

THE CARROLL RECORD
(NON-PARTISAN)

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P. B. ENGLAR, Editor and Manager.

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All advertisements for 2nd., 3rd., 6th., and 7th. pages must be in our Office by Tuesday morning each week; otherwise, insertion cannot be guaranteed until the following week.

Entered at Taneytown Post-office as Second Class Matter.

FRIDAY, MAY 24th., 1918.

All articles on this page are either original, or properly credited. This has always been a fixed rule with this Office, and we suggest the adoption of it by our exchanges.



"Tis the Star-Spangled Banner!
Oh, long may it wave
O'er the land of the free, and the
home of the brave."

Ordinarily, about this time, political "fence-making" is a liberally patronized occupation, but, this year the season seems late, or there is a scarcity of help. If it wasn't for keeping up the fashion, it would be just as well to adjourn the job, at least until next year.

A man said in our office, the other day—"I am careful as to what I say, and where I say it." This is a pretty safe motto, these days, and may be safer still, later on. In any case, in times of great stress, like the present, when one does not know what will happen next, and can never be sure that he knows what he thinks he knows, it is best to be careful with his tongue.

President Wilson, just now, is said to have more power than any other ruler in the world, not even excepting the Kaiser. Sounds strange in a Democracy of the pure order, like ours, doesn't it? Some are already wondering what Congress is for, and what is the use of keeping up the expense of its sessions? Perhaps it is partly the fault of Congress that it has been side-tracked, because it often talks too much and performs too little. Anyway, Congress has given the President his increased power because he asked for it.

Abnormal Labor Costs.

We gave, last week, the side of the farmers and the side of the government, relative to the farm labor situation, and both were well presented—presented as well, and as satisfactorily, as they likely can be. To a large extent, these questions must be left as matters that can adjust themselves only imperfectly, to the satisfaction of both sides, and further comment, or debate, is not likely to make matters any better—at least, for the present year's work.

It does not seem to us, however, that the reply of the Secretary of Agriculture is wholly satisfactory, or complete, with reference to the abnormal prices being paid for labor both union and non-union, skilled and unskilled. We may be wrong about it, but it has always appeared to us that labor-unionism, especially has had greatly too much kid-glove treatment, and not enough of governmental firm restriction. This class of labor, in our judgment, has largely been the dictator, and the government always the one to surrender.

There is no question that labor was entitled to higher pay, as the many costs of living increased, and this applies to all classes of labor, so far as right and justice is concerned; but, it remains as a fact that those who have worked for the government in most of the many ways, have easily gotten their share, if not more, while many other classes of labor, not directly employed by, or needed by, the government, have not been so fortunate, and this is especially true of the class of labor that is not mechanical, or not fitted for heavy manual work.

It seems to us that instead of the force of labor fixing wages to suit itself, then working largely to suit itself, the government should, from the beginning, have fixed fair wage

scales, and required the work to be done. There would have been nothing more arbitrary about this than has been, and is, arbitrary in the conduct of the draft. If our young men must, for the cause of the government, give up homes, and prospects, and even their lives, for our cause in the war, why should not organized (or any other kind of) labor be required to give their time and labor to the same end, at fair pay, and take no chance at all of giving their lives?

It seems a remarkable exhibition of governmental weakness, that it can command lives, but not wages. That it can command some to give up homes and bright outlooks, but can not command others to better themselves, reasonably, in the matter of wages.

The main reason why living costs have soared, is because many have been left to profiteer with their products, almost without any effort to prevent, and the flood once started has caused inequalities without number. The conservative balance has been wrecked, with the result that a few classes have been enormously benefited; a large class has neither lost nor gained, while still another, and likely larger class, has been made to suffer.

We do not believe that enormously higher prices are necessarily better for all, but it is the preservation of a fair level of all prices for all, that is the main thing to be safeguarded. Putting up the price of a product, then making an income to match it, is a mere stand-off; and it is a dangerous and unequal policy because it must always be true that all can not be in position to participate equally in either proposition. It is a policy in which organized force, and the necessities of the public and of individuals, come into conflict, and those who can not participate in the force proposition, get the worst of it.

Moreover, it is true beyond question that labor costs, in many instances, have advanced enormously more than living costs. It is also a fact that can be demonstrated that the government has, to some extent, followed the policy of bidding up for labor against firms having government contracts. In a recent publication, "Washington's Nine Months of War," this statement is made:

"The manager of a shipbuilding plant in the Chesapeake Bay district has recently stated that certain skilled labor in his plant has been receiving \$30 per week but constructors on War Department work in the neighborhood are now paying \$70 for the same class of labor in order to speed up their construction, hence shipbuilders suffer. Shipbuilders on the Delaware and elsewhere have been forced to bid against Government and private employers both to hold their old workmen and to increase their staffs."

"The attitude of organized labor is best shown in brief by the words of James McConnell, President of the National Boiler Makers' Union, publicly stated to the effect that workmen were urged by him not to stand by the President, but to "stand by themselves" by demanding wage increases not of "cents," but of "dollars."

"Investigation properly made will show that workmen have been actually encouraged in their demands for more wages by the representatives of the Department of Labor itself. This occurred during the recent strikes in the various shipyards in the port of New York."

This government evidently needs a firm labor policy that will operate without fear of political effect—operate as though labor units were not voters—and with some reasonable equity between the cost of labor and its value in product.

Not only the farming interests, but all interests—aside from labor itself—should create, and demand the enforcement of, a public sentiment along this line; for as long as such a sentiment is not created and out in the open, the oppressive and outrageous selfish demands of labor will likely continue, not only to rule, but to obstruct this country's prosecution of the war, and eventually the taxpayers of the country will foot the costs.

Do You Enjoy Life.

A man in good physical condition is almost certain to enjoy life, while the bilious and dyspeptic are dispondent, do not enjoy their meals and feel miserable a good share of the time. This ill feeling is nearly always unnecessary. A few doses of Chamberlain's Tablets to tone up the stomach, improve the digestion and regulate the bowels is all that is needed. Try it.

The Newspaper Job.

We have heard several times, within the past few months, this expression—"There is nothing in the papers but, war, Bond issues and Red Cross"—and the tone was critical and com-

plaining. We wonder, first, whether anybody thinks that such world engrossing topics can be ignored? and second, just how such critics would conduct a weekly paper, and make a success of it?

Speaking from our own experience, the war, and its many allied topics, has long ago become tiresome, but, "being tired" of any particular thing does not dispose of it. If any of our readers think that we have pleasurable feelings in giving space to column after column of war necessities, week after week, they have a very bad case of mental astigmatism. The war has become a business—a very serious business—not only for nations and governments, but for every activity and individual in the civilized world, and in a special sense for the news purveyors.

So great is the mass of matter presented to the office of every weekly bearing on some phase of the war that it could publish daily, a paper the size of the weekly. The problem is—What to reject? Every department and organized effort in the war game is insistent for space; not for a little, but a great deal, each claiming the vital importance of their particular job.

We are trying to wade through the problem having in view our duty to humanity, and to the cause of our government. We are also trying our little best to publish a newspaper, at the same time; and incidentally trying pretty hard to make "the shop" pay its abnormally increased expenses out of a very slightly increased income. Those who criticize the newspapers, just now, are assuming a job that would likely have given Solomon some trouble.

Cause of Headache.

By knowing the cause, a disease may often be avoided. This is particularly true of headache. The most common cause of headache is a disordered stomach or constipation, which may be corrected by taking a few doses of Chamberlain's Tablets. Try it. Many others have obtained permanent relief by taking these Tablets. They are easy to take and mild and gentle in effect.

A Tremendous Responsibility.

The financial management of the war is a tremendous responsibility, and sooner or later the economical handling of the task will come to the front, for commendation, or for condemnation. Spending billions of dollars without waste, and in a short time, is not to be expected, and no doubt the final audit will be lenient, should the facts reasonably deserve leniency.

At this particular time—after the first hurry and excitement of war preparation is over, and after many billions have already been spent, and with absolute uncertainty as to how long the war will continue and how many more billions will be required—certainly must be a proper time to sound a warning on the side of the closest and most searching economy in public expenditures, as there must be a bottom, somewhere, even to Uncle Sam's long purse.

The United States is the last bank to borrow from. It is the bottom of the whole world's financial ability. There must be a bottom to this bottom. Perhaps we have not yet come anywhere near it, but there is no harm, even now, in realizing that there is such a thing, and in planning to place it as far beyond the possibility of reaching, as the best wisdom of our country can devise.

We trust that every department of war activity in this country is buying everything—labor, food, munitions—at fair prices, and not indulging in unnecessary. The whole country is back of the government, in an economical, prompt, fully effective, and generally business-like, handling of the whole war problem, and will go to the limit of rational sacrifice, and beyond.

But, if present expenditures continue or increase, the time will come when even American enthusiasm, patriotism and liberality, will begin to ask questions. Not impatiently, nor suspiciously, but with justification. Those who finance big undertakings, and who make them possible in every way, have a right to an accounting. In this case, it is the Nation who is the principal, but none the less entitled to know how its servants are performing their work. So, the responsibility for the conduct of the war, on financial grounds alone, is a tremendous one, and it will be well for none—from the highest to the lowest—to forget the fact.

About Rheumatism.

Rheumatism causes more pain and suffering than any other disease, for the reason that it is the common of all ills, and it is certainly gratifying to sufferers to know that there is a remedy that will afford relief, and make rest and sleep possible. It is called Chamberlain's Liniment.

SET FARMERS' DAY AT STATE COLLEGE

ANNUAL EVENT TAKES PLACE
MAY 30, DECORATION DAY,
AT COLLEGE PARK.

Prominent Men Listed To Deliver Addresses.

Annual Farmers' Day and Commencement exercises of the Maryland State College will be held Decoration Day, May 30, and many persons in this county are planning to attend. According to Dr. Albert F. Woods, president of the State institution, plans more elaborate than any heretofore carried out are being made. Demonstrations in almost every kind of farm work, addresses by prominent men on great national problems, dedication of the new agricultural building, commencement exercises of the graduating class, and presentation of a service flag are to be the features.

Governor Harrington will make the dedication address for the new building on behalf of the State and Senator Orlando Harrison is to speak on behalf of the State Agricultural Society. Prof. Charles S. Richardson is to present the service flag and the address of acceptance will be made by R. Laurie Mitchell, president of the Alumni Association. Dr. George E. Alumni Association. Senator Hoke Smith, of Georgia, has accepted an invitation to deliver the principal address.

Eighteen To Finish Courses.

War has caused such inroads on the student body that the college will graduate the smallest class in years. Thirteen are to receive degrees and five get certificates for work in two-year courses. They are John Paul Jones, Francis Clay Brimer, William Percival Carroll, Percival Ellsworth Clark, William Vickery Cutler, Roy Smallwood Eyre, Mordecai J. B. Ezekiel, Walter Kingsley Grigg, Frederick Morgan Haig, Robert Steel Kann, Milton Alexander Pyle, John Homer Remsburg, Edward Lawrence Wilde; to receive certificates in two-year courses: Robert Forrest, Herman Schulte, Arthur Mead Scribner, Charlotte Anne Vaux, Henry Weaver.

The program for the day practically is divided in two parts. The morning hours are to be entirely taken up with demonstrations of various kinds and the annual meeting of the Alumni Association. Tractors and labor saving machinery of all kinds will be on hand and demonstrations in ploughing, harrowing, seeding, cultivating given. An information bureau is to be established at which guides will be available to those desiring them. A general inspection by visitors of the college buildings, farm, farm buildings, and experiment station is to be conducted. The Alumni Association meeting is scheduled to open at 10 o'clock and from 11.30 until 1.00 a band concert will be given on the campus. The dedication and commencement exercises will open at 2 o'clock.

Farmers Urged To Attend.

"Every farmer in the State," says President Woods, "if he can possibly make arrangements should be with us on Farmers' day. We want to make it 'get together' day for everybody in Maryland interested in Agriculture, either in the production of food or the conservation of it. It is to the interest of all to be here, as the winning of the war and the welfare of the State and Nation depend largely on how well we who are engaged in this work carry out our program. "Never in the history of the nation has there been such a demand for labor saving machinery. Important demonstrations here Farmers' Day of all kinds of implements designed for that purpose are to be given. The progressive agriculturist has reached the time when he must depend on electricity and gasoline to furnish him with most of the power that used to be provided by employment of large groups of men. Farmers can learn much also through a thorough inspection of methods of drying and canning, administering anti-hog cholera serum, the farm sewage disposal plant, spray machinery, fertilizer, feed and lime inspection work.

