

THE CARROLL RECORD.

VOL. 19.

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TANEYTOWN, MARYLAND, FRIDAY, JANUARY 24, 1913.

Please watch the Date on your Paper.

No. 30

BRIEF NEWS NOTES OF GENERAL INTEREST.

Gleaned from the County and State and our Exchanges.

The Tammany organization, of New York, will send between 1200 and 1500 members to Washington to take part in the inaugural parade.

Governor Wilson, of New Jersey, has announced that he will hold the Governorship until March 3, or the day preceding his inauguration as President.

A carload of Florida tomatoes arrived in Baltimore, on Monday. The consignment consisted of 486 crates, most of the stock being of fancy quality. The price averaged about \$2.75 per crate.

There will be no inaugural ball. So the President-elect has decided, and Mrs. Wilson, it is thought, had a hand in it, as she is known to have definite conventional ideas on social customs, and is opposed to many of the display events of the age.

Nevada is becoming conscience stricken. The Governor, in his message to the legislature, recommends one year's residence in the state, instead of six months, before a divorce can be obtained; also, that the number of rounds in a prize fight be limited.

Gov. Goldsborough will attend the Farmers' Institute to be held in Frederick, on January 31, and February 1. It is the plan of the Governor to be in Frederick, on Friday, the first day of the Institute, and he will address the farmers of Frederick Co.

President Taft will revive a long standing precedent, broken by Col. Roosevelt, that of riding back from the Capitol to the White House, with the new President, after the inaugural ceremony. Roosevelt hurried away to catch a train, leaving President Taft to make the journey with his wife.

The first issue of the *Municipal Journal*, Baltimore, appeared last Saturday. It is to be issued every two weeks, and is designed to give facts relative to city governmental affairs, "facts as they are," so says the introductory. The *Journal* is neatly printed, and will no doubt be of great interest to residents of the city.

The Carroll county people who purchased orchard land in the Yakima Valley, State of Washington, last Spring, from C. E. & J. B. Fink, of Westminster, have received \$100.00 per acre, or \$1000.00 on a ten acre tract, as their share of last season's potato crop, raised between young trees. This is equal to a dividend of 25 per cent. on their investment.

Col. John R. Ronzer, of Thurmont, well known in Frederick, underwent at the Maryland University Hospital Baltimore, last week, an operation for cataracts on his eyes, has returned and is now under care of his home physician. The operation was a success and Col. Ronzer expects to be about in a short time. His vision was so badly affected that it was with difficulty that he could distinguish anything.

Elbert Hubbard, who has been skating on very thin ice in discussing moral questions in his magazine, the *Philistine*, has broken through occasionally without much concern; but as he was indicted, last week, on six counts, by a Federal grand jury at Buffalo, N. Y., and fined on one, with sentence suspended on the other five, it is likely that his brilliant wit will be kept within the bounds of decency hereafter.

"Uncle Joe" Cannon is another of the cheerful ones to sing the song of the dying Swan. He has had a remarkable record of 40 years in Congress—bated politically, but loved personally—he now goes into involuntary retirement as a result of the "progressive" movement, cheerful and buoyant as ever, confident of the early revival of his party. Such optimism in an "old war horse" of 77 years, is remarkable.

Statistics just issued show that the Catholic church in the United States received during the year 1912 personal contributions aggregating \$500,000,000. Among the donors were 27 Protestants. One member of the Hebrew church, Max Pam, a millionaire, not only established a school of journalism at Notre Dame University, Indiana, but also gave \$25,000 to the Catholic University for a chair of antisocialist studies.

Gov. Tener, of Pennsylvania, has demonstrated his capacity for leadership by bowling over "Boss Elin" and his progressives, as well as Senator Penrose, in effecting a complete administration organization of the Pennsylvania legislature. The outlook is for pretty much the same conditions to prevail in the state, as heretofore, and that the Republican forces will act together, notwithstanding the result of the election last fall.

Instead of about \$200,000, as was first estimated, the estate of the late Mrs. Margaret E. S. Hood, of Frederick, will amount to at least \$250,000. In her will she disposes of between \$140,000 and \$145,000, leaving a residue of fully \$100,000 to be distributed among first cousins or the children of such relatives. The State will receive about \$12,000 inheritance tax, which the estate will pay. The first cousins who will share in the distribution of the residue will receive about \$3,000 and the children of any deceased first cousin will have this amount to divide among themselves.

When the RECORD Misses Coming.

We are always very sorry when the postal facilities slip-up, and fail to deliver the RECORD on time, as happened at several offices last week, but the best of us make blunders sometimes and there is nothing to do but try to keep an even temper. We are all such creatures of fixed habits, that when we do not get certain things on schedule time, we miss them and are apt to complain; and perhaps these little disappointments teach a good lesson—that we are continually failing to appreciate the multitude of blessings and privileges we enjoy, without considering them such; and while we always regret the failure of the RECORD to arrive on the dot, we nevertheless feel a sense of gratification in its being "missed" by subscribers, which is an inspiration to us to try to make it worthy of being missed.

We would not give much for a list of subscribers who take the RECORD as a sort of necessary evil—grudgingly. We of course do not look into the reasons which are back of the dollars we receive, but we trust that in the majority of instances they represent a perfect willingness to make the exchange. Unless there is a feeling of sympathy and co-operation between editor and reader, the publishing business is not worth the conscientious effort that ought to be always put into it.

Jurors for February Term of Court.

Chief Judge Thomas, on Monday morning, drew the following named persons to serve as jurors for the February Term of the Circuit Court which convenes on the second Monday of February:

Dist. No. 1.—Samuel D. Hawn and Emory G. Sterner.

Dist. No. 2.—Samuel Harvey Babylon and Otto Elde.

Dist. No. 3.—Wm. H. Study and Harvey S. Morelock.

Dist. No. 4.—Charles Edgar Lockard and Joseph A. Leppo.

Dist. No. 5.—Lewis P. Schultz.

Dist. No. 6.—Edward H. Tasto, Jacob Wink, and Geo. T. Hosfelt.

Dist. No. 7.—Irwin Scott Jordan, Jos. L. Mathias, Walter H. Davis and Levi Barnes.

Dist. No. 8.—Chas. C. Kelbaugh and Clarkson J. H. Bixler.

Dist. No. 9.—Geo. W. Garner.

Dist. No. 10.—Edward J. Clabaugh.

Dist. No. 11.—Preston P. Ecker and Charles Jones.

Dist. No. 12.—Oliver J. Stonesifer.

Dist. No. 13.—George W. Clay.

Dist. No. 14.—James C. Hewitt.

Taneytown Vocal Class Concert.

On Tuesday evening, February 4, Taneytown will enjoy a concert that will be worth traveling a good many miles to hear. From the beginning of the Vocal Class its success passed the expectation of its organizers. Prof. George Edward Smith, the director, has demonstrated his ability as a teacher, and his work will show in the concert.

The program will be a varied one. Lively choruses by the entire group of about 75 singers will be interspersed with special numbers, consisting of solos, quartettes, octettes and the like. Prof. Smith, who is a singer of rare ability, will not only direct the chorus singing, but will be heard in some of the special numbers.

To furnish rest for the voices, and to give still greater variety to the program, several recitationary numbers will be given. Reserved seat tickets are now on sale at McKinney's drug store at the price of 35 cents. The price of general admission will be 25 cents.

New Announcement Cards.

We have placed in stock a supply of a new form of announcement card; good enough for even wedding announcements, and quite the thing for a "tony" business announcement. We will be pleased to show them, or send sample by mail. It is quite the tastiest thing out for announcements generally, and not very expensive; color either white, or two delicate tints—cards and envelopes match—wedding stationery shape—ripple finish.

The Auto Speeding Cases.

The report of the automobile commissioner on the numerous cases of arrests and complaints in the towns of Hyattsville and Laurel, has been made public. The report is very comprehensive, and some of the local laws and the acts of local laws officials are characterized as "overzealous"; the report on the whole places the chief blame on too much speed. A paragraph of the report says:

"It is impossible also to escape from the conclusion that the action taken by the respective towns has been brought about by the excessive speed driving through the villages and that their only object was to make the streets safe for their inhabitants as far as possible and not to swell the funds of their treasury. And the physical fact must not here be lost sight of that when autoists are driving their machines through the open country at a rate of from 40 to 50 miles per hour, and then slack up to about 20 miles per hour, they frequently feel perfectly sure, such is the difference in exhilaration, that they are easily within a prescribed limit of 10 miles per hour and undoubtedly a great many of the complaints arise from this cause."

The report of the directors of the Maryland Penitentiary for the year ending Nov. 30, 1912, shows that at that date there were 928 prisoners in that institution, (66 less than at the close of the last fiscal year). Receipts from all sources \$141,233.35, disbursements \$137,766.16, leaving a net surplus of \$3,467.19. In addition to the \$141,233.35 earned for the institution, the convicts earned for themselves, by overwork during the year, \$32,937.73.

Please let us have the "copy" for all sale bills for use the last of February, and early in March.

SUNDAY BLASTING AT THE CEMENT PLANT.

Arrests Made, and Hearing to be held this Friday in Frederick.

The cement plant, at Union Bridge, has been blasting and getting out stone, on Sunday, the same as on week days, much to the dissent and discomfort of the better element in Union Bridge and vicinity, and numerous complaints were made to Judge Hammond Unger, of Frederick, who ordered Sheriff Fagan and his deputy, Harry Deiter, to investigate, last Sunday.

Upon arriving at the quarries of the company it was found that about 25 men under Foreman Gordon were setting off blasts and getting out stone as if it were a week day. The gang, including the foreman, were arrested and summoned to appear in Frederick on Friday afternoon for trial.

"It has always been customary for the Tidewater Portland Cement to work on Sunday, when necessary," said Manager R. L. Griffiths, upon being asked to make a statement. "I have been with several companies and wherever necessary, a force of men were worked on Sunday to get out the required amount of rock."

"We are required to get out 1,000 tons of rock a day, and this can be done if the weather permits, in 10 hours or less. For the past week the weather has been such that it was impossible to get the rock out during week days and we resorted as usual to Sunday labor, which resulted in the appearance of Sheriff Fagan and Deputy Deiter."

On the Carroll county side the cement plant was running at full blast. Sheriff Fagan says he was surprised at the extent of the plant and says the fields for some distance around are covered with a fine lead colored dust. At the buildings of the Blue Ridge College, which were deserted by the College, and purchased by the Cement Company, Sheriff Fagan stated he was able to take his foot and scrape up a small pile of the dust, in much the same manner as one would scrape up a small pile of snow after the ground is covered to a depth of nearly a quarter of an inch. Several hundred men are employed about the plant.

Orphans' Court Proceedings.

MONDAY, JAN. 20th., 1913.—Mattie M. Stricklin, administratrix of Isadore F. Stricklin, deceased, returned inventory of personal property and inventory of money, and received order to sell personal property and stocks.

Letters of administration on the estate of Jacob Rodkey, late of Carroll county, deceased, granted unto Jacob M. Rodkey, who received warrant to appraise and order to notify creditors.

George C. Overholzer, executor of Nathaniel Heck, deceased, settled his first and final account.

The last will and testament of Anna E. Wood, late of Carroll county, deceased, admitted to probate and letters testamentary thereon granted unto Renberton Wood and Granville Hibbard, who received warrant to appraise and order to notify creditors.

Lenora V. Jenkins, administratrix of Jacob F. Jenkins, deceased, settled her first and final account.

The last will and testament of Charles H. Senseney, late of Carroll county, deceased, admitted to probate.

TUESDAY, JAN. 21st., 1913.—The last will and testament of Anna M. Stonesifer, late of Carroll county, deceased, admitted to probate and letters testamentary granted unto Reuben A. Stonesifer, who received warrant to appraise and order to notify creditors.

Joshua F. Magee, administrator w. a. of Charles W. Brown, deceased, reported sale of personal property and settled his first and final account.

Letters of administration on the estate of Joseph Lippy, late of Carroll county, deceased, granted unto Charles F. Lippy, who received warrant to appraise and order to notify creditors.

Maria Brillhart, executrix of George O. Brillhart, deceased, received additional warrant to appraise and returned additional inventories of stocks and debts.

All More or Less Crazy.

Chicago, Jan. 22.—"Everybody is afflicted with incipient insanity, and anyone can become insane, because we are all more or less crazy," according to Dr. Stuart Patten, of Princeton University. Moreover, he says, "insanity is merely a disease, and should be treated as such." Dr. Patten, who was one of the speakers at the opening of the Illinois Society of Mental Hygiene Convention, said:

"There are in this country more insane persons than there are students in the colleges and universities."

