

JUST FUN

JONES' WHOPPER

"That fellow Jones is the worst liar I ever met."
"What now?"
"He says he took his car to the garage man and the fellow found there wasn't much the matter with it and actually fixed it—fixed it, mind you—and didn't charge him a cent for the trouble."

The Nonchalant Aviator.
"Are you hurt?" asked the excited farmer, as he rushed up to an aviator whose plane had been wrecked in his corn field.
"No."
"Then what are you swearing about?"
"I've just discovered that I'm out of cigarettes."

His Daily Diet.
Judge—You're accused of stealing some swords and fencing fells from a pawnshop—and you'll probably tell me you did it because you were hungry.
The Accused—Yes, your honor! I'm the sword swallower at the circus!

Near Tragedy.
Voice (In darkness)—Rastus, you black rascal, get out of that chicken coop. I've got a shotgun aimed at you.
Voice From Chicken Coop—Fo' de Lawd's sake, colonel, don't shoot! You might kill a chicken!—American Mutual Magazine.

Testing It.
"Young man," said the boss, impressively, "what you want to learn is that perseverance wins, perseverance, sticking everlastingly at it!"
"Yes, sir," said the youth. "That's what you told me the last time, and I'm here again the way you said it, asking for that raise!"

Sparing His Feelings.
"I want a word of advice."
"Well?" replied Mr. Wadleigh, grimly.
"What is the best way to approach you for a loan?"
"If you are sensitive, you had better write for it, and when you get my reply tear it up without reading it."



TEMPORARY INCREASE
"Did you gain in weight during your hunting trip?"
"Only temporarily. I went back as soon as the doctor removed the shot."

No Fair Exchange.
When our farmers take positions, voicing statesmanlike alarm, we hope our politicians will not have to run the farm.
The Feeling Was Mutual.
Benny—That fellow Wilkins is just crazy about you. He told me that he was starving for love.
Jenny—Yes, both of us are. He hasn't taken me out, to dinner once in the last year.

Off Duty.
"Who is that fellow trying to start a bawky automobile and swearing in a manner shocking to hear?"
"Pass on and don't embarrass the poor devil. He's the president of our local 'Optimist' club."
No Trouble to Listen.
Father—Now, my son, I'm going to give you some good advice and some day you'll wish you had taken it.
Son—Fire away, dad, since from your own words you don't expect me to take it.

He Knew the Feeling.
Binks—I see where a famous scientist says that the world is coming to an end.
Jinx—Yes, that's about the way I felt after the poker game last Saturday night.
Very Different.
"Jim talks too much about himself."
"He claims that that is the way to make others talk about you."
"Yes, but they won't say the same things that you do."
Uncongenial.
Miss Gush (to popular novelist)—I suppose you just live with your characters.
Novelist—Oh, dear, no. They're rather an unpleasant lot.

Just What He Ordered.
Customer—Say, waiter, there's a potato bug in this soup!
Waiter—Well, you ordered vegetable soup, didn't you?

GILT-EDGED MODESTY
The hard-bolled captain of industry to whom a friend was introducing a young man just out of college and seeking a job:
"He is a fine, modest young man," said the friend.
"Modest?" snorted the big man. "What in thunder has he ever done to become modest about?"—Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.

Deep-Seated Grudge.
"You refer to the prosperous looking person as a 'coal baron.'"
"Quite so," replied the disgruntled proprietor of a little fuel business.
"But he's not a real nobleman?"
"Certainly not. And since I've been dealing with him I've found out that he's not even one of nature's noblemen."

Insult to Injury.
Fair One—Officer, arrest this man. He has been trying to flirt with me.
Mere Man—What! Her! Why officer I wouldn't flirt with her for a million dollars.
Fair One—Now, officer, you simply must arrest this man. He has insulted me.—American Legion Weekly.

Business in Politics.
"A man can't use money in politics any more."
"I'm glad of it," said Senator Sorghum. "If things had kept on the way they once started, the candidates would have been lining up at the primaries with 'shop early' slogans."—Washington Star.



CAUSE FOR SORROW
Snake—Why so sad?
Zebra—I'm sick of looking like a jail bird, that's why.
Can't Be Done.
Your face may be your fortune, miss. But effort is misplaced. In trying to increase your wealth by being double-faced.

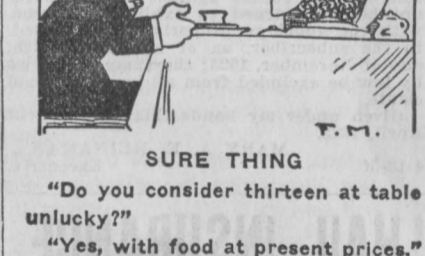
Secret Diplomacy.
Her Chum—However did you make your husband give you that lovely all-season trip?
Mrs. Wyse-Guy—Don't tell a soul. I had mother write and ask when it would be convenient for her and father and my two sisters to come and make us a nice, long visit.

Another Vicious Circle.
"One by one our children leave us," said the mother sadly, as the fourth daughter started on her wedding journey.
"Yes," replied the father, a little more sadly, "and one by one they bring our sons-in-law back to us."

Front.
Some people put all the money in "front."
For instance—
Said his wife: "The parlor furniture is getting very shabby."
Said he: "Have some elaborate coverings made."

Ahead of Fawther.
"Papa, the newly engaged daughter said ardently, "Dick and I are truly two souls with but a single thought."
"Well, child, don't be discouraged," her father replied soothingly. "That's more than your mother and I had when we were married."—Toronto Telegram.

A Disappointment.
"I hear that Mrs. Highbride is much disappointed in her husband."
"Dreadfully. She understood he was a home-loving man, and now he wants to tag along with her everywhere she goes."



SURE THING
"Do you consider thirteen at table unlucky?"
"Yes, with food at present prices."
Of Course Not.
It's really not consistent. As any one can see. When a fellow's living in "A Flat" To snore in loud "High C."

No Masher.
"Yep, I went to hear that lady lecturer."
"Did you follow her?"
"Certainly not. I wouldn't follow a lady I didn't know, and besides I had my wife along."
Temporary Absence.
"What's the meaning of 'au revoir'?"
"It's what young authors say to their manuscripts when they send them out."
Joking the Jilted.
Tom (rejected and dejected)—I can never get her picture off my mind.
Dick—Printed there by her own negative, I suppose.

SPECIAL NOTICES
SMALL ADVERTISEMENTS will be inserted under this heading at One Cent a word, each week, counting name and address of advertiser—two initials, or a date, counted as one word. Minimum charge, 15 cents.
REAL ESTATE for sale, Two Cents each word. Minimum charge, 25 cents. APPLY AT RECORD OFFICE ads not accepted—but will receive sealed replies. No personal information given.
THIS COLUMN is specially for Wants, Lost, Found, Short Announcements, Personal Property for sale, etc.
ALL NOTICES in this column must be uniform in style.

HIGHEST CASH Prices paid every day for delivery of Poultry, Butter and Eggs. Specialty, 50c for delivery of Calves all day Tuesday or Wednesday morning. Geo. W. Motter.

HIGHEST CASH prices paid for Butter, Eggs, Calves and Poultry, at the New Produce House, formerly Schwartz's Produce. 50c for delivery of Calves.—W. A. Myers, Phone 57-M. 6-26-tf

WANTED—Butter, Eggs, Poultry, Lamb, Squabs and Calves at highest prices. 50c a head for delivering Calves. No Calves received after Thursday evening. Open every evening until 8 o'clock. H. C. Brendle's Produce. 1-5-tf

FOR SALE—Eight Pigs, 5 weeks old.—Franklin E. Study, near Piney Creek.

TWO FORD TOURING CARS (1917) \$125.00; one (1920) Ford Touring \$200.00; Ford (1918) Roadster, \$125.00. All in good condition.—G. E. Rothaupt, Harney, Md. 5-4-2t

MEDIUM-SIZED Refrigerator for sale. Apply at Koons' Bros. Store.

FOR SALE CHEAP—2 second-hand Disc Harrows; 1 second-hand 2-horse Wagon.—Geo. R. Sauble.