"I want the people of the State to understand that this is their college, want them to know what is being done here for their interests. They can best find out these things by coming to visit us and no better time to do that can be found than Farmers' Day. This is the people's institution and Farmers' Day has as its primary object the bringing about of closer cooperation between the college and the people in order that the college may aid the people more effectively."

In addition to the usual number of trains running to College Park from Baltimore, the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad will stop at College express trains at 9 o'clock and 10 o'clock in the morning. Trains will leave College in the afternoon for Baltimore at 4.19, 5.31 and 6.40.

The Connoisseur.

"Hm"—hmed the man who wore his socks outside his shoes, as he threw his ray of light over the contents of the cabinet. "Rather a choice array. An enthusiastic collector of antique silver, I take it." And he did.—Judge.

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May 9, 1913	\$40,000.00	\$27,369.51	\$647,563.77	\$719,836.77
May 9, 1914	40,000.00	29,523.55	656,776.65	733,382.24
May 9, 1915	40,000.00	31,497.00	680,139.14	758,766.55
May 9, 1916	40,000.00	38,067.68	704,585.23	786,927.38
May 9, 1917	40,000.00	51,112.36	811,684.80	904,994.94

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I suggest an immediate inspection—first, because a wider choice is possible now than will be later, and secondly, because a Memorial ordered early will give us full time for finishing and lettering, without any rushing of the work, and you will have it erected for Decoration Day.

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COST OF PRODUCING PORK REDUCED BY USE OF PASTURE AND FORAGE CROPS



YOUNG PIGS ON RAPE PASTURE.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Although corn constitutes a large proportion of the feed given to hogs, the cost of producing pork may be materially reduced by the use of pasture and forage crops, supplemented by grains. Rape, soy beans, cowpeas, peanuts, alfalfa, clover, vetch, rye, oats, and Canada field peas are all valuable forage crops for swine of any age. In general, the grain ration which is suited to be fed with the legumes is corn and barley, etc.; with the non-leguminous plants, a small amount of nitrogenous food, such as tankage or oil meal, is advisable.

As a general rule, if rapid gains are desired, a full ration of grain is fed along with the forage, but if economy in feeding is to be practiced smaller proportions of grain will be better. In some sections of the country, where pastures are luxuriant, mature hogs are maintained in apparently satisfactory condition on pasture alone. This practice should be followed, however, in case of young, growing pigs, because they will become thin in flesh and stunted if compelled to live on pasture alone.

In a feeding test extending over three summers at the Missouri experiment station, forage crops demonstrated their value. Ten pounds of grain were accredited to each bushel of corn consumed before gains were accredited to forage crops. Grain was fed at the rate of 2 or 3 per cent of the weight of the hogs. For each acre pastured alfalfa produced 596 pounds of pork; corn 395; rape, oats, and clover 394; sorghum 370; blue grass 295; rye grain 244; cowpeas 224, and soy beans 183.

Grain for Hogs.

Hog raisers differ widely regarding the quantity of grain that should be fed to hogs while on pasture. Some feeders give them all they will consume; others about 2 to 3 per cent of the live weight of the hog. Still others will allow pigs to run on pasture and feed them a 1 per cent grain ration. There is no fixed rule governing the supplemental grain ration which should be fed in combination with forage. The amount of grain fed depends upon the kind of pasture used, the price of grain, and the market. Where a farmer has more hogs than his pasture will accommodate, the pasture will last longer if a full grain ration is fed.

When grain is high, it is rather expensive to feed a supplemental grain ration. At such times there is a great temptation to place the hogs upon pasture alone. This practice will hardly ever pay, for it generally takes more grain and more time to finish off the hogs than if they had been fed a liberal ration while on pasture.

The amount of grain used also will depend upon the length of time the feeder has in which to fit the hogs for market. Hogs that are marketed from ten to twelve months old are usually maintained on pasture alone during the grazing season. If any grain is given at all it is very light. In this way the greater percentage of growth is made from the cheaply grown forage. Where rapid finishing is desired, the liberal use of grain is important.

Importance of Pasture.

Permanent pastures also play an important part in a forage-crop succession. Such pastures as alfalfa, the clovers, blue grass, Bermuda, and a number of others, have their greatest use during the summer, when few temporary crops, such as corn, soy beans, cowpeas, and velvet beans, are available. Permanent pastures do not furnish grazing as early in the spring as do the cereals, but they grow better during late spring and summer and afford an abundance of forage at a season when few other pasture crops are ready to graze. A permanent pasture then takes the place of a reserve forage crop, being called upon to furnish grazing at any time of the year when other pastures fail or are exhausted.

Dry-lot rations are not usually satisfactory from a financial standpoint. Corn ordinarily forms the basis of the ration, with protein supplied from one of the concentrates, such as mill feeds, oil meal, soy beans, alfalfa, or like feeds. Where milk is available it is frequently fed to hogs to advantage, but under present conditions much of the skim milk which has been given to hogs should now be manufactured into cheese.

When fed in the dry lot, a common custom is to give the pigs all the feed they will clean up in a reasonably short time. For a pig weighing 15 to 50 pounds live weight, a full ration for one day is about six pounds of grain for each 100 pounds of weight; for larger pigs the ration will continue to grow smaller in proportion to weight until the 300 to 350-pound pig will only consume a daily ration equal to about 2.4 per cent of his weight.

BEST FEED FOR YOUNG PIGS

When Little Animals Begin to Nuzzle Around for Something to Eat Specially Shelled Corn.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

One of the best feeds for young pigs is shelled corn. When pigs are about three weeks old, sometimes less, they begin to nose around for something to eat, and at this time, in order to make them gain more rapidly, shelled corn should be supplied.

It should be in a self-feeder in a pen where the pigs can go to it and will not be bothered by any of the rest of the hogs. This can be arranged by a creep just large enough to admit the pigs handily. Don't forget that these little fellows grow quite rapidly and from time to time the creep must be made larger.

After the pigs are four or five weeks old, especially if they do not have good grass pasture, the addition of some shorts, tankage or oil meal is advisable. Nothing would be better, however, than skimmed milk.

The self-feeder in which is kept corn and other feeds should be maintained right along until weaning time, and after that if the pig is intended for market purposes. Pigs to be used for breeding purposes may be kept on a self-feeder all the time with splendid results, but in some cases they get too fat and lazy and do not take the proper exercise. The most profitable pig is the one that never quits growing from farrowing time until he is driven over the scales.

HAVE A WEED-FREE FARM

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Far more important than to kill weeds is to avoid having weeds to kill. In other words, the farmer should aim to prevent rather than cure the evil. A farm can be made almost free of weeds by strictly observing the following principles: (1) Prevent weeds from going to seed on the farm; (2) prevent weed seeds being brought to the farm; and (3) in the case of perennial weeds, prevent them from making top growth and thus finally starve out the underground parts.

PREACHERS ASKED TO HELP

Ministers of All Denominations Requested to Tell People How America Needs Food.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Every minister, priest, and rabbi in the United States is to be asked to join in the campaign that aims to insure this year record-breaking crops of every farm product.

The United States department of agriculture, through the states relations service and by co-operation with the federal council of churches, is sending a special letter to all preachers asking their assistance in the food-production campaign. The preachers are being asked to get in touch with county agents and with the state extension service, which represents the state agricultural college and the United States department of agriculture, and to devote as much time as possible to enlightening their people regarding the necessity of local food production. They are being furnished with data regarding the great burdens upon the transportation system of the country, and, in sections where the food production is insufficient for local needs, a special message is being sent to urge increased production to meet local demands.

The Matter of Luck!

It's hard to get a lot of people to understand that it isn't Luck that counts in this world. They seem to think that a few men have all the Luck in the world. They haven't. It's hard work—it's banking in THE TANEYTOWN SAVINGS BANK every dollar you can spare, that counts. Do that now, and next year your neighbors will be calling YOU Lucky.

Good fortunes and riches are never one man's share. Any one may get them.

—Tamil Proverb.

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NOT BOTHERED BY WORRY

Trouble in Colored Man's Case Most Certainly Did Not Induce Insomnia.

Representative Carter of Oklahoma was telling some of his colleagues in the cloakroom of the house the other day a story of a negro in his state who, under persuasion perhaps, had forsaken the Republican party and cast his fortunes with the Democrats, says the Washington Post. He gained a local reputation and soon his former associates in the old organization began to talk among themselves. Finally they determined to get the deserter back, if possible. A committee went to the recalcitrant and urged him to come back, but the Democrat was stubborn.

"Well, if you don't give up the Democrats we're goin' to tie your hands and feet, put a gag in your mouth and take you down to the old cave you know about and drop you in," they threatened.

The threat had its effect to the extent that in confidence the deserter told a white friend, a lawyer, of what he had been told.

"Don't pay any attention to them," advised the lawyer. "They wouldn't attempt anything like that."

But the negro wasn't satisfied. He continued talking about what his brethren were going to do to him.

"If they were to do anything like that," said the lawyer, "they would be arrested, and if you should be found dead they would be hanged."

"That's all right," said the negro, "but it wouldn't do me no good to have 'em hanging if I was dead."

"I knew there had been something wrong with you," said the lawyer. "I have seen you brooding for some time, and if you don't stop it the first thing you know you will go out and commit suicide over your troubles."

"Now, indeed," said the negro, "I ain't no chance of dat! Whenever I gets to worryin' 'bout mah troubles I jes' natchilly goes to sleep."

ONLY MADE MATTERS WORSE

Woman Might Better Have Refrained From Attempt to Relieve an Embarrassing Situation.

The conversation in the lobby of a Washington club turned to the way in which we occasionally sink deeper and deeper trying to extricate ourselves, when Senator William P. Dillingham of Vermont recalled a little incident along that line.

One of the features of an entertainment that was given for charity some time since was a vocal selection by a woman. Midway in the audience a meek-looking little man listened attentively.

"That is the most atrocious singing I ever heard," remarked a woman to the meek little man. "I wonder who the vocalist is?"

"She is my wife," was the startling rejoinder of the meek little man.

"Oh, I beg your pardon!" responded the other, greatly flushed. "The fault may lie with the music, which is really barbarous. Have you any idea who composed it?"

"Yes, madam," replied the other, administering yet more embarrassment. "I did."—Philadelphia Evening Telegraph.

Pathetic War Incident.

Lieutenant Turner of Saskatchewan lost his eyesight at Ypres. Some time ago he was taking his coat from the checker in a prominent London restaurant when a blind man, noticing his blindness, took it gently from him and held it while he slipped his arms into the sleeves. Believing the service was rendered by an attendant, Lieutenant Turner offered him a shilling as a tip.

"That won't be necessary," kindly said a friend of the lieutenant, with an apologetic nod to the man who had held the coat. "The man who helped you was General."

The blind soldier blushed and asked the pardon of the general, but the latter was equal to the occasion.

"I won't accept your apology, but I'll accept your shilling and I'll treasure it as a souvenir of one of the best soldiers who ever fought for Canada and the allies."

Fish Wear Out Bridge Piles.

John Shafer, Jr., deputy in the office of County Surveyor Frank Haycock of Hennepin county, New York, says that fish have butted and rubbed up against the piles of the bridge at Orono, Lake Minnetonka, until that aged edifice has become weakened, necessitating its closing.

Shafer and Edward Terrell, another deputy, were sent out to inspect the span.

"Yes, sir," said Shafer, "those fish kept on butting up against that pier until the wood was almost worn away. In order to get there we had to pound the water around the place to keep the fish things away until we could finish our inspection."

"Why, those fish are so numerous at Minnetonka this year that they get pushed through the narrow passage so swift that they simply wear out the wood."

Trophies of German Airman.

From an illustration appearing in a recent issue of La Guerre Aeriennne it is gathered that Baron von Aehrenthof, the well-known German in command of a German fighting squadron or "flaming circus," has a special hobby for souvenirs of his combats. The walls of his "den" are decorated with the numbers or distinguished marks of machines he has shot down, while the trophies consist of a rotary engine and a propeller.

CAN'T ALWAYS SIZE THEM UP

Former Acquaintances One Meets in New York Must Not Be Judged by Their Appearance.

You never can tell who is who when you meet them in the White Light section. The other night a Pittsburgher ran into a former Steel Cityite who was wandering along the big lane. He wasn't so glad to see him, as he feared a "touch," because back home the man never seemed prosperous, neither was he down and out. His appearance hadn't changed since his residence here.

"How long have you been living in New York?" asked the visitor.

"Oh, about three years," replied the former resident.

"Then you know the town pretty well?" was the next query.

The former Pittsburgher admitted that he did, and gave the visitor some advice and warning about the big city. He listened. Then he asked: "What are you doing here, Bill?"