"Two men, let us suppose, converse about politics, merely for the sake of conversation. One of the two makes an assertion which the other resents. He is not interested in politics, mind you, but he resents the remark because it seems to imply that he is wrong. There is a quarrel and both go away feeling angry. Both are more or less insane, because they are thrown out of their normal adjustment. They collect their ideas when alone. They apply common sense and find how ridiculous it was to become angry over so little. They regain their adjustment and are once more sane and normal."

Regular School Attendance.

The following pupils of Bruceville school No. 3, Dist. 10, made regular attendance during the winter term:

Kenneth Smith, Bonnie Frock, Atlee Reisher, Ryder Newman, Walter Fleagle, John Hyder, Raymond Waiter, David and Carroll Garber, Cover Smith, Mae and Anna Winemiller, Mary Newman, Lola Forrest, Annie Frock, Margaret Knott, Clara and Ruth Airing, Ida Garber, Lucy Lambert, Reada Reisher.

Simple Wedding for Helen Gould.

Tarrytown, N. Y., Jan. 22.—In the parlor of her beautiful home at Tarrytown, where guests stood side by side with every servant employed about Lyndhurst, Miss Helen Miller Gould was married at 12:38 o'clock this afternoon to Finley Johnson Shepard, vice-president of the Missouri Pacific Railroad, long owned and operated by the Gould family.

The wedding was simple, in strict keeping with the life and habits of the woman whose most ostentatious benevolences have won her high esteem. Beautiful as were the decorations, they were comparatively inexpensive. Dainty as was the luncheon, a shopping could afford to buy the duplicate of a portion, and pleasing as were the arrangements, one of moderate means could match them in miniature without unduly straining the purse-strings.

But more than all this, the bride herself added a touch suggestive of true Americanism. Shortly after breakfast, when the millionaire guests were preparing for the ceremony, Miss Gould summoned her servants. As they entered her study on the second floor she shook each warmly by the hand and bade them be present at the wedding.

Some of the men and women had been in the Gould service 40 years and tears were in the eyes of some as they turned from their mistress. It was easy to see that the thought of a change in the familiar surroundings was painful to them.

And the bride later saw to it that the ceremony did not begin until every person in her employ was placed at a point of vantage in the music room, into which a score of the guests were ushered when the parlor could contain no more.

William F. Melloy, the coxman who has spent the major part of his 62 years of life at Lyndhurst, and who in years and service is the oldest employe, hesitated until he was rounded up by a butler. He felt that his yellow cow boots, into which were tucked his corduroy trousers, were not in keeping with the garb of the guests; but he was led through the door and stood with his cap grasped in nervous fingers until the final word had been said. Then he vanished.

The bride went to an altar half hidden by roses, asparagus sprays and palms, on the arm of her brother, George J. Gould, who gave her in marriage. An orchestra, screened by masses of flowers in the music room, played the wedding march from "Lohengrin," while Rev. Daniel D. Russell, pastor of the Irvington Presbyterian church, performed the ceremony.

Helen and Dorothy Gould, nieces of Miss Gould, stood with her. Garbed in pale pink satin, they acted as flower girls and were her only attendants. Louis J. Shepard, brother of the bridegroom, was best man.

A rope of exquisite pearls, said to have once adorned the Empress Josephine, Napoleon's wife, and a pear-shaped diamond pendant, the latter the bridegroom's gift, were the only jewels worn by the bride. The pearls were a bequest from Miss Gould's mother.

The wedding gown was of duchess ivory satin, with a sweeping train three and a half yards long, trimmed with duchess and rose point lace and with seed pearl embroidery. The lace and veil were gifts from the Duchess de Talleyrand, formerly Miss Anna Gould, the bride's sister.

The veil was held in a spray of orange blossoms and swept in flowing lines to the end of the long train. Orange blossoms also caught up the lace at the sides of the skirt. The bride's slippers corresponded with the gown, and were trimmed with small roses of orange blossoms.

Each of the little flower girls carried a basket of pink roses, which matched their gowns. Their stockings were of white silk, their slippers white and mounted with golden butterfly buckles. Less than 100 persons were bidden to the ceremony. They included close relatives of the bride and the bridegroom and friends of long standing.

Woman Suffrage Activities.

1913 already promises a number of interesting suffrage campaigns. First, there is Michigan. The suffragists still claim victory there last November. However, a bill has just been introduced in the Legislature providing for submitting equal suffrage to the voters in April. The possibilities of success both in the Legislature and at the polls are said to be more than favorable.

In March, a bill will be introduced into the Alaska Legislature providing for enfranchising women on the same terms as men. The bill has to pass only one Legislature, and will not be likely to have a special election on the suffrage amendment in October. The amendment has already passed one Legislature. Gov. Odde not only believes in equal suffrage, but is also a member of the advisory committee of the Nevada Equal Franchise Society.

Pennsylvania will probably have a Constitutional Convention in the Summer of 1913 and every effort will be made to have the new Constitution provide for equal suffrage.

The New Hampshire Constitutional Convention of 1912 will, it is said, reconvene about Feb. 1st., so the New Hampshire women may be enfranchised this year.

Maine Suffragists feel that their bill has a very good chance of passing the Legislature at its present session. If it does the equal suffrage amendment will be submitted to the voters at a special election. Suffrage workers are already planning to campaign in Maine this Summer.

Some war relics were unearthed on East South street, Frederick, by some plumbers one day last week. One was an old six-barrel revolver, which contained four bullets. One side of the barrel had been burst probably when the revolver was fired the last time. The equipment of a belt was also found, including three brass buckles and a brass spur used by a horseman. On the face of the buckles are S. N. Y. which is thought to mean Second New York. A bayonet from an old musket was also found.

The Womens' Christian Temperance Union has a resolution before Congress, urging that all saloons in the National Capital be closed on inauguration day.

INTERESTING FACTS ABOUT RELIGIOUS SECTS.

Denomination Names and their Frequent Similarity.

Dr. H. K. Carroll is regarded as the greatest authority on religious statistics in the world, and is therefore more liberally quoted than any other. In his latest publication, "The Religious Forces in the United States," there is a vast amount of interesting matter of more or less general interest, some of which is presented in the following paragraphs, as reprinted from the last issue of the *Lutheran Observer*:

Among the first impressions one gets in studying the statistics is that there is nothing monotonous in the religious life of the country. It is the home of all the 'ologies' and sects. "There are Churches small and Churches great, Churches white and Churches black, Churches high and low, orthodox and heterodox, Christian and pagan, Catholic and Protestant, Liberal and Conservative, Calvinistic and Arminian, native and foreign, Trinitarian and Unitarian. All phases of thought are represented by them, all possible theologics, all varieties of policy, ritual, usage, forms of worship."

One may be a pagan, a Jew or a Christian, or each in turn. If he is a pagan, he may worship in one of the numerous temples devoted to Buddha; if a Jew, he may be of the Orthodox or Reformed variety; if a Christian, he may select any one of 125 or 130 different kinds. He may be six kinds of an Adventist, seven kinds of a Catholic, twelve kinds of a Mennonite, or Presbyterian, thirteen kinds of a Baptist, sixteen kinds of a Lutheran, or seventeen kinds of a Methodist. He may be a member of 143 denominations, or of all in succession. If none of these suit him, he still has a choice among 150 separate and independent congregations, which have no denominational creed or connection."

This statement covers the facts for the census of 1890. But by 1910 the choice among denominations had increased from 143 to 170.

A great deal has been made of this state of affairs. Roman Catholicism imagines it sees in the many divisions of Protestantism conclusive proof that men cannot arrive at the true meaning of Scripture without some such infallible organ of interpretation as it offers. To the scatter they are an evidence of the vagueness in which the whole religious problem is involved. But they are not as serious a matter as they appear to be on the surface. Catholics and Protestants alike accept the ecumenical creeds, and thus hold in common large areas of Christian truth.

Not all divisions in the Church have been due to controversies over doctrines, and even where they have been, the points of disagreement often seem utterly insignificant. In addition to separate organizations due to differences of language and race, divisions have occurred over discipline and administration, and over moral issues and even personal character. Many of the disagreements do not touch any of the essentials of saving Christian faith. Furthermore, a vast majority of the divisions represent only a comparatively few persons. "A full half of the 170 bodies report less than 10,000 communicants each, and 70 have less than 5,000 each." The mass of communicants are found in 37 bodies. "These 37 bodies contain more than 95 per cent. of all communicants, or 33,580,000, leaving only 1,665,000 for all the remaining 133 bodies."

The close connection of some of the religious bodies with others is indicated by their names. The curious likeness between them puzzles not only the uninitiated but confuses even the trained statistician. Thus we have the "Presbyterian Church in the United States" and the "Presbyterian Church in the United States of America"; the "Reformed Presbyterian Church in the United States of America" and the "Reformed Presbyterian Church in North America"; the "Reformed Church in the United States" and the "Reformed Church in America"; the "Methodist Episcopal" and the "Methodist Episcopal, South"; the "African Methodist Episcopal" and the "African Methodist Episcopal Zion"; the "Colored Union Methodist Protestant" and the "Church of God," and "Churches of God in Christ Jesus," both Adventists; the "Churches of God," sometimes called Winebrenerians, and the "Church of God in Christ." These are simply illustrations. A title ought to be definitive, but as Dr. Carroll says, a definitive title cannot be given where there is no distinction to define. "Baptist, Presbyterian, Congregational, Episcopal, are definitive titles, but between many of the Baptist and Presbyterian branches there is no difference which a title could be found to designate."

An amusing illustration of what may happen if a denomination tries to make its title too definitive comes from Scotland. About a century ago there was an exodus from the Kirk, which organized itself under the name of the Secession Church. Later, half of the Secession Church seceded from the other half, and in process of time the halves were quartered. This naturally was followed by a dispute as to which section had the best right to the original name. One section settled the matter for itself by inserting the word "Original" in its title, and became "Original Seceders." By and by the Original Seceders and Seceders joined forces, and the result was the United Original Secession Church, or, more properly, the Church of the United Original Seceders. Thus the element of comedy may enter into even such serious things as disruptions and reunions of churches.

Further light is thrown on the real significance of some of the divisions of American Christianity when we find denominations on the list with as few as twenty-five members. Dr. Carroll says he was reluctantly obliged to exclude from the census one of twenty-one members, because, while they insisted that they were a separate body, they had no formal organization. "Twelve of them were in Pennsylvania, divided between Philadelphia and Pittsburgh, six in Illinois, and

three in Missouri. They were so widely scattered they could not maintain public worship."

An illustration of divisions, inevitable with the growth of its members in intelligence, is furnished by the Dunkards. A band of them came from Germany in 1719 and settled in Pennsylvania. They distinguished themselves from the world and all other Christians as well, not only by peculiar tenets, but by their dress and rigid rules of discipline. Gradually the questions submitted and debated at their annual meetings became more and more numerous and perplexing. Unless this style of exegesis could be maintained forever in spite of a growing general intelligence, a division was bound to occur.

Accordingly, in process of time the Dunkards were divided into a Progressive, a Conservative and an Old Order Branch. That the divisions of American Christianity are not as serious as they look on paper is evident not only from the fact, above noted, that 37 of them contain more than 95 per cent. of all communicants, but that 32 general bodies are now co-operating in the Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America.

Using Ice Around Trees.

What is said to be probably the first case on record of providing an artificial winter for fruit trees, was practiced on the orchard of W. F. Thomas between Hagerstown and Hancock, last week.

Mr. Thomas, a resident of Washington, owns an orchard of 6000 apple trees that are four years old. They are not yet old enough to bear fruit, but they are setting blooms and the unseasonable warm weather has coaxed out the buds so that there is danger of the whole lot blooming.

If they did this and a later frost should catch them the wood would be largely killed, so Mr. Thomas consulted with the Department of Agriculture as to the best way of discouraging the trees from blooming. Following their advice he shipped 100 tons of ice to the orchard. The ice will be broken up and applied to the roots of the trees in the hope of chilling them, preventing the sap rising and thereby keeping them from blooming.

Turkey is at last reported to have agreed to give up the city of Adrianople, and all territory beyond it, to the allied forces, which will practically obliterate Turkey in Europe. One crucial point of difference remains to be settled is the question of indemnity. The allies propose to levy a heavy payment upon the defeated nation. They speak of \$200,000,000 as an adequate sum. Their minimum is an amount equal to the Turkish debts attached to the territories which they will annex under the treaty. The Turks are likely to contest the indemnity strongly and the bankrupt condition of their country furnishes them with a potent argument for an appeal to the powers. The negotiations over the settlement of minor questions and for the taking over of the conquered provinces will occupy a considerable time and it will be some weeks before the treaty is signed.

Now there is a new organization in prospect—a State League of Municipalities. In other words, a League composed of the Mayors of the incorporated towns of the state, or perhaps of representatives of the various municipal governments. The aim of the proposed League would be to co-operate in the solution of municipal problems, through an interchange of views, and an united action on certain measures. An invitation has been sent to all municipal officials throughout the state to consider the advisability of forming such an organization in Maryland.

