

The Weekly Chronicle

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY AT EMMITSBURG, MARYLAND.

STERLING GALT, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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CHESAPEAKE AND POTOMAC PHONE.

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FRIDAY, JANUARY 12, 1912.

THE CHRONICLE will be independent in politics, progressive in spirit and a champion of what it conceives to be right.

[Editorial from The Chronicle, June 8, 1906.]

1912 JANUARY 1912 calendar grid showing days of the week and dates.

Communications intended for publication in this paper, letters of a business nature in relation to the Chronicle, and all orders for Job Printing to be done at this office should be addressed to THE WEEKLY CHRONICLE.

FREDERICK COUNTY.

Fredrick is next to the largest of the counties of Maryland. In population and wealth it ranks next to Baltimore county.

GOVERNOR GOLDSBOROUGH.

Amid unusual pomp and ceremony Mr. Phillips Lee Goldsborough took the oath of office on Wednesday, and now for the first time in sixteen years Maryland has a Republican governor.

THE JEFFERSONIAN.

The Jeffersonian, Maryland's latest Democratic county paper, is attracting attention all along the line—not simply for the reason that "Marse Fred" Talbott and Carville D. Benson are in the enterprise, but because The Jeffersonian shows up in true newspaper form, clean, well-edited and full of live, interesting matter.

and the General Assembly may both do their part to further this end.

THE PEACE DINNER.

There are all kinds of reports concerning the big Democratic "Peace Dinner" at Washington on Monday. Some represent it as a knock-down-and-drag-out affair; others as a billing and cooing fest; while others still imply that even if the feast did not completely harmonize all factions it did nothing to widen the various breaches already made.

All had a say—at least the big wigs did—and the principles of Jefferson and Jackson were revived, upheld and properly applauded along with the changes rung upon them by contemporary exponents of Democracy.

It was not to be hoped that any public question of import would be settled at this banquet. It was intended as a love feast and an informal feeler of the Democratic pulse.

AND BALTIMORE GOT IT.

The right thing has happened. Baltimore gets the convention and it only remains for the Monumental City to show the country a thing or two about the proper entertainment of big crowds.

DIET AND HEALTH HINTS

By DR. T. J. ALLEN Food Specialist. USE OF DRUGS DIMINISHING. "No medicine will be given by and by, for people are going to eat the right things."

WHAT a sudden influx of new dances! Thus far the "turkey trot" seems to have it on the "grizzly bear," which with the "ostrich slip" and the "kangaroo hump," does not come up to polite society specifications.

DID you ever closely observe the mental make-up of the knocker? Analyze him and see if that buzzing drone—who is forever saying "it can't be done," "there's nothing in it," "it won't work," isn't very much like an old iron pipe: full of crust and rust on the outside, and hollow within.

No, Raj Rajendra Narayan Bhup Bahadur is not a disease, although it sounds like one of the terms applied by the medical profession to some awful malady. It is simply the name of the Maharaja of Cooch Behar, a very mild and harmless looking young gentleman who took part in the recent Durbar.

THERE'S many a seeming "real thing" that's only a jet black sheep; so though it's leap year, pretty dames, look well before you leap.

WILSON is all right; Harmon is all right; Champ Clark is all right and Underwood is all right; but which can win if nominated? That is the question.

THE only Spartan trait in some folks is their ability to "do" other folks without being found out.

CURIOUS BITS OF HISTORY

PLENTY OF BEER BUT NO TOBACCO. By A. W. MACY. Beer and tobacco are supposed by some people to be on about the same footing, but a certain company in London 200 years ago did not seem to think so.

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Ancient Puffs and Switches.

The Greek, Egyptian, Carthaginian and Roman ladies of twenty-five centuries ago made us of the most astonishing quantities of borrowed hair, and the Roman women of the time of Augustus were especially pleased when they could outdo their social rivals by piling upon their heads a greater tower of additional tresses.

The Prince's Majority.

The famous "mad" king of Bavaria, Louis II., and Prince Otto, his brother, were brought up with great strictness and simplicity. Their father, Maximilian II., an excellent constitutional king, but in private life not particularly genial, allowed them no pocket money but what they earned by good marks at their lessons.