"Working for a bank down town," replied the other man.

The Pittsburgher didn't press his chance for details. He thought that Bill had one of those jobs down town where one starves to death amidst the wealth of the nation—die of thirst upon the fountain's brink. "Won't you take lunch with me?" he asked, and Bill said he would be delighted—some time.

The next day the Pittsburgher went to a bank down town to see about a check of a friend of his which had gone astray. "You will have to see the cashier," he was told, and there was the former Steel City man. He was in an office marked "private" on the door and his name in gold on the side of the desk. He was cashier of one of the biggest banks in the world.—New York Sun.

CAN WIN BATTLES AT HOME

Housewife Finds Joy in Thought That She Is Helping to Defeat the Hated Boche.

"It's a funny thing," said the Man to his Wife the other night. "You used to like cooking, as I remember it. Breaking a new maid in was always a time of great trial and tribulation. But every night I come home to dinner you emerge from the kitchen almost as though you hated to leave the masterpiece you have evolved long enough to greet your hard-working husband properly. What's the reason?"

"Well, I said the Wife of her Husband, 'It's like this. It's a sort of game. I may not ever see any fighting, but I feel that out there in the kitchen I am helping France, England and, last but not least, our own blessed boys. Every time I make a loaf of rye bread I feel like waving a flag. Every time I make my allowance stretch a little bit I feel as though I had won a battle. And so I have. I've beaten old General Highcostaliving. Every time I squeeze a War Savings stamp out of the food allowance I feel that I personally have fired a shot at the Boches.'"

"Good girl," and the Man patted his Wife gently. "Since I can't go and we have no one to give, the best we can do is to play the game over here as though we loved it."

Dog's Death Led to Suicide.

Mrs. Margaret Dugdale, wife of Norman Dugdale, J. P. of Dutton Manor, near Blackburn, was found dead with a bullet wound in her forehead in a field near the grave of her favorite dog, which had been destroyed on account of old age. Depression caused by its loss was suggested at the inquest as the cause of her suicide, says Lloyd's News, London. When found she was grasping a humane cattle killer, at her feet was a mallet with which she had discharged the weapon, and a loaded revolver was in a basket near her. She had fixed a mirror to the fence, and a note pinned to her dress gave directions for the disposal of her body. Mr. Dugdale said he thought the dog's death, which his wife had taken greatly to heart, was the cause of the tragedy, and the jury's verdict was that Mrs. Dugdale shot herself while of unsound mind.

Sardine Shortage Expected.

Shortage of sardines this spring is expected to result from the severity of the past winter. Storms and great masses of floating ice have destroyed hundreds of sardine weirs, according to Henry S. Culver, United States consul at New Brunswick, who says in a commerce report that even the weirs not wholly destroyed are so badly damaged that it may not be possible to use them this spring.

There will be practically no catch of sardines this spring on the New Brunswick coast. The weirs may not be in condition for use until summer, and the catch for the year will probably be smaller than in any recent years. The past winter is said to have been the most severe the New Brunswick country has seen in 40 years.

Tibet Takes Up War Game.

Tibet is engaged in a looting expedition, just as she has been for centuries. She has invaded Szechuan, a border state of China. The only significance this has during the present world war, according to the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin, is that some thousand years before Solomon was born, Tibet boasted of a high state of civilization, as did her neighbor Szechuan. But ages of warfare have made Tibet the domain of half savage marauders. Tibet boasts the sacred city of Lhasa, the seat of official Buddhism, where squalor, art, religion and high pretensions are mixed in inextricable confusion.

REINDOLLAR BROS & CO.

RATIFICATION NOTICE.

In the Orphans' Court of Carroll County, April Term, 1918.

Ordered this 6th day of May, 1918, by the Judges of the Orphans' Court of Carroll County, that the account and distribution of the assets of the personal estate of Samuel Weant, deceased, in the hands of J. Frank Weant, Administrator of said deceased, made among the creditors of said deceased, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 4th Monday, 27th day of May, 1918, provided a copy of this order be inserted for two successive weeks before the last named day in some newspaper published in Carroll County.

SOLOMON MYERS
THOMAS J. HAINES
EMILY C. FLEAGLE,
MOSES J. M. TROXELL, Judges.

True Copy, Test:—
WILLIAM ARTHUR,
Register of Wills for Carroll County.

5-10-3t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

This is to give notice that the subscriber has obtained from the Orphans' Court of Carroll County, in the estate of EMILY C. FLEAGLE, late of Carroll County, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased, with the vouchers properly authenticated, are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers properly authenticated, to the subscriber on or before the 24th day of November, 1918; from all other parties by law be excluded from all benefits of said estate.

Given under my hands this 26th day of April, 1918.
WILLIAM H. FLEAGLE,
Administrator.

4-26-5t

THE CARROLL RECORD

FRIDAY, MAY 24th., 1918.

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Latest Items of Local News Furnished by Our Regular Staff of Writers.

All communications for this department must be signed by the author; not for publication, but as an evidence that the items contributed are legitimate and correct. Items based on mere rumor, or such as are likely to give offense, are not wanted.

The Record Office is connected with the C. & P. Telephone from 7 A. M. to 5 P. M. Use Telephone for important items on Friday morning. Owing to mail changes, we do not now receive letters from along the W. M. R. R. on Friday, in time for use. All correspondence should be mailed to us not later than by Thursday morning train, which will mean Wednesday on the routes.

UNIONTOWN.

Rev. L. F. Warner, president of the M. P. Conference, will preach at this place, Sunday, the 26th, at 8 P. M.

Delegates appointed to attend the County C. E. Convention, to be held at Hampstead, June 13th. and 14th., are Misses S. E. Weaver and Ruth Ellen Myers, of the M. P. Society, and Mrs. Chas. Crumbacker and Mrs. H. B. Fogle, of the Lutheran Society. Officers elected on Sunday evening, in the latter Society were: Pres., H. B. Fogle; Vice Pres., Charles Crumbacker; Cor. Sec., Miss Lena Singer; Rec. Sec., Miss Elneda Eckard; Treas., Mrs. Ezra Taylor; Org., Mrs. H. B. Fogle; Ass't., Mrs. Reverdy Beard.

Mrs. R. K. Lewis is able to be down stairs.

Miss Gertrude, daughter of Snader Devilbiss, was operated on at the Woman's Hospital, on Thursday, and is getting along well. The same day, her sister-in-law, Mrs. Lloyd Devilbiss underwent an operation at the Frederick hospital. She, too, is improving.

Miss Nettie Myers is visiting relatives in Baltimore.

Mrs. Rachel Caylor visited her sister, Mrs. M. C. Cookson, several days, last week.

Mrs. Demmitt and two children, of Union Bridge, spent last week with her sister, Mrs. Horace Simpson.

Mrs. John Brown, of Baltimore, was a week-end guest of Mrs. Fannie Michael.

One of our aged ladies, Mrs. Nancy Plowman, was unfortunate last week when she fell in her room, seriously hurting her hip which confines her to bed.

Mrs. Frank Reindollar and little nephew, of Baltimore, have taken possession of their summer home.

Russell Palmer has been visiting home folks after several years absence. Miss Viola Palmer is with her grand-parents in Hanover.

Mrs. Frank Haines was in New Windsor, several days, with her home folks.

John Trite, of the Aged folks home at Sanmar, was a caller in town, on Sunday.

Joseph Dingle, of Cascade, was in town over Sunday, returning home with his wife, on Monday.

The Junior Red Cross box social proved a success and all seemed to enjoy the evening.

The Red Cross tour ending here on Wednesday evening, drew quite a crowd, who enjoyed Dr. Holsopple, of B. R. College, who was an interesting speaker. The Westminster Boy Scouts played well. The teams appointed for the drive in the district this week are meeting with generous response, and expect to more than reach the "top."

Mrs. Roy Moser, of York, spent last week with her parents, Theodore Crouse and wife.

DETOUR.

Dr. C. H. Diller and grandson, Donald, visited in New York, during the week.

John Hess and wife, of Taneytown, visited their niece, Mrs. Guy Warren, on Monday.

Amos Cushon, of Camp Meade, spent Sunday with his parents, here.

A large number of Red Cross members attended the meeting at Middleburg, on Monday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Ohler and daughter, Mary, of Emmitsburg, and Anna Ritter, of Keysville, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Charles Harner.

Mrs. David Schild, of Rocky Ridge, visited her son, William, and wife, on Sunday.

Miss Vallie M. Shorb spent a few days in Baltimore, recently, and was accompanied home by her brother, Dr. M. W. Shorb.

MIDDLEBURG.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilfred Crouse, of Carrollton, spent Sunday with friends.

Quite a number of our people attended the Red Cross parade, at Westminster, on last Saturday.

Mrs. Annie Humbert, who was threatened with pneumonia, is now able to sit up.

Walter Johnson and family spent Sunday at Littlestown.

The Red Cross meeting in the hall, on Monday evening, was quite interesting and the subscriptions very liberal. Middleburg district going three times over the top.

Mrs. Eli M. Dutterer died on Monday night, after an illness of three or four weeks. Mrs. Dutterer was a good neighbor and will be missed. Interment at Silver Run, on Thursday.

Mrs. Sallie Myers and son, Charles, spent Sunday and Monday in Baltimore.

CLEAR DALE.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Lemmon, of Piney Creek, spent Friday evening with Mr. and Mrs. Allen Eppley.

Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Formwalt and children, of Harrisburg, spent Sunday with Chas. A. Crouse and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Crouse, of Ulrichtown, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Rufus Kump.

Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Hesson, and Miss Esther Bair, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. David Currens, at Westminster.

UNION BRIDGE.

The Red Cross drive is in full swing. Over the top, and then some. Do you pity the "boys?" How much? Give.

The Union Bridge band has been doing much in keeping the patriotic fires burning. Its music has been highly appreciated at the different meetings.

Friday, May 31st, the annual exhibit and rally day will be held at the Union Bridge High School. A great day is planned and you cannot afford to miss it. Work of the pupils from all the rooms in the public as well as the High School, will be on exhibit, and in addition, special work from the agricultural and domestic science departments. Numerous articles made by the Jr. Red Cross will be shown. Friends and patrons, let us make this a big day for the U. B. High School.

If you want to know what the school is doing, and why, this will be a State High School next year, then come and spend next Friday with us. Parade at 9:30 A. M., in which the pupils will be dressed to represent their different departments. Then an interesting program. At 2:20 P. M. the field events will start. Lunch on sale from 12 to 1. Spend the day at your school.

Prominent merchants here will close at 6 P. M., three nights each week, during the Summer.

War Savings Stamp drive is the next special order. This is not a gift but an investment. Fight the Huns with your money. If you cover Germany with stamps, you will smother her. Let us do it.

Wednesday night, this district went "Over the Top" in the Red Cross drive. Hurrah!

NEW WINDSOR.

Tobias Reid of Taneytown, is visiting his son, M. D. Reid, and family. Lieut. Monroe Englar, of Ft. Sill, Okla., spent Wednesday night with his parents, Geo. P. B. Englar and wife.

John H. Roop received a card from his son, Granville, who is with an Aero Squad, that he arrived "Over There" safe.

Quite a number of out of town visitors were here to attend the commencement exercises of Blue Ridge College.

Arthur Smelser and wife, announce the marriage of their daughter, Marie Carlisle, to Edwin Thompson, of Baltimore, May 16th.

Quite a number of young men will leave, on Monday next, to answer their country's call.

Mrs. W. Cora Stouffer spent the latter part of last week with her daughter, in Baltimore.

Edwin Englar, Thomas Cross and Dallas Reid won bronze badges, at the school contest, at Westminster, on Saturday last.

PLEASANT VALLEY.

The P. O. S. of A., assisted by the Sunday school, will hold Decoration Day services on Saturday evening, June 1. The school will meet at the church promptly at 6 o'clock, and together with the P. O. S. of A., and band, will march to the cemetery, where the graves will be strewn with flowers. The speakers will be Rev. Wolf, of Silver Run, and Revs. Reincke and Walck. The children are requested to bring flowers.

A Red Cross meeting will be held on Monday evening, June 2, in the P. O. S. of A. hall. Speaking and music.

Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Feeser, of Charlestown, W. Va., and their son, Charles, of Cumberland, spent Wednesday and Thursday with Mrs. A. F. Heltbride and family, near Mayberry.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. E. Eckard entertained, on Sunday, Mr. and Mrs. Allan Barton and two children, and Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Bell, of Baltimore; Mr. and Mrs. John L. Eckard, of Westminster; Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Mathias and two children, of near Littlestown; Daniel Heltbride, of near Mayberry, and Miss Mattie Myers.

KEYSVILLE.

Alfred Stonesifer, wife and son, Russell, were visitors, at Victor Frock's, of near Bethel Church, on Sunday.

George Ohler, wife and daughter, Mary, of Emmitsburg, visited Geo. Ritter and family, on Sunday.

Miss Nora Forney and friend, of Baltimore; Verl Forney, and wife, of Frederick, and Mrs. Harry Harner and son, Ernest, of Four Points, visited their parents, A. M. Forney and wife, on Sunday.

Mrs. John Frock, visited her sister, Mrs. Edward Shorb, on Monday. Marian Wilhide, Ellen Valentine, Anna Newcomer and Vallie Kiser, Roy and Gregg Kiser, Frank Alexander and Roy Baumgardner, spent Sunday afternoon with Karl Haines and wife, of near Motter's.

Mrs. Alice Hahn, of Taneytown, is visiting her son, Calvin Hahn and family.

KEYMAR.

Mrs. Ross Galt, of New Windsor, and Mrs. Sue Crapster, of Taneytown, visited a few days ago with Mrs. Robert Galt.

A large crowd from here attended the Red Cross speaking at Middleburg, on Monday night.

Alroy Long, of Hagerstown, visited here last week, on business.

Mrs. Nellie Hively, spent one day this week with her parents.

Mrs. Addie Staup, Mrs. Birely, and Mr. and Mrs. Andy Belsam, of Baltimore, spent a few days with Mr. and Mrs. P. G. Lowman.

FRIZELLBURG.

Sabbath school, here, Sunday, at 10 A. M. A good attendance is requested. It being memorial Sunday, the school will be addressed by Theo. F. Brown.

The books have arrived and the date and plans will be fixed at this time for children's-day services.

Divine services at the Church of God, Sunday afternoon, at 2 o'clock.

Jonas Lawyer, who was ill for several weeks, is able to be out again.

HARNEY.

Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Wolf, had as their guests to dinner on Sunday, Geo. I. Shriver, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Dallas Shriver, and children, Robert and Catharine, and Mr. and Mrs. Earlington Shriver and children. Geo. I. J., and Mr. and Mrs. Robert Shriver, of Gettysburg, also visited at the same place, on Sunday afternoon.

Quite a number of our people spent Saturday in Westminster seeing the parade and hearing Mr. Taft and many other excellent speakers.

Mrs. Claud Conover and Mrs. Grier Shoemaker, spent Tuesday in Hanover.

Mr. and Mrs. Emanuel Yealy, of Baltimore, and Mrs. Dora Bealing and children, of Hanover, spent Sunday here with John Yealy and sister Miss Lizzie.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Clutz and daughter, Thelma, and Misses Bruce and Ruth Harner, spent Sunday at Camp Meade.

Willis Valentine, of Waynesboro, spent Sunday here, visiting his friends and relatives.

Mrs. John Hesson and Mrs. Mark Snider, spent Saturday in Hanover, Pa.

Edwin Valentine, of Baltimore, is here on a visit to his parents, Mr. and Mrs. M. Valentine. Edwin has been drafted and expects to leave Baltimore for Camp Meade the 29th.

Robert Reck, Estee Kiser, Wm. Fuss and Geo. Clabaugh, have received their notices to be in Westminster, on Monday, to go to Camp Meade.

Dr. Elliot and family, left here, on Monday, for Layton, Pa., on a visit to Mrs. Elliot's mother and sisters.

Miss Alma Fox has received word from Denton Slick, of his safe arrival "Over There."

Cleve Fox, of Baltimore, and sister Alma, spent Wednesday, at Hanover.

Mr. and Mrs. D. Allen Stull, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Forney, and Mrs. H. L. Withrow, spent Sunday at New Oxford.

Mr. Clyde Harner, of Rochester, N. Y., is on a visit to his parents Mr. and Mrs. Gipsen Harner, before leaving for Camp.

The people of our village and vicinity are responding nicely to the 2nd. Red Cross fund.

CHURCH NOTICES.

Service in the Presbyterian church, at 10:30 A. M., and at Piney Creek, at 2:30 P. M. The Rev. Thos. L. Springer will preach at both places. Other Sabbath services at the usual hours.

Reformed church, Taneytown. Service at 9:30 A. M.; Sunday School at 9:30 A. M.; C. E. at 6:30 P. M.; Missionary service at 7:30 P. M. Keysville—Sunday School at 1:30 P. M.; service at 2:30.

Uniontown Church of God.—Preaching, Sunday morning, at 10:45. A pre-communion service, subject: "Self Examination." Evening service will observe the ordinance.

Frizellburg—Preaching Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock.

Union Bridge Lutheran Church: Sunday School 9:30 A. M.; preaching at 10:30 A. M. and 8 P. M. Prayer service, Wednesday, 8 P. M.

There will be an all-day Missionary Conference, at Piney Creek Presbyterian church, May 28th, in charge of Miss Dawson, of Baltimore. Opening session, 11 A. M. All the women of the church are urged to be present, both as an encouragement to Miss Dawson, and her assistants, and as a fitting welcome to the people from New Windsor, Emmitsburg and Taneytown, who have been invited to unite with us in this conference.

In Trinity Lutheran church, Sunday morning, the pastor will preach, the sermon topic being "An Appeal to Young Men." The evening topic will be "The Atmosphere of the Church."

U. B. Church.—Harney: Bible School at 9:30 and preaching at 10:30 A. M. Subject: "The Millennium." Taneytown: Bible School at 1:30 and Children's-day exercises at 8 P. M.

The Point of View.

A number of Kentucky mountaineers had just arrived at Camp Taylor. Probably not one of them had ever been out of the hills before this trip to the camp. One young fellow was standing on a slight elevation where an excellent view of the camp could be obtained. His mouth and eyes were wide open and his whole expression was one of astonishment and wonder. A sergeant approached and said, "Well, how's it look?"

"Gee, this is a big place," answered the new addition to the army.

"Oh, if you think this is big wait till you get to France," said the sergeant.

"My God, ain't this France?" asked the rookie, in a surprised voice.

Many Trench Diseases.

The unparalleled conditions of modern warfare are found by Dr. J. E. Lind to have brought to the military surgeons two new types of cases. One of these is shell shock, apparently due to the emotional strain upon the nervous system; and the other is a surprisingly large number of ailments arising from the peculiar environment of the trenches. A relapsing fever, a transient nephritis, and frostbite of the feet are the three chief disorders resulting from trench life. There are also trench enteritis, trench skin, trench diarrhoea, trench rheumatism, trench back, and trench jaundice, but these may be symptoms of or connected in some way with the three principal diseases.

No Knocker.

Benks—That fellow sure does rub into his friends.

Benks—Always knocking, eh?

Benks—No; he's an osteopath.

MARRIED.

BECHTEL—NEWCOMER.

Mr. Maurice A. Bechtel, of Littlestown, Pa., and Miss Anna N. Newcomer, of Taneytown, were married on Saturday evening, May 18, 1918, by Rev. Guy P. Bready at the Reformed parsonage.

DIED.

Obituaries, poetry and resolutions charged for at the rate of five cents per line. The regular death notices published free.

MR. WM. McC. SMITH.

Mr. William McC. Smith, formerly of Taneytown district, died at Montrose, Mich., on May 17, 1918, aged about 56 years. Mr. Smith removed to Michigan from the neighborhood of Gettysburg, last Fall. He leaves a wife, three sons and one daughter.

His wife is a daughter of Henry J. Hiltbricker, near town. The following brothers and sisters, all of Taneytown district, survive him: Oliver C., O. Harry, and Maggie M. Smith, Mrs. Simon W. Benner, Mrs. Samuel Lambert and Mrs. Albert M. Rowe.

MRS. ELI M. DUTTERER.

Mrs. Eli M. Dutterer, died at her home, near Middleburg, on Monday evening, from dropsy. She had been a sufferer from the disease, for years, but during the past year was much better, and until about a week ago able to do about her household duties. She was very ill only a few days.

She leaves her husband, but no children, an adopted daughter being Mrs. B. E. Shaner, of Tarentum, Pa. Her maiden name was Emma Jane Schaeffer, and one sister, Miss Martha E. Schaeffer, of Westminster, and one brother, John W. Schaeffer, of Hagerstown, survive of her family. Her age was 63 years, 9 months, 29 days. She was a member of the Lutheran church, Taneytown. Funeral services were held at the Lutheran church, Silver Run, on Thursday, in charge of Rev. L. B. Hafer, and Rev. A. C. Wolf, of Silver Run.

MR. HEZEKIAH OHLER.

Mr. Hezekiah Ohler, who had been suffering for a year or more from partial paralysis, and who recently received a second stroke, died at his home in this district, on Saturday, May 18, 1918, in his 69th year.

Mr. Ohler was a farmer, and was held in high esteem by all who knew him. He is survived by his widow and two sons, Frank H., and Jesse E., both living at home, and by two brothers, Emanuel, of Taneytown, and Isaiah, of Emmitsburg. Funeral services were held in the Taneytown Lutheran church, of which he was a member, by his pastor, Rev. L. B. Hafer, on Tuesday morning.

MR. JOHN (BOLIVAR) DORSEY.

Mr. John Dorsey, colored, commonly known as "Bollivar," died at the county home, last Saturday evening. His age is not exactly known, but must be in the neighborhood of 80 years.

"Bollivar" was a familiar figure about Taneytown hotels for many years; very short and stout, good natured, polite and industrious. For a number of years he had been partly disabled for work, and was compelled to go to the county home during the winter, but always came back to Taneytown in the Spring, where he partly earned a living by cleaning grass from sidewalks. He came this year, as usual, but was too feeble to get around, and had to be taken back to the home. He was buried on Monday morning in the cemetery attached to the home.

In Sad, but Loving Remembrance of my dear husband and father, SAMUEL H. HARMAN, who died May 15th., 1918.

Dearest husband, you have left me. He will miss you no more; But we will meet beyond the river. On God's everlasting shore.

The one I loved so dear is gone. 'Twas hard to say good-bye; But God knew best; he is at rest; I shall meet him by and by.

Dear father, we saw thee fade day by day. And slowly sink away; Yet in our hearts we prayed, That he might linger stay.

His busy hands are folded; His work on earth is done; His sufferings all are over; His heavenly crown is won.

Our home is dark and lonely; How sad are our hearts today; For the one we loved so dearly, His forever passed away.

We miss thee, loving father, From thy familiar place; We do not meet thy footsteps, Nor see thy cheerful face.

And oh, what sorrows pierce our hearts, To see thy vacant chair; By the Family.

IN SAD BUT LOVING REMEMBRANCE of my dear husband and our dear father, DAVID TRIMMER, who departed this life two years ago, May 27th., 1916.

Two years have passed; my heart still grieves; As time flies on, I miss him more; He sleeps; I leave him in peace to rest; The parting was painful, but God knoweth best.

You are not forgotten, Father, dear, Nor will you ever be; For as long as life and memory lasts, We will all remember thee.

By His Children.

RESOLUTIONS.

By Lodge No. 36, K. of P., Taneytown.

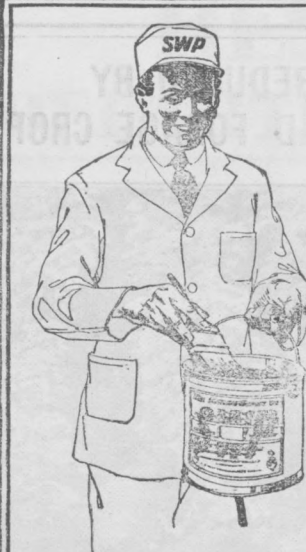
Whereas, it has pleased our Heavenly Father in His all-wise providence, to call from our midst to himself, our dear brother, URIAH ROYER, therefore, be it Resolved, That in the death of our Brother, we humbly bow in submission to His will, for we know that all things work together for good to those who love God.

Resolved, That we extend the fraternal love and sympathy of Lodge No. 36, K. of P. to the bereaved family and friends of our departed Brother, and we commend them to the all-wise and loving care of our Heavenly Father, who in His wisdom saw that this bereavement was for their good.

F. E. CROUSE, N. E. SHAW, J. T. SHRINER, Committee.

CARD OF THANKS.

The sincere thanks of myself and family, are hereby extended to all friends and neighbors who so kindly assisted us during the illness and death of my husband, MRS. SAMUEL H. HARMAN.



It Is Practical Economy To Paint Your Buildings Now and Protect Your Property From Decay and Ruin

Allowing your buildings to go unpainted in order to save paint money is like allowing your insurance policy to lapse because you want to save the premium. Either is poor economy.

