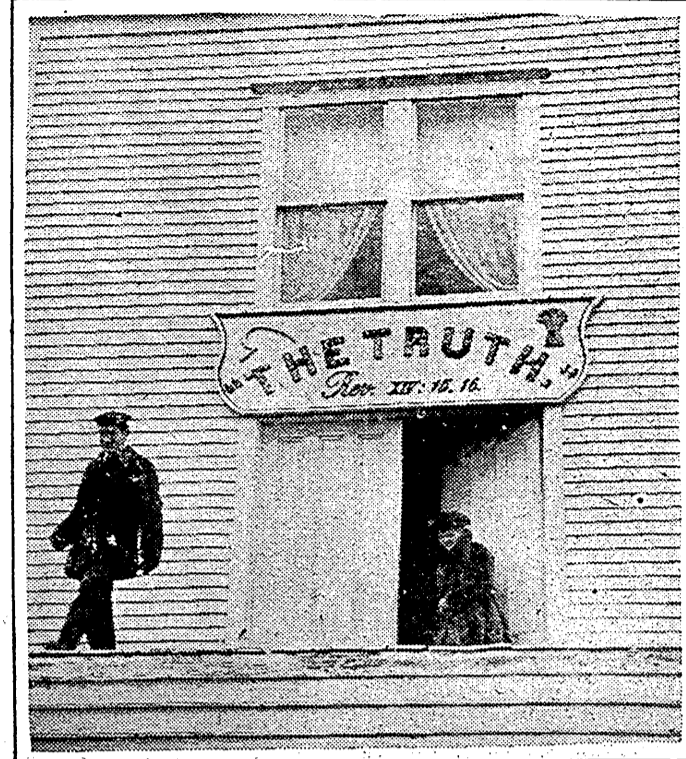
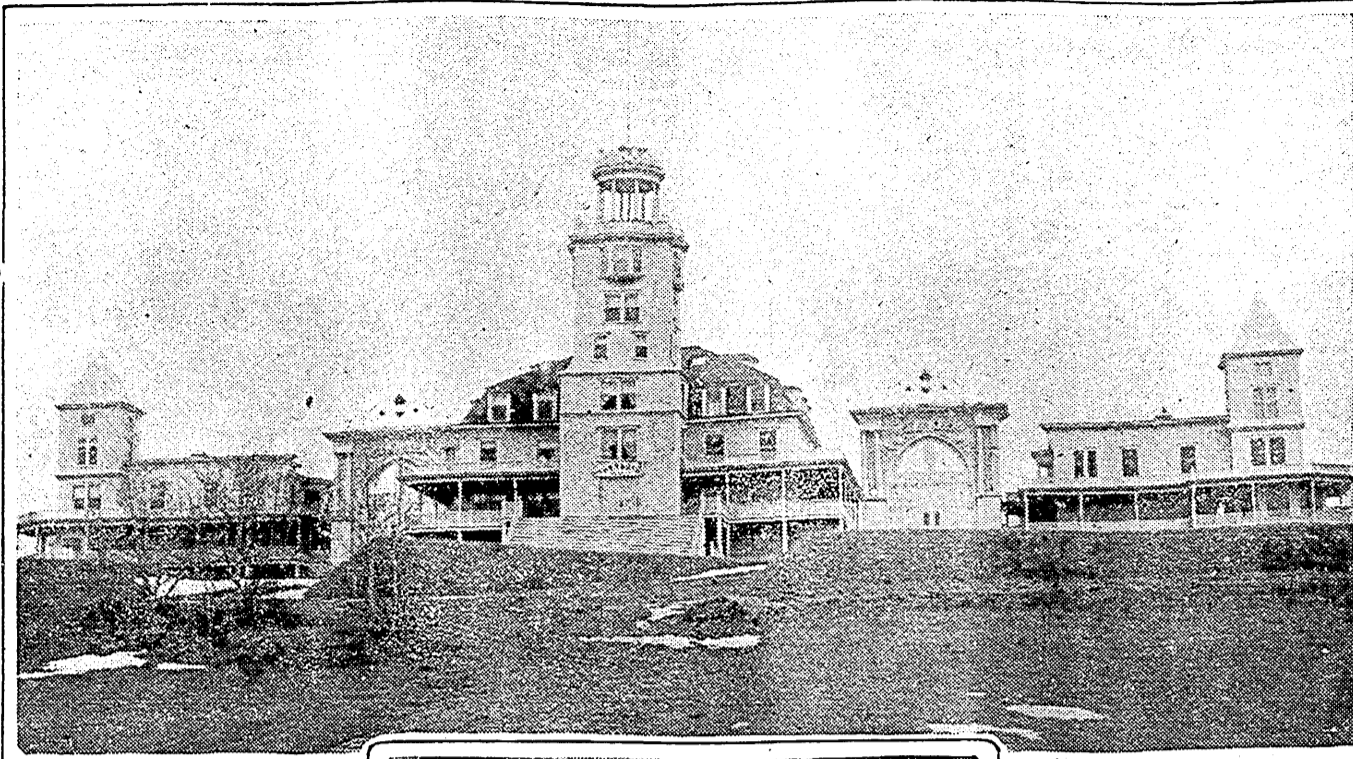
