tho' thy step may lack its fleetness And thy hair its sunny hue; Still to me wilt thou be dearer Than all the world shall own; I have loved thee for thy beauty, But not for that alone; I have watched thy heart, dear Mary, And its goodness was the while That has made thee mine forever, Bonnie Mary of Argyle. —Selected.

of December. The King, when so informed, became highly indignant, and immediately ordering the day changed to the 25th, accusing his courtiers of seeking to bring about his ruin and disaster to his reign.

Twentieth century children are to be congratulated that another old custom connected with Childermas has passed into oblivion. It was long the practice, in all parts of Europe, to awaken the youngsters on Christmas morning by administering the lash to the spot where it would do the most good. The severity of the punishment depended upon the mercy or absence of it of the father, who was supposed to administer the flogging. In the seventeenth century a man was tried in England for beating one of his children so severely on Childermas that the youngster succumbed to the injuries. The cruel father was sentenced to receive a flogging—and that, too, in a day when many crimes were thought to merit the death penalty.

In France this custom degenerated into indecorable orgies, which are duly set forth in such works as the "Heptameron." In England the practice of whipping the youngsters, "that the memorie of Herod's murder of the Innocents might stick the closer, and in a moderate proportion to act over the cruelties again in kinde," gradually declined, and where it is still observed it has become a mere frolic, in which the parents take no part. It is the ambition of each youngster of a family of children to be the first awake on Childermas, as that is supposed to give him the right to awaken the "sleepy-heads" by a sound paddling. The writer can recall when this practice was followed on this side of the Atlantic—and perhaps it is yet.

FIRST THINGS.

The first percussion lock for firearms was invented and patented in 1817 by the Rev. Alexander J. Forsythe, a Scottish clergyman, who was born 146 years ago today, December 28, 1768. Firearms were first made in Italy in the 14th century, and were employed in war by the Burgundians at Arras just five centuries ago in 1414. These first small arms were really small cannons, and were borne by two men. In 1741 Edward IV had 300 Flemings armed with hand guns in his army, and a little later the Swiss armed 10,000 men with arquebuses. The musket was employed in the army of Emperor Charles V early in the sixteenth century. These rude firearms were at first discharged by the application of a flaming torch. About 1517 the wheel-lock method came into use, and afterward the flint was used from 1692 until the Scottish clergyman invented the percussion principle of igniting gunpowder in muskets by means of detonating powder. The flintlock guns were used by all the European armies during the early period of the Napoleonic wars, and only a few guns embodying Forsythe's invention were in use a century ago. Percussion caps were first generally used about 1825. Since then firearms have undergone many improvements, and the rifle of ten years ago is now hopelessly out of date for military use.

Just Smiles

And Now You Know. There was little Josephine with her violin. When she cuddled the fiddle under her little fair head and tickled the strings with an unerring bow—then eye and ear, and heart, of every auditor filled to surfeit, and the weary cark and care of all your days was forgotten. How does she play? Well, you hunt up the fairest painted picture of St. Cecilia that you ever saw, then close your eyes and picture the sort of music in your imagination that would fit the picture. Then you will understand how little Josephine Karyl plays the violin—almost.—Pittsburgh Gazette Times.

Tangoing "In His Name." A meeting of the His Name Circle of King's Daughters was held at the home of Miss Katherine Donaldson, of 1113 Twenty-first street, Rock Island, when plans were made for a tango to be given Jan. 23, at the Masonic Hall.

State Editors

The suggestion that the next legislature create the office of State Sanitary Engineer may not be bad in the abstract, but until the finances be established upon a new and steady basis, sentiment will be against crea-

ting new offices or other sources of financial outlay.—Huntington Herald-Dispatch.

Greetings to Mason and Fraser. Something doing in the newspaper circles this week, and another change is announced.

Captain John L. Mason, artistic juggler of words, of jeweled sentences, of pungent paragraphs and musical sound of English floating across a harp of a thousand strings; and L. A. Fraser, nestor of the "profess," once terror of the political bull pan, sometimes possessor of ornate whiskers and a conviviality that would lure our guardian angels from prayer meeting to the tangoed halls of mirth, have secured control of the Miners Herald at Montgomery.—Pochahontas Independent.

That reduction in the cost of our living which was promised us in 1912 has not yet arrived. The Argus said in 1912 that as sure as the Democratic party was successful, just that sure would the people be of having the cost of living cut down. On with the reduction. Let joy be unconfined! —Preston County Journal.

The Fairmont West Virginian says that President Wilson, in his aspiration for a second term, faces two great dangers—Secretary Bryan and the Republican party. Mr. Bryan is by no means the menace that some people seem to believe. Not that he is not a menace. His own candidacy will not menace the President's re-nomination. But his course as Secretary of State, and his ready tongue, will tend to make the Republican party a greater danger than it would be otherwise. But the President fears only the last named of the two dangers.—Huntington Herald-Dispatch.

Rear Admiral Bryan of the dry flying squadron is in favor of prohibition—in spots.—Huntington Herald-Dispatch.

Best Stories.

Starting the Day Wrong. There was gloom on the face of the New England farmer.

"What's the matter, Elijah?" asked his nearest neighbor. "Flapjacks given out over to your house?" "Worse'n that," said Elijah. "You know, 'twasn't apple year, and wife says we can't have any more apple for breakfast."

"Can't you make out if you have apple pie noon and night?" "I can, because I've got to," said Elijah, "but, I tell you, it upsets me, starting the day wrong like that."

Officers Hunt Murder Clue

COUNTY AUTHORITIES GO TO ENTERPRISE IN SEARCH OF INFORMATION. This afternoon Prosecuting Attorney, Sheriff Conaway, Deputy Sheriff Thomas V. Buckley and Constable W. K. Higgs went to Enterprise and other places to secure more evidence against the men who have perpetrated one of the worst crimes in the annals of Marion county.

Shoes were taken along and measurements of tracks will be made by the officers. It is also expected that when they return they will be in possession of more literature that will throw light on some of the workings of the society.

Every way the officers seem to turn there is a new phase to the case and as the inquiry into the case develops there are new things unfolded. The inquest was to have started this morning but an adjournment was taken until 1:30 this afternoon and at that time an adjournment was taken subject to the call of Coroner Lloyd.

It is likely that when the officers return tonight that there will be sufficient development in the case so that there may be no more delay in the inquest. There will be further translations of letters made and the translation of the bylaws of the organization will be finished. The book contains about 50 pages and in the way that it is printed considerable time is required to make the translations. However, much headway has been made in this part of the work and it is the intention that no time shall be lost in completing this important part of the work.

Different stories are still afloat but these are being sifted and the entire situation will be such in a short time that the real sifting process can be started. The county is bending every energy to fathom the mystery that surrounds the crime and they are already piercing the veil that has shrouded the entire affair. The best Italian scholars in the city

DEAD TOWNS AND HIGH TAXES

Home Disloyalty is the Cause of Decay.

WHAT GREAT NAPOLEON SAID

Should Tax Vices Instead of Property. In a Rich, Prosperous Community Taxes Are No Burden—In a Community Where the Local Town is Dead Taxes Are High.

[Copyrighted, 1914, by Thomas J. Sullivan.] Taxing is an easy business. Any new official can contrive new impositions, say bungler can add to the old, but is it altogether wise to have no other bounds to your impositions than the patience of those who are to bear them?

What a benefit the government would render the state, the city, the village and hamlet if it would, but tax vices instead of property! Bonaparte said he got \$5,000,000 annually from the lovers of brandy, and he wanted to know what virtue would pay him that much.

Taxes Increasing Each Year. Taxes are the sinews of the state, and they are indeed heavy, but if those laid by the government were the only ones we had to pay we might more easily discharge them, but we have others, and much more grievous to some of us.

We are taxed twice as much by our ignorance, three times as much by our disloyalty and four times as much by our folly, and from these taxes the commissioners cannot ease or deliver us by allowing an abatement.