Millions of dollars are lost annually because property is not protected against weather, for unpainted buildings offer no resistance to the destructive elements.

Property insurance requires paints and finishes of the finest quality. Wind, rain, sunshine, snow—each acts differently upon a painted surface. It is necessary therefore to use great care in the selection of paints and varnishes for this important task of protection.

For fifty years and more Sherwin-Williams products have been accepted and used as standard high quality finishes. They will successfully protect and increase the value of your property.

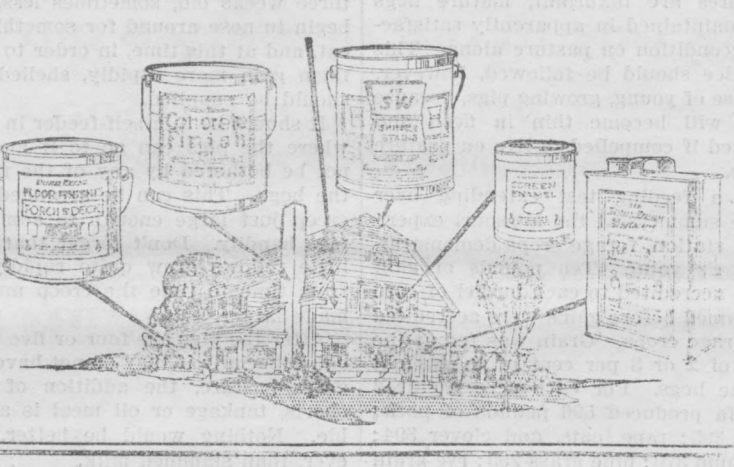
A full line of Sherwin-Williams finishes at our store. May we not talk over painting plans with you?

A Finish For Every Surface

SHERWIN-WILLIAMS

PAINTS & VARNISHES

REINDOLLAR BROS. & CO.



Why is a Pretzel?

If you have believed that because it always was the close chum of a stein it was German in origin, you have had every right to believe that a pretzel was at heart as crooked as it is outwardly.

But if you step away from the tumult and the turmoil of the activity against things pro-German and back into that misty, distant past, when civilization began to thread its journey through the ages you will find that a pretzel was a pretty hallowed old institution and that it kept the company of no roysterers but was seen only with the monks of the middle ages.

The American Pretzel Company makes pretzels, and because of the recent strife the company has decided to settle this pro-German scare once and for all. And it offers this explanation:

"Our friends often ask us, 'How did pretzels originate? Where were they first made? What is the reason for their peculiar form?'"

"Various authorities consulted do not all agree as to the origin of the name, but they all agree as to the origin of the form and the original use of the pretzel. One historian states:

"Probably some Roman derivation from the middle Latin 'braccium,' a little arm, compared to the Italian 'bracciatello,' a baked article similar to the pretzel. The dough is rolled out like a long, thin rod, then the ends are laid upon one another crosswise and then once twisted and then spread and attached to the two sides of the ring thus formed.

"The pretzel seems to come from the monastery, where it was a delicacy, as compared with the rye bread. During Lent it was the usual alms offering."

"Another authority says: 'Some have derived the name from the Latin 'praeincolae' (brief prayers), also 'pretiola' (a little reward), because in the early Christian church the pretzel was a gift of the priest to the children, a reward for learning prayers. Their forms suggesting the folded hands.'

"As more than 50% of the pretzels made today are consumed by children it will surely be interesting for them all to know that in the early Christian church the pretzel was a gift of the priest to the children, a reward for learning prayers, the form of the pretzel suggesting the folded hands or folded arms."

5-24-18

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RATIFICATION NOTICE.

In the Orphans' Court of Carroll County, April Term, 1918.

Estate of George S. Valentine, deceased.
On application, it is ordered this 20th day of May, 1918, that the sale of the Real Estate of George S. Valentine, late of Carroll County, deceased, made by Sarah C. Valentine, Executrix of the last Will and Testament of said deceased, and this day reported to this Court by the said Executrix be ratified and confirmed, unless cause be shown to the contrary on or before the 4th Monday, 24th day of June, next; provided a copy of this order be inserted for three successive weeks in some newspaper printed and published in Carroll County, before the 3rd, Monday, 17th, day of June, next.

The report states the amount of sale to be \$2500.00.

SOLOMON MYERS,
THOMAS J. HAYES,
MOSES J. M. TROXELL,
True Copy, Test: Judges,
WILLIAM ARTHUR,
Register of Will for Carroll County.

Doing His Part.

"And so you have been getting married, Sam?"
"Yes, sah, I dun got married."
"And did you go on a honeymoon trip, Sam?"
"What's dat, sah?"
"Why, a trip. Did you travel?"
"Oh, yes, sah, I traveled."
"Where did you go to, Sam?"
"Why, I went to de neighbors' houses fo' de washin' what my wife was to do, sah."—Yonkers Statesman.

A Serious Apprehension.

"I don't suppose the telephone operator at central will ever speak to me again," exclaimed Grannie Rylem with characteristic gloom.
"What's the trouble?"
"From the way she spoke just now, I'm almost sure I called her in the middle of her knitting and made her drop a stitch."

Turned Up at Times.

Mrs. Flatbush—Where did your neighbor's little girl get her turned-up nose from?
Mrs. Bensonhurst—From her mother.

"Why, her mother hasn't a turned-up nose."
"Hasn't she? I guess you never saw her when she lost at bridge."

Wasted Smokes.

"Don't you think the money you spend for cigars is wasted?" asked the sweet young thing.
"Some of it is, dear," replied the "steady."

"Some of it?"
"That's it. I always find a couple of busted ones in my vest pocket after I've spent an evening with you, dear."

ALMOST A BAD BLUNDER.

The apartment house owner called up the apartment house dweller and asked him to come and see him. And the apartment house dweller obeyed the summons with fear and trembling. When he arrived in the office, the owner said:

"I am sorry, sir, but we shall have to ask you to vacate your apartment at once. I was not aware when I leased the flat to you that you had children."

"But we have no children," protested the renter, in amazement. "What put that into your head?"

"Other residents of the building have complained that they were kept awake by a baby crying in your apartment."

"Nonsense! That was one of our dogs howling. He sounds just like a kid sometimes."

"In that case, I must apologize. A natural mistake—and you know one can't be too careful. Sorry to have disturbed you—good morning."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

HARD LUCK



"Did I ever bring you back your ladder that you lent me a week ago?"
"No; you certainly did not."
"I'm sorry, for I just stopped in to borrow it again."

When Mary's Lamb Grew Up.
Mary had a little lamb—
But how that lamb has grown!
Now Mary'd rather walk a mile
Than face that lamb alone.

Obeying Orders.

"See, here, daughter, didn't I tell you that young man of yours must keep early hours when he calls?"
"He does, pa. He never leaves later than 1 a. m. Could he keep any earlier hours?"

Better Without.

"I asked her to kiss me, without avail."
"You were right to stipulate that. Kissing through a veil spoils half the fun."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

In the Library.

"I gave my friend a copy of 'Gems of Thought.'"
"Humph! I'll bet if you look for it on his shelves you'll find they're uncut gems."—Baltimore American.

The Jewels Now.

"I heard that burglars made a big haul of valuables last night."
"Did they break into a jewelry store?"
"No; into a coal shed."

Good Reason for Laughing.

"What's the matter with that guy? When I told him of the hundreds of people who couldn't get street cars, he chuckled and chuckled."
"Oh, he owns a taxicab line."

Various Stages.

"Do you know what are the degrees of a stingy man's married life?"
"I should say they were matrimony, parsimony, testimony and alimony."

To Those Who Have Not Given to the RED CROSS

And to those who have made small subscriptions, when they should have given large ones

The quota for Carroll County has not been reached!

While many have given liberally and to the extent of their ability, there are thousands who have not subscribed.

ARE YOU ONE OF THESE?

Don't keep track of what your neighbor is doing—let him keep his own conscience.

EVERY ONE must do HIS full duty in this great cause.

No one in Carroll County is so poor that they cannot give something. Don't wait for solicitation—follow the promptings of your heart; see a member of the Committee in your district. DO IT AT ONCE! In order to give everyone an opportunity to give,

THE CAMPAIGN HAS BEEN EXTENDED UNTIL MAY 30.

"Miss Mystery" and "Mr. Stranger"

By FRANCES B. LINSKY

(Copyright, 1918, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

"You are cordially invited to attend a dance to be given by the employees of this hotel on Wednesday evening. Dancing in the garage from 8:30 to 10 o'clock. Please come with escort."

Anne frowned when she read the little card. When school had shut down very unexpectedly for an enforced vacation, she had felt that she must earn some extra money. The result was that she had accepted a so-called "war time" position in one of the suburban hotels, but that such a position has its difficulties, and is mighty different from teaching school, Anne was just beginning to find out.

"I really can't go," she told herself. "I hardly know any of the people who will be there. And besides I haven't any young man to ask for my escort."

"Oh, there's Mr. Stevens," as the manager of the hotel came into the lobby. "I'll ask him to advise me what to do," and she hurried over to meet him.

He greeted her with a pleasant smile for he had taken great interest in the girl who had come to him when school had closed and frankly told him of her desire to earn more money in order to fit herself for "bigger things." He listened carefully to the story of her difficulty.

"Why, I'd just look in for half an hour, if I were you," he said, when she had finished; "you needn't dance if you don't want to, and your lack of an escort will give you sufficient excuse, but I think you'd better go if only for a few minutes, so that the others won't think you are trying to be different."

Anne thanked him, and hurried off, wondering why she hadn't thought of that herself, and resolved that she would look her prettiest, even if she didn't particularly care about going. After dinner, she went to her little room under the eaves, to don her party gown.

"Goodness! How gay we shall be!" she exclaimed to herself, as she shook out her dress. "I wonder if I haven't been to a party since the farewell evening that the teachers gave to the old superintendent. Wonder what the new man 'll be like," and her mind wandered off to the subject that lay nearest her heart—school.

"They say he's young and quite fascinating," she thought, "and I suppose that means that all the teachers in the district will set their caps for him. But here's one that won't." And she jabbed a hairpin in with extra force, for Anne had "ideas" on the subject of "Men."

The last lock of hair securely fastened, and the last frill on the dress alternately coaxed and patted into place, Anne sallied forth alone to the garage which had been transformed into a dance hall for the evening's festivities, quite surprised to find herself rather excited at the prospect of going to a dance, even though the guests were to be maids and chauffeurs.

"I believe I'm going to enjoy it after all," she told herself, with no little amusement. "I shouldn't be at all surprised if I find myself accepting an invitation to dance with some tall youth 'who drives a gentleman's car,' and who probably—"

"Good gracious," and Anne gave a little scream as a big machine shot by her, and came to a sudden stop a few feet beyond.

"My, but that was a narrow escape!" and the girl leaned weakly against the door of the garage, totally unnerved by the shock.

"I do hope I haven't hurt you," called out a masculine voice from the darkness beyond; a voice in which annoyance and concern struggled for the mastery. "I do hope you are not hurt," and instinctively his cap came off, as, coming into the light streaming out through the door of the dance hall, he saw the slender, dainty, girlish figure leaning up against the side of the building.

"They told me down the road that there was a dance in the garage up here, so I was just running past looking for a place to put up my car for a while. I'm most awfully sorry if I've frightened you."

Anne's presence of mind by this time had returned, and she took in her companion with one all-appraising glance.

"Mighty good looking for a chauffeur," was her inward comment, and aloud she said: "I am all right now, thank you. I really was more scared than hurt. All the chauff—I mean the guests at the dance are putting up the machines in the empty lot behind the garage. I'll show you the way," she added graciously, "for I suppose you don't want to miss any dances. There goes the music now."

"Why, I don't—" began the young man, and stopped, for Anne had walked ahead and was pointing out the place where a number of machines had already been parked.

"To be quite truthful," he said, when he had caught up with the girl, "I hadn't quite made up my mind to go to this dance, for, as you see, I haven't any partner." And he looked at the girl with a question in his eyes.

Anne laughed. "Why," she said, "that was exactly my trouble—but then I am only going to stay a little while."

"Well, then, may I have the pleasure?" asked the young man quickly, and as Anne nodded consent, he added, "I'll join you here in just a minute," and went off to look after his machine.

As they glided over the floor together, Anne gave herself up completely to the pleasure of dancing with a partner whose step matched hers perfectly, and it was not until the end of their third dance together that she decided that it was time for her to go.

"Just wait for one more dance," pleaded her companion, "for I shall be going myself then. I have rather a long run to make tonight, and besides after these dances with you, I don't feel that I want to dance with anyone else here."