FOR SALE—Hampshire Sow and Pigs; thoroughbred Duroc Shoats; Irish Cocker Potatoes.—Paul W. Edwards, Taneytown.

POTATO CHIPS—Can be bought from me, when delivering, on Saturday, or at my home, any day in the week.—Mrs. John Byers, Taneytown. 5-4-2t

PLANTS FOR SALE—Cabbage and Cauliflower.—Mrs. Chas. F. Hahn, Taneytown, Md.

SOW AND 8 PIGS, also 10 other Pigs for sale by Mervin E. Wantz.

BEAGLE HOUND PUPS, for sale by Harry Nusbbaum, Taneytown.

TWO SOWS AND PIGS for sale.—Elwood Nusbbaum, near Kump.

HYMNALS REBOUND—I am getting together a lot of Church Hymnals for rebinding. Other books may be sent too. Will want to make the shipment May 15. Rebinding Hymnals will cost from 75c to \$1.00.—P. B. Englar.

HELPED BY RADIO
Broadcasting of Weather Information Aids All.
Farmers in Particular Have Been Benefited by Recent Advances Made in the Science.

The marvelous advance in radiotelephony which makes it possible for anyone to receive messages in spoken words, without having to learn a telegraphic code, has enormously increased the broadcasting of weather information during the past year, not only to farmers all over the interior of the United States, but to aviators and ships at sea, both on the oceans, the Gulf of Mexico and on the Great Lakes.

To receive radiotelephone messages requires only a limited equipment, simple and inexpensive. Thousands of farmers have installed receiving apparatus recently, with the result that the isolated rural home is brought instantly in touch with the many kinds of information, instruction and information that are being broadcast continually.

Weather information thus reaches the farmer as promptly and effectively as any urban business man. Farm operations are absolutely dependent for success upon a knowledge of weather conditions, and the protection of crops from disaster due to frost, drought, storms and other weather phenomena is only possible if adequate warnings are received in time. Heretofore a large number of the farmers of the country were so located that they could not be supplied by newspapers or telegraph with the daily forecasts and warnings of the weather bureau of the United States Department of Agriculture in time to be of service to them. Radiotelephony has changed all this. Also the number of broadcasting stations has increased to meet the needs of those equipped to receive the messages. A year ago daily state forecasts were being broadcast from 12 radio stations in only 7 states, and chiefly by radiotelephony, which few were able to take advantage of. Last July there were 98 stations in 35 states broadcasting daily weather forecasts and warnings by radiotelephone. Weekly reports on the effect of weather on crops and highways, and other information issued by the weather bureau are also disseminated by these stations.

The weather bureau does not own or operate any wireless equipment. The radio distribution work is accomplished through plants operated by other government agencies, by corporations and by private individuals, and without expense to the weather bureau. An exclusive wave length of 485 meters has been assigned by the bureau of navigation, Department of Commerce, for the broadcasting of weather forecasts and market reports. No station can use this wave length unless specifically licensed to do so. To avoid unnecessary crowding of the air and interference with schedules only two stations are licensed to broadcast in any city or community. This limits the number that would otherwise gladly co-operate in the work. There are at present about 400 licensed broadcasting stations in the United States.

The Rare Albino.
In the struggle for life among creatures of the wild, the albinos have a very poor chance of existence. They are handicapped by their defective eyesight and their conspicuous appearance, and it is seldom that they reach maturity. Now and again, however, in different parts of the globe, exceptions are recorded and quite recently the London Zoological society has been fortunate in securing a pure albino monkey captured at Morogoro, Tanganyika Territory. The ordinary monkey of this species is greenish in color, with sooty-black face and hands, and hazel-brown eyes. In the white specimen the hair is snowy white, the naked hands and feet are pale flesh-color, and the eyes pinkish, with the iris faintly blue. The albino is the result of a congenital deficiency of coloring matter in animals, persons or plants. Among persons the albino was first observed by the Portuguese in certain West African negroes.

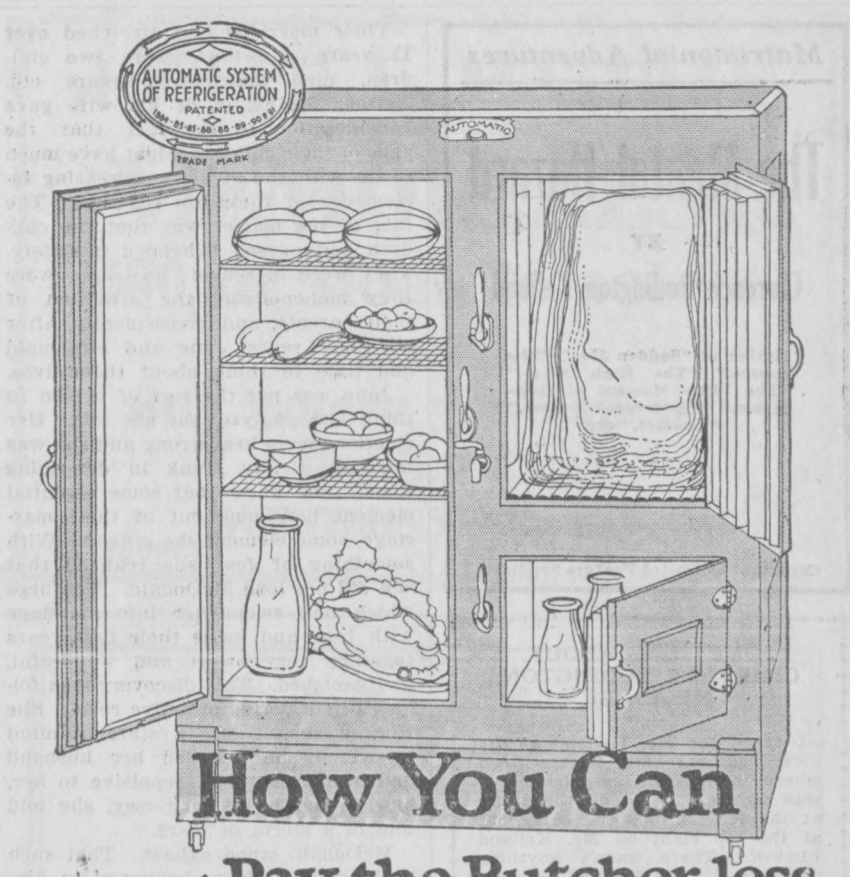
Farm Episode.
"Gabe, what are you doing in the farm yard?"
"Nuffin, boss."
"You didn't come over to molest my henhouse?"
"No, boss."
"I see. You came over to chop some wood for me."
"Dat's it."
And Gabe had to chop two hours before the foxy farmer would let him go.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Too Ready to Agree.
She—Can it be that you really love me?
I know I am not beautiful.
He—But I care nothing for beauty.
She—Oh, indeed! So you do not hesitate to insult me already! Please consider our engagement at an end.—Boston Transcript

DAY OLD CHICKS—We sell them. Let us have your order.—Reindollar Bros. & Co. 3-16-tf

WANTED—Rabbits, 18c lbs.; Old Pigeons, 40c pair; Guinea Pigs, 50c pair. Furs bought until March 24.—Brendle's Produce. 3-16-2t

S. C. WHITE LEGHORNS Day-old Chicks for sale, after May 1. \$12.00 per 100.—Samuel D. Bare, Route 11, Westminster. 4-20-3t