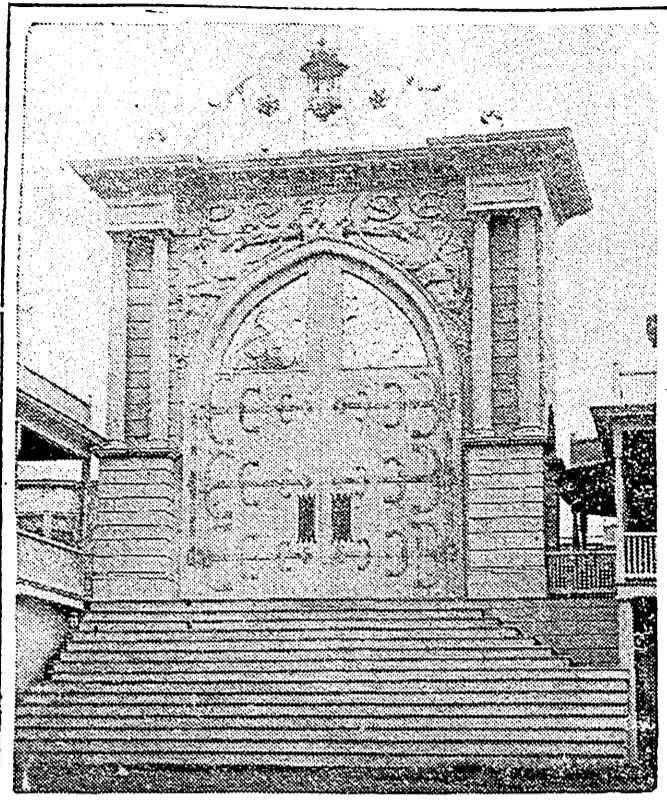