Anne looked up with a smile at the very obvious compliment, and, as if by common impulse, they moved toward the lawn, to stroll up and down in the moonlight during the intermission.

Anne found her companion a most interesting talker, as he told her of the various places he had visited, and the strains of music that announced the next dance came all too soon.

"I think you have been most fortunate in your choice of an employer," she said to him, as they entered the dancing room again.

"My employer? Why just what do you mean?" asked the young man.

"Why," said the girl, "not many chauffeurs are privileged to see as much of the country as you apparently have, judging from your conversation."

"Not many chauffeurs," repeated the young man, a rather puzzled look on his face—"why—er—" as a thought struck him, "why, yes, I guess I am rather lucky at that, although I'm afraid I hadn't really appreciated it until you spoke."

Once more they glided off, and at the end of the dance Anne held out her hand.

"It has been a very pleasant evening," she said. "Thank you for having helped to make it so. Good night, Mr. Stranger."

"Good night," and his hand closed over hers, as he quickly caught the meaning conveyed in her words. "Good-night, Miss Mystery."

At the end of the hotel season, Anne went up to Aunt Jane's little mountain home to rest for a couple of weeks, and then went back to Georgeville for the opening of school.

She found Georgeville all excitement. There was to be a reception and dance to welcome the new superintendent, and Anne, womanlike, was just as eager as all the rest to see what he was like.

"Well, you old dear," she said, addressing her remarks to her very much wrinkled evening dress, as she fished it out of her trunk, "this makes the second very unexpected appearance for you this season. Well, if we have half as nice a time together tonight as we did on the occasion of our last party"—and Anne went off into a day-dream, from which she was aroused by hearing the clock strike six, which brought her to her feet with a "Mercy gracious, I must press my dress or I'll never be ready—but he was certainly mighty well-informed for a chauffeur, and he never even asked me my name," she finished vaguely, not making it very clear even to herself just what connection there was between the first part of her sentence and the last.

Eight o'clock found Anne together with the other teachers of her school waiting her turn to meet the guest of the evening. Anne was the last in the line, and as the usher gave her his arm, the girl found herself rehearsing the very correct speech with which she hoped to make a good impression upon her new superior officer, but the words died in her throat, and a light that was more than recognition leaped into her eyes, as the guest of the evening strode forward to meet her; and as his brown hand closed over hers he said softly:

"I must have the first dance, Miss Mystery."

And Anne, with the happy light still glowing in her eyes, lifted them to his, and said:

"I always find it best to obey the superintendent."

Americans in Tokyo and Yokohama. Half the Americans residing in Tokyo and Yokohama have come from four eastern states—New York, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts and New Jersey—according to a census taken at the dinner tendered by the American association of Japan to Roland S. Morris, the new American ambassador. New York State led with 41, Pennsylvania followed with 21, Massachusetts, 15; California, 13; Illinois, 12; New Jersey, 9, and Missouri, 7. Ohio was represented by 6; Kansas and Indiana by 5 each. Four each came from Connecticut, Maryland, Tennessee and the Philippines. Three hailed from each of the following states: Michigan, Minnesota, Wisconsin and Washington, and two from the Territory of Hawaii. One citizen each came from Maine, New Hampshire, North Carolina, Mississippi, Oklahoma, Iowa and Arizona.—East and West News.

Unpatriotic Man. During the recent drive for Red Cross memberships a man was approached and asked to take out a membership. He declined flatly and declared he had not subscribed for the Y. M. C. A. fund and the Liberty bonds, and didn't propose to join the Red Cross.

When pressed for a reason he said: "Why, didn't I pay \$600 for a substitute to take my place in the ranks during the Civil war? That is enough for one man."

CLOTHES ECONOMY FASHION PROBLEM

Style Changes Convince American Women Careful Study Is Necessary.

PROVES AN ABSORBING TOPIC

Short Sleeves, Narrow Skirts and Wrapped Fabrics, Are Among the Numerous Interesting Features of Dress.

New York.—Women are of many minds concerning clothes. Some insist that they will have everything made in the house, giving the seamstresses a chance to live; that they will study the best fashions for inspirational work in their own sewing rooms.

Others insist that they will spend this spring altering clothes that are almost as good as new, while others say that it is patriotic to spend.

It is quite well, observes a prominent fashion writer, that there are segments of differing thought. The continent is so full of women that they can group themselves into thousands of units, each with but a single purpose, and everybody will be benefited.

The Trick of Altering Clothes.

Every woman does not see economy in the same way. It would be foolish therefore, to preach the same sermon to the mass. There is no doubt that several thousands of women are debating, with intelligence and with a stimulating effort at sacrifice, this question of spring costumery; but, as far as the prophet can see into the future, business will not suffer by this discussion.

There will be hundreds of gowns remodeled in the sewing rooms of homes; there will be thousands of gowns bought for less than \$50 by women who once paid over \$100 for them; there will be a revival of individual work on clothes, and less will be left to the shops and the dress-makers; but there is enough money in this country and sufficient need and desire for spending to have everyone made easy and comfortable.

As for the business of altering clothes at home, words of wisdom and kindness should be said in favor of it. Much can be done to augment a wardrobe in this manner; but there will always remain the necessity for one new costume, no matter how earnest a worker the sewing woman may be.

It will not be an easy season for her who contemplates transforming her old clothes into new ones. At first glance she may think that things have remained much as they were, but as the season advances she will find that the changes have been drastic.

The French have subtly inserted into every garment, and every detail of the garment, sufficient change from what has been to upset the calculations of thousands who wanted to wear the clothes they possessed.

Skirts Very Narrow.

Skirts, for instance: The slightest flare at any seam makes even a conservative woman wearing such a garment wish she had stayed at home or remodeled her gown before she went out. Fortunately, the alteration from a wide to a narrow silhouette is mastered even by those who do not claim to be experts. The seams of a tailored skirt, for instance, are merely



Surplice bodice for evening. It belongs to an oriental gown, which has a net tunic caught at one side and embroidered in gold. The satin skirt is edged with monkey-fur fringe. The scarf is of currant-colored tulle.

ripped upward from the bottom and taken in as a continuation of the straight line from the hips.

The hem of frocks cannot be handled in so simple a way; but, fortunately for the economical woman, or the one whose patriotism has made her think that she should be economical in this question of apparel, the French have handed us out in a generous manner two of three very clever tricks that will turn the old into the new.

One of them is the holding in of a slightly full skirt by a loose band below the knees, finishing in a bow at the side.

Another trick is the gathering in of the fullness at the side of a skirt to a straight, embroidered band, which is strongly reminiscent of the first hobble skirts.

The women in the sewing room find delight in the fact that fullness is not taboo. She realizes that she can have whatever material she desires in a skirt if it does not flare away from the hips or the knees.

What the French call the "jupe tonneau" has a certain popularity, and the woman who owns a skirt of this kind (with its pannier effect at the



Monastic frock of silk jersey. It is the color of a banana and embroidered in a heavy design of white wool, with a thick cord around the waist. The vest and collar are of white organdie.

sides, achieved through umbrella folds, and its close, narrow hem) may leave it as it is. It satisfies the appetite of fashion today.

Short Sleeves; Low Necks.

The advent of the short sleeve in frocks, blouses, jackets and even top coats is startling to the American mind. We invented the elbow sleeve and forced it upon Paris. The word "invent" is, of course, a bad one to use in fashions, because everything has been, and therefore, everything is merely "revived."

When the elbow sleeve was considered by Paris as an American fashion projected through the demand for convenience, it was looked upon by the ultra-smart French designer as part and parcel of that work-a-day costumery which the Americans demanded and with which the European elegant would have nothing to do. We were called a working people.

After a while Europe as well as America adopted the short sleeve, and those in this country who were fastidious began to side with the French in their belief that the fashion was in elegant. For three years we witnessed streets filled with girls who wore elbow sleeves in separate white blouses, with Dutch necks, no collars, no gloves, and separate skirts. That was an ugly day in costumery. Let us hope that it will not be revived, although there is every evidence that the seeds of this evil have already been sown.

But these short sleeves, which were worn in the Directorate with every kind of gown and which were practically covered by rare old cashmere shawls, are not the only short ones that this spring has produced. We are evidently in for a reign of abbreviated arm coverings, inspiration for which has been gotten from all the centuries.

The Surplice Movement Wins.

Another change in the direction of fabrics across the body has been made by the French, and to follow it will require ingenious alterations on the part of the American woman. Evidently there is an idea that the fewer the buttons the better the frock. We have gone back to the time when strings held fabrics together and the cloth was cut in such a way that it remained where it was placed on the body.

Possibly it would be more comprehensive to put the whole thing into the statement that the more we are wrapped across the body the better dressed we are today.

This movement of fabric finds its most commonplace exploitation in the surplice bodice or jacket. Afternoon gowns and the most elaborate evening frocks have bodices that are merely elongated scarfs with armholes. They wrap around the figure at the waistline and the back, front or sides.

Separate surplice bodices are not considered too ignoble to be attached to a brilliant evening skirt. When the latter is of diaphanous and frivolous fabric the bodice may be of satin, brocade or tissue, and when it finishes its bias movement about the figure it is held at the side with a great gold rose. (Copyright, 1918, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

WANTED TO THANK DONORS

After This, It Would Be Folly to Say That Sailors Do Not Appreciate Gifts.

Mrs. Anna Steese Richardson writes in the Woman's Home companion: "As for knitted garments, I wish you could have been with me one day at a certain naval base near New York, when the crew of a ship which had been accidentally sunk in our very harbor entered the chaplain's office to receive their fresh supply of knitted garments. They had all lost their clothing, barely escaping with their lives."

"The boys lined up like the well-trained sailors they were, tucked their supplies under their arms and marched out again, headed by an officer. But the moment they broke ranks outside headquarters each boy became absorbed in his own particular package of knitted garments and comfort bag, turning the sweaters, the helmets, the wristlets and even the bags inside out, poking inquiring fingers into every corner.

"What are they looking for—sweaters?" I asked the young officer at my elbow. "Dear, no," said my guide with a laugh. "Letters, notes, the addresses of the lady who knitted the garment or filled the bag. They want to write back and say thank you."

"After watching their frenzied search for notes and addresses, nothing can ever make me believe that the boys do not appreciate such gifts."

JOKE ON DESTROYER CAPTAIN

Spent Hours Searching for Convoy Which It Turned Out Never Had Been Lost.

Humorous stories as well as tragic tales comes from the seas, even in war time. A British naval officer was relating with great glee to his friends at the club a story about one of his majesty's destroyers which was detailed to escort a transport filled with troops.

This transport, it seems, was commanded by a captain who, unlike most of his class, was meek and mild. The night was dark and dirty and naturally no lights were showing. In the storm and darkness the destroyer lost sight of her convoy. Her commander, who was one of the nervous, peppery sort, dashed up and down and around and about but could not pick her up. Of course the naval officer blamed the captain of the convoy for not keeping in touch and said things about the seamanship of the convoy's captain that would not read well in print.

Finally after several hours vain search the destroyer's commander thought his best plan would be to run for the nearest port and there see if he could get any news of the missing transport. The destroyer thrashed her way through a heavy sea at a speed of 20 knots. Just as she entered the harbor she picked up a plaintive wail from the convoy: "Need we follow you any longer?"

Art in a Butcher Shop.

When hotels have anniversaries or department stores end half centuries of service flowers are always present in abundance and a butcher uptown had observed this. Yesterday, when he noted by his calendar that the next day would end ten years of faithful service, he decided that flowers were in order. So, fearing that others would not remember the date he ordered. They came and the butcher arranged them as artistically as his art in dangling sausages allowed him. But when customers began to come in later he noticed smiles. At first he took this for commendation and smiled back, but later he walked all the way around the wreaths and inspected them more carefully. And then it was that he decided flowers could never, never become his friends. For resting in a cluster which was supported by the sausages was a banner reading, "Rest in Peace," and the ribbon which upheld the standard of the roses and was propped against the liverwurst, "We will meet you over there." Which brings to mind the immortal inscription by the reporter who interviewed the champion switzer cheese devourer of the world.—New York Times.

Bit of Finnish History.

Finland, which has declared its independence from Russia, has long been a buffer state between the latter and Sweden. After Peter the Great conquered Finland in 1721 and annexed its easternmost province, Viborg, Sweden made repeated but unsuccessful efforts to regain this province. Finally Alexander I, in 1809, brought all the Finnish territories under the Muscovite yoke. Since about 1890, however, Finnish liberties have been greatly curtailed. The powers of the Finnish diet were cancelled and its constitution practically abrogated. In 1903 a Russian dictator was appointed and the country flooded with Russian spies; arbitrary arrests and banishments became daily occurrences; no means of Russification was left untried. The Finns are of Mongolian extraction and number about 3,000,000.—The Marine Journal.

A Home Wrecked.

"I understand Mrs. Gabson has left Mr. Gabson and gone home to her mother."

"Yes, a sad affair. She charges him with excessive cruelty."

"You surprise me. Gabson doesn't look like a man who would beat his wife."

"Oh, he didn't do anything of that sort. He got hold of a gas mask somewhere and when Mrs. Gabson started one of her monologues he put it on."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

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SUNDAY SCHOOL

Lesson 9 — Second Quarter,
June 2, 1918.

THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES

Text of the Lesson, Mark 14:1-9—Memory Verses, Mark 14:8, 9—Golden Text, Mark 13:13—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

We will first consider the anointing at Bethany of our lesson verses, and then come back to the wonderful words of chapter 13. Comparing vs. 1, with John 12:1, there seems to be a difficulty in deciding just when this anointing took place, but the event itself is the important thing rather than the time of the event. We may have to wait to find out the time, as well as who Simon the leper was, and his relation to the Bethany household. It is more important to notice that they made him a supper and Martha served, and Lazarus, whom he raised from the dead, was at the table with him, and Mary anointed him beforehand for his burial; and in these three we see a resurrection life, restful service and true worship which is always costly. As in the incident of the widow's mites, we see the difference between God's estimate and man's; but the disciples called that a waste which the Lord Jesus said was a good work wrought on him. If only he approves what we do, it should not concern us what others think or say. I believe that not one of his followers understood him or knew him as Mary of Bethany did, for none of the disciples believed his oft repeated saying that he would be cruelly put to death and rise again the third day, and the other women, though they loved him, did not believe in his resurrection until after he was risen, and expected to find a dead body to anoint on the third day. Mary sat at his feet and heard his words and received them, and knowing that his enemies would prevent her or anyone from lovingly anointing his dead body, prepared the ointment and watched for the opportunity, and he granted it to her. How highly honored were Joseph and Nicodemus to be permitted actually to handle and anoint his dead body. How happy we will be if it shall be said of us that we did what we could. Let us remember II Tim. 2:15; Gal. 1:10.

Now as to chapter 13, and the parallel accounts in Matt. 24 and Luke 21, the disciples tried to call his attention to the buildings of the temple, the goodly stones and the adornings; but he said that these buildings would all be thrown down, and not one stone left upon another. We do seem to consider these sayings, for it wells as if we had come to the time of the beginnings of sorrows according to verses 7, 8. Four of them came to him privately as he sat upon the Mount of Olives, and asked him to tell them when these things would be fulfilled, and what would be the sign of his coming and of the end of the age. We must consider his replies in the light of the then approaching destruction of Jerusalem as a foreshadowing of the age we are now approaching. The far-off as well as the near were equally clear to him, for he declares the end from the beginning (Isa. 46:10), and two thousand years are to him as two days (II Pet. 3:8). He said that the whole age of the rejection of him and his kingdom would be characterized by wars and rumors of wars, plagues, pestilence, famines, earthquakes, with increasing intensity at the end, and so it has been all the way along, and we have surely come to the beginning of the end, and it may be nearly three years into the end time. (May, 1917.) We have come at least to the beginning of a time of distress of nations with perplexity; the sea and the waves roaring; men's hearts failing them for fear, and for looking after those things that are coming on the earth (Luke 21:25, 26); but we are not yet come to the great tribulation, such as was not since the beginning of the world, nor ever shall be, for immediately after that tribulation the Son of Man shall come in his glory to set up his kingdom on earth. (Matt. 24:21, 29, 30.) Before that great tribulation the church of this age shall have been completed and gone to meet the Lord in the air, for when he shall come in his glory we shall come with him (Col. 3:4; I John 3:1, 2). According to the book of the Revelation of Jesus Christ in chapters 4 and 5 the church has gone to be with him, then from chapters 6 to 18 is the account of the great tribulation period, after which in chapter 19 we come back with him to judge the nations and to reign with him. Let us lay to heart his words, "Take heed lest any man receive you: take ye heed, behold I have foretold you all things: take ye heed, watch and pray; for ye know not when the time is." (Mark 13:5, 23, 33.) In verse 30 we learn that Israel shall continue till all these things be fulfilled; neither his words nor his people can pass away and all his words shall be fulfilled (Luke 24:44). From verse 34 we learn that in his absence he has given to every man his work, and at his coming for us, when we meet him in the air, at the judgment seat of Christ we must be accounted of our stewardship, and our works will either be approved and rewarded, or burned up and we suffer loss (I Cor. 3:11-15; I Jno. 2:28).

Immersion in a solution of carbonate of soda will restore the color to turquoise.

THE CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR TOPIC

From —
The Christian Workers Magazine,
Chicago, Ill.

Doing His Will
May 26
John 15:8-14

"Doing His Will" is a part of the "much fruit" of which we read in the eighth verse. Fruit presupposes life. When a branch is grafted into a tree it partakes of the life of that tree. Believers are grafted into Christ and partake of his resurrection life, and bring forth fruit.

After this vital relationship with Christ is established, a governmental relationship follows. Union with Christ leads to glad submission to Christ. We prove what is that good and acceptable and perfect will of God. We come to see that—

"His will is God,
His choice is best,
And in perfect surrender,
There is perfect rest."

George Macdonald gave this beautiful and suggestive definition of faith.

First: That is man's business to do the will of God.

Second: That God takes on Himself the care of that man.

Third: Therefore, that man ought never be afraid of anything.

Inasmuch as this topic is to be considered at a union meeting with the Juniors and Intermediates, it would be well to have this definition of faith taught and memorized. Let the leader find Scripture verses illustrating the three propositions, after the reading of which some earnest word may be said enforcing each proposition. Ephesians 5:17, Romans 12:2, and Colossians 1:9, should be read with the first proposition; 2 Chronicles 16:9, Psalms 84:11, and Isaiah 41:10, illustrate the second; Joshua 1:8-9 enforces the third.

"Doing His Will" is a matter of joy to those who abide in Christ. "These things, (concerning abiding and obeying) have I spoken unto you that your joy might remain in you and that your joy might be full." Our divine Lord found His chief joy in doing the will of the Father; his too shall find chief joy in doing His will.

RISKED HIS LIFE FOR ENEMY

Glorious Deed of English Officer Surely
Constituted the Highest
Type of Bravery.

Valor and glory shine brightest when we behold them in sacrifices such as that of Gen. John Gough, V. C., who went from his place of safety far down the line to take comfort to his old regiment, and was killed while on his mission of mercy.

If where a high officer sacrifices himself for his men is glorious, what shall we say of the deed of a British officer who offered himself to save his foe? During an attempted daylight raid on the part of the Germans, they were held up by a withering machine gun fire and retired with great loss to their own trenches. One poor Hun, who was terribly wounded, was impaled upon his own wire, and he hung there writhing in agony in the eyes of both armies. Finally the sight of his suffering and his cries for help were too much for an English officer in the trenches opposite. Vaulting over the parapet, he walked boldly across No Man's Land in the direct face of the foe, and lifting his wounded enemy from the impaling wire, he carried him across the Hun parapet and down into his own trenches. When he arrived there a German officer took an iron cross which he wore off his own breast and placed it on the breast of the brave British officer. The firing on both sides ceased while he returned to his own trenches. And looking on, both friend and foe alike knew that they had beheld the highest form of glory. —Capt. Arthur Hunt Chute in Leslie's.

SMALL SPOONS AS REMINDER

Hotel Man's Idea Brought Good Results in the Decreased Consumption of Sugar.

At breakfast in a small hotel a traveling man noticed that the guests in the dining room were averaging about two spoonfuls of sugar to the cup of coffee, though the sugar was low in the bowl.

In the dining room of the railroad station where he got his lunch, the sugar bowl was empty. Nobody was grumbling about the scarcity of sugar or anything else, because the country was at war. But a man wearing spectacles did lift a big spoon out of the bowl where the sugar would have been.

"Wonder why it is customary for us Americans to shovel sugar instead of dipping it?" he asked a friend.

That night, at a hotel in the city, the drummer had dipped about four times with the after-dinner coffee spoon he found in the sugar before he got half as much sugar as he usually took. He looked at the negro waiter opposite and smiled.

"Yes, sah, mister," that black dignitary grinned, "that's what we calls the little 'war spoon.' The boss, he says it helps people to remember; and they don't use much more'n half as much sugar since he put it in the sugar dish."—Eugene Blake in The Victorians.

How to Eradicate Consumption. At the annual conference of the National Union of Railway Men in Manchester, England, it was declared that the most effective way of eradicating the fearful scourge of consumption is to insure that the citizens are not lacking in nourishing food, healthy homes, and reasonable facilities for leisure and open-air life.

HOW FRENCH WOMEN SAVE

Their Natural Talent for Economy Has Done Much to Help Withstand Hardships of War.

The French housewife, with her native talent for economy, has saved France up to the present time fully as much as have those fighting in the trenches. Good advice has been given to Americans, if they will only take it. Rich women who they will have many servants now have few. Expenses are cut all along the line. Simple meals and simple habits replace elaborate ones. A lady buys clothes, but for orphans and refugees, not for herself.

Poor women, who must reduce simplicity to frugality—what do they do? They make one sou buy two sou's worth by watching every centime. This, for countless women in Paris, means getting up at five o'clock in the morning to get a choice of things at the great market, Les Halles; walking long distances to go where things cost not so much as nearer home; walking instead of riding; keeping vigilant watch on the vendors; carrying along the street for good values; turning plain foods into attractive dishes by a well-flavored sauce and a garnishing which costs nothing.

In the old residential quarters of Paris there are hundreds of women of aristocratic connections and moderate means who before the war had several servants and who now have none, or perhaps one. And to women of all degrees of wealth there could scarcely be a more interesting study than to see how these gentlewomen and their humble helpers give a charming touch to hard economy.

A representative household is one where the regular income has suddenly stopped, but leaving a little more than the small government allowance. The ingenuity of housekeeper and cook accomplishes wonders. In many a home butter may now be served once a week and perhaps with only one course.

Perhaps three large strawberries must suffice for each serving at dessert, but they will be served with a grace that makes the eating of them a pretty ceremonial. If gooseberries and currants are inexpensive they will combine remarkably with other berries for a compote. Perhaps dessert will be a spoonful of jelly with a simple little cake; or perhaps dessert will give way to cheese, taking on a new attractiveness on its plate of green leaves.—Leslie's Weekly.

Took Their Grain to Mill.

The report published in a Bridgeport newspaper that the owner of a grist mill at Sandy Hook, Conn., having secured a few bags of wheat, ground it up and sold it to his neighbors to be mixed with Western flour, the result being a cheaper material for bread, brings us back to the days of hardy more than a generation ago, when Northern farmers produced grain on their farms and had it ground in the neighboring grist mill, then an institution to be found within a few miles of every neighborhood. There was no indication in those days that the ground product of the grain, whether corn or wheat, was inferior to any produced elsewhere. But now with the advent of modern machinery our civilization seems to demand a flour from which every particle of nutritious gluten, so far as it tends to discolor the flour, is eliminated. As for home-grown, home-ground meal, that is a rarity, known only to a few old-time epicures and secured by them with considerable difficulty. In the southern Appalachians, however, the old-time grist mill is still in use.—Providence Journal.

Eleven, by Actual Count.

An old porter started home one night in his normal condition, with a turkey which he had bought for his Christmas dinner.

The road was rough, and he fell several times over all sorts of obstructions in the path, dropping the turkey each time, but picking it up again.

Entering his house, he steadied himself as well as he could, and said to his wife:

"Here, wife, I've brought you eleven turkeys!"

"Eleven turkeys!" cried his wife. "I see but one."

"Nonsense, you're blind!" cried her good man. "Why, I fell down eleven times coming home, and I swear I picked up a turkey every time!"

Powerful Exterminator.

In India and Australia a rat and rabbit exterminator was tested some time ago. It consists of an outer and inner metal shell, like one small egg in a larger one. In the outer shell is sulphuric acid, in the inner metal egg is dry cyanide of potash. The outer shell is filled with acid and placed in the rat hole or burrow, and all rat holes are tightly sealed. After an hour or so the acid eats into the cyanide and turns loose a lot of deadly prussic acid gas.

Convenient Wrist Watch.

"I can't understand why the public make such a joke of the wrist watch," said the knut to the hardened sinner. "I'm sure it's a great convenience." "Yes. With the old kind of watch I always had to unbutton my coat and fish in every one of my waistcoat pockets for it. Now I have to unbutton my coat, fish in every one of my waistcoat pockets, discover that the watch isn't there, push up my sleeve, and look at it. A great convenience!"

Requires Time.

Fair One—How old are you, little fellow?

The Kid—E've.

Fair One—And what are you going to be?

The Kid—Six.



DUCK-BILLED PLATYPUS.

"I am happy today," said Mr. Platypus, and to prove it he rubbed his back against a rock and made soft sounds like a puppy would make when pleased.

"I am rather angry," said Mrs. Platypus. "A creature was very rude to me." And she went around trying to jab everything she saw with her tail which was horny.

"How glad I am I have a tail like this," said Mrs. Platypus.

"It's no different from mine," said Mr. Platypus.

"No, but it's a fine kind of a tail to have."

"True," agreed Mr. Platypus. "We can use it to guide us when we swim. It is what folks call a rudder—that is we can use our tails so they would call them rudders."

"Still I am angry today," said Mrs. Platypus.

"I am happy," said Mr. Platypus, rubbing his back against the rock again.

"Shall I tell you what makes me angry?" asked Mrs. Platypus, for just now she could find nothing to jab her tail with, except Mr. Platypus and she was not angry with him.

"Do," said Mr. Platypus.

"I heard some people say that we were the queerest creatures known, and one person—the one I am most especially angry with said—'They're always wanted for museums and zoos, for they are supposed to be the queerest animals in the world.'"

"And then they got into a heated argument as to whether we were animals or not. And they finally decided



"I Am Happy," Said Mr. Platypus.

we were nothing at all but queer creatures to be put some place where we could be gazed at as being very odd. And one person said more severe things than any of the others."

"My dear," said Mr. Platypus, "you mistook them—that is you took what they said in quite the wrong spirit. It's a very great honor to be as we are. And to be sure any museum or zoo would be glad to have us with them. We're different from all other creatures, and not only that but we're a mixture of different ones."

"They were quite right when they couldn't decide whether we were animals or not."

"Were they?" asked Mrs. Platypus.

"Yes," Mr. Platypus continued, "we're a mixture of animal, fish and bird."

"Indeed," exclaimed Mrs. Platypus. "Then it was not an insult they paid me!"

"Ah, no, it was a compliment. You see," Mr. Platypus continued, "we have a bill like a duck, our feet are web feet, our tails are horny and we can fight with them when we are angry and swim with them when we are acting like fishes!" Mr. Platypus rubbed for he thought he had made a joke.

"Yes, I was ready to fight anyone and anything with my tail just a short time ago," said Mrs. Platypus.

"We can choose many homes and be comfortable in them all," continued Mr. Platypus. "We can live by the sea, climb to the top of a tall tree. And what is more when we are up in the tree we can gaze about and see the world—at least the world nearby, and then we can dive from the tree into the sea."

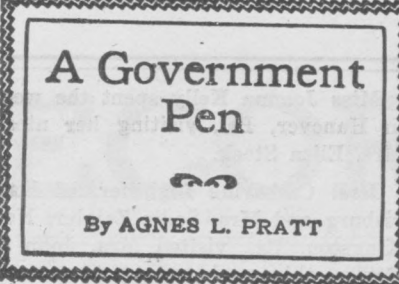
"So we can," said Mrs. Platypus. "And I can lay eggs and have beautiful children."

"Indeed yes," agreed Mr. Platypus. "So you are no longer angry?" he asked. "Just think of being the only kind of a creature who can do so many things. Great men think we are interesting, and children think we are funny, indeed. Isn't that fine?"

"Of course it is," said Mrs. Platypus. "I suppose those people were admiring me and thinking how wonderful it was to be so unusual. I was all wrong in thinking they were insulting me."

"Yes, you were all wrong in that," said Mr. Platypus. "But you're not wrong in anything else, for you're a fine, unusual creature, and I like you so much because you are just as I am, and do the same things. We're the happy Platypus Pair, and do rub your back on a part of my rock, to show that now you're feeling pleased."

So Mrs. Platypus rubbed her back on the rock and giggled! Then she felt as happy as her husband, and very soon the top happy Platypus Pair climbed to the top of a high tree, and in a little while made the most wonderful of dives deep down into the water below. When they came up again they were smiling and certainly looked like a pleased Platypus Pair!



A Government Pen

By AGNES L. PRATT

From my position on a desk by the window I can look out over the greenward, just at present with beds of flaunting tulips and its great fountain, whose jeweled drops scintillate in the sunny air.

The grass is like a square of emerald velvet, bordered along its sides with gray, chiseled granite; and the lacquered iron seats scattered here and there, look inviting.

I, myself, am old and battered, having been busy for months recording the emotions of the human souls that stream in at the revolving doors yonder, and can again, at the one near me, I can see for myself that the building wherein I have an abiding place is magnificent. I behold the massive front of red brick, with costly trimmings of brown stone. Two immense electric lanterns throw floods of light, nightly, through the lace-like iron flange that protects them, on the masses of humanity that beat with rhythmic tread the wide sidewalk beneath the window.

In my short life, for the existence of a pen in the service of this great government must of necessity be abbreviated by the democratic handling it receives, I have recorded more than one pitiful life story.

It is not long ago the noble elms surrounding the green were bare and gaunt against a grayer sky, that a young man with hopeful eyes leaned over the desk where I was lying, idle for a wonder, and reaching out, grasped me tightly. As I flew, with impatient strokes over the white sheet, I found that I was writing thus:

"Dear Mabelle—I may write—may I not?—what I cannot say, for when I am with you my lips are ever silent. I followed you to the city, dear, I sought and found work—because—because—I wanted to be near you. And now I find that I want to be near you always, so much so that I am willing to brave your disapproval, which I have often seen growing in your clear, brown eyes—and ask you to marry me, dear—now, tomorrow—next week—any time, only that you will have it some time."

"I am in an awful hurry, or I would say more. But I have an appointment at the quarry and all this means money—and perhaps you—to me. I have stopped here, in the post office, to pen these few lines, with a horribly poor pen, by the way."

"Please answer at once, and say yes—to—Jack."

I could forgive him the ill-mannered reflection on my character, when I felt the pace his heart was going communicated itself to me through his fingers.

I hoped she would say yes as I rolled complacently over on my side, when he laid me down, and amused myself watching the gardener raking here and there among the stubble brown grass that clothed the green.

Dipped thousands of times in ink, as I was daily, the foregoing episode had nearly faded from my mind, when presently it was abruptly recalled. A young girl in a jaunty gray jacket, with an aureole of violets shading her sunny brown hair, came hastily to the desk, picked me up, looked at me with disapproving eyes, laid me down, tried another pen, and then returned to her old lover, meaning myself. A straggling sunbeam kissed her shining eyes till they glistened an old-fashioned goldstone and lovingly caressed, with ruddy fingers, the chestnutny ringlets of hair beneath the violet aureole.

And, as I reposed snugly in the embrace of her gloveless fingers, she moved me rapidly over the paper and inscribed, in graceful characters, an application for a money order.

It was a prosaic culmination of my ardent and romantic desires, but I had only to wait a few moments when something followed. Without hesitation, though each stroke of my rusted tip was cutting through two quivering hearts, she indited the following:

"Dear Jack—I know what you will say when you read this—you will say I am hard-hearted, that I do not care—that I ought to leave all and cling to you, if I love you—but I cannot do what you wish me to. And Jack, dear, I do love you, too. But they, my parents, need me—need my help. I have left them up there, in the country home, while I go battling with the cruel world, so that I may be of use to them, who did for me as long as they were able. You know the whole pitiful story, Jack."

"A breath just now from the newly springing grass on the green brought it back to me, and I have half-closed my eyes so the tears should not fall on my letter. Father blind, mother his only attendant, and feeble herself, with only my arm—Jack, my woman's arm—between them and want. You would say, if you were here and I was talking now instead of writing this, that your arm was stronger than mine and you could do for them and me. But think, there would be four of us then, and could you do for four—and you a young man, with such prospects as you now have? Could you weight yourself with your own burdens and mine, too? No, it can never be."

"Better for both of us that we should put such thoughts far away from our hearts. This is a cruel old world, Jack, and diamonds, not hearts, are trumps. I must not marry while they live, unless—Jack, it is cruel, but I

must sell myself for gold if I marry at all."

I was glad when she finished abruptly and laid me down where I could watch the streets pouring their seething masses of human beings, God knows where—I do not. Back and forth ebbs this ceaseless tide, but from what diversified sources it has come, and to what it is going, I know not.

In a few days he came in again, and I wrote for him a few words, a pitifully brief message:

"I am going to the Philippines. You have made it impossible that I should live here, and I care not whether I live elsewhere or not. A worthless life is best offered up on the altar of my country's service, and mine will be only another name to add to the list of poor devils already killed by pestilence or the bullet of a Tagalo."

There was nothing else, only his name. It was quite time that I should be replaced with a new pen. I had outlived my usefulness—but I continued to be overlooked and quietly a day and night have I lain there musing on the desk by the window and thought of that brave fellow, off ever, fighting where no glory could ever be his, crawling through tropical undergrowth and searching out the treacherous foe—to be finally wasted and killed by insidious disease—denied even the honor, doubtful, perhaps, of dying by the hand of the enemy.

It was only the other day. I know the brilliant bloom had just burst from the beds in front of my window, and great crystal drops from the fountain were blown by the madcap breezes of the spring when my soldier came in and stood near me. He had returned, and there was a happy light in his eye, a flush beneath the rich bronze tinting of his cheek. Evidently his enlistment and service had done him no harm.

He gave one quick glance across the rainbow brightness that crossed and recrossed the velvet greenness of the turf outside, grasping me, his old friend, he wrote hastily:

"Dear Mabelle—I have come home for good. My time is up, and I have great news for you, for while out there, fighting natives and sickness, and dreaming of you—my fortune here was being made. Something I had done in the old life—journalism—it seems attracted the attention of the great ones in power, where formerly I was almost an unknown quantity. So that I returned to find the struggle ended and a sure place waiting for me, at a salary that seems marvelous, almost. At least it will suffice for all of us, and your dear ones shall never know want while I live. I have written this to your old address and am not quite sure where I shall find you. A line will bring me to your side; and dear—let it be soon, please."

My heart sang with his for joy and I was glad that it was spring, glad the grass was soft and green, the flowers bright and the birds singing. For somewhere, up in the branches of the great elms, some birds were riotously chanting a greeting to all things new and beautiful.

The next day—yes, it was only the next day—she came again, but how changed! More beautiful, if anything, but something subtle had departed from her personality and had been replaced by another something that I could not define, but only feel. And she, too, lifted me and presently she wrote:

"Dear Jack—Dearest now, because impossible by my own wickedness. Your letter came to me last night, after following me about all day. I am glad you have come back and that you were not killed out there, as I was afraid you would be. I have watched the papers and my heart has ached; but Jack, dearest Jack, I have gone and spoiled all the beautiful happiness that life had in store for me—on the eve of its appearance. Last month I married—much—and for the gold I have needed so much—and for the man I did not love, a man who is old enough to be my father—and who is not like you, Jack. And in less than two weeks, only two weeks ago—and it seems a lifetime to me—they were both gone—gone, Jack, to where they could never want what I had sold my soul and your love for. Mother went suddenly, Father just failed and then—he was gone. They held out their hands to me, he said to me, one day—and he went to me. I have forged my chains, beautiful fetters they are, of solid gold and jewelled—but they burn into my flesh like fire, and they blind till, from very agony, I must groan. Pity me, Jack. If you are unhappy what must I be? Oh, wait for me—wait for me—Jack, perhaps—he is older than I—and perhaps some time—Forgive me, Jack, and forget me.—Mabelle."

I turned and looked out across the velvet green. Through its cool tree-shaded walls the throngs still surged, each heart knowing its own burden, carrying it silently and cursing or praying as was its nature.

The fountain sparkled in the sunlight, the flowers held their cups to catch its spray, great trees bent their heads as the fleecy clouds rolled above them; and only the song of the birds was wholly happy.

Her Specific Instructions.

The sex that Robert W. Chambers made famous is the same that delivers telephone messages to spouses something like: "A man called you up today—I think his name was Smith or Jones; no, it wasn't them—something like that, anyway; no, he didn't leave any message; he said you were to call him up at—now when did he say?"

Well, I forgot just when, but he left his number; wait a minute, I put it down on a piece of paper—just wait till I get it. Oh, dear, I remember I mislaid it somewhere now; well, anyway, he said you were to call him up."

—Chicago Evening Post.