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

FINK.—On Jan. 20th., 1913, in Littlestown, Pa., Mrs. Catharine, wife of Emanuel Fink, aged 66 years, after an illness of over four months. Funeral services were held in the Reformed church, Littlestown, followed by interment in Mt. Carmel cemetery. She is survived by her husband and the following children: William, of New Oxford; Arkansas C. of Taneytown; Charles, of Keymar; Claude, of Slim Buttes, South Dakota; Mrs. Harry G. Hawk, of Hanover; Mrs. Charles H. Crebs, of Taneytown; Mrs. Jesse Frock, of Keymar, and Mrs. Geo. S. Stover, of Littlestown; also by 28 grand-children and one great grand-child.

BOLLINGER.—On Jan. 18, 1913, at the home of her daughter, Mrs. James Stahley, in Manchester, Mrs. Mary Ann Bollinger, widow of the late Joel K. Bollinger, formerly of Taneytown, aged 82 years, 3 months, 7 days. Funeral services were held at Baust church, on Tuesday, Rev. Martin Schweitzer, officiating. She is survived by the following children: Emanuel, near Westminster; Joel W., of Copperville; George, in Pennsylvania; Mrs. J. H. Slick, near Taneytown; Mrs. Thomas Lawrence, of Manchester; and Mrs. James Stahley, of Manchester.

Church Notices.

A Jubilee Historical service in commemoration of the 450th anniversary of the Heidelberg Catechism will be held at Baust Reformed church Sunday at 10:30 a. m., also the Lord's Supper will be observed, preparatory services Saturday previous at 2:30 p. m.; Y. P. S. Sunday at 7:30 p. m., Subject: "Evangelism." Leader, Abram Dodner.

U. B. Church, Taneytown—Sunday school at 1:30 p. m. Subject for services on Saturday evening: "Jonah's Victory vs. Defeat." Sunday, at 7 p. m., "Pouting Jonah's Humanity." Barney—Sunday school at 9 a. m., preaching at 10 a. m.

Communion will be administered in Trinity Lutheran church, on Sunday, at both morning and evening services. The preparatory service will be held on Saturday, at 2 p. m., when the pastor will preach on "Dignity and Light in Baptism." At the Sunday evening service the theme will be "My Father's Business."

Presbyterian church—9 a. m., Bible School; 10 a. m., Morning Worship. Offering for Foreign Missions received at this service. If you cannot be present please send your offering. 6:30 p. m., C. P. service.

Piney Creek—2:00 p. m., afternoon, Worship. Come! Tell others!

THE CARROLL RECORD (NON-PARTISAN.)

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P. B. ENGLAR, Editor and Manager.

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ADVERTISING rates will be given on application, after the character of the business has been definitely stated, together with information as to space, position, and length of contract. The publisher reserves the privilege of declining all offers for space.

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 Postoffice as Second Class Matter.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 24th., 1913.

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.

SOME POLITICIANS are of the opinion that President-elect Wilson "talks too much." Well, we are beginning to get used to talking Presidents—he didn't start the fashion. Anyway, talking don't amount to much; its what a man does, that counts.

TWO PROMINENT men—the ice-man and the coal-man—are getting medicine out of the same spoon, this winter, and we are not happy over their troubles. Wintry weather, in winter time, is best, in the long run, for nearly everybody; and yet, the very poor in the large cities are saved much suffering because of the prevailing mildness.

THE ARGUMENT that Supt. Anderson is working "his job" in Maryland for "what is in it," is school-boyish. The fight is on in Maryland, for or against Local Option, and will continue to be on. Mr. Anderson is merely incidental; it is the issue that must be met, not its leaders, their methods or personality. The contest would not stop, whether Mr. Anderson stays, or goes.

COL. T. R., has sued several Western newspapers for libel. One in Marquette, Wis., will vigorously defend itself, as the Editor asserts that he will prove the statements made to have been fully substantiated by the evidence. The case comes up for trial next month. If this Western paper said anything worse about the Colonel than some of the big Eastern papers have been saying, it must have been very warm stuff indeed.

The New Golden Rule.

The country is getting away from its old mottoes, and adopting new ones. It no longer enthuses over "In union there is strength," and "United, we stand; divided, we fall." These mottoes are mere sentiments for occasional use in very large matters, disassociated with business interests. Our common enemies are becoming very few, against which we are willing to unite patriotically and we are spending most of our time politically and legislatively in battles which represent "the survival of the fittest," among ourselves.

The most of our legislation is class legislation. Every big interest, and many smaller ones, employs its lobby in the halls of legislation. We denounce "big interests" as antagonistic to general prosperity, yet inconsistently boost some interest of our own not a whit better than the ones we denounce. Every business, trade and financial interest, has its own legislative scheme favorable to itself; that is, when it is big enough to show a political following big enough to cut any figure with office holders.

The constituents of Senators and Congressmen represent private interests, and these members of both branches are kept busy trying to get their constituents what they want. Broad gauge statesmanship—the sort which tries to legislate "the greatest good for the greatest number"—is not greatly in demand; it is largely a figure of speech to spread-eagle over.

The Standard Oil Co., the International Harvester Co., the big Wall street combinations, the Steel Trust and other corporations which we hear so much disparagement about, are not a particle worse than hundreds of other interests which are striving to accomplish for themselves just what the mentioned concerns have largely accomplished. There is no difference in reality—only in the degree of success. Considering their opportunities, we think the big concerns are acting very decently.

Industrial organizations and Labor unions are in the same boat with the tyrants they decry—all are using the new Golden Rule of trying to "Do others, before others do you."

Political issues and principles are made weak, or strong, according to the number of men engaged and organized in a particular line of work, and while many of these interests are antagonistic, one to the other, yet they may form alliances, or working agreements, in order to become powerful enough to win big stakes.

For instance, in the matter of a protective tariff, the plan has been to revise tariffs in one bill, whereby one interest helped another interest, and the net re-

sult was general protection. If protection of business interests is right, against foreign labor and competition—and we think it is—then the plan of passing tariff legislation has been right, and the proposed schedule at a time plan is wrong. If protection is good for one interest, it is good for all. Under the schedule at a time plan, the greater interests will get what they want, while the weaker will get nothing. If protection is right for the products of the farm, it is rights for the products of the factory. If it is right for cotton it is right for wool; right for lumber, right for iron.

Members of Congress have the time of their lives trying to be honest with themselves, with the country at large, and with the special interests they represent—and to be re-elected. The study of actual usefulness to all interests, great and small, is not in the present curriculum of the school of government. The small interests, not big enough to make a noise, get no attention whatever in our present scheme; therefore, if we would keep alive we must "organize," talk loud, secede, strike—do something desperate—and that is just what every interest in the whole country is doing, until we have practically no real union of public sentiment, but a split in one great party, with the prospect of a split in the other.

This is what is the matter with politics and parties. We are all becoming disunionists, because of selfish interests. Parcel post is a selfish institution from start to finish. The interest in its passage was largely business interest. The farmer wanted it to cheapen transportation of his products to the consumer, and the present law does not suit him; he wants the limit of packages raised to barrels of apples and crates of chickens, and the rates made very, very low. He is not interested in whether the government and the railroads get anything out of it or not, nor whether it suits all classes of people—he is making a noise for himself.

Naturally, the railroads have their schemes, and just as naturally all grades of interests, big and little, have theirs, and it is everybody's job to make their little selfish scheme look innocent and good. Yes, this country is "going some" nowadays. Things are getting into a Kilkenny cat situation with a vengeance, and it isn't pessimism to say so. All that is required to reach such a conclusion is to chase yourself into a corner and take a look at facts as they are, with their cloaks off.

The Drug Evil.

A bill is pending before the New York legislature, regarding the sale of cocaine, more drastic than any law at present in effect anywhere, and it is backed by the foremost physicians, chemists and druggists in the state. It is believed that if the law is passed, the traffic in the drug can be materially lessened, though it is difficult to prevent the police, as well as a certain class of physicians, from dealing improperly in the stuff.

The extent to which cocaine and like drugs is used, is said to be appalling. It is openly charged that physicians are prescribing "dope" in hundreds of thousands of cases, and that the drug habit has thus become fixed on innocent persons, through the false idea that the medicines obtained through certain physicians, have helped them, while others have failed, simply because these medicines were in fact "dopes" and not actual remedies with lasting beneficial results.

The bill makes the sale or attempted sale of cocaine a felony, punishable by seven years' imprisonment instead of by not more than one year, with or without a fine of not exceeding \$1,000. At present there is no restriction as to the sale of the drug upon prescription, but the new law will make it a felony for any physician, dentist or veterinarian to prescribe "alkaloid cocaine or its salts or alpha or beta cocaine or their salts except in the form of solution or ointment."

It is further provided that such ointment or solution shall not contain more than 4 per cent. of cocaine. Any druggist who fills a prescription violating the provisions of the law is also guilty of a felony. Not more than one ounce of such solution or ointment can be given to any one.

Inquiry among physicians has shown that the only form in which cocaine need be prescribed is in solution or ointment. No prescriptions are to be refilled by a druggist except those in which the amount of cocaine is almost imperceptible. Prescriptions of this sort are chiefly used for eye washes, and would be utterly useless to the drug fiend.

It is believed that the bill covers the sale of cocaine from the time it leaves the manufacturer or the wholesaler until it enters the hands of the consumer. Sales are to be made only to the particular pharmacists, druggists, physicians, veterinarians or dentists by whom the order is given. Under the present law any one belonging to any of those classes can give such an order, but the law does not require at present that the sale be made to that person and to no other.

The bill is too elaborate and technical for a layman to understand, but it is probable that under it the criminal prosecution of physicians and druggists is made easy, in cases in which the stuff is supplied illegally. Any law which would reach the "peddler," and not the professional violator, would be useless, as it has come to the stage when innocent people, as well as "dope fiends," must be protected against themselves and against some members of the medical fraternity.

The Price of Gasoline.

Every time gasoline is advanced in price, the usual joke is sprung that "John D" has done it for some personal reason, and each advance is accompanied with the wise conclusion that the Standard Oil Co. is a very bad trust indeed, for isn't it saying, whenever it wills, "the price is up and you must pay it." We do not know how nearly the Standard controls the output of gasoline—perhaps it is an absolute control—but we do know that its advances must be a pretty close following of the law of supply and demand, and that there is no valid reason why gasoline should be an exception to rules which regulate the prices of all commodities.

With the increased purchase of automobiles and gasoline engines by the hundreds of thousands each year, and with the limited production of gasoline, there is nothing surer that the latter must continue to advance in price. The present price of 17½ cents wholesale, may five years from now be increased to double the price, and we do not consider that "John D" will be criminally responsible, any more than farmers were criminally responsible for the big price of potatoes a year ago. Small supply, as compared with big demand, will greatly increase the cost of any commodity.

Farmers who complain of this extra cost for running their engines, should place the blame on the increased use of automobiles, rather than on the Standard Oil Co. Should there be a change from gasoline to kerosene as a motive power, then the latter would soar in price, or if people would stop buying automobiles, the former would also stop going up.

The secret of the great success of the Standard Oil Co. and other great trusts, is simply that they deal in products for which there is always a sure demand—an increasing demand—and it is a sure business proposition that they encourage the growth of the demand by every means in their power. The Standard, for instance, manufactures stoves and lamps, to use up its kerosene, and it is quite possible that it is secretly interested in the manufacture of automobiles and gasoline engines, and in the invention of other machines requiring gasoline fuel. Why not?

SAND.

Sand is a good thing for an engine, and for a man—it will keep both from slipping, on a down grade, and will help both to pull up a grade. Thousands of wrecks have been caused because sand was not employed in time—perhaps not carried at all—and many a case of slow progress and poor pulling has been due to the want of just a little sand on the track.

Sand and grit—it's all the same—get a supply of it and make use of it! Use it, if necessary, until the sparks fly! Everybody likes easy going; and the grinding roughnesses of life are unpleasant, but when they prevent disaster further down the grade and make us better and surer engineers on life's journey, there is nothing but thankfulness for the use of the sand lever.

Young men, take on sand; you need it more than older and more experienced travellers. Many of the tracks before you are pleasure tracks, specially smoothed and oiled to give you easy going, but all of life is not a dead level—there are grades—ascents and descents—and you must make these, too, if you would finish the course with safety and honor. Along with the pleasures of swift travel, take into account the final arrival—and don't forget the sand box. Never take even a short trip without it.

Young ladies, you also need sand. You may be part of the deceptive smooth track for young men. Do not lend yourselves to dangerous situations, nor help to conceal stern realities. Put on the brakes and the sand at the right times, even at the sacrifice of transitory pleasures. Life is meant to be full of joy, but it must always be attended with good sense, and with womanly, as well as manly, uses of restrictive regulations.