The state, county and town levy and exact a certain tax from every piece of property located within their boundaries, the amount depending upon the official requirements. In a rich, prosperous community, where marketing and manufacturing lend their stimulating influences, taxes are low. A community where the local town is dead taxes necessarily are high.

The explanation is easy. The town which is prosperous has successful merchants with large and valuable stocks of goods; it has manufacturing plants and industrial enterprises of great worth; it has newspapers, hotels, fine houses and hotels, and, above all, it is a marketing center. The large amount and the high value placed upon this property materially decrease the tax demands made upon the farmer in that vicinity.

Streets Paved With Jimson Weeds. Then take the other town, the dead town. What are the cause and effect? The cause is lack of patronage, lack of industrial pride, disloyalty and ignorance of one's own condition and best interests. The effect? The town has become a "jay" town. In the streets have grown jimson weeds, the sidewalks have gone to decay, the stores are vacant, and an air of poverty and dilapidation prevails. In this latter town and the surrounding community taxes are high, property values have decreased, and altogether it is an undesirable place to live in, and the disposition of such property is an impossible feat.

As we stand and survey the ruins of a once prosperous and promising city we turn to the once successful retail merchant, now standing in the door of his empty store, and ask for the answer.

Briefly he makes reply: "The retail catalogue houses. Our residents in this community became hypnotized by their pictures and prices and misrepresentations, and this is the result."

On the Altar of Greed. They sacrificed their own interests and their own town on the altar of greed and misunderstanding.

The farmer should easily comprehend that when a stock of goods in a store is depleted one-half or more it cannot be taxed for more than its value, and in case the merchant for lack of patronage is forced to retire altogether from business then there remains nothing to be taxed but the building. And what can it be taxed at provided a tenant who is willing to take a chance with his money cannot have to pay the taxes. This merchant formerly paid, and if the farmer continues throwing his patronage to outside concerns he will continue to reduce local values and increase his taxes.

Reflect Too Little. Some farmers read too much and reflect too little—depend too much upon others, too little upon themselves. They make of their heads cold storage warehouses for other people's ideas instead of standing up in their own independent, godlike individuality. Reading and rereading of mail order catalogues leave a man in about the same condition as Mark Twain's toad with its stomach full of shot.

What do the mail order houses do for the farmer? Do they relieve him of any of his tax burdens? No; they just relieve him of his money. It is a case of representation without taxation, and we fear in time this manner and method of doing business will cause a revolution among the producers and consumers which will eclipse the American Revolution. We would suggest to the mail order catalogue houses that they shear, not skin, their sheep.

are assisting in making the translations of the letters and the secret work of the Mafia society.

LOST BET BUT GETS CONTRACT

Six weeks ago The Bulletin man overheard what he considered at the

Style and Quality
 Always must be considered. Our prices are reasonable. Excellent line of Suits and Overcoats. Pay us a call. We are
R. GILKESON
 "That Totally Different Shop."
 Tailor, Clothier and Furnisher . . . 107 Main Street

THE TOLL OF THE YEAR
 AS the old year closes and the new year begins—where do you stand? Have you progressed? Are you no better off now than you were twelve months ago?
 If not, its time you resolved to DO something instead of NOT to do something. Why not begin to
Better Yourself Financially by the Time Next Year Comes Around
 Your "New Leaf" this year should be headed with a determined resolution to save.
 Proper saving for system and safety demands banking. We are ready to give you the kind of banking service you need.

First National Bank OF FAIRMONT

LITTLE BOBBIE'S PA

By William F. Kirk
There was a Kipling Club up to the house the other nite, & a Browning Club & Missus Browning Club. I never seen so many ladies in my life. 'Thay was all glad to see Ma, but they dident seem to car much about seeing Pa, becaus maost of them had been to the house befoor, & they had heard Pa talking about lady clubs. Pa calm into the parlor, fest the saim as if he had been asked in, & when Ma started to interduce him he jest laffed & sed Never mind the nams, gurls, doant try explaining them, becaus your frends know that you have good nams & your enmys doant need any explanashuns. We shall now talk up Kikling, sed Pa. Befoor the ladies of the club gits started too fancy, I will myself reseite a littel room which was onst rota by Kikling. It is called Gunga Din, sed Pa, & this is how one of the verses goes:
So I'll meet him later on in sum new place he has gone
At the moment when they think his home he's in;
He'll be squatting down at Joel's buy- ing rum for thirsty souls,
And I'll spear a drink myself from Gunga Din.
Well, ladies of the Kipling Club, sed Pa, how do you like it as far as it has went? We doant like it at all, sed the ladies of the Kipling Club, we are here to tell about the reel things Mister Kikling has rote, not the foolish par- ody's that his male admirsers wants to make up wen they cum hoam & in- trude on our littel cirkel.
But I dident intend to intrude on yure littel cirkel, sed Pa. I was going to talk littel Bobbie & the dog out for a nice long stroll, wen along calm friend wife & insisted that I stay & see what kind of stuff you old dames had to spill. Spill it, gurls, spill it, sed Pa, becaus the dog is waiting coven now, & even Bobbie wants to leave this gathering.
"Mercy," sed one of the Browning ladies, "I think that the meeting mite as well go on without any further male interferences, so I move rite now that we go ahead with the regular order of bizness, naimly, to elect our officers. I feel that the affairs of the Browning Club is of moar importance than the chatter of a ape like your husband."
Righto, old spinster, said Pa, righto I feel the saim way about it. I use to be one of them club members my self, Pa sed, and I know how we all felt wen we was disbarbed at our club meetings. Of course, sed Pa, it was usually the polece that disturbed us, like the time Kid Broad got him of the Dartmouth Deomon's ear & tried to bite it off. But moast of the time our littel club meetings was happy. If you doant want to hear any moar of my Kipling resitashund, however, I shall bow my hed & slowly walk away. Fare thee well, & I forever fare thee well jest the saim. That is from Byron, sed Pa, how is it that sum of the ladies from the Byron Club arent here. It has always been rumored in literary circles, sed Pa, that Byron cared a grate deal for the ladies, and I shud think the only way you ladies cud give him an even brake would be to frame up a Byron club. Another reason you shud have a Byron club sed Pa, is that Byron had a club foot, Ha, Ha.
Then Pa saw sum of the ladies look- ing at him kind of funny, so he took me by the hand and walked out of the room. He never calm back, neathur

time a colossal "bluff" on the part of Leo Levison, the hustling manager of the World Film Corporation, Pitts- burgh, Pa. When Mr. Frank C. McCray, of Fairmont, West Va., was in the World office and refused absolutely to be tied up with a World contract. Mr. Levison then offered to wager him a good suit of clothes that he would sign up before the expiration of six months. Last Saturday the contract arrived at the World office by mail. Levison's challenge, which covered a period of six months, was taken up in as many weeks. The contract totals \$7,500 and the Messrs. Schubert-Brady-Liebier-Paul Armstrong-Blaney-Owen Davis and the other great producers of the "Great White Way" pictures will be shown in the Colonial Thea- tre Co., Inc.

Family of Five Burn in Own Home

BY ASSOCIATED PRESS. WINTERHAVEN, Pa., Dec. 28.—Harry Alvey, his wife and three children were burned to death early today when fire destroyed their home near here.

Gen. Villa's Forces Change Battle Ground

By Associated Press. WASHINGTON, Dec. 28.—General Villa's forces have suspended their attacks on Eban, near Tampico, and have concentrated their attacks on the seaport of Tuxpan, where fighting is in progress today, according to advices to the state department.

Left for Virginia. Mrs. Arthur Roberts, who had been the guest of her uncle, Mr. Sam R. Nuzum, for several months, left Saturday night for Laurel, Md., to visit her aunt, Mrs. H. C. Sammie, formerly of this city. She will go from there to her home at Norfolk, Va.

S. E. W. Burnside, of Pittsburgh, who with his wife and children spent Christmas here, was called to his home in Harrison county Friday by the death of his mother, Mrs. Isaac Burnside. He returned to Pittsburgh Saturday night.