Suicides at \$100 Each.

A gentleman who lived a number of years in the city of Amoy, in China, told me that he could secure any number among the common people of that town to commit suicide for \$100 apiece.

Pronunciation in Ireland.

Many persons seem to see, or to hear, rather, something to be amused at in the soft Irish brogue. As a matter of fact, most of the words of the Irish "dialect" are not Irish at all, but the purest of English—English a trifle antiquated, it is true, but nevertheless the real thing.

Metals in the Human Body.

The human body contains, among other constituents, about two pounds of phosphorus, which is essential to the health of the bones and the vigor of the brain.

What She Asked For.

Uncle Jack, who was visiting them from the west, wished to talk to Elizabeth's father at his office.

Plenty of Ends.

"Mamma," queried small Edgar, "how many ends are there to a stick of candy?"

It Was Born So.

Stranger In Town—So that is the haunted house? What gave it such a significance? Resident—Well, there's been something uncanny about it from the beginning.

A Continuous Performance.

"Our baby gives us considerable trouble. Yells unless he has his own way."

Something Wrong.

Billy—Hub! I bet you didn't have a good time at your birthday party yesterday. Willie—I bet I did. Billy—Then why ain't you sick today?—Philadelphia Record.

Something Just as Good.

Peddler—Can I sell you a watch-dog, mister? Pedestrian—Don't need one, my friend. I've the wolf at my door.—Exchange.

Wasting Coffee.

A pleasing odor ascended to the guest room, and one of the visitors sniffed it daintily. "The coffee smells good," she said, hastening her preparations for breakfast.

They Were "Ulys" and "Mrs. G."

Mrs. Grant had no secretary to attend to her correspondence, the great bulk of which was referred to the office for action. She used to receive an enormous number of appeals for help, for charities, for assistance, in aid of almost every cause that could be imagined.

An Interesting Illusion.

A curious and interesting effect may be produced in the following simple manner: Take a sheet of paper or thin cardboard about five inches square and roll it into a tube, with one end just large enough to fit around the eye and the other end somewhat smaller.

Work of the Heart.

The average human heart is a suction and force pump of remarkable capacity and durability. Each of its two chambers contains on an average seventy-five cubic centimeters, or 4.575 cubic inches. The total contents of 150 centimeters, or 9.15 cubic inches, being discharged eighty-one times a minute, corresponding to a delivery of 12,150 cubic centimeters (12.15 liters), or 741 cubic inches per minute, 729 liters, or 25.73 cubic feet per hour.

Scallops.

How many people know anything about the toothsome scallop? The little round bits of white meat we see in the market are really the hearts of bivalves. In other words, the only edible part of a scallop is the muscular tissue that controls the opening and shutting of its shell.

Perfectly Safe.

A tourist in a remote part of Ireland, having stayed the night at a wayside inn not usually frequented by visitors, informed the landlord in the morning that his boots, which had been placed outside his room door to be cleaned, had not been touched.

The Thrifty French.

Every little while the French farmer or peasant sends a few francs as savings to his banker in Paris or some other city. The banker holds the fund till there is enough to buy a bond or some other security, when it is shipped to the farmer or peasant and goes into the family collection.

Affinities.

"That gossip Mrs. Gaddy has such a mean, sneaking little dog for a pet." "I suppose she took him out of sympathy."

Ignorance.

Mrs. Kaller—Cooks are such ignorant things nowadays. Mrs. Justwed—Aren't they? They can't do the simplest things. I asked mine to make some sweetbreads the other day and she said she couldn't.—Washington Star.

A Bishop's Stories.

Preaching at St. Paul's, Harringay, just outside London, one Sunday night, Dr. Ingram, the bishop of London, told two stories which attracted widespread attention. He said that in the congregation at a confirmation service he once conducted in Westminster abbey was a girl of thirteen.

Odd Schools.

"Freak" schools were the subject recently of an article in a provincial paper, and we are confident that few of our readers will have heard of some of these very odd educational establishments. It appears that in Belgium before qualifying for a post as sexton one must pass an examination in a school of gravediggers, while in Paris there is a school for judges, where make believe trials are carried out in detail before lawyers of repute.

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WHEN IN
Frederick
—even between trains—be sure to visit the
Diamond Alleys
The Finest in the State
Something Going On All The Time
Finest Brands of Wines, Liquors, Cigars
SHERWOOD A SPECIALTY
Match Games of Duck Pins
EVERY WEEK
JOHN H. FRAZIER
feb 17, '11-17

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Real Estate Brokers
Emmitsburg, Frederick County, Maryland.
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LIVERYMAN
EMMITSBURG, MARYLAND.
First-class teams furnished for private use.
Satisfactory arrangements guaranteed commercial men.
Horses boarded and vehicles cared for by the month.
Heavy and light hauling of any kind and for any distance.
Buggies, surreys and large pleasure vehicles available at all times.
Gaited riding horses—perfectly safe.
Prompt service and moderate prices.
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(SUCCESSOR TO HOKE & RIDER)
Monuments, Memorials and Cemetery Work of All Kinds
ARTISTIC WORKER IN CUT STONE
CONCRETE EXPERT
My yards hold exhibits of beautiful work. These and photographs are always open for inspection.
C. & P. TELEPHONE—26-4 RESIDENCE.
WEST MAIN STREET, EMMITSBURG, MD.

Mount St. Mary's College and Ecclesiastical Seminary
Conducted by secular clergymen, aided by lay professors
Classical, Scientific and Commercial Courses. New Laboratory for the practical teaching of Physics and Chemistry.
The latest modern improvements. Beautiful grounds. New athletic field. Fine gymnasium and swimming pool.
Separate department for young boys.
Address, VERY REV. B. J. BRADLEY, A. M., Emmitsburg, Maryland.
3-11-'10

A FAIR EXCHANGE
MANY people have things that they no longer have use for, but keep them in the house taking up room and doing no one any good.
Better sell or trade off things you don't want. Advertise them and you will find that there are people ready to take them and pay cash, or trade for them. You will find it easy through the Columns of
THE CHRONICLE
Jan. 1-11

Mountain View Cemetery
EMMITSBURG, MD.
Beautiful Location, Lots Carefully Attended To, Perfect Drainage, Grounds Well Kept.
LOTS AT PRESENT \$25.
HALF LOTS \$15.
For Information Apply to J. HENRY STOKES.

One man says my ads look as if I didn't want work.
Guess again. I want it and I am getting it.
If you need me let it be known.
THOMAS LANSINGER,
CONTRACTOR and CARPENTER
jul 7-17

SOUVENIR VIEWS
OF
EMMITSBURG AND VICINITY
An Attractive Booklet. 10 Cents.
Postage Prepaid.
THE WEEKLY CHRONICLE
Send One to Your Friend

LETTERS TO HIS WIFE
Lampower was a great believer in individual rights and so far as reading his wife's correspondence was concerned he would have been as likely to listen at keyholes or steal candy from babies.
Still, his wife being away from home, he wanted a list of books they had made out together, so he rummaged in her desk to find it. When he unfolded the paper he took to be the list he found it closely written over in a queer, jerky style, and it began: "My Darling!" Now, in the first place, it was not Lampower's writing. In the second place, what right had any other man to call Louise his darling? Or she to let him? Lampower, with frowning brows and compressed lips, unbelievably and grimly read through the amazing epistle. For it was amazing! Lampower had written a few love letters himself in the course of a tempestuous youthful existence, but he never remembered bursting into anything like this. It took his breath away.
"The idiot!" he said out loud as he finished.
He found he was clutching the paper in both hands as though to tear it, so he smoothed it out carefully and refolded it. Then he found it had been merely the top letter on a pile of similar ones. They had lain in the far recess of the pigeonhole. Feeling that he might as well know the worst, he drew out all the letters and went through them. They were all in the same writing, but the form of address varied. Sometimes they began "Sweetheart," or "My Own," and once it was just "Dear One!"

Lampower gave vent to a groan that was mostly a growl. It made him sick to think of Louise losing her head over some long-haired chap with poetic tendencies. He knew the fellow who could write such rubbish must be the sort that a normal man would like to kick. And Louise had liked that sort of thing! That was evident from the pile of letters, which, by the way, were denuded of their envelopes. Clever of her! For a pile of folded sheets of paper would not look suspicious. Then, naturally, she did not expect Lampower to prowl through her desk.
They were rhapsodic bursts, almost impersonal in their ravings. Only occasionally was the beauty of Louise's eyes or hair mentioned. Mostly the letters were dizzy soarings in a sea of flubdub that made a man feel as though he had been eating too many marshmallows and had powdered sugar scattered over his face clear up to his ears. And these unspeakably nauseating effusions had been sent to his Louise?

What got Lampower the hardest was the discovery that she cared for such stuff. He had always been proud of her common sense. When he had written to her before they were married he had always been careful to prune his effusions and to be chary of unloading too much adoration on paper for fear of her disliking it. And now—she was cherishing these!
That was the most of his dismay. Lampower had a fair amount of conceit, so not for a minute did he worry about Louise's being in love with the jellyfish who had written these letters. Of course, it hurt him to find that he did not fill her life as completely as he had thought, and she had forgotten her dignity sufficiently to be fascinated by these maudlinings of an imbecile.

His illusions went crashing all about his ears as he sat mechanically piling the letters up and then spreading them out at random. Each time his eyes caught a phrase or sentence he almost snorted. And yet, as he told himself, one does not snort with a broken heart, and assuredly his heart was not broken!
Then, just as white-hot needles of anguish began to sear him and the blood began to rush to his face, he heard Louise come in. He got to his feet with the letters in his hand and stood before her. That she looked particularly carefree and pink and blooming was an added insult.

Lampower simply held the letters out to her. "What are these?" he inquired in a repressed voice. It was quite like a scene from a play and he felt it.
Louise behaved as he had expected she would when confronted by exposure. She made a dash toward the letters.
"Oh!" she cried, in a tremulous voice. "I wouldn't have you see those for the world! They—you see—that class I belong to for the study of English makes us compose things, and Mrs. Sponser had to write a series of love letters in the romantic style and then I had to compose the answers! It's to make us fluent, you know! And you'd simply roar if you read 'em, because they're awful stuff, Jim!" as with a woman's clairvoyance she guessed a little of what had happened, "did you—have you read them? And you thought—oh, my goodness, you never thought that they were real!"
Lampower looked at his wife, who had sunk into a chair, choking with giggles. He felt himself shrinking.
"Certainly not!" he said, hastily. "I never thought any such thing!"
And Mrs. Lampower was kind enough to let it go at that.

WHY SHE DIDN'T WIN.
They were at Monte Carlo, and, like other visitors to that insidious paradise, they considered the Casino a place which ought to be visited. They stood hesitating before one of the tables, and at last the temptation to join the players proved too strong for the lady.
"I must risk just one ten-dollar note," she said to her husband. "Give me one, darling, and I will put it on the number of my age. That is sure to be lucky."
Hubby was inclined to be skeptical, but of course he might have spared himself the trouble of grumbling, and the ten-dollar note was duly deposited on No. 24.
Alas! No. 36 proved to be the winning numeral, and the lady gave a little gasp of despair.
"Serves you right," said her great brute of a husband. "If you'd told the truth you'd have won!"—Tid-Bits.

A Youthful Quibbler.
Caller—So you go to school, do you, little man? Let me hear you spell "bread."
Bobby—B-r-e-d.
Caller—The dictionary spells it with an "a."
Bobby—You didn't ask me how the dictionary spells it; you asked me how I spelt it.



THE BRUTE.
Mrs. Newwed (after the honey-moon)—You seem to be sorry you ever married me.
Mr. Newwed—You are unusually observant today.

A Warning.
There never was a motor car—
We say it o'er again—
There never was a motor car
That could outpush a train.

Naturally Excited.
"Say," asked the man who was a stranger in New York, "what's the matter with that man in the next room? He's been making a terrible racket for the last hour."
"Oh," replied the bell-hop, "he's just heard of a new table d'hote place where he's never et."

Secret Out at Last.
"Why do you have those glass cases with the ax, hammer, crowbar and so forth on these cars?" asked the traveler.
"Oh, those are put there in case any one wants a window open," replied the facetious man.—Red Hen.

Entirely Different.
"They tell me your son is studying music."
"Yes; he is taking lessons."
"What is he going to be?"
"He is going to be a fiddler, but at first we had hopes of making a violinist out of him."

Gloomy Outlook.
"I'd hate to live in a small town."
"I suppose you have reasons."
"Yes. Just imagine what it would be like to be deathly sick with the only doctor in town your worst enemy."

Danger Ahead in the Kitchen.
Mrs. Knicker—How did the cook give warning?
Mrs. Bocker—She put one of those "Stop! Look! Listen!" signs in the kitchen.

EASY GETTING IN THEN.



Mr. Wilson—How did an old sinner like you, Rastus, ever manage to get into church?
Rastus—I'm one ob de charter members, sah.

Hurrah for Him.
All hail the man of kindly parts,
Of peace the prop;
The fellow who, whatever he starts,
Knows when to stop.

The Way.
"To strike in—"
"Yes?"
"Is the way to win out."

The Citizens' National Bank OF FREDERICK, MD.
CAPITAL \$100,000
SURPLUS \$300,000
J. D. BAKER - President.
W. G. BAKER - Vice President.
H. D. BAKER - Vice President.
W. M. G. ZIMMERMAN - Cashier.
SAMUEL G. DUVALL - Asst. Cashier.
DIRECTORS:
GEO. WM. SMITH, JOHN S. RAMSBURG, WM. G. BAKER, C. M. THOMAS, D. E. KEFAUVER, JUDGE J. C. MOTTER, THOS. H. HALLER, DANIEL BAKER, C. H. CONLEY, M. D., C. E. CLINE, P. L. HARGETT, J. D. BAKER.
NOTICE.
On November the 1st, 1909, this Bank increased its interest rate to Four (4%) per cent. per annum on all its special interest bearing deposits, said deposits to remain in all other respects subject to the provisions of the contracts under which they were made.
Referring to the above notice, it is not necessary for any depositor to present his or her book to have any change made. The 4% rate, will, of course, be paid on new deposits made of the same class.
This bank offers first-class facilities for the transacting of your general banking business.
July 3 '10-17

New Tailored Suits.
Suit selling has been unusually active with us—not surprising for we are showing some of the most satisfactory values for the money ever produced. Each day the express brings us something new—Brown is looking up considerably. To-day brings us the Model which has all the ear marks of a \$25.00 Suit. Splendid Quality, Correctly Tailored, very effective. Price \$16.00. Plenty of other splendid designs, \$8.50 up. Suits for Large Figures.
Polo Coats.
are holding the center of the stage—A wonderful variety of personal notions. New garments to-day—\$5.75 up. Handsome styles a little higher up.
Underwear.
If an abundant Chestnut Crop does indicate a cold winter, it will be wise to get ready. The makers of our underwear have established the highest standard of excellence in this product, guaranteeing to each customer the most satisfactory comfort, fit and wear. Children's, 15c. up, Misses', 25c. up, Boys' 25c. up. Ladies', 25c. for a good garment. Superior qualities at 37½c. 50c. up to elegant garments of Silk and Wool.
Solid comfort for men at 50c. Fleece-lined, English Ribb Better grades 75c., \$1.00 up.
Union Suits For Everybody.
New Shirts and Neckwear For Men.
THOS. H. HALLER,
Central Dry Goods House
17 and 19 North Market Street - FREDERICK, MARYLAND.
march 27-17

You are Invited to Inspect My 1912 LINE OF FALL AND WINTER FOOTWEAR 1912
Lot of Sample Shoes and Boots
Latest Styles. Moderate Prices.
M. FRANK ROWE,
EMMITSBURG, MARYLAND

THAT MAN
Who leads in anything that is worth while being leader in, is nearly always dressed in the fashion that leads. The man who wears
Lippy Made Clothes
has the certainty of good fashion and of being among the leaders in good fashion, because they have INDIVIDUALITY and are made from the Newest Fabrics.
J. D. LIPPY, Tailor,
AT HOTEL SPANGLER GETTYSBURG, PA.
Emmitsburg, Every Wednesday.
Mch. 8-17.

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H. M. WARREN FELTZ, Agent. EMMITSBURG, MD.
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A STOCK COMPANY
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Jan. 1-11