The manly man and the womanly woman is a development that cannot start too soon. Make use of sand early, and there will not be so much need of it later, when it hurts more. The jars and discomforts of early life are borne the best when we have early learned how to counteract them—a little fine sand, used when young, may prevent the necessity for the use of gravel after the years accumulate.

To Reduce the Cost of Meat.

A trade paper devoted to a particular manufacturing interest declares:

If Congress will even reduce the duty on cattle and meat to the low level of protection now given the shoe industry there might be something accomplished in the way of reducing the high cost of living.

We wonder.

From what country or countries is to come a supply of meat adequate to fill the normal demand of the people of the United States? If the cattle raisers in this country are producing less and less meat food because of the unsatisfactory returns on their business, how can anybody suppose that they would produce more meat food if the returns were to be still lower? The trade paper admits that there has been a steady decline in the raising of cattle for beef; but no cattle raiser would have stopped producing if there had been satisfactory profit for him. Either it has cost him more to produce

than the product was naturally worth in the market where he must sell, or, regardless of what it cost him to produce, the beef combines have fixed for his product an arbitrary price which has not permitted him to continue in business at a profit.

If the cattle raiser has been unable to make enough money out of his business to justify his remaining in it at present prices, under what theory could he make more money, and would he produce more meat food, if prices, owing to Tariff changes or any other causes, should go still lower?

Outside of the United States the whole world does not produce a sufficient supply of cattle for meat to provide for the normal demand of American consumers if the natural American supply itself is extinguished. Owing to freight charges and other disadvantages of marketing at a long distance from the source of supply, it is doubtful whether all the rest of the world could supply at reasonable prices sufficient cattle for meat to provide for the needs of American consumers with American supplies extinguished.

This country long was and still is the natural cattle raising country of the world. If in this country, where natural conditions favor them, cattle raisers are going out of business because of unnatural control of the distribution to consumers of what they produce, they certainly are not going to resume that business with their market still artificially controlled against them, and with still lower prices to make it impossible for them to survive.—N. Y. Press.

OVERALLS.

Overalls are the uniform of prosperity. Overalls must not, however, be confounded with dress suits. Dress suits are merely the advertisement of prosperity.

Overalls are not worn much by rich people. They are confined mostly to men who are producing riches. Put a captain of industry on a desert island and at the end of a year he would be a living skeleton hunting shrimps for food. But give him a thousand privates in overalls to boss and in the same time he would be loading corn for export and writing for automobile catalogues.

Overalls are made of cheap, stout material and are made to get dirty. A clean pair of overalls constitute an indictment for laziness. Nothing looks more ridiculous than a pair of clean overalls except perhaps a dress suit shirt which looks as if the owner had been working in it.

On the other hand, nothing adds to the dignity of overalls so much as grime. The more grease and grime a pair of overalls accumulates the more successful they have been in their career.

Overalls and success go hand in hand. Wherever the overall is found in any abundance there also can be found the growing crops, the advancing railroads, the soaring buildings and the roaring factories. The only parts of America still in primal loneliness are those unfortunate spots which have not known the beneficent and inspiring overall.—Phila. Bulletin.

Selfish Progressive Policy.

If the views of the Progressive National Committee count for anything there is to be no fusion with the Republicans or other parties, and candidates will be nominated for Congress in 1914 in every district of the United States. County tickets are also to be named, and the work of organization is to be pushed vigorously. From a Democratic partisan standpoint nothing could be more gratifying than such a policy. It means that, notwithstanding any blunders that may be made—and the critical public is very prone to pick many errors in the new administration—the Democrats will be assured of a majority in the Congress to be elected in 1914, and will be in a position to carry on the reform plans to which President-elect Wilson is committed. They should thus occupy unusually strong ground when the campaign of 1916 opens.

From a broader viewpoint the Progressive policy seems to be a mistaken one. Political parties are presumably organized for bettering the condition of the people by the working out of certain definite ideas or policies. They exist not simply for their own aggrandizement and the capturing of offices, but for the welfare of the country as a whole. It is not difficult to imagine that a situation might arise in this city where, by a combination of Democrats and Progressives, a telling blow might be struck for good government which would be of lasting benefit. Similarly a fusion of Republicans and Progressives in New York might put an effectual check on Tammany. In some Southern States a combination of independent Democrats, Republicans and Progressives might be able to overturn a tyrannical machine, like that of Governor Bleasie, in South Carolina.

Under the new Progressive program all such fusions are to be discouraged, and the single thought is to be the advancement of the Progressive cause, without regard to the results to good government as a whole. Such a policy seems to be in the highest degree selfish, and likely to prove very poor politics in the long run. It emphasizes the domination of Theodore Roosevelt over the new party. As Democrats we find no fault with it, but as citizens of the United States we feel at liberty to criticize it as a backward step. Phila. Record.

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It will pay you to watch our Bargain Counter.

Lot of Laces and Embroideries, at 3c and up.

Ladies', Misses' and Boys' Underwear, at 19c.

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HAS MADE FOUR REPORTS TO THE STATE OF MARYLAND DURING THE PRESENT YEAR.

The 1st was Feb. 20th, showing deposits \$559,501.41
The 2nd was April 18th, showing deposits, \$579,649.94
The 3rd was June 14th, showing deposits, \$584,857.05
The 4th was Sept. 4th, showing deposits, \$598,035.49

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Because we are correct and accurate.
Because you can depend on us.

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If you are looking for good School Shoes, at the right prices, come in and see us.

This season we are showing a greater variety of Dorothy Dodd and Walk-Over Shoes than ever before. We have unusual values in Ladies' \$2.00 Shoes, in all leathers, both low and high heels.

You will always find correct styles here in Hats, Caps, Neckwear, Shirts, Collars, Gloves and Hosiery.

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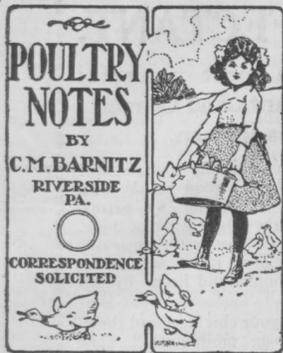
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Come and Get Those Letter Heads You Have Been Needing So Long



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THE HUMAN DRUG STORE.

There is a man you likely know.
His name is Mr. Dope.
He has so many ailments
That you'd think there was no hope.
His liver and his kidneys
And his stomach and his heart
He thinks are so diseased
That they soon will fall apart.
It's a cancer; it's a tumor;
Oh, it must be Bright's disease!
Sure, it's tuberculosis
Every time he has to sneeze.
His appendix—maybe that's it;
Apoplexy—it's a-coming.
So he runs off to the drug store,
Keeps the doctor's phone a-humming.
Morning, he takes digitalis;
Noon, a dose of calomel;
Then at night some castor oil,
Aconite and nux and bell.

Goodness, what an awful dope fiend,
Human drug store walkin' round!
Stomach must be perforated,
Wonder that he's above ground.

Cut it, Dope! Go get a wood saw,
Lay some hickory on the buck,
Make that saw go like blue blazes
And you'll have much better luck.

Throw that dope on to the junk pile,
Chase away your visions drear,
Eat plain grub and breathe pure ozone
And abjure highballs and beer.
C. M. BARNITZ.

THE DROPPING BOARD ESSENTIAL.

For the sake of sanitation and the saving of labor and valuable hen fertilizer the dropping board under the roost is a necessity to every well regulated henhouse.

It's only where John Bughouse is on the job that hen manure is allowed to pile up on the floor and hens roost over the festering mass. There it rots, freezes and thaws, poisons the air and affords breeding place for vermin and microbes. The hens walk in it, lay in it, dust in it, drag it here and there, scratch it out over the floor. It is



Photo by C. M. Barnitz.

DROPPING BOARD, ROOST, NESTS

mixed with their feed. The result is disease among the flocks, and the valuable fertilizer is wasted.

Such a filthy place is unpleasant for those who attend the flock and unfit to produce sweet eggs and pure meat.

The dropping board under the roost is so easily constructed that little time and skill are required. It occupies only the floor room required for the props and may be so arranged as to be quickly removed. Thus the droppings may be easily and quickly scraped off and stored and land plaster or dry earth be thrown on the boards to absorb all moisture and kill all bad smells.

DON'TS.

Don't envy others. The same people may be envying your soft snap. If you're content to do your best, kind providence will do the rest and you and yours will be well blessed.

Don't use an old slat corner, the rat pantry and fat hen confectionery.

Don't let fruit rot under the trees that hogs and chickens will thrive on.

Don't paint a galvanized roof until the weather makes it rough enough to hold the paint.

Don't fall to sow a crop in that poultry yard where the ground's foul. Winter rye for winter picking.

Don't bury the hatchet in that rooster's head. Use a good sticking knife and bleed him right.

Don't expect to make extra gains unless you take extra pains.

Don't go back to the soil with the idea that agriculture is a snap and the same as it was fifty years ago. Such a hallucination spells ruination.

Don't preach conservation of our natural resources and allow your jaw power to run to waste.

Don't consider building a rooster the same as building a box. Some blockheads do that and fall flat.

Don't gey the preacher because he dotes on chicken. Remember he is a prime poultry promoter and makes a market for your tough antediluvians.

Don't get crazy over silver cups. It's nice to win a prize or so, and silver cups have a pretty glow, but it's money makes the fast mare go.

THE TURKEY FAMINE AND WHY.

There was a time when on nearly every farm at sundown the big flock of turkeys came prancing down the lane and strutted and gobbled round the farmhouse for their supper.

What a strenuous time there was to catch them for the market, but what a big bunch of easy money they brought in!

There was a day when there was nationwide lip smacking over big, fat, roasted turkeys at Thanksgiving and Christmas, and turkeys were everywhere plentiful and low—a day when the preacher was always remembered with a big fat turkey, when generous employers gave them to their married workmen, when benevolent societies served them to the poor, and when chicken as a holiday center dish was just too ordinary for anything.

But that day has passed.
Of 6,450,648 farms that report poultry only \$71,123 report turkeys, and the

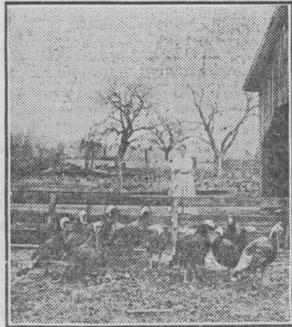


Photo by C. M. Barnitz.

AN UNUSUAL SIGHT.

turkey population has dropped from 6,594,065 to 3,668,708.

That's not very much turkey to fill the aching void of 93,000,000 hungry turkey epicures. But it's really no wonder there is a turkey famine. The nature feker has bungled the job.

The turkey has been bred and fed unnaturally, has been prone to disease, and deadly turkey blackhead has killed millions and put most of the country in the turkey graveyard class.

The national and state agricultural departments have paid little attention to the turkey, and ten more years of such neglect and nature fake tactics will finish the turkey tribe. The conservation and propagation of wild turkeys for wild blood to infuse to renew the dying turkey tribe and a return to natural methods will restore the turkey population. Until this is done the vast majority must eat chicken.

While turkeys, ducks and geese decrease, chickens jump from 23,566,921 to 280,345,133. That's three chickens apiece for the whole population, and tender, juicy chicken is sure a bully substitute for turk.

FEATHERS AND EGGSHELLS.

Occasionally a turkey hen lays in August. Such eggs should be cooked, not set, unless one lives out of the frost belt.

Thousands of thrifty housewives will not worry if storage eggs mount highest ever this winter. They have millions of eggs down in water glass and will save money and have sweeter eggs for puddings and pumpkin pies accordingly.

With such a big corn crop and corn lower than most other grains, it is a temptation to feed much of this grand staple. But whether high or low corn is a hog fattener, and if fed too plentifully the hen's egg machine soon clogs with fat and the winter egg record is knocked.

An old saying declares, "It is unlucky to bring in eggs after dark." How true! In summer they will be heated; in winter they will be frozen and the germ killed, and then you are apt to gather and sell rots you have unwisely used for nest eggs, and then your customer quits you and calls you a bughouse beat.

We are in an era when humans are reaching out to nature and the simple life is calling. Those who go in for poultry will find an ever increasing market and a day full of hard work also, but such is real life.

Forty thousand persons in one day paid to see the poultry at the recent show on Young's million dollar pier at Atlantic City. That show saved many a fellow from being lassoed, bunkoed and then "thrown" by the slick summer girl.

The fact that hogs can stand an awful lot of filth is no proof that they thrive best in that style. Same with fowl. Let bughouse people remember they are raising these animals to eat, not to pollute the atmosphere and breed an epidemic.

One hundred and eighty-five million eggs are hatched in Egyptian incubators each season, bean straw or camel dung cakes being used for fuel. The Egyptian operators are very skillful, and, though the eggs are gathered with little regard to their source, the loss is only about one-third.