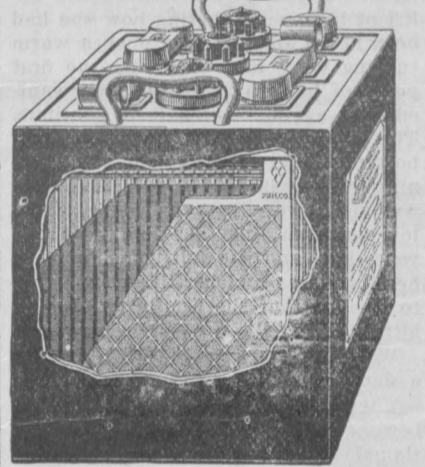


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NOTICE TO CREDITORS.
This is to give notice that the subscriber has obtained from the Orphans' Court of Carroll county, in Md., letters of administration upon the estate of
M. EILEEN SCHWARTZ,
late of Carroll County, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased, are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers properly authenticated, to the subscriber, on or before the 4th day of November, 1923; they may otherwise be lawfully excluded from all benefit of said estate.
Given under my hands this 6th day of April, 1923.
EDWARD O. WEANT,
Administrator.
To Chicken Breeders
Why bury your profits when Englar's Chick Winner is a Specific for White Diarrhoea in young chicks. Sufficient in bottle for 500 chicks. Price \$1.00 per Bottle. Parcel Post prepaid.
DR. J. F. ENGLAR,
Veterinary Surgeon,
WESTMINSTER, MD.
4-13-1f
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Matrimonial Adventures

The Mental Hazard

BY Clarence Budington Kelland

Author of "Sudden Jim," "The Source," "The High Flyer," "The Little Moment of Happiness," "Scattered Balances," "Canities," etc.

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SOMETHING ABOUT CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND

I asked for Mr. Kelland at the First National bank in the town where he lives on Long Island. I was directed to ascend the stairs at the left. I did, and came out at the top right on Mr. Kelland himself. There wasn't anything up there but Mr. Kelland and Mr. Kelland's desk, a typewriter, much paper, and the other chair in which I sat. We were completely surrounded by room.

He knows the Northwest and the Maine woods; the business of big industries; and he knows everyday people, too, the way they think and feel and love. His attitude is big and human and typically American. His first story to bring him into prominence was "Sudden Jim." Since then, his has been a name to conjure with.

"I'm beginning to think," said McDonald Kent to his wife, "that marriage is like golf—full of mental hazards."

"I presume," said Jane icily, "that you're trying to say something disagreeable."

"I don't want to be disagreeable, God knows," she said. "I don't want to start the day with a rumpus, but—" "But you always do," she said provocatively.

Their marriage had stretched over 11 years, and there were two children, nine and seven years old. Neither McDonald or his wife gave consideration to the fact that the ages of their children might have much to do with the steadily increasing inclemency of their life together.

Jane was not the sort of person to think and analyze, but she felt. Her emotions were headstrong and she was undiplomatically frank in describing them.

They had reached a point which every married couple must reach—the moment of readjustment when they must rebuild upon a new foundation or see their structure swept away by the rising storm.

Jane's reactions, however, were purely emotional. She no longer loved McDonald, and to love seemed to her the one essential to life—to love and to be loved.

Which, if you stop to think of it, is a dangerously fertile state of mind. The first sharpness of realization became somewhat dulled. Life continued. The household remained intact, but always it perched upon the brink of disaster.

Jane had always done much as she pleased, and McDonald had interfered little with her whims and amusements. She had her friends, both men and women, but John saw with alarm, her men friends were narrowing down to one.

For weeks at a time his presence was required in the city day and night. For weeks at a stretch he carried his load of worry into his home after midnight, there to lie tossing, brain vexed almost to madness, unable to sleep.

Life again that thing she craved—romance, the eagerness of those first days of her marriage. He loved her. Vehemently he told her of his love, and she delighted in the stirring of it—and then as must happen, being in love with love, she imagined herself in love with Firth.

For weeks now Jane had been holding Firth at arm's length, reluctantly and more reluctantly, with difficulty and with greater difficulty. She was happy again, clandestinely happy, thrilled, poised on the brink of the precipice.

Usually he rode home in a jitney—tonight he walked, walked to save the quarter it would have cost to ride. He took the short cut through a vacant lot to his back door. The soft lawn deadened his footsteps as he rounded the house to the low porch, and he arrived unheard.

"You must love me," he heard Firth say. "You must, you must. . . I can't get along without you, Jane. . . Jane. . ." There was a brief silence. "Tell me you love me. Say you'll go away with me. . . Nobody, nothing has the right to keep us apart if we love. It's a sin to keep us apart."

McDonald turned slowly. Stealthily he walked away. He did not want to be seen or heard. He wanted to get away and to face this new disaster, to stare into its eyes and to demand its meaning. He tramped. Hour after hour he tramped, his head seething with incoherent thoughts.

There were savage thoughts, too; violent thoughts, but he fought them down. Somehow he did not blame Firth, and he could not blame his wife. Circumstances, cursed circumstances, were at fault. It was just the way things had happened. . . . And then, as dawn broke over the eastern tree tops, fatalism came to his succor.

Elizabeth was spending Christmas at Uncle Fred's. The kitchen was a busy place, and she was told to stay out of it, which was rather a hardship. Her cousins, the twins, sometimes made trips out there and she said dolefully to her mother: "The twins keep going to the kitchen and they are just boys and here I'm a nice little girl and I can't go."

"What has happened? What's the matter?" He paused. Which calamity should he announce first? Something, not reason, told him there was but one calamity to announce. About his discovery of last night he would be silent.

"I'm broke!" he said baldly. "Broke! What do you mean?" "I mean," he said, patiently, "that the business has gone up the spout. I've lost everything. Even this house has gone. We'll have to get out of it. . . I haven't a cent in the world. It's—the end."

"You poor boy. . . Everything you've worked so hard for?" "Everything," he said dully. "I'm—done."

"Poor boy," she said softly. "Poor boy. . . I—Oh, McDonald, can't you see I couldn't go now? If you were rich—if everything was all right with you—she hesitated. "But not now, not when—you need me. Sit down, here. She drew him upon the bed beside her. "I may be a rotter," she said, "but I'm no quitter."

RECOVERED MORE THAN DIME Andrew Carnegie Stopped for Small Coin, and Had One More Proof of His Being Lucky.

Sometimes even the trivial side of a great man appeals to the public, writes Roscoe G. Mitchell in The Nation's Business. There is one experience I had with Mr. Carnegie. I had a copy of a cable from Berlin relative to some move made by the then Emperor William looking to the promotion of world peace.

Unfair Discrimination. Elizabeth was spending Christmas at Uncle Fred's. The kitchen was a busy place, and she was told to stay out of it, which was rather a hardship.

A Bank Account Makes Good Ballast for the Sea of Life Success is Withheld from Many. TANEYTOWN SAVINGS BANK

SPRING SHOES. We are showing a fine assortment of styles in Oxfords and Pumps. Patent Leather Oxfords, also one and two strap Pumps, with all heights of heels. J. THOMAS ANDERS WEST MAIN STREET Westminster, Md.

Clothes of Quality and Style Styleplus, Monroe, Schloss Bros., Kuppenheimer Hand Tailored Guaranteed Suits \$25 to \$45. 500 TO SELECT FROM All the New Designs in Light and Dark Colorings SPLENDID VALUES IN SUITS, \$15 \$18 AND \$20 Handsome Two Pants Suits For Boys, \$5 to \$15 A Wonderful Line of Shirts and Ties. Sharrer, Gorsuch & Starr WESTMINSTER, MD.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS. This is to give notice that the subscriber, has obtained from the Orphans' Court of Carroll County, Md., letters testamentary upon the estate of AMANDA ELIZABETH GETTIER, late of Carroll County, deceased.

HAIL INSURANCE ON Growing Crops. It is not too early to think of it; to inquire about it, and plan to get it. Field corn, wheat, peas and sweet corn, are now insurable at the same rate. Insurance can be had up to three-fourths of the value of the crop per acre.

Semi-Solid Buttermilk. It Reduces Mortality. Keeps Your Stock Healthy. Lessens Loss from Disease. Grows your Stock Rapidly. Keeps Breeding Stock thrifty. Markets Your Stock Earlier. And Pays Its Own Way. "NATURE'S PERFECT FOOD" FOR POULTRY, HOGS AND CALVES. ALL SIZE PACKAGES. Wooden Barrels \$4.75 cwt Half Barrels 5.25 cwt Kegs 5.75 cwt 50-lb Metal Pails 3.50 each "FUL-O-PEP" POULTRY FEEDS Linwood Elevator Co., LINWOOD, MD. C. & P. Phone, Union Bridge 38-M.

