

For Twelve Years We Have Slurred the Men In This Line Without a Complaint. Saturday We Roasted the Women and Have Eleven Protests

TURKS TO BE ASKED IF PERSIA SUNK BY THEM

Report That Turkish Submarine Sank the Big Liner

GENERAL AYLMAR DRIVEN BACK

British Troops Penetrated Turkish Lines But Were Stopped By Severe Storm.

Washington, Jan. 24.—The United States will make immediate inquiries of the Turkish government as to whether or not it is responsible for the sinking of the British merchant ship Persia with the loss of American lives, according to a statement made from the office of Secretary Lansing this morning.

The state department is in possession of unofficial information that a Turkish submarine was responsible for the disaster and that the Turkish war office will make no denial of the report.

London, Jan. 23.—General Aylmer's relief force last Friday attacked the Turks who are strongly entrenched at Essian, six miles east of Kut-el-Amara where the main British army, to whose aid the relief force is trying to hasten, is bottled up. A violent battle ensued in which success alternated between British and Turks. The fighting lasted all day. Torrents of rain causing floods prevented a renewal of the attack on the following day, but General Aylmer's force managed to entrench itself little more than two-thirds of a mile within the Turkish line.

The British report speaks of "very heavy losses on both sides," which indicates the fury of the battle.

BYRON'S UNHAPPINESS.

His Icy, Frozen Mannered Wife and His Cruel Parents.

Marie Corell, the English novelist, says poets do not really love. If they did they could not write about it. They imagine they love. And their imagination embraces many fair objects.

"Byron," she says, "was an unhappy man. But he was not as unhappy as he imagined himself to be. He found pleasure, even inspiration, in dwelling on his own troubles. Many poets do."

She tells us that Byron's mother had been a Miss Gordon before she married the shiftless and dissolute Captain Byron, the poet's father, and that amid constant quarrelling, thrashings and unjust abuse and the most coarse and immoderate language poor Byron began his career.

"With such a father and such a mother," says Miss Corell, "the wonder is that he managed to store his mind with so many impressions of beauty and grandeur and that he was able to lift his soul above his surroundings to such a height of intellectual power. His mother's furious temper and her cruel mockeries stung him, not into a reply, but into silent and lonely brooding on his wrongs."

"He himself describes the sense of horror and humiliation which came over him when, in a fit of passion, she called him a lame brat. When Sir Walter Scott met him he said he should scarcely have noticed it. In fact, the great novelist was as lame as the great poet, only Byron's brilliant personality made him, more than Scott, an object of comment. His marriage was a failure. It was a fortunate thing for literature that his wife left him after one year of matrimony."

"Had she remained with him his genius might have perished under the freezing influence of such a paragon of propriety and dullness. William Howitt tells us that Lady Byron had 'frozen moments.'"

"I have seen her," he says, "come down in the morning as if she had lain all night on a glacier, frozen, as it were, to the very soul, and no efforts on the part of those around her could restore her for the day to any genial social warmth."

A Delicate, Tasteful Breakfast. Apropos of monotonous unimaginative breakfasts, Thomas Love Peacock once drew up the menu for breakfast "for a man of taste." "Coffee, tea, cream, eggs, ham, tongue, cold fowl," he wrote, "all these are good and he speaks good knowledge in him who sets them forth. But the touchstone is fish. Anchovy is the first step, prawns and shrimps the second, potted char and lamprey the third, but lobster is, indeed, matter for a May morning and demands a rare combination of virtue and knowledge in him who sets it forth."

FIRE IN OPERA HOUSE

Only Employees in the Building at the Time.

What might have led to a general alarm fire was averted through the extreme sensitiveness of the smelling apparatus owned and controlled by Charles H. H. H., the efficient first assistant professional man at the opera house.

While at his post of duty Thursday morning, Mr. H. H. H. noted an unusual odor permeating the atmosphere. Being familiar with all the odors that usually pertain to a first class theatre, Charles was immediately keen to discover from whence came this peculiar smell, somewhat akin to burning rags and stale rubber boots. After convincing himself there was a fire somewhere in the building, caused by defective electric wiring, and being a staunch advocate of the "safety first" propaganda, he was about to turn in an alarm from box 48 when acting upon the suggestion of one of the members of the Jack Lynn stock company, playing in the theatre last week, he thought he would first ascertain whether the fire was in the cellar or on the roof.

With pattering feet, clattering teeth and frustrated coat-tails, he dashed down under the stage where instinct led him to believe it most likely a fire would begin its insidious and diabolical work. True enough, as he approached the northwest corner of the cellar underneath a pile of combustibles, the stench became horrible and the smoke more dense. Turning on his heel, as he is wont to do when excited, our hero fought his way up stairs. In fact in this emergency he turned on both heels, incidentally stepping on his accelerator (pet corn) and made the trip back to the stage in safety with his nose folded over and a halo of smoke about his head.

Before getting out into the open air he was seized with a burning pain over the heart. Ready help was by this time at hand and upon investigation it was found that Charles had dropped a lighted pipe in his upper left hand coat pocket and sympathetic combustion had taken place, setting fire to his suspenders and scorching the pin feathers on his chest.

Mr. Hurley was put out (the back door) by his associates and he now avers that Velvet tobacco makes a poor lining for a good coat and has already applied for a smokers' accident policy and will hereafter wear an asbestos curtain between his pipe and his tender hide.

Scotch Judges' Frugality.

Scotland might safely be backed at least to rival England in the matter of frugality among her judges. There is Deau Ramsay's story of the dinner party given by Lord Polkemmet. When the covers were removed the guests were surprised to find that the dinner consisted of veal broth, a roast fillet of veal, veal cutlets, a florentine (an old Scotch dish composed of veal), a calf's head and calf's foot jelly. Observing the sensation, Lord Polkemmet explained: "Oo ay, it's a' cauf. When we kill a beast we just eat up ae side and down the tither."—London Chronicle.

Mammoth Cave.

"To me the Mammoth cave of Kentucky is simply a portion of the Grand Canyon of Colorado underground," says George Wharton James, the traveler and author, in "Our American Wonders." "Almost all the phenomena of the great cave are revealed in the Grand canyon region, and, given time enough, it is not inconceivable that the Mammoth cave might develop into a Grand canyon region of its own."

Kept Them Quiet.

"I went to a symphony concert yesterday afternoon." "Did you enjoy it?" "It was the most wonderful experience I ever had. Just think of sitting in the same room with 2,000 women and not one of them saying a word."—Melbourne Age.

Disappearing Cannon.

"Some of our cannon are disappearing," remarked the lieutenant. "Well, things will disappear when you have careless help," responded the lady who was going over the fort. "I find that a great trouble about keeping house."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Saving.

Governess—Why don't you use your ornith. Douglass? "Because I want them to last."

Try this: When telling a piece of scandal, don't say "they say," just say "I say."

Why He Is Afraid.

"Are you afraid of death?" "Yes, I am." "Why?" "Well, I have never heard of anybody who ever liked it."—Detroit Free Press.

To Have and to Hold.

"Does Tightwad keep Sunday?" "I expect he does if he ever gets hold of it."—Judge.

REVENGED GERMAN AIR ATTACKS ON ENGLAND

Allies Air Fleet Does Damage to Teutons in Metz

GERMANS TRIED NEW CRAFT

Berlin War Office Declares That They Were Found Up To The Expected Standard.

Berlin, Jan. 24.—A fleet of enemy aeroplanes bombarded the town of Metz in Lorraine yesterday, dropping bombs on the public square surrounded by several hospitals containing convalescent German soldiers. Several buildings were wrecked. Beside injuries to the wounded soldiers, two civilians were killed and eight wounded.

Berlin, Jan. 24.—Several German aeroplanes completed a successful raid on the coast of Dover, Eng., last night, according to a statement given out here by the war office today. The aeroplanes were of a new type of plane with which the war department are experimenting, and last night's performance demonstrated they have come up to the expectation of their inventors.

A dispatch from London at 1 p. m., says that the east coast of Kent was raided early yesterday morning by a hostile aeroplane, which dropped nine bombs. One person was killed and six were injured. A dispatch from London at 7:56 p. m., says that a second attack, this time by two hostile aeroplanes, was made on the Kent coast early yesterday afternoon. No casualties have been reported. The raiders escaped.

A point of interest in the official account of the first raid is the statement that it was made by an aeroplane. Heretofore, Germany has relied principally on Zeppelins for aerial attacks on England. Of late, however, there has been much discussion in England of a new type of German aeroplane, the Fokker, which has been said to excel the aircraft of the allies. English newspapers stated last week that the British airmen were outpowered and outwitted. Harold J. Tennant, parliamentary under secretary for war, replied to this criticism in the House of Commons, asserting that the Fokker was well adapted to defensive operations, but was incapable of making long flights.

Queenstown, Jan. 24.—The Alan liner Pomperanin is reported to have met with some unknown disaster at sea during the night several miles southeast of Fastnet. Wireless messages received here this morning do not give the cause nor the extent of the disaster, but report that the ship is afloat, has turned back, and will probably make port today.

Considerable apprehension is felt because it is known that several German submarines are operating in the vicinity from which the wireless news came. It is also stated that there are several Americans on board. The ship left Queenstown Saturday morning.

TAX IS CONSTITUTIONAL

Federal Income Levy So Declared This Morning.

Washington, Jan. 24.—The Federal income tax law was declared constitutional, according to a decision handed down from the supreme court this morning.

WEATHER

For eastern New York and western Vermont fair tonight and warmer. Tuesday cloudy and warmer.

"The Wind Is In The Palm Trees." But the glory of palm trees! No pictures or description in books had ever made me realize that before "The wind is in the palm trees" had been for me but a bantering phrase in Mr. Kipling's most famous ballad, but when the bellboy threw open the door of my room (in Nassau of the Bahamas) looking into the hotel garden I cried, "What is that sound?" for my ears had been instantly filled with a delicious rippling, as though the room was alive with invisible rivers of rippling water. I ran to the window. It was the wind in the palm trees—the freshest, purest, gladdest sound to be heard in the world.—Richard L. Gallienne in Harper's Magazine.

MISS MARGARETTA SCHUYLER

Former Bennington Girl Is a Suffrage Worker.

In a recent issue of the Portland Me. Express is a picture of Miss Margaretta Schuyler, daughter of Rev. and Mrs. Philip Schuyler, formerly of Bennington. The picture is labeled "Prominent Suffrage Worker." Accompanying the picture is a short article as follows:

"Miss Margaretta Schuyler of this City accepts a position in New York with the Suffrage Bureau of the Congressional Union.

"This position will give her an opportunity to do public speaking and writing, both things for which she is peculiarly fitted.

"This past summer Miss Schuyler was at Columbia University, taking a course in short story writing and her experience in newspaper work will also be a benefit to her in this new position.

"Miss Schuyler is well known in this City and belongs to the young society set. She is the daughter of Canon and Mrs. Philip Schuyler of State Street and was introduced to society by her sister, Mrs. Sidney St. Felix Thaxter, during the winter of 1912-1913.

"Since then she has shown her dramatic ability in the several amateur productions in which she has taken part. She is a graduate of the St. Mary's Cathedral school at Long Island, New York, and her home was in Bennington, Vermont, before the Schuylers moved to Portland when Mr. Schuyler accepted a position at the St. Luke's Cathedral.

"Miss Schuyler will be sub-organizer under Miss Doris Stevens who was in this City last month to organize a branch of the Congressional Union in Maine."

LEGEND OF THE DONKEY.

Showing Why the Arabs Beat the Brute With Impunity.

In his article on his Journey to Babylon, in Harper's, William Warfield tells a legend prevailing among the natives by which they justify beating of donkeys, but not horses.

"We stopped to change our mules. In the roadway before the Khan sat a group of Arabs. A servant supplied them with little cups of tea from a rude samovar. We saluted them, and, taking our places in the circle, we were served in turn. Some one in the dark doorway was thumping away on a drum. A boy came out of the Khan beating a poor lame donkey with fly infested roses. I turned to one of my neighbors:

"Is it not cruel for that boy to beat a lame donkey in that way?" "Effendi, it is the will of God!" "But you do not allow horses or camels to be beaten thus."

"Effendi, the donkey is not like the horse, nor yet is he like the camel. The reason is this: Upon a certain day the donkeys went before Allah and complained that they were grievously beaten by men, so that life was a greater burden than they could bear. Then said Allah: "I cannot make men cease from beating you. It is no sin, neither does it cause them any great loss. But I will help you. I will give you so thick a hide that, however much you are beaten, you shall not suffer."

"So," said my informant, "it is of no consequence if men beat a donkey. So thick a skin did Allah give him that after he dies men use it in the making of drums, and the donkey continues to be beaten after death."

Effects of Frost.

An egg expands when it is frozen and breaks its shell. Apples contract so much that a full barrel will shrink until the top layer is a foot below the chine. When the frost is drawn out the apples assume their normal size and fill up the barrel again. Some varieties are not appreciably injured by being frozen if the frost is drawn out gradually. Apples will carry safely in a refrigerator car while the mercury is registering fully 20 degrees below zero. Potatoes, being so largely composed of water, are easily frozen. Once touched by frost they are ruined.—Northwest Trade.

Devilfish.

In Japan devilfish weighing 200 pounds are sometimes caught. These fish are amphibious; they are often seen waddling on their tentacles like giant spiders in search of patches of sweet potatoes. The natives kill them with clubs. In the water they are caught in jars lowered to the bottom, which the octopus enters, thinking them a good retreat from which to catch his food.

Discouraging.

After a mother has taught her son not to keep his hands in his pockets, to turn his toes out and not to sniff his nose or smack his lips when he eats, it must be discouraging to hear people remark a month after his marriage that his wife made him—Wichita Eagle.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

MEXICANS PROMPT IN EXECUTION OF DURAN BROS.

Accused of Being Murderers of Bert Akers, American

DIED CURSING ALL AMERICANS

One of the Brothers Who Confessed Tried To Save the Life of His Younger Brother.

El Paso, Tex., Jan. 23.—Bernardo and Frederico Duran, the Mexican cattle thieves, condemned to die by the Caranza authorities for the killing of Bert Akers at San Lorenzo, a few miles below the international boundary Friday, were executed at daylight in the cemetery at Juarez. The body of Akers was buried here today. The Duran brothers died cursing Americans.

Bernardo appealed for mercy on behalf of his brother, Frederico.

"It is unjust to kill two of us for one American," he said. "I am willing to die, because I killed the Gringo, but my brother ought to be allowed to live."

The bodies of both Mexicans were buried immediately but that of Bernardo, who confessed to having fired the shots that killed Akers, was exhumed to satisfy a doubt concerning the identity of the slayer.

Douglas Downs, an American, who was with Akers, seeking stolen cows, and who escaped the bullets of the Mexicans, declared last night after seeing Bernardo Duran, that the prisoner was not the man who shot Akers. Downs was at the Juarez cemetery when the face of the executed man was exposed today and admitted he had been mistaken last night.

The execution was attended by fifty Americans of whom a number were women.

RUNNING THE BLOCKADE.

It Was Successfully Done Ages Ago at the Siege of Syracuse.

Blockading and blockade running is not a young war measure by any means. One of the earliest authentic instances of the practice dates back two centuries before the Christian era. Marcus Claudius Marcellus, commanding a powerful Roman army and an efficient fleet, laid siege to Syracuse, a rich city on the island of Sicily. Carthage, Rome's great rival on the north shore of Africa, one of the great sea powers of that time, was not at all pleased with the idea of Rome capturing Syracuse, a free city and probably a source of great revenue through trade with Carthage.

Syracuse was a well fortified city, and there seemed to be no immediate prospect of Rome taking it by storm. So Marcellus decided to starve its inhabitants into submission. He put a cordon of ships across the entrance to the harbor and arrayed his army on the land side so that no succor could come from without. But he had underestimated the boldness of the Carthaginians. There was no question of contraband in those days—conditional or other.

In their swift and driven galleys the sailors of the African city easily eluded the ships set to watch the port and carried provisions and war material into the beleaguered city. So successful were the Carthaginians in getting supplies into the city—running the blockade—that had it not fallen through treachery it would have been enabled to hold out indefinitely. While blockades probably had been established before on a small scale, the blockade of Syracuse is one of the earliest instances where the efficiency of a blockade by sea was of vital importance in determining the success of war on an important seaport.—Munsey's Magazine.

Geodesy.

Geodesy is the name given to the science of measuring the surface of the earth.

Sand In Holland.

In Holland sand is plentiful and inexpensive and is used instead of hay and straw as beds for cows. It keeps the animals perfectly clean, requiring only a slight raking in the morning to soften and freshen it.—London Telegraph.

Perfectly Tame.

To say of a man that he will make a good husband is much the same sort of compliment as to say of a horse that he is perfectly safe for a woman to drive.—Puck.

A CULINARY COMEDY.

One of the Trials of a Husband Whose Wife Can't Cook.

They were a newly married couple. The wife, though a fair cook, did not know how to make the things his mother had prepared. And this vexed the husband, although he was disposed to be indulgent for the sake of harmony. But there was one point upon which he sorrowed not a little. His wife could not make edible corn bread, and corn bread was the food upon which he was reared.

One day a girlhood friend of the wife visited her and, after assisting in the preparation of luncheon, accepted an invitation to stay and eat with the newlyweds. The husband arrived, and the guest and he took their places at the table while the wife went to the kitchen to bring some forgotten dish. Before his plate was the husband's corn bread, but it was a miserable failure, a sickly yellow, flat and heavy. He became confidential.

"There is one of the trials of a husband whose wife can't cook," he said apologetically to the guest. "Just have a look at that corn bread. But you mustn't let the wife know what I said, for it would hurt her feelings."

When the wife entered the room a few moments later she noticed that a deep blush suffused the guest's face. "Why, what is the matter, dear?" she asked.

"It's nothing," the guest replied hurriedly.

An hour later, after the husband had gone to the office, the chorus of two laughing women's voices merrily resounded through the household of the newlyweds.

But the wife has not yet told the husband that her guest made the corn bread on that day she stayed for luncheon; in fact, asked for the privilege because she considered herself an adept at making corn bread.—Kansas City Star.

Use Your Eyes.

This old Indian saying has much truth in it—"The learned have eyes; the ignorant have only two spots on their face."

He Was Too Smart.

The lawyer was examining him concerning his qualifications as a juror. "Have you ever served on a jury?" he asked. "No, sir," answered the man. "I've



"WHAT'S THAT, SIR?"

been drawn a good many times, but I was always too smart to get caught on a jury."

"What's that, sir?" interrupted the judge sternly. "Do you boast of your smartness in escaping jury duty?"

"No, your honor," said the man. "Not at all. When I said I was too smart I meant that I was always excused because the lawyers thought I wasn't ignorant enough."—Buffalo News.

He Knew Better.

The campaign orator was having a strenuous time facing a hostile audience at Coltsville. All his efforts to calm the crowd and obtain an uninterrupted hearing were vain, and in desperation he shouted, "You are trying to break up this meeting and suppress free speech by the weapon with which Samson slew the Philistines!" Instantly a fine antediluvian specimen shouted: "That's another campaign lie! It wasn't Samson that killed the Philistines; it was Dewey."

John Brown's Compass.

A compass, once the property of John Brown, which played a part in early history, is in the museum of the Kansas State Historical society in Topeka. John Brown used the instrument when he was living in Oswatimie, in the years between 1855 and 1858. During the Missouri-Kansas border warfare in those days, the story goes, the abolitionist leader used the compass in a pretense of surveying land, when in reality he was locating and mapping the camps of proslavery men.—Kansas City Journal.

AUSTRIANS SEIZE TWO ADRIATIC SEAPORTS

Antivari and Dulcigno Occupied and Serbs Cut Off

TRUCE OFFER MERE RUSE

Montenegrins Said to Have Made It To Gain Time To Further Resist Austria.

Vienna, via London, Jan. 23.—The Austrians have occupied the Adriatic seaports of Antivari and Dulcigno, according to the official communication issued today. The text follows:

"Southeastern theatre: The surrender of Montenegrin arms continues in numerous parts of the country. On the northeast, the front of Montenegro, more than 1,500 Serbians have surrendered.

"The Adriatic ports of Antivari and Dulcigno have been occupied by our troops.

"Russian theatre: Friday we blasted a Russian trench on the Dikozk heights, north of Boyan, on the Pruth. Of the 300 men occupying the trench, only a few escaped. During the course of Friday night our troops expelled the enemy from one of his entrenchments in the same region."

Rome, Jan. 23.—Premier Michokovitch of Montenegro, who declared on his arrival at Brindisi that King Nihilas had prepared documents justifying the conduct of himself and his ministers in regard to peace negotiations with Austria, is quoted in a dispatch from Brindisi to the Stefani News agency as saying that Montenegro arranged a truce with Austria as a ruse, to enable it to gain time. Such a step was necessary after the capture of Mount Lovien by the Austrians, the report is reported to have said, and it gave the Montenegrins a week's time to prepare the retreat in Albania, in the effort to effect a junction with the Serbians and defend Scutari.

THE FORTNIGHTLY

Pleasant and Profitable Program Given Saturday.

The Fortnightly program of Saturday afternoon was one of the most pleasing of the season and was enjoyed by a good sized audience, considering the unfavorable weather.

Mrs. Elizabeth Grinnell Van Patten of Burlington, who made such a favorable impression last year in the Peace Propaganda program, was heard in a lighter vein, reciting two short plays, "The Twelve Pound Look" by James M. Barrie and "The Open Door" by Alfred Sutro. She also contributed at the end an amusing little farce of the anti-suffrage variety which left everybody in good humor.

Both plays were given with infinite understanding, no shade of meaning being lost. Mrs. Van Patten's art enables her seemingly to think the thoughts of her characters, and she portrays them with an ease which is delightful. There is no straining for effect, no leading up to a climax, yet there is always an abundance of power and the ability to apply it intuitively at the right moment. She has all the gifts of the true artist and to hear her once or twice only increases the desire to hear her again. Club members are already asking for a return engagement next year.

The program was opened with a song by Miss Vera Suter, accompanied by Mrs. George W. Keeseman. She sang Chamblade's "Rosamonde" in French very sweetly and between the plays sang Bartlett's "Elsaine," both songs giving much pleasure.

At the brief business session one name was voted into membership and notice was given of the annual musicale on February 5, the program to be given by the Cadman Concert company of Boston.

WHEN LIVER IS TORPID

or sluggish all the other vital organs of your body are affected—you have stomach and bowel troubles, your head aches, your skin loses its clearness, and you have "the blues." Take Hood's Pills—gentle and thorough. Do not irritate nor grip. Price 50c. of all druggists or C. I. Hood Co., Lowell, Mass.

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