Cuba was the largest buyer of eggs from the United States last year, 4,500,000 dozen being shipped to the island. The game, for cockfighting, has been the principal breed. As cocking is now unlawful, better breeds will supersede the game, and more market poultry and eggs will be produced.

Canada stood second among our egg customers last year, importing 2,250,000 dozens. Winter eggs were at a premium, sold higher than in the United States, and the demand was greater than the supply.

C. M. Barnitz



Anty Drudge Disagrees With Some People

Mrs. Oldway—"I told Mrs. Newfangle the other day that I wouldn't be hired to do things the way she does. Why, she says she never boils her clothes any more since you told her about some sort of soap to use. I don't think clothes that aren't rubbed and boiled are fit to wear."

Anty Drudge—"I certainly did tell her about Fels-Naptha Soap. You may like to do things the hardest way, but I know Mrs. Newfangle's clothes are just as clean as yours, and look whiter, without half the hard work. I tell every woman about Fels-Naptha Soap, and more's the pity if they are too foolish to try it."

Fels-Naptha Soap does better work in the best way. Just because a thing is new doesn't say that it isn't as good or better than the old things we have been used to. If you don't know about Fels-Naptha Soap, it is time that you learn.

Our grandmothers made their own soap with scraps of fat, lye and other things. Nowadays we buy our soaps. Times change, and so do women.

Fels-Naptha Soap is one of the changes that means a lot to tired housekeepers. It means a way of doing work well. It means saving a lot of time and trouble. It means using cool or lukewarm water; it means making things look bright and new. Anything—paint, woodwork, kitchen sinks or greasy pans, the weekly wash, fine laces, heavy blankets—looks better if done with Fels-Naptha Soap.

Follow the directions on the Red and Green Wrapper.

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There is always need for a good lantern around the home—in the yard, in the cellar, in the attic—wherever a lamp is inconvenient or unsafe.

The RAYO is ideal for home use. It gives a clear, bright light—like sunlight on tap. It is strong, durable, compact, handy. Doesn't leak. Doesn't smoke. Easy to light and rewick. Will last for years. Ask for the RAYO.

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The way you want it

And when you want it.

NEW MOVE IN NAVY

To Educate the Public in Needs of the Navy.

League Will Employ Retired Naval Officers to Lecture on the Necessity of Adequate Defense—Expect Good Results.

Washington.—Initiating a movement of the Navy league for the education of public opinion on the subject of the necessity of adequate naval defense, Col. Robert M. Thompson of New York and Washington delivered a lecture at Princeton university the other day. He was introduced by George B. McClellan. The subject of his lecture was "The Navy."

Within a few weeks the Navy league, which Colonel Thompson has done much to vitalize, will send Rear Admiral Richard Wainwright, retired; Commodore A. V. Wadhams, retired, and other distinguished officers of the service to lecture on the navy before chambers of commerce and universities in the west and south. The organization of the Navy league is being rapidly extended.

That plain talk from great sea commanders will drive home in the minds of citizens of the nation the salient truths of the dependence of the country upon its fleet is fully realized by Colonel Thompson, Gen. Horace Porter, Mr. Henry H. Ward, Mr. A. H. Dadmun and other prominent members of the Navy league. Few men can make a more effective address than "Dick" Wainwright, who fought the Gloucester so gallantly at Santiago and was a battleship and division commander in the cruise of the battleship fleet around the world.

But this is not all the Navy league is doing. An excursion of Navy league members to the Panama canal during January and February is in contemplation. The fundamental importance of the canal to American naval defense is apparent. Inquiries are now being sent out to all members of the Navy league to ascertain how many would like to make the voyage, which will also take in other points of interest in the Caribbean, consuming in time probably three weeks. A steamship may be chartered especially for the use of the party.

FOOT POWDER FOR SOLDIERS.

The war department, which is looking after the feet of enlisted men with renewed vigilance, has just ordered through the surgeon general's office 30,000 cans of foot powder to be used in connection with adhesive plaster, both of which articles will be supplied on requisition of medical officers.

The provisions of the general order, which provides for the proper protection of the feet of enlisted men, has attracted wide attention in the military service. Commanding officers have been discussing the extent to which they must personally fit the shoes to the feet of their men.

The "foot powder" order is regarded as acutely scientific and is said to be in extension of the work performed by the board of army officers following practical experiments with the styles of shoes best adapted to army wear.

CAUSE OF DISPUTE.

A heated discussion is raging before the Columbia Historical society over the common use of the title "White House" for the residence of the president of the United States.

One set of delvers into history declares the title is one of contempt bestowed on the historic mansion by the victorious British shortly after they partially burned it in the war of 1812; others maintain that the name was given the building in honor of Mrs. Martha Washington, wife of the first president, whose girlhood home on the York river in Virginia bore it. Already the society is divided into two camps and an embryonic movement to petition for the changing of the name of the building is bitterly opposed by the "pro-White Housers," as they have been designated.

23,000 ARE NOT IN SCHOOLS.

In the nation's capital more than 23,000 children are not attending school and thousands are packed away in the 140 noisome, thickly populated alleys which are the capital's "sore spot," according to Maj. Richard Sylvester, superintendent of police. The police chief told the Presbyterian Men's club, in connection with the home missionary movement, that the condition of children in what was thought to be the model city of the country was bad beyond belief.

Ministers of the city have been asked to set aside the first Sunday in December to be devoted to a general protest against alley conditions.

MONEY FOR ARTIFICIAL LIMBS.

The surgeon general of the army estimates that \$85,000 will be required for the purchase of artificial limbs and apparatus during the coming year. Last year 94 artificial legs, one foot and five arms were distributed to afflicted soldiers. Under the act of congress of June, 1870, and subsequent amendments, 23,527 disabled soldiers and sailors have been furnished artificial limbs or apparatus, or have received compensation in money.

MAY BUY MONTICELLO.

That one of the first things the house will do after congress reconvenes will be to pass the Monticello resolution favored by Mrs. Martin W. Littleton, wife of the New York representative, is the opinion of Representative Robert L. Henry of Texas, chairman of the rules committee.

Mrs. Littleton is going to keep up her fight to have the government purchase the home of Thomas Jefferson, now owned by Representative Jefferson M. Levy of New York. The resolution provides for an investigation of the subject in preparation for the purchase.

The senate has already passed the resolution. Hearings have been held by the house rules committee and the resolution is favored by a majority of the committee members. It was not considered in the house at the last session owing to the press of other business.

Mr. Levy is as determined as ever not to give up Monticello without a struggle. He will fight hard against the resolution when it comes up, and is trying to enlist the sympathies of other members of that body to help him keep his property. It is Mrs. Littleton's idea that the estate should be made a public park similar to Mount Vernon, which, however, is owned and maintained for the benefit of the public by a historical society.

ORIGIN OF MORSE CODE.

The Morse code, by which messages are flashed over the vast network of wires throughout the civilized world, was not the invention of Samuel F. B. Morse, but was of Irish origin, being the old Gaelic dot and dash alphabet in use as early as 1150.

This declaration by Prof. James Money before the Archaeological society of Washington at its meeting in the National museum, has stirred up a heated controversy.

Professor Money declared that the Gaelic alphabet, or the Ogem system, as it is known, was actually the basis of the so-called Morse code. He insisted his contention was fully carried out by the records of the ancient Irish people as found in stone and wooden carvings.

"There were seventeen letters in the Gaelic alphabet," he declared, "and they began with one dash, went up to five dashes, then from five dashes down to one dash, and then began the dots, very much the same as the Morse alphabet used in telegraphy."

BEDBUG IS CLASSIFIED.

Assistant Surgeon General W. C. Rucker of the United States public health service is authority for the declaration that the bedbug is not a "disgrace."

As far as he will go is to say that the notorious little insect is a "positive danger," inasmuch as it carries disease.

In a special report, Dr. Rucker says that the bedbug should be killed whenever he bobs up, but to find him around is nothing to be ashamed of.

Dr. Rucker tells of ways to kill the bug. The best way, he says, is to see that he has nowhere to breed. Do away with wooden beds and get metal ones. After the bug gets in, dose him with kerosene, or boiling water and bichloride, or fumigate him with sulphur.

BACHELOR COTILLON NO MORE.

The annual bachelor cotillon, at which the wives of presidents frequently have officiated as hostesses for the unmarried men in the diplomatic, legislative and society life of the capital, is no more.

Becoming too large to handle readily, the leaders have announced that the ball which for forty-five years has been one of the exclusive events of the season will no longer be held, and the organization will be disbanded. Mrs. Cleveland, Mrs. Roosevelt and Mrs. Taft all have been in the receiving lines at the receptions of the organization's annual affairs.

Professor Was a Wonder.

"Yes, sir," said the great professor to a gentleman to whom he had been introduced only a few moments ago. "I have given some attention to the study of human nature, and I rarely fail to read a face correctly. Now, there is a lady," he continued, pointing across the room, "the lines of whose countenance are as clear to me as type. The chin shows firmness of disposition amounting to obstinacy; the sharp-pointed nose a vicious temperament; the eyes, a dryness of soul; the—"

"Wonderful, professor—wonderful!" "You know something of the lady, then?" said the professor, complacently.

"Yes, a little. She's my wife."

Largest Water Tank.

The water supply system of Calcutta includes the largest water tank in the world. It covers an area of two and one-third acres, and the total weight when it is full of water is 72,000 tons. There are thirty-two miles of steel joists in the vertical columns and bracings, and in the foundations twenty miles of steel joists and tie bars.

The capacity of the tank is 9,000,000 gallons of water. The tank acts as a balancer and to assist the pumps when they cannot send sufficient water into the mains to meet the demand. During the night hours, when the pumps provide more water than is required, the excess quantity goes into the tank; when the demand is greater the water from the tank flows automatically into the mains.

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.

UNION BRIDGE.

On last Sunday morning, Sheriff Fagan and Deputy Deiter, of Frederick County, visited the Cement Plant and in consequence of that visit there was quiet the rest of the day in the dynamite department at the quarries.

PLEASANT VALLEY.

The Winter term in the public school closed last Friday, Jan. 17. The following named pupils were present every day during the term: Margaret Myers, Fannie Yingling, Pearl Myers, Rutledge Waltz, Amy Hahn, Mary Myers, Helen Zepp, Cora Kooztz, George Helwig, Russell Smith, Joseph Leister, Guy Myers, Herbert Smith, Fern Myers, Herman Logue, John Helwig, Walter Smith, Edgar Smith, David Geiman, Clarence Welk.

EMMITSBURG.

Charles S. Zeck, aged 68 years, a lifelong resident of this place, died at his home Sunday evening. He had been in bad health for seven years. He was a son of the late Deitrick and Mary Zeck, and is survived by his wife, who was Miss Maria Gelwick, two sons, Edgar and Clarence, both of Philadelphia.

MAYBERRY.

Miss Edie Eckard, of York, Pa., is visiting her brothers and sisters, of near here.

LINWOOD.

C. H. Englar, E. Mac Rouzer and Nathan Smith visited home folks over Sunday.

BLUE RIDGE COLLEGE.

You will remember that on Friday evening, Jan. 24, Dr. Driver will be with us. This is the third number of our lecture course.

NEW WINDSOR.

Mrs. W. Cora Stouffer is visiting relatives in Baltimore.

FRIZZELBURG.

The weather is mild, and news is scarce. The annual protracted meeting at the Church of God began here on Thursday night, and will continue for a week or more.

KEYSVILLE.

Miss Bruce Shorb, of Washington, is visiting her mother, Mrs. Elizabeth Myers.

KEYMAR.

Chas. H. Igenfritz and wife, of 203 East Cottage Place, York, Pa., returned home after spending several days with their daughter, Mrs. Elice C. Frock, at Union Bridge, and also their daughter, Mrs. Milton Miller, at Keymar, Md.

Simple, Harmless, Effective.

Pure Charcoal Tablets for Dyspepsia Acid Stomach, Heartburn and Constipation. 10c and 25c.—Get at McKELLI'S advertisement.

ART IN SETTING TABLE

INDIVIDUAL ARTISTIC TOUCH COUNTS FOR MUCH THERE.

While There Are Some Absolutely Fixed Rules for the Placing of the Service, Arrangement is Largely Matter of Taste.

Everyone may not learn to set a table artistically, but there are few who cannot learn to set it much better than they do. It is called art by some, and as such should be recognized by everyone.

It is not so much what is put on the table in the form of dishes, linen and service, as how it is done. Unusual, faddish setting of the table should be avoided for the everyday or holiday meal, unless it would be for such days as Halloween.

The setting for the table usually falls to the daughter of the house, if there is one; if not, the mother does it herself or directs how it should be done if there is a helper in the home. There is no place in the entire home which can show the individual artistic touch of mother or daughter as the table, and there are some absolutely fixed rules for the placing of most of the service.

In the first place, linens should be spotless and white and as fine as your style of living will warrant, the simpler ones for everyday use and the finer ones for special occasion.

They may be all this, but if not perfectly washed and ironed, the corners of the cloth folded perfectly, even the very foundation of the table setting will be a failure.

Table decorations should not be too elaborate, and always in keeping with the character of the day celebrated or the desired color scheme used, writes Alice G. Kirk in the Cleveland Leader.

Thanksgiving day colors are usually yellow to correspond with the pumpkin and chrysanthemum, which is the usual flower of the day.

The soup plate is on a service plate, which is an eight or ten-inch plate. Observe closely the accuracy with which knife, fork, spoons, goblet and other service are placed on the table.

The soup spoon is placed to the right of the knife and teaspoon and the soup ladle to the right of the soup spoon. Using left hand for removing cover of tureen, you are ready to take the ladle in right hand and serve soup, which may be passed to the other members of family at table.

The water glass or goblet should always be placed at end of knife blade. The bread and butter plate is on the left side at end of fork. The silver is always used for the outside toward the plate, either from right or left. Napkins should always be placed in left side of fork.

Twenty-four inches is the usual space allowed for each cover or person.

GET OUT TO PLEASE CRANKS

Clerk Who Gained Good Will of Difficult Customers Deserved Promotion That Followed.

"Anybody can hold the trade of a good-natured customer," said the superintendent of a large mercantile establishment to a new clerk. "It's the man who can please the cranks and chronic kickers whom we want and who will find himself in line for promotion."

The new clerk remembered. He set himself to please difficult customers, the ones who like to complain and will find an opportunity to do so no matter how good the service and merchandise. "I realized," he says, "that their money is just as good as the next man's, though it may be more difficult to get."

It was not long before the obliging clerk had built up a personal trade, so that critical customers would ask for him on entering the shop. They liked to be waited on by one whom they knew desired to please. Often they became much less crochety.

The superintendent was as good as his word. When the value of the new man's services became apparent, as it inevitably did, the promised promotion was not long delayed.

MALAY SERVANT NOT IDEAL.

May Not Always Understand, but is Consistently Cheerful and Willing to Please.

I am glad that I found all in order at Southampton. The docks appeared to be well cared for, and the officials on duty were calm and unflinching. Our departure was leisurely and dignified. Luncheon was served soon after the arrival of the boat train, and I am glad to assure you that your commissioner, with whom forethought on these occasions has developed into a habit, took full advantage of the position of the vessel alongside the quay.

In addition to myself and the postcard fiend, I discovered that our passenger list was made up of Dutch, French, English, Germans, Spanish, Swiss, Portuguese, Moorish and Javanese. We can all speak our own language with varying degrees of fluency, including the stewards, who are Javanese. We communicate with the stewards either through the officers or by dumb show. I am glad to report that I am rapidly developing a latent gift for the dying art of pantomime. Hunger and thirst are good teachers.

On the first morning, for example, wishing to take my usual bath, I rang the bell. It was answered by my cabin boy.

"Bath?" I inquired. He smiled delightedly.

"May I have a bath?" I persisted. He nodded, disappeared, and returned an instant later with an orange.

"No," I said. "Bath." To assist the simple statement, I waved my arms about rather wildly, the intention being to imitate one bathing.

"Yah," he cried, disappeared again, and came back with a blanket.

"No," I said. "I am not cold. Wait a moment."

Springing from my bunk, I sat down on the floor of the cabin, and went through the motion of one sluicing himself with water. I took great pains over the matter, and I really think it was well done.

"Yah! Yah!" he cried, and ran off. In less than two minutes he was back with a live hen.

That is the best of a Malay servant, so far as my experience goes—he is always cheerful and always willing to take pains. He never seems to be sulky or out of temper. He may not know one's language, but he has the gift of sympathetic understanding, which is far more valuable in a servant than the mere faculty of talking.

—London Sketch.

Darkey Had a Premonition. It happened during the construction of one of Kansas City's skyscrapers. The noon whistle blew and a plasterer, working on the floor above that on which he had left his street clothes, wanted some change from his pocket-book and ordered his tender to go and get it.

The tender paused. "Look hyah, Misteh Jim," he objected, "if somebody has already stole yo' money an' I comes back hyah an' tells yo' dat it's gone, yo' is gwine to say I tuk it."

Although struck by the seeming justice of the objection the plasterer was impatient. "What's the matter with you?" he ejaculated. "Nobody has stolen my money. You go ahead, and if the money is gone I won't blame you."

The tender departed, to return in a few minutes and stand just inside the door.

"Well!" said the plasterer, pointedly.

The tender shuffled his feet, wide-eyed and innocent. "It's jes' like I tole you, boss, jes' like I tole you. Somebody done robbed yo'—dey wuzn't a cent in dem clothes."

Ruling Passion.

To the lady who had captured his heart he asserted he was a peer of the realm. And because he wore evening dress so frequently she believed he spoke the truth. But, alas! the dress he wore was but his uniform at the Restaurant de Vegetables.

'Twas one pleasant September evening and they sat in the park together. M'lord was tired, for, truth to tell, the day had been a trying one, and carrying plate after plate of roasts' mutton and boiled beef is not the lightest of tasks. He dozed.

But his lady love was not to be denied.

"Tell me, dear one," she whispered, "do you love me?"

"Love you?" he murmured drowsily. "Course I do!"

"How much?" she begged. "How much?"

"How much?" he repeated. "Lemme see, sir. Roast mutton, 50 cents; potatoes, 15 cents; 65 cents, please!"

—Buffalo Enquirer.

Seaweed Substitute for Rubber.

A substitute for hard rubber, gutta percha and leather has just been put on the market in England under the name of segumite. It is prepared from seaweed. The properties of the new discovery are said to be that it is non-inflammable, proof against heat, cold, oil and weather; its insulation resistance increases with immersion in water; it is unaffected by dilute sulphuric acid, which makes it especially valuable for use in storage battery jars and separators. It is well adapted for motor gears, switchboard panels, switch handles, steam and gas packings and to replace leather in beltings.

Egging Him On.

She—It must be a hard blow to a man to be rejected by a woman. He—Indeed it must. She—Do you know, I don't think I could ever have the heart to do it.—Hartford Times.

"KILL GERM" DIP AND DISINFECTANT.



One of the most powerful Disinfectants and Germicides known.

Have you disease among your poultry? Then you should use a good disinfectant. Most diseases are spread by germs. "Kill-Germ" makes short work of these. Spray regularly, and you will reduce disease among your fowls to a minimum. Do away with Cholera and Roup by using "Kill-Germ."

Do lice worry your chickens and thereby reduce the egg production? Then spray with "Kill-Germ." It is death to lice, and gives the quarters a pure wholesome atmosphere.

Use it in the Cow Stables. Spray, or wash the cattle with it. Spray it around the building. It kills all foul odors that abound there to the detriment of the milk.

"Kill-Germ" is twice as powerful in germ-killing and insect killing properties as carbolic acid and has practically none of its poisonous qualities. One gallon of "Kill-Germ" mixed with 100 gallons of water makes a solution that is perfectly safe and perfectly dependable.

Spray your quarters while the work is slack. Buy "Kill-Germ" today at \$1.25 a gallon.

REINDOLLAR BROS. & CO. LEADING HARDWARE DEALERS TANEY TOWN, MD.

DO YOU KNOW That the persons who purchased land in the FAMOUS YAKIMA VALLEY, WASHINGTON,

last Spring have received \$100.00 per acre, or \$1000.00 on a 10-acre tract, as their share of last season's potato crop? THIS IS EQUAL TO A DIVIDEND OF 25 PER-CENT.

Why not Profit by their Experience?

We have more of this land to sell, and you will get your first crop returns next Fall.

REMEMBER THIS IS A GUARANTEED INVESTMENT, and if you are not satisfied, you can get your money back with 10 per-cent interest.

Phone, write or call to see us, and learn more about this splendid opportunity.

C. E. & J. B. FINK, WESTMINSTER, MD.

DRESSED PORK

REMEMBER we have the trade—Packers—Butchers and Dealers who are willing to pay fancy prices for fancy stock. We can handle any amount and want to handle your shipments.

Experience—Trade—Top Prices—Prompt Returns

J. F. WEANT & SON, 1006 HILLEN STREET, BALTIMORE, MD

Trustee's Sale OF A HANDSOME DWELLING in Taneytown, Carroll Co., Md.

By virtue of a decree of the Circuit Court for Carroll County, in No. 4705 Equity, where in Edward D. Furry, et al., are plaintiffs and Mollie M. Furry, et al., are defendants, the undersigned, Trustee; will offer at Public Sale upon the premises, on SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 23rd, A. D., 1913, at 2 o'clock, p. m., all that tract or parcel of land containing

530 SQUARE FEET, more or less, improved by a new large CONCRETE DWELLING, Barn and other outbuildings. This is one of the most desirable properties in Taneytown, being located on the Main Street, and the buildings recently built with all modern improvements. This property was formerly occupied by Dr. Charles E. Rupp, and was conveyed to the late Samuel B. Furry by H. Scott Rupp, Trustee, by deed dated December 28th, A. D., 1911, and recorded among the Land Records of Carroll County in Liber O. D. G. No. 118 Folio 325, etc.

TERMS OF SALE: One-third cash upon the day of sale or on the ratification of sale by the Court, and the residue in two equal payments of one and two years from the day of sale, or all cash at the option of the purchaser; the credit payments to bear interest from day of sale and to be secured by the notes of the purchaser, with approved security.

EDWARD O. WEANT, Trustee. J. N. O. Smith Auct.

Notice to Creditors.

This is to give notice that the subscriber having obtained from the Orphan's Court of Carroll County, in Md., letters of administration upon the estate of

JACOB RODKEY, 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 24th. day of July, 1913; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. Given under my hands this 24th. day of January, 1913. JACOB M. RODKEY, Administrator.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

This is to give notice that the subscriber having obtained from the Orphan's Court of Carroll County, in Md., letters testamentary upon the estate of

ANNA M. STONESIFER, 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 24th. day of July, 1913; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. Given under my hands this 24th. day of January, 1913. REUBEN A. STONESIFER, Executor.

A Great Genuine Reduction Sale of Fine Clothing - BEGINS AT - Carroll County's Big Clothing Store Saturday, Dec. 28.

Hundreds of Elegant Suits and Overcoats, at Bargain prices. No matter what others offer, see our Suits and Overcoats before you buy. Sharrer & Sorsuch Westminister, Md.

SALE REGISTER

All sales for which this office does the printing and advertising, will be inserted under this heading, (3 lines), free of charge, until sale. All orders will be charged for four insertions and 10c for each additional insertion, or \$1.00 for the entire term. For larger notices charges will be made according to length and number of insertions.

FEBRUARY.

- 15-12 o'clock, by Mrs. Washington Koontz, Taneytown, Household goods.
- 22-12 o'clock, by George Fream, in Harney, Household goods, Stock and Implements, W. T. Smith, Auct.
- 25-12 o'clock, by J. W. Marling, Cumberland twp, Pa., near Gettysburg, Live Stock & Implements, I. N. Lightner, Auct.
- 27-12 o'clock, by Marshal Crebs, near Otter Dale's mill, Live Stock and Implements, J. N. O. Smith, Auct.

MARCH.

- 1-10 o'clock, by Wm. J. Reifsnider, near Middleburg, Live Stock and Implements, J. N. O. Smith, Auct.
- 3-11 o'clock, by Harry G. Myers, near St. James' church, Live Stock and Implements, Jno. D. Baseloar, Auct.
- 4-10 o'clock, by Gen. R. Sault, Taneytown, Live Stock and Implements, J. N. O. Smith, Auct.
- 5-10 o'clock, by Mrs. Wm. H. Staub, near St. James Church, Live Stock, Implements and Household Goods, W. T. Smith, Auct.
- 5-10 o'clock, by Josiah Wantz, near Harney, Live Stock and Implements, J. N. O. Smith, Auct.
- 6-16 o'clock, by John W. Benner, Mt. Joy twp, 2 miles from Harney, Live Stock & Implements, W. T. Smith, Auct.
- 7-11 o'clock, by Ernest Myers, near Baust church, Live Stock and Implements, J. N. O. Smith, Auct.
- 7-10 o'clock, by Jacob Baker, near Taneytown, Live Stock and Implements, W. T. Smith, Auct.
- 8-10 o'clock, by Herbert Humbert, near Kump, Live, Stock and Implements, J. N. O. Smith, Auct.
- 10-12 o'clock, by Samuel J. Fieking, near Taneytown, Live Stock and Implements, J. N. O. Smith, Auct.
- 11-10 o'clock, by Emanuel Bair, near Taneytown, Live Stock and Implements, J. N. O. Smith, Auct.
- 12-10 o'clock, by William N. Lemmon, on Nelson study farm, near Silver Run, Live Stock & Implements, Wm. Warner, Auct.
- 12-10 o'clock, by J. L. Zimmerman, at Sell's Mill, Live Stock and Implements, J. N. O. Smith, Auct.
- 12-10 o'clock, by John W. Six, near Stony Branch school house, Live Stock and Implements, J. T. Kolb, Auct.
- 13-10 o'clock, by Arthur Engler, near Linwood, Live Stock and Implements, J. N. O. Smith, Auct.
- 14-11 o'clock, by Levi D. Sell, on Trimmer farm near Otter Dale, Live Stock and Implements, J. N. O. Smith, Auct.
- 14-10 o'clock, by E. H. Benner, Mt. Joy twp, Pa., Live Stock and Implements, Kolt, Thomson, Auct.
- 14-10 o'clock, by Harvey Nusbaum, near Uniontown, Live Stock and Implements, E. A. Lawrence, Auct.
- 15-12 o'clock, by Elmer C. Reaver, near Mayberry, Live Stock and Implements, J. N. O. Smith, Auct.
- 15-10 o'clock, by Edmund F. Smith, near Bridgeport, Live Stock and Implements, W. T. Smith, Auct.
- 15-10 o'clock, by Harry V. Albaugh, 2 1/2 miles N. W. of Detour, at Pool's Ford, Live Stock, Implements, and Household goods, Edw. Stittely, Auct.
- 19-12 o'clock, by D. H. Wilhelm, at Bark Hill, Stock, Implements, and Household and Kitchen furniture, Wm. Yingling, Auct.
- 19-12 o'clock, by Chas. W. Shiner, at Greenville, near Taneytown, Live Stock and Implements, W. T. Smith, Auct.
- 19-10 o'clock, by Charles Myers, Frizelburg, Live Stock and Implements, J. N. O. Smith, Auct.
- 20-10 o'clock, by Harry Dell, on road from Hughes' shop to Pleasant Valley, Stock & Implements, J. N. O. Smith, Auct.
- 22-12 o'clock, by John T. Shiner, near Taneytown, Live Stock and Implements, J. N. O. Smith, Auct.
- 21-10 o'clock, by Abram Crushon, on Dr. Kemp's farm, near Mayberry, Stock and Implements, J. N. O. Smith, Auct.
- 27-10 o'clock, by Lewis T. Reese, near Bark Hill, Live Stock, Farming Implements and Household goods, J. N. O. Smith, Auct.
- 28-12 o'clock, by Mrs. Mary Clousher, Taneytown and Harney road, Stock, Implements, Household Goods, J. N. O. Smith, Auct.
- 29-12 o'clock, by Harry L. Humbert, 1/2 mile east of Mayberry, Live Stock, Implements and Household goods, J. N. O. Smith, Auct.

TEMPERED COPPER.

Metal Experts Say It Never Was Made and Never Will Be.

Science and even the ordinary progress in the arts and crafts are each iconoclasts in their way—that is, they tear down and destroy ideals long possessed and generally cherished by man. Just now it is that delightful old claim that the ancients knew how to temper copper to the hardness of steel.

For years this has been a general belief, and many a story and not a few serious articles have been written describing how the men of the period just following the stone age used to mine copper and by a secret process temper it and make wonderful knives and other weapons and tools from it. It was called a "lost art."

But now not only scientists, but skilled craftsmen in metals come forward and declare the ancients never tempered copper, and their reason for making this declaration is that copper does not possess the properties that will enable it to be hardened by any process whatever.

"It is safe to declare," states one expert, writing for a mining publication, "that copper has never been tempered at any time by any one, as it does not possess the necessary properties. Copper can be hardened in a number of ways, the easiest being to plunge the finished article into molten antimony or arsenic. The resulting alloy formed on the surface is exceedingly hard and brittle. Recent research in Mexico has shown that the tools there supposed to be made of hard copper were made by smelting mixed ores of copper, nickel and cobalt. The resulting alloy was naturally hard. None of these old tools are of a quality equal to those which can now be made."—New York American.

SOMETHING WRONG.

But It Wasn't the Patient's Fault That He Couldn't Hear.

A man went to a physician and said: "Doctor, I've got trouble with my right ear. What can you do for me?" The doctor held his ear and asked: "Can you hear the tick?" "I can barely hear it." The physician got out some interesting looking instruments and removed a large lump of wax from the ailing member.

"Now, you ought to hear better," he said and held the watch as before.

The man listened.

"Don't you hear it better now?" "No; I don't hear it at all."

"That's queer," said the doctor and took another look.

"Are you sure you don't hear now?" "I can hear you, but I can't hear the watch."

"Let's try your well ear. Can you hear?"

"Never a tick."

The doctor looked puzzled. The patient looked alarmed.

"See here, doctor, when you dug me that time you didn't destroy my hearing, did you?"

"I couldn't have done that," said the doctor. "Yet something is certainly wrong. Listen again."

The man listened with the intentness of a suburbanite trying to hear a street car at 11:30 o'clock on a stormy night. But he shook his head at last.

"If you have wrecked my eardrums, doctor," he began. "I'll—"

But he did not finish his threat, for just then the doctor put his watch to his own ear, grinned foolishly and said:

"I guess I forgot to wind the blamed thing last night."—Newark News.

FORCE OF BIG WAVES.

Fearful Power That is Exerted by an Angry Sea.

The average inland American who has never seen the ocean has no real idea of the force of its waves. He reads about the storm, of boats being carried away and bulwarks stove, but he does not realize the steam hammer blows that may be struck by mere water.

A recent storm on the British coasts received the official designation of a storm of "extreme force." A picture taken in Hastings harbor shows the concussion with which the waves struck the sea wall, sending the spray apparently higher than the buildings along the street. Blocks of concrete and iron railing were torn from the new parade extension at Caroline place and tossed back into the roadway as if they had been bits of plank. Timber work that had withstood the stress of years was torn apart and carried away. Basements were flooded along all the seaward face of the town.

Such a storm when it sweeps over a ship will sometimes carry away almost everything on deck. Deck houses are often smashed, and the lifeboats are often stove in and ruined.

Various attempts have been made to devise motors to develop power from the force of the waves. The amount of energy wasted through their lack of success is beyond estimate. If the power of the sea could be used it would drive the machinery of an unlimited number of plants.—Exchange.

ANCIENT WATER DRAINS.

Surprising discoveries have been made in the effort to excavate the vast baths of Caracalla at Rome that have lain hidden under 200,000 cubic meters of earth. In this latest excavation it has been found that underneath the baths proper was a subterranean city, consisting of over 4,000 yards of vast galleries used by the slaves and attendants and for marvelous hydraulic, heating and ventilating systems. The drainage is described as splendid, and but for the rise in the level of the river Tiber, which makes it impossible sufficiently to slope the pipes, these same drains could still be used.

DARK HOLES IN THE SKY.

Absolutely dark spaces among the stars have puzzled astronomers since the time of Herschel. In Milky way photographs Dr. Kopff has noticed an almost complete absence of faint stars immediately around certain nebulae, with an abundance of such stars within the nebulae and far outside. A late suggestion by Rev. T. E. Espin is that the margins of such nebulae may be too diffuse to become illuminated and yet dense enough to absorb light. If such an assumption be made he finds that it explains not only the blank surrounding spaces, but the dark holes and lanes within the bright nebulae.

"Forty and a Bittock."

The novelist Barrie has given a new phrase, a Scottish phrase, which may be adopted into the English language. It is to take the place of the awkwardly polite terms of "a woman of uncertain age," or "on the wrong side of forty," or "of years of discretion." His phrase is "forty and a bittock." A "bittock" is Scotch for a bit more or a short distance. It may mean five years or twenty years.

Every Dose an Experiment.

For the confusion of those who think medicine an exact science the following statement of Dr. James Frederick Goodhart, a great London doctor, seems worth spreading on the record: "I suppose that there has never been a dose of medicine administered that has not been in some measure an experiment."

Easiest Way.

"Why did Farrington ever marry the oldest of those Heathcote girls? She's the homeliest one of the five too. I can't understand why he didn't pick out one of the younger and prettier ones." "He probably preferred to pursue the line of least resistance."—Chicago Record-Herald.

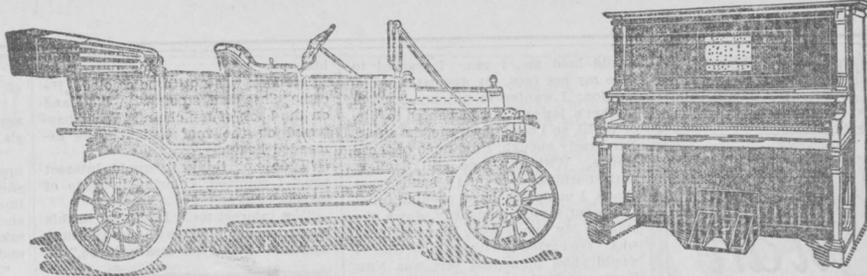


Call—How much for a marriage license?

Town Clerk—One dollar.

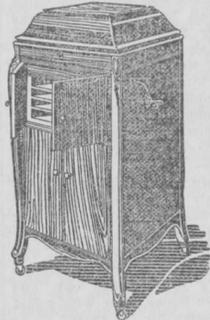
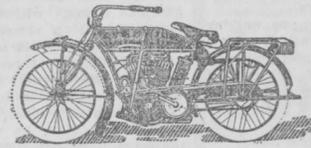
Caller—I've only got 50 cents.

Town Clerk—You're lucky.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

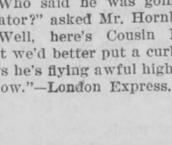
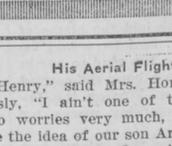
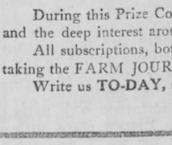


FARM JOURNAL PRIZE CONTEST

All workers get PAID. The winners get these magnificent prizes IN ADDITION.



FARM JOURNAL is \$1.00 for FIVE YEARS. No subscriptions taken for one, two, or three years at any price.



IN order to get 50,000 subscriptions to FARM JOURNAL in Delaware and Maryland by February 15, 1913, we offer to workers in these States, in ADDITION to the regular premiums shown in our large Premium Catalogue, the following splendid EXTRA PRIZES:—

FIRST PRIZE. To the person securing the LARGEST number of subscriptions in these States a FORD FIVE-PASSENGER TOURING CAR, 1913 model, four-cylinder, twenty horse power, with extension top, automatic brass wind shield, speedometer, 2 gas lamps, generator, three oil lamps, horn and tools. Or, if preferred, a magnificent BALDWIN \$900 PLAYER-PIANO, the famous "MANUALO," which we believe to be the finest Player-Piano made.

SECOND PRIZE. To the person securing the SECOND largest number of subscriptions, a VICTROLA XIV. TALKING MACHINE, mahogany or oak cabinet, regular cash price \$150, with \$50 worth of the latest RECORDS selected by the winner from the Victor Catalogue. Or, if preferred, an "INDIAN" MOTOCYCLE, four horse-power, single cylinder, roller and chain drive, cradle spring frame, wheel base 55 inches, with complete set of tools and repair outfit.

Or, if preferred, the beautiful SHETLAND PONY "May," with rubber-tired CART AND HARNESS COMPLETE.

TEN ADDITIONAL PRIZES. In addition to the First and Second Prizes, we offer to EACH of the TEN persons securing the next largest numbers of subscriptions in these States a SOLID GOLD WALTHAM WATCH (lady's or gentleman's).

Remember that all these twelve prizes are EXTRA PRIZES, given in addition to our regular premiums. This means that every worker who gets TWO or more subscriptions, even if he does NOT win a prize, gets an premium offered in our Catalogue for the number of subscriptions that he secures. And every worker who wins one of the extra prizes gets not only the prize, but ALSO an premium in our catalogue offered for the number of subscriptions that he secures.

Don't forget that there are TWELVE PRIZES, and some of them will be won by comparatively SMALL CLUBS. Don't get the idea that only large clubs will win prizes. Work away and get just as many subscriptions as you can, and you may have a BIG SURPRISE when the lists are counted.

In our Premium Catalogue is a Solid Gold Watch, given for only 36 subscriptions. Suppose you should get that number (36). Then if only one other worker got MORE than 36, you would win the SECOND PRIZE, and would get the VICTROLA, costing \$200, and ALSO the Watch, BOTH for only 36 subscriptions at \$1.00 each.

FARM JOURNAL ("cream, not skim-milk") is the great little farm and home paper for 36 years published in Philadelphia by Wilmer Atkinson. It has the largest circulation of any farm paper in the WORLD. It has four million readers (known as "Our Folks"), the most intelligent and prosperous country people that grow, and they are always telling how the Farm Journal helps to make them so. This great paper is only \$1.00 for FIVE YEARS.

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FARM JOURNAL gives more for the money and puts it in fewer words than any other farm paper. Well printed in large, clear type, on good paper, and illustrated. Over 3000 pages in five years, and all for ONE DOLLAR.

How to Get Subscriptions. Write to the Farm Journal, Washington Square, Philadelphia, for sample copies and Premium Catalog. Show the paper to every farmer and housekeeper in your neighborhood, tell them it is only \$1.00 for FIVE years, and ASK each one for his subscription. Don't miss any WOMEN, for with them the F. J. is a great favorite. Tell everybody that the Farm Journal is taken and read by more people than any other farm paper IN THE WORLD. It has thousands of subscribers right here in your own State. It costs only \$1.00 for FIVE years, and if a subscriber ever gets dissatisfied, he can stop the paper at any time and GET THE REST OF HIS MONEY BACK. Tell everybody what premiums you are working for, and how many subscriptions you need to get it. Tell them also that if you are one of the TWELVE who get the most subscriptions, you will get also one of the PRIZES, and that the LOWEST prize is a SOLID GOLD WATCH. Send all subscriptions with the money to the Farm Journal, Washington Square, Philadelphia. The person sending the largest number in Delaware and Maryland, mailed before midnight on SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 15th, 1913, besides getting the regular premium earned, also wins the FIRST PRIZE, the automobile or piano-player. The person sending the next largest number wins the SECOND PRIZE, besides the premium. The next TEN win each a solid gold watch, besides the regular premiums. Remember the Farm Journal is \$1.00 for FIVE years. No one-year, two-year, or three-year subscriptions are taken.

During this Prize Contest the Farm Journal will be extensively ADVERTISED all over Delaware and Maryland, and the deep interest aroused in such a contest makes it easy for workers to get subscriptions. All subscriptions, both new and renewals, count alike for premiums and prizes. If any one you call on is already taking the FARM JOURNAL, tell him that his subscription will be MOVED AHEAD five full years. Write us TO-DAY, saying "Send me everything that I need for work in the Farm Journal Prize Contest."

WILMER ATKINSON COMPANY, Publishers, Washington Square, Philadelphia.

FARM JOURNAL

UNLIKE ANY OTHER PAPER

NO. 4676 EQUITY.

In the Circuit Court for Carroll County, in Equity.

Samuel A. Harnish, et al., Plaintiff,

Edward J. Harnish, et al., Defendants

Ordered this 31st day of December in the year Nineteen Hundred and Twelve by the Circuit Court for Carroll County, sitting as a Court of Equity, that the sale of the property mentioned and described in these proceedings, made and reported by Samuel A. Harnish, Trustee, appointed by decree of this Court to make said sale, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 12th day of February in the year Nineteen Hundred and Thirteen, provided a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper published in Carroll County once a week in each of three successive weeks before the 27th day of January, in the year Nineteen Hundred and Thirteen.

The report states the amount of sale to be \$2800.00.

OSCAR D. GILBERT, Clerk,
Test—OSCAR D. GILBERT, Clerk. 1-3-14

Notice to Creditors.

This is to give notice that the subscriber has obtained from the Orphan's Court of Carroll County, in Md., letters of administration upon the estate of

ELIZABETH REBECCA SHANK,

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 17th day of July, 1913; they may otherwise be excluded from all benefit of said estate.

Given under my hands this 17th day of January, 1913.

CLARENCE L. SHANK,
Administrator.

REGISTERED STOCK FOR SALE

A few choice registered Holstein bull calves and service bulls from high producing dams. A fine lot of Duroc Jersey pigs and shoats, both sex. Registered or pedigreed. Prices reasonable. Write, or call to see.

S. A. ENSOR,
12-27, 2m
New Windsor, Md.

A Sad Mistake. The wife cooked a dish of prunes, which appeared to find no favor with members of the family. The prunes "went begging" for a day or two until the husband, tired of seeing them, decided to get rid of them. The next evening he found a big dish of prunes at his place. "You liked those other prunes so well," said his wife, "that I thought I would cook some more."—Indianapolis News.

One of the Antiques. "There," said the man who had purchased a pedigree that reached back to the "coming over" of William the Conqueror, "is a gold snuffbox that was used by one of my great-great-grandfathers." "Very interesting," replied the gentleman who was examining the thing. "Very interesting, indeed. I had no idea that the 'made in Germany' mark had been in use as long as that."—Chicago Record-Herald.

His Aerial Flights. "Henry," said Mrs. Hornbeak anxiously, "I ain't one of those people who worries very much, but I don't like the idea of our son Arthur becoming one of those bird men." "Who said he was going to be an aviator?" asked Mr. Hornbeak. "Well, here's Cousin Bill writing that we'd better put a curb on Arthur says he's flying awful high for a young fellow."—London Express.

When a Man Marries

By MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

Author of *The Circular Staircase*, *The Man in Loco*, *Ten, Etc.*

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CHAPTER X.

On the Stairs.

I was roused by some one walking across the roof, the cracking of tin under feet, and a comfortable and companionable odor of tobacco. I moved a very little, and then I saw that it was a man—the height and erectness told me which man. And just at that instant he saw me.

"Good Lord!" he ejaculated, and thrusting his cigar away he came across quickly. "Why, Mrs. Wilson, what in the world are you doing here? I thought—they said—"

"That I was sulking again?" I finished disagreeably. "Perhaps I am. In fact, I'm quite sure of it."

"You are not," he said severely. "You have been asleep in a February night, in the open air, with less clothing on than I wear in the tropics."

I had got up by this time, refusing his help, and because my feet were numb, I sat down on the parapet for a moment. Oh, I knew what I looked like—one of those "Valley-of-the-Nile-After-a-Flood" pictures.

"There is one thing about you that is comforting," I sniffed. "You said precisely the same thing to me at three o'clock this morning. You never startle me by saying anything unexpected."

He took a step toward me, and even in the dusk I could see that he was looking down at me oddly. All my bravado faded away and there was a queerish ringing in my ears.

"I would like to!" he said tensely. "I would like, this minute—I'm a fool, Mrs. Wilson," he finished miserably. "I ought to be drawn and quartered, but when I see you like this I—I get crazy. If you say the word, I'll—I'll go down and—"

It was reprehensible, of course; he saw that in an instant, for he shut his teeth over something that sounded very fierce, and strode away from me, to stand looking out over the river, with his hands thrust in his pockets.

Of course the thing I should have done was to ignore what he had said altogether, but he was so uncomfortable, so chastened, that, feline, feminine, whatever the instinct is, I could not let him go. I had been so wretched myself.

"What is it you would like to say?" I called over to him. He did not speak. "Would you tell me that I am a silly child for pouting?" No reply; he struck a match. "Or would you preach a nice little sermon about people—about women—loving their husbands?"

He grunted savagely under his breath. "Be quite honest," I pursued relentlessly. "Say that we are a lot of barbarians, say that because my—because Jimmy treats me outrageously—oh, he does; any one can see that—and because I loathe him—and any one can tell that—why don't you say you are shocked to the depths?"

I was a little shocked myself by that time, but I couldn't stop, having started. He came over to me, white-faced and towering, and he had the audacity to grip my arm and stand me on my feet, like a bad child—which I was, I dare say.

"Don't!" he said in a husky, very pained voice. "You are only talking; you don't mean it. It isn't you. You know you care, or else why are you crying up here? And don't do it again, don't do it again—or I will—"

"You will—what?"

"Make a fool of myself, as I have now," he finished grimly. And then he stalked away and left me there alone, completely bewildered, to find my way down in the dark.

would hold me, I ran. I wanted to hide my hot face, my disgust, my disillusion: I wanted to put my head in mother's lap and cry; I wanted to die, or be ill, so I need never see him again. Perversely enough, I did none of those things. With my face still flaming, with burning eyes and hands that shook, I made a belated evening toilet and went slowly, haughtily, down the stairs. My hands were like ice, but I was consumed with rage. Oh, I would show him—that this was New York, not Iquique; that the roof was not his Andean tableland.

Every one elaborately ignored my absence from dinner. The Dallas Browns, Max and Lollie were at bridge; Jim was alone in the den, walking the floor and biting at an unlighted cigar; Betty had returned to Aunt Selma and was hysterical, they said, and Flannigan was in deep dejection because I had missed my dinner.

"Betty is making no end of a row," Max said, looking up from his game, "because the old lady upstairs insists on chloroform liniment. Betty says the smell makes her ill."

"And she can inhale Russian cigarettes," Anne said enviously, "and gasolene fumes, without turning a hair. I call a revoke, Dal: You trumped spades on the second round."

Dal flung over three tricks with very bad grace, and Anne counted them with maddening deliberation. "Game and rubber," she said.

"Watch Dal, Max; he will cheat in the score if he can. Kit, don't have another clam while I am in this house. I have eaten so many lately my waist rises and falls with the tide."

"You have a stunning color, Kit," Lollie said. "You are really quite superb. Who made that gown?"

"Where have you been hiding, du kleine?" Max whispered, under cover of showing me the evening paper, with a photograph of the house and a cross at the cellar window where we had tried to escape. "If one day in the house with you, Kit, put me in this condition, what will a month do?"

From beyond the curtain of a sort of alcove, lighted with a red-shaded lamp, came a hum of conversation, Bella's cool, even tones and a heavy masculine voice. They were laughing; I could feel my chin go up. He was not even hiding his shame.

"Max," I asked, while the others clamored for him and the game, "has any one been up through the house since dinner? Any of the men?"

He looked at me curiously. "Only Harbison," he replied promptly. "Jim has been eating his heart out in the den ever since dinner; Dal played the 'Sonata Assonata' backward on the piano—he wanted to put through one of Anne's lingerie waists, on a wager that it would play a tune; I played craps with Lollie, and Flannigan has been washing dishes. Why?"

Well, that was conclusive, anyhow. I had had a faint hope that it might have been a joke, although it had borne all the evidences of sincerity, certainly. But it was past doubting now; he had lain in wait for me at the landing, and had kissed me, me, when he thought I was Jimmy's wife. Oh, I must have been very light, very contemptible, if that was what he thought of me!

I went into the library and got a book, but it was impossible to read, with Jimmy lying on the couch giving vent to something between a sigh and a groan every few minutes. About 11 the cards stopped, and Bella said she would read palms. She began with Mr. Harbison, because she declared he had a wonderful hand, full of possibilities: She said he should have been a great inventor or a playwright, and that his attitude to women was one of homage, respect, almost reverence. He had the courage to look at me, and if a glance could have killed he would have withered away.

When Jimmy proffered his hand, she looked at it icily. Of course, she could not refuse, with Mr. Harbison looking on.

"Rather negative," she said coldly. "The lines are obscured by cushions of flesh; no heart line at all, mentally small, self-indulgence and irritability very marked."

Jim held his palm up to the light and stared at it.

"Gad!" he said. "Hardly safe for me to go around without gloves, is it?"

It was all well enough for Jim to laugh, but he was horribly hurt. He stood around for a few minutes, talking to Anne, but as soon as he could he slid away and went to bed. He looked very badly the next morning, as though he had not slept, and his clothes quite hung on him. He was actually thinner. But that is ahead of the story.

Max came to me while the others were sitting around drinking night-caps and asked me in a low tone if he could see me in the den: He wanted to ask me something. Dal overheard.

"Ask her here," he said. "We all know what it is, Max. Go ahead and we'll coach you."

"Will you coach me?" I asked, for Mr. Harbison was listening.

"The woman does not need it," Dal retorted. And then, because Max looked angry enough really to propose to me right there, I got up hastily and went into the den. Max followed, and closing the door, stood with his back against it.

"Contrary to the general belief, Kit," he began. "I did not intend to ask you to marry me."

I breathed easier. He took a couple of steps toward me and stood with his arms folded, looking down at me. "I'm not at all sure, in fact, that I shall ever propose to you," he went on unpleasantly.

"You have already done it twice. You are not going to take those back, are you, Max?" I asked, looking up at

him. But Max was not to be cajoled. He came close and stood with his hand on the back of my chair. "What happened on the roof tonight?" he demanded hoarsely.

"I do not think it would interest you," I retorted, coloring in spite of myself.

"Not interest me! I am shut in this blasted house; I have to see the only woman I ever loved—really loved," he said.



Say That We Are a Lot of Barbarians.

supplemented, as he caught my eye, "pretend she is another man's wife. Then I sit back and watch her using every art—all her beauty—to make still another man love her, a man who thinks she is a married woman. If Harbison were worth the trouble, I would tell him the whole story, Aunt Selma be—obliterated!"

I sat up suddenly. "If Harbison were worth the trouble!" I repeated. "What did he mean? Had he seen—"

"I mean just this," Max said slowly. "There is only one unaccredited member of this household: Only one person, save Flannigan, who was locked in the furnace room, one person who was awake and around the house when Anne's jewels went, only one person in the house, also, who would have any motive for the theