











## The Green-Eyed Monster

By LILLIAN H. CROWLEY

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Eunice Cameron and her married sister, Stella Young, were sewing one pleasant morning. Stella was hemming napkins, while Eunice was embroidering a bit of dainty lingerie. Eunice was engaged to be married, but the day was not set. Her fiance, Dr. Vincent Carter, was building up a practice and he hoped, before long, to be able to support a wife comfortably. The sisters were both beautiful girls whose parents had died a short time before, leaving them barely enough to make ends meet. Stella had married a poor clerk who might else do something better if he had any ambition, but Stella was learning, much to her sorrow, that he would never be anything else. It made her bitter and she was jealous of her sister's better prospects, for Doctor Carter was not only hard-working but ambitious.

"There's one thing," said Stella, "about being a doctor's wife; you never know where your husband is. Now I can get Rufus at any time, for he is always at the office except at lunch time and I even know where he lunches."

"Of course," replied Eunice, "one has to expect a different life. I've thought about it and I intend to go on with my music so as to have a distinct work of my own."

"You know that handsome doctor is always popular with women. How will you know you can always hold him?"

"I won't know, in fact," replied Eunice, "but I love Vincent too much ever to doubt him. Love is trust!"

The front doorbell rang and Stella opened it to Clarissa Garten, a neighbor.

"I'm glad to find you in, Eunice," she said with a tightening of the lips and an "I'll do it if it kills me," air. "Did you see Doctor Carter last night?"

"No," replied Eunice, "he was busy." "Yes, he was busy, all right, and I think you ought to know how."

"What do you mean?" asked Eunice in surprise.

Stella drew her chair up closer. "Well, I was waiting for my husband on the mezzanine floor of the Faxon hotel last night about ten o'clock when Doctor Carter got out of the elevator. He had gone only a few steps when just about the prettiest girl I ever saw—and beautifully dressed—rushed up to him and I never saw anyone so glad to see a man as she was to see him. I couldn't get a look at his face as his back was turned to me, but—they shook hands longer than people usually do. Everybody noticed them. It was almost a scene."

"Then they went over and sat down on a settee and talked together in the most animated way for all of ten minutes. Then Jim came for me and we left, but just as I stepped in the elevator I looked at them again, and this time I saw Doctor Carter right in the face and he was the happiest-looking man I ever saw. He was beaming. There, now! I decided it was my duty to tell you, and I've done it."

"I always expected it," declared Stella.

For a few moments Eunice was crushed. She was thinking of the hurried talk over the telephone with Vincent. She had expected him as usual in the evening. He had a call, he said, a case that would take some time. She had given it no further concern, but had stayed at home with her sewing and her loving thoughts of him. Now she said: "Whoever she was—it must be all right. A doctor necessarily meets lots of people. I trust Vincent!"

"Very well, I've done my duty," said Mrs. Garten.

"Eunice, dear, Clarissa is right in telling you. You can't trust an attractive man," said Stella.

They heard the ring of the telephone and Stella answered it. "Doctor Carter to speak to you, Eunice."

Tremblingly Eunice took the receiver from her sister's hand.

"Dear," she heard the beloved voice, "I am called to Chicago, suddenly. I won't have a minute's time to see you. I shall be gone for three or four days. I have arranged to leave my patients. I'll be at the Stonewall hotel."

"Yes—yes, of course." "Anything the matter, dear?" "No—oh, no; good-by." She hung up the receiver and with dragging footsteps started to leave the room.

"What did he say?" asked Stella.

"He's going to Chicago for a few days."

"That's strange—after last night. It's just as well, Eunice, that you found him out before you married him."

Eunice, too unhappy for words, went to her room. She was crushed, her sister and Clarissa Garten, women older and more experienced than herself, were sure that Vincent was fickle.

Her sister knocked on her door and came in. "Clarissa's gone," she volunteered, "and we both think you ought to make Doctor Carter explain. Be firm now and perhaps you can hold him later. Don't be a doormat woman!"

Anger came to the rescue. "I'll write him now."

It was unlike Eunice to let pride and self-pity get the upper hand, but the constant stings of her sister had

gradually undermined her natural trustfulness.

In the heat of passion she wrote demanding an explanation of his conduct with a woman so lost to all sense of propriety as to make a display of her love for him. Stella mailed the letter for her and she went to bed in a darkened room.

The next morning Doctor Carter found the letter awaiting him. How sweet of Eunice to think of having a note there the minute he arrived! Then—his spirits sank. He dropped into a seat and stared blankly ahead. He re-read the letter and tore it into bits. He did not answer it.

Hopefully Eunice waited to hear from him. The postman's ring made her heart beat near to smothering her. Then Stella's look of pitying understanding stabbed her as though needles had been driven into her heart.

Several days had elapsed and then the morning paper published the following:

"Dr. Vincent Carter, brilliant young surgeon of Omaha, assists the famous French surgeon, Dr. Henri La Chapelle, in operating on Miss Frances Bowen, the young heiress of the Bowen millions. Miss Bowen had suffered from hip disease ever since babyhood and the great surgeon came to Chicago expressly to perform this most delicate operation. Doctor Carter had studied with Doctor La Chapelle six years ago in Paris and had assisted him in operations of a similar nature. Doctor La Chapelle had asked to have the young surgeon assist him, but the Bowens did not know where to find him.

"The strange part of the story is that Miss Evelyn Saxton, Mrs. Bowen's sister, who is the fiancée of James Rogers, famous football star, and who had been up in the mountains, was on her way to Chicago. Spending a few hours in the Faxon hotel while waiting for her train, she found Doctor Carter, whom she had met a number of times at some of the hops of the University of Chicago. She told him of the family's search for him. Doctor Carter immediately telegraphed Doctor La Chapelle and left the next day.

"The operation has proved successful, and Doctor La Chapelle has been persuaded to perform his wonderful operation in several of the large cities of the United States. Doctor Carter will be his assistant."

The sisters looked dazedly at each other. "Oh, Eunice, I'm so sorry. It's all my fault. I see now that I was jealous. I had been comparing Rufus with the doctor, and I said a lot of bitter things—catty things. Write and explain, dear."

"It's too late. You see, he is big and I am small—pitifully small."

Stella, all remorse, went out to a public telephone and got the doctor on the wire. She explained and took all the blame.

"I'll telephone Eunice at once," he said.

When Stella arrived home she found Eunice at the telephone. "Can you forgive me?" asked Eunice of her delighted fiance.

"Yes, dear, yes. It's all forgotten, too. We can be married right away, and you can go with me on my trip with Doctor La Chapelle."

### ENGLAND HAS "RAT WEEK"

Concerted Attack to Be Made by People on Rodents Estimated at 40,000,000.

The English people seem to be taking a leaf from our American book. Of recent years Americans have been rallied to devote a special "week" to all sorts of enterprises, from "swatting the fly" to raising money for city hospitals.

This seven-day period in England is to be devoted by the whole population, if they obey their department of agriculture, to a concerted mortal attack upon the rats of old England, which now number 40,000,000, according to a recent investigation, which is about equal to the human population. They destroy £15,000,000 annually in food-stuffs and do uncounted damage in other ways.

More power to the English elbow in this work! Here in the United States we have had local attempts at rat extermination, particularly along the sea coast. At one time apprehension of bubonic plague, which ship rats may carry, led to an activity of considerable extent in lethal fumigation of ships.

The money damage by rats here is no less than in England, and it is the part of plain common sense to make well-considered warfare upon the lives of these wholly destructive creatures, which, as disease carriers, are clearly forfeit to human comfort and convenience, and whose hides have a commercial value. It is quite likely that the incalculable danger and nuisance of the rats on ships have led to the present "drive" against them in a country whose shipping is its greatest commercial treasure.—New York Sun and Globe.

### Fingernails Grow 27 Yards.

From a Swiss scientist comes an announcement that the average man of fifty has 27 yards of fingernails in his lifetime. He says that children's nails grow faster than those of adults; thumbnails faster than little fingernails.—Popular Science Monthly.

### Sort of a Booby Prize.

"The motorist should remember that there is no prize offered for beating a railroad at a crossing," says an exchange. That's right! The prize is for not beating it, at any rate, the loser goes to his reward.—Boston Transcript.

## SCHOOL DAYS

YOUR MOTHER JUST TOLD ME TO TELL YOU THAT YOU KNOW VERY WELL THAT SHE DONT ALLOW YOU TO PLAY WITH JACK BROWN BECAUSE HIS MOTHER'S A WASHER WOMAN AND FOR YOU TO COME RIGHT STRAIGHT HOME AND PLAY WITH ME!



THE ETERNAL TRIANGLE

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## THE ROMANCE OF WORDS

"CABAL"

IN PRACTICALLY every work on etymology and in a number of dictionaries which are supposed to give expert information upon the history of the language one will find that the word "cabal," meaning a number of persons secretly united for some private purpose, is made up from the initials of the British ministry consisting of Sir Thomas Clifford, Lord Ashley, the Duke of Buckingham, Lord Arlington and the Duke of Lauderdale.

The history of the time indicates very clearly that these five men certainly formed what has come to be known as a "cabal" but, unfortunately for the truth of the story that it was on account of their initials that the word was born, at least two dates in connection with the word do not bear out this contention. In the first place, this ministry was not formed until 1670 and, on December 21, 1667, three years before, Pepys wrote in his diary: "The Archbishop of Canterbury is called no more to the Cabal, nor, by the way, Sir W. Coventry, which I am sorry for, the Cabal at present being—the King and Duke of Buckingham, and Lord Keeper, the Duke of Albemarle, and Privy Seal."

Even if Pepys coined the word, which is doubtful because of the sure manner in which he uses it, it antedates by nearly three full years the formation of the C-A-B-A-L ministry. The name appears to have been first given as a soubriquet to the English ministry after the restoration and was probably a British form of the Hebrew Cabala.

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## YOUR HAND

How to read your characteristics and tendencies—the capabilities or weaknesses that make for success or failure as shown in your palm.

## CARRIAGE AND MOTIONS OF THE HANDS

PROBABLY everyone has seen the person who carries the left hand and forearm across the front of the body, with the hand drooping at the wrist, while the right forearm is carried vertically and doubled back on the biceps. The right hand droops at the wrist and frequently carries some trifle, such as a pair of eyeglasses, whirled or twirled gently as the person walks. This is the "Miss Nancy" type, with an excess of femininity, in either the male or female. Such a person may be efficient if fitted in the proper sphere, but the world of great deeds is probably not for him or her.

The restless person, uncertain in purpose, with emotions that vary rapidly, seems to find no resting place for his or her hands. They are always in motion, fingering the watch chain, or a button, or something else. "These people are very often very strong characters, but need directing," says one well-known writer on the hand.

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### RUBBING IT IN.

Your son, the doctor, is here to see you. Father: Ye gods! Such ingratitude. After my sending him through Medical School, he returns to practice on me in my old age.

## Mother's Cook Book

Happiness is a normal and natural condition and something is radically wrong with every life wherein it doesn't play at least a predominating part. Such life fails also in performing its duty towards its neighbors as it should perform it.—Ralph Waldo Trine.

### EVERYDAY LUNCHEONS

IT IS easy enough to make some elaborate dish for an occasion, but it takes real brain work to keep up a daily menu without monotony.

Liver is one of our good foods, but is served so few ways. Here are a few changes which will be enjoyed by those who like liver:

#### Stuffed Liver.

Slice liver and parboil it in boiling water to cover. Soak six slices of bread in hot water for twenty minutes, then squeeze dry. Mix the soaked bread with one-half teaspoonful of salt, two teaspoonfuls of sage, two teaspoonfuls of bacon fat and a few dashes of cayenne. Place a spoonful of the stuffing on each slice, roll and fasten with toothpicks for skewers. Place the rolls in a buttered baking dish, add a cupful of boiling water and a spoonful of bacon fat. Baste occasionally and bake forty-five minutes.

#### Liver oHt Pot.

Cut liver into slices one-half-inch thick, soak in cold water for ten minutes, then dry thoroughly; dredge with seasoned flour. Lay in a buttered saucepan, cover with thin slices of bacon and sprinkle with chopped onion and a tablespoonful of chopped parsley. Cook at the simmering point well covered for one and one-half hours. Serve garnished with rolls of fried bacon.

#### Onion Soup.

Cut up six white onions very thin and fry in a tablespoonful of butter until brown. Add one quart of water and a pint of milk, season with a teaspoonful of salt, a dash of pepper, a pinch of mace and a teaspoonful of sugar. Cook slowly for an hour; strain. Beat four eggs until light; to a cupful of cream add a tablespoonful of cornstarch, cook until the starch is well cooked, then add the eggs, thinning with a little of the soup; heat again but do not boil, and serve at once.

Nellie Maxwell  
(© by Western Newspaper Union.)

## The Young Lady Across the Way



The young lady across the way says she doesn't see why her father is so opposed to the single tax, as he's been married for years.

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## Fields that Feed Us Are Plowed One Furrow at a Time.

When one sees the farmer and his faithful team plowing, little does he realize the food which feeds the world, is grown in fields that are turned over one furrow at a time.

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