# IS SHILOH'S SHRINE TOTTERING TO A FALL?

The Gate of Praise.

The University of Truth. This Picture Gives an Idea of the Vastness of Shiloh.

The Main Entrance to Shiloh.



## Taxes Due This Week, No Money in Treasury, It Is Said—Inmates Claim They Are Starving

A climax has come in the affairs of the Sandford colony of Holy Ghosts in the disappearance of 16-year-old Marguerite Sandford, daughter of the Shiloh leader, Vinal Bailey, the 15-year-old boy who dressed in skirts in order to meet her in the Shiloh colony, is also missing.

THIS latest sensation, the disappearance of the prophet's daughter, is an additional step in the steady decline of Shiloh, the Mecca of the Holy Ghost and Us Society, since the incarceration of their leader in the state's prison at Atlanta.

For the Shiloh of today is not the great, illustrious shrine that Frank W. Sandford, the prophet, planned and might have kept up. Some of the people say they are slowly starving, stricken with poverty, and the gates and walls of the temple itself are sadly in need of repair.

Approaching Shiloh from a distance, however, the chance visitor sees it looming up on the great hill before him. Like some great marble palace, its vast walls extending hundreds of yards in every direction, and its towers of prayer and praise reaching up to the sky.

The prophet, Sandford, spoke truly when he said that in selecting Shiloh as the place for his temple he had picked one of the ideal spots of the world, and, considering the nature of the surrounding country, as well as the peculiar use to which it is put by the Holy Ghosts, his statement cannot be questioned.

Shiloh, consisting of the main building, known to the believers as the "University of Truth," and the surrounding huts, where the flock, is a part, and in fact nearly the whole, of the little village of Durham, Me. The latter town is in itself cut off from civilization as far as every means of communication save that of an antique stage coach is concerned, so that the Holy Ghosts, living apart from the rest of the world on their lofty citadel, have the place pretty much to themselves.

Beautiful Cascades.

One gets his first view of Shiloh from the train which winds its way up the river, filled, at this point, with beautiful cascades, to Lisbon Falls, the nearest railroad point to Durham. From the river, the apparently marble towers seem to dominate the whole surrounding country, and the promise of grandeur which Shiloh gives from afar makes it an attraction, whether one is a Ghost or not.

But, after a long stage coach ride one begins to climb the long, winding road through the forest which cuts off the view of the temple; the scene loses much of its grandeur, for the scattered farms are poorly cultivated or abandoned and the houses have an air of poverty.

Drawing near to the "University of Truth" itself, the dilapidated condition of affairs becomes even more apparent. The splendid gates of the temple, with their mystic symbols and the word "Praise" carved in letters of gold, are wobbling on their hinges, and everywhere there exists a need of paint and repair.

Such, then, is the condition at one of the most unique and picturesque spots in the world, the result of the efforts and faith of a single man, who had the power to move hundreds of people to give up their lives and adopt his creed, though it meant living apart from the world in poverty and seclusion.

a church at Great Falls, N. H., felt that he had received a call from God. To use his own words: "Near the end of my pastorate in that place, God one day said: 'Go,' and gave me to understand that I was not as other men. . . . Accordingly, I resigned my pastorate and, like Abraham of old, went forth, not knowing whither I went."

In this inauspicious manner began the movement with which Sandford has persuaded many people into giving him their wealth, property and lives. After spending a few months in Texas, New York and New Jersey, Sandford and his wife returned to Bowdoinham, Me., the prophet's native town, where, in a little school-house, the first meeting of what has since developed into the so-called Holy Ghost and Us Society, was held.

For a time the work of the Shilohites was carried on in tents, but owing to inadaptability of this form of shelter to the Maine climate during the winter, Sandford found in Durham, Me., an old farmhouse, with half-ruined, but rather picturesque, outbuildings. He leased the place and literally covered the front of it with signs, showing the nature of the evangelistic work he was going to carry on there.

The "Holy Mount."

Above the farmhouse was a high hill, the "holy mount" of the movement, where the present Shiloh is located. Sandford believed that he was destined to build a temple on that mound, and set about to do it with prayer, for he had but 2 cents. Soon men came from all over the country to aid him in the work.

At one time his total assets were a wheelbarrow and a cellar, half-completed, yet eventually the great building, a third of a mile in circumference, was erected there.

When anything was lacking in the erection of the temple, it was not bought, but prayed for, and inevitably showed up. Fanatics gave all their money, and sold their houses, that the work might go on. They believed that Sandford was Elijah, and he exerted such a hypnotic influence over them that he could make them give him everything and go without food for days at a time.

It was this last element of his religion which eventually got the leader of the Holy Ghosts into trouble. People were starved to death in the fasting, and many children died. But

in 1911, Sandford, having gotten control of a \$40,000 yacht, bought a 31000 gold harp and set sail with many of his band to find Jerusalem, or some other Mecca of his pilgrimage. On this voyage the Shilohites, in spite of their fanaticism, suffered the terrible hardships. They carried only 50 gallons of water for 80 peo-

ple, and this soon ran out. Then for many days they sailed with scarcely a drop to drink, their only food a few biscuits begged from fishing smacks now and then.

Some of the less delirious Ghosts begged that Sandford put into shore, which was only a few hundred miles away, and secure fresh provisions, but the prophet insisted that they could not turn their course till the Lord so directed. One strange feature of the fasting was that the

prophet kept to his stateroom much of the time, and seemed to suffer no ill effects from the small amount of food doled out to the flock. It was suggested by some that he was not observing the fast, but so great was his power over them that, even were he discovered eating, the flock would not think it out of the way.

Lapland to the Rescue.

A steamer, the Lapland, at length came to the rescue, but several of the Shilohites had died from exhaustion and starvation. The inevitable scurvy set in, and deaths were not infrequent, yet the leader remained firm. There was plenty of pork on board, but this was forbidden by Sandford. At length, a clever Shilohite, who during the privation had lost all respect for the prophet, wrote him a letter asking for pork in such a way that Sandford could not refuse without breaking the command about giving to those who asked. The next day, however, he preached a terrible invective against the rebel and then handed out the pork, which was perhaps the only thing which saved the lives of the entire party.

At length, unable to hold out any longer, Sandford sailed for Portland, where they dropped anchor off that port at noon, Oct. 21. With the sick and exhausted people lying about on the decks and many rushed to the hospitals, the prophet was still calm in the conviction that he was right. But the state of Maine thought differently, and he was arrested, once on the charge of fraud, then again for manslaughter and cruelty to children. In the first instance, he furnished bail of \$50,000, which he produced mysteriously in spite of his apparent poverty. But the second charge was too much for him, and after a long trial, in which many sensational horrors of life at Shiloh

were unfolded, he was sent to prison at Atlanta for 10 years. He left his son in charge of affairs at Shiloh, deposed the actual leader and took away all his property. His sister was given charge of the women, and it was ordered that the same severity of fast and prayer which had always existed be continued.

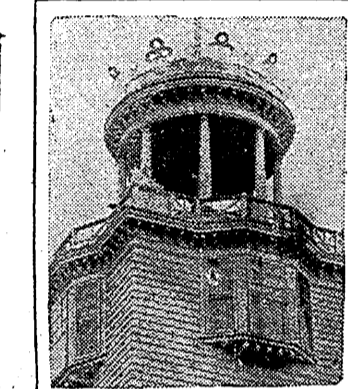
The State Investigates.

Recently, the state of Maine investigated Shiloh, but so secretive and suspicious are the inmates—and so fanatically devoted to their religion that it is hard to prove anything against any one. In prison Sandford, who had formerly been a baseball player of merit, took up the game, as well as playing the harp in the orchestra.

During the five years of his absence the colony has gone rapidly down hill. Although they believe that Sandford, like many of the prophets, is being prosecuted unjustly, nevertheless his flock miss the personal hypnotism of their leader to keep them in strict accord with his teachings.

Just at present there is not, to outside knowledge, a cent of money in the Shiloh treasury. Just how much Sandford, Jr., knows it is impossible to state, for he is unapproachable, and his people are extremely secretive. But this week the taxes, amounting to \$1000, fall due and there is the question of feeding the 600 people that live there the remainder of the winter.

So with their farms posted for taxes and their food supply diminished almost to the vanishing point, the people of the Kingdom are waiting for \$1,000,000 which Sandford, from his prison cell, promised them would arrive this year. In spite of the fact that he declared last fall that \$65,000 would arrive by Thanks-



The Tower of Jerusalem.

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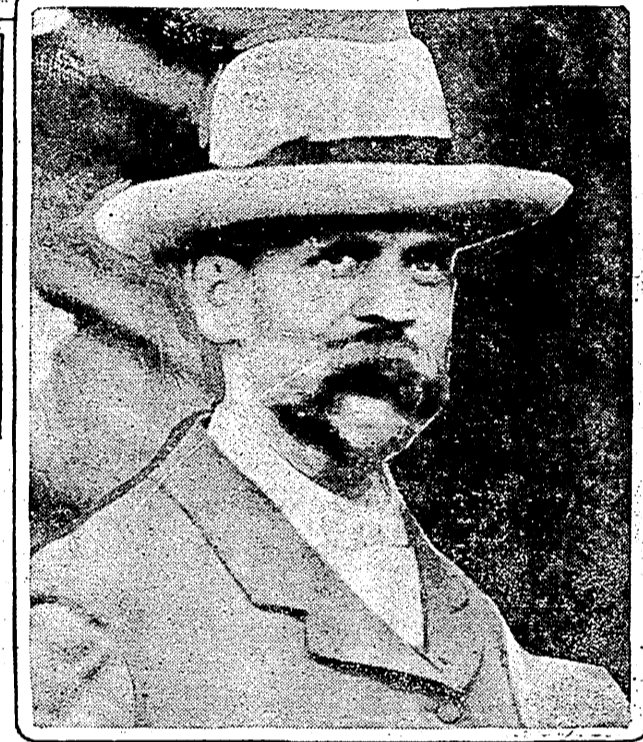
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Typhoid Rages.

Typhoid fever rages on the hill, and "Bethesda," the hospital, is full of weak, suffering people. Yet when a visitor tries to approach one of the Shilohites for information regarding their poverty, they first consult among themselves before answering, and then declare themselves to be perfectly satisfied with their lot.

The life of Sandford is well known to nearly everyone. He was a famous ballplayer in his youth, catching on the best team that Bates college ever had. In his leadership of the Shilohites he has suffered greatly, as the result of his own actions, without once losing the confidence of his flock. When he bought a golden harp instead of food, they sang his praises. When he was sued by a man named Case for thousands of dollars, and proven guilty several times of fraud, they remained firm in their trust. Although insisting that he can raise the dead, Sandford has many times attempted this somewhat difficult feat and never succeeded. Through his commands however, nearly a hundred people who gave him all their property have died from starvation.

He sits today in prison communicating with his followers at Shiloh, through the medium of a single sheet of paper every two weeks; all that the authorities allow. Meanwhile, the fate of Shiloh, and the "House on the Hilltop" hangs in the balance. If the taxes are not paid this week, the Shilohites may be turned out, and the sensational life of the Holy Ghost and Us Society come to an end.



Frank W. Sandford, the Elijah of Shiloh.

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# TELLS GRAPHIC STORY OF A GALLANT CHARGE

An American who is serving as lieutenant in the British army gives the following graphic account of the charge of the Seventh King's Own Scottish Borderers against Hill 70 near Loos, in the great battle of last September, in which he was wounded.

The American is A. M. Tuck, son of Somerville Pinckney Tuck, Judge of the International Court of Egypt, to which he was appointed by President Cleveland.

By LIEUT. A. M. TUCK, Seventh King's Own Borderers.

At the opening of the war I was at Oxford, taking some lectures to complete my course for the bachelor of arts degree which was later given to me by Dartmouth College. In the midst of all the European excitement it did not take me long to decide that I would like to join one of the allied armies. I tried at first to join the Foreign Legion in France, with little success or encouragement. After this I joined the university and public school battalions, which were known as the 19th to the 21st Royal Fusiliers. These battalions were made up of men from the great public schools and universities of England. It was not long before the mistake of inaugurating these battalions was realized. With the large armies that England would have to raise it soon became apparent that these men should be trained as officers rather than private soldiers, with the result that shortly after the formation of these battalions, men with any military experience whatever applied for and received commissions to the battalions of the new armies. Being an American, I had a great deal of difficulty in taking a commission, until finally I ran across a battalion whose senior officers knew my people when the battalion was stationed in Egypt. This battalion was the Seventh King's Own Scottish Borderers. I obtained my commission in this regiment, as a second lieutenant in January, 1915.

Mobilization Orders.

On the evening of July 5 we were ordered to report to our barracks at Loos.

On July 10 we entrained for Folkestone, and sailed that same night for Boulogne. An hour after our arrival in this town we were asleep in our tents in a rest camp, so well were all the details of our disembarkation arranged.

The following night at 2 o'clock we marched four miles to Pont-lez-Briques, where we once more entrained for the front. We arrived the following morning at Audruicq. A very short march brought us to Ostende, where we spent four days. We found ourselves here in the middle of the cherry season, which was a source of great pleasure to the men, as nowhere else are there to be found such wonderful cherries as in this part of the country. The weather all this time continued to be excellent. From here we started a long trek, which, roughly speaking, was parallel to the fighting line. It led us through Zutterque, Lambres, St. Omer, Aire, Lille, and finally to Allouagne. This was a distance of about 60 miles, accomplished in 3 1/2 days' marching. We had a great deal of trouble with the men's feet, as the ammunition boots with which they had been served out just before leaving England had not been worn long enough.

Soon after this we marched off to take our regular place in the fighting line, or rather fighting trenches. The stays in the trenches varied anywhere from two to eight days, which were usually followed by two or four days in rest billets, and in this way we spent our summer, with very little excitement after the novelty of the life had worn off. And then it was noised about that a great attack was impending. The details came to us, but unfortunately the attack was postponed. Finally we were told that it was to take place on Sept. 25. It was preceded by four days and four nights heavy bombardment. This was to break up the enemy's barbed wire, and was to be followed by a 40 minutes' gas attack.

Brigade Orders.

On the night of the 24th we took our places in the trenches, relieving an outgoing battalion. Our objectives had been given to us as follows: Our brigade was to attack to the left of the Loos taking the night of the 25th. Our objective was to take the village of Loos.

## American Serving in the British Army Describes an Attack of the Scottish Borderers

The next brigade on our right had the village of Loos itself to invest, and the third brigade of the division was to support these two attacks. Of course this is a very small part of the general attack, but it was what concerned us most. One's idea of an attack and an attack itself are two very different things. After a good meal in an interesting restaurant, with a good orchestra playing, one often feels very capable. Annihilating a company of Germans seems a very small thing—at least, that is the way I have often felt. But the attack itself is a very different thing. Let me give you the details.

We did not take our places in the trenches until about midnight of the 24th. The rest of that night was spent in dealing out the next morning's rations and in filling the new machine gun magazines which we had just drawn from the ordnance. All through the night there was a steady drizzle, and then a hopeless gray dawn broke upon us, every one wet through by this time and feeling

like anything but an attack. The scanty breakfast was quickly served out and consumed. For this great attack the breakfast included an ounce and a half of rum for each man. This allowance of rum varies both as to its frequency of issue and amount, and is usually put in the men's tea, to keep them from hoarding it up and making an occasion of its consumption at the end of the month. That morning it was given to us neat, and well we needed it. At 5:40 we started our gas, and huge gusts of this yellowish-green vapor started drifting toward the enemy's trenches. Our battalion had the honor of leading the attack on Hill 70, and we were to be the first out of the trenches.

No sooner had our gas started than a veritable hail of German machine-gun fire could be heard on the parapet of our trench. By this time our Germans could no longer see our trenches, but, having previously fixed their guns on our trench parapets, their fire was only too accurate. At

the same time their guns started bursting shrapnel over us with equal accuracy. Words of mine could never describe the noise and din of all this firing. All we knew was that at the end of 40 minutes we were to leave our trenches and start our attack. Our watches had been synchronized the night before with those of the engineers who were controlling the gas.

"Fix Bayonets."

Then orders started coming down the trenches. "Fix bayonets!" was the first order, and this was hastily and willingly complied with. Then the cry came down, "Remember the 25th!" for this was the number of our regiment as it was known in the old days. The next order came, "Put on gas helmets," and then we knew that only a few minutes separated us from the comparative safety of our trench and the veritable sheet of lead outside. The air by this time reeked of a sickening sweet smell of high explosive and shrapnel shells, and the atmosphere was even more clouded by the faint smoke of these. It had been prearranged that as we left our trenches automatically our artillery was to lift its curtain of fire from the German first-line trenches to their second, and as we advanced to their third, and so on, time limits being given for these movements. As the 40th minute ticked itself into eternity orders were given, and the men climbed up on the fire steps and over the parapet. We threw our heavy tripods over the parapet, passing the guns and magazines after them, and straightened out our lines so as to resemble the formation of the infantry as much as possible.

I had not advanced more than 40 yards when a shell burst over us, the concussion of which as well as the fragments knocked men all around us to the ground. At the same time that I felt a blow in my hand and chest. What followed directly after this is very hazy in my mind, and what concerns the advance of the regiment has been told me since. I found later that I had been shot through my right hand and a flesh wound in the left.

About 25,000 pounds of American salt pork are being consumed daily in the city of Copenhagen, Denmark.

It is being used as fertilizer in the city of Copenhagen, Denmark.

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gun team only went on, and I learned later that this team was knocked out two minutes afterward. I remember vaguely crawling into a shell hole, and from there being helped into the head of a sap by a stretcher bearer. These saps are short trenches that run out from the main trench at right angles and as used as listening posts. Here the stretcher bearer gave me a first field dressing, and later I found my way to Quality Street, which was the name given to a very small mining village which was being used as a small base for the attack of these two brigades.

A Terrible Scene.

Here was a scene which no one who saw it could ever forget. The great majority of the men here had already been brought back from the two brigades in front, most of the men being killed, as the brigade on our right was the Highland Brigade. The street was covered with men lying on the pavements or just sitting wherever they found room; other men lying on the coal trucks, whose upper framework had been so changed as to hold three stretchers. Here dressings were being applied to the more serious cases. The street literally ran red with hot fresh blood and although half a dozen shells would have wiped out the lot the enemy were too busy with our advancing infantry to bother about this place. And so we were passed on in motor ambulances to various casualty clearing stations, until we reached one about five miles behind the lines. Here we remained all afternoon until the large motor ambulance convoy started that night for Lapuzoyon. Here we were put in a Red Cross train, consisting of 23 carriages of sitting and lying cases, and we started our trip down country.

When we reached Aberville, which is very near Boulogne, we were told that our destination was Versailles. This was very much to my liking, because I happened to know that the morning of the attack my people had left England to stay with friends on their way through to the front.

The Price Paid.

It was here that we first learned the price the regiment had paid. The official casualties in officers out of the 20 who went to the attack were 14 killed or died of wounds, five wounded. Only one came through untouched. Yesterday I went to the funeral of our colonel, who had died of his wounds in the same hospital at Versailles. A very gallant soldier, who had returned to his regiment after having been retired four years, and had been given the command of this new battalion. Out of 1000 peace-loving citizens in a few months he had made a perfect fighting machine. After I fell I remember seeing lines of kiaki advancing toward the German trenches, which were then invisible on account of the gas, and later I realized how great had been the work of our colonel and how successful it had all proved. He was buried with full military honors, accompanied by 200 Cuirassiers and a small detachment of English troops from the hospital. I have learned that one of our pipers has been recommended for the V. C. His gallantry consisted of walking up and down the parapet after the hail of bullets had started and piping his men to the attack.

In a few days I return to the base, from which place I will be sent up to what is left of the regiment, which is now refitting behind the line. New drafts of officers and men are arriving shortly. The casualties in the ranks we do not know officially as yet, but they must number well over 500 men out of 1000, as the casualties in the brigade, consisting of four battalions, were 2000 out of 2500. The officer casualties in the brigade were 72 out of 80, and the men 1000 out of 1200.

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the same time their guns started bursting shrapnel over us with equal accuracy. Words of mine could never describe the noise and din of all this firing. All we knew was that at the end of 40 minutes we were to leave our trenches and start our attack. Our watches had been synchronized the night before with those of the engineers who were controlling the gas.

"Fix Bayonets."

Then orders started coming down the trenches. "Fix bayonets!" was the first order, and this was hastily and willingly complied with. Then the cry came down, "Remember the 25th!" for this was the number of our regiment as it was known in the old days. The next order came, "Put on gas helmets," and then we knew that only a few minutes separated us from the comparative safety of our trench and the veritable sheet of lead outside. The air by this time reeked of a sickening sweet smell of high explosive and shrapnel shells, and the atmosphere was even more clouded by the faint smoke of these. It had been prearranged that as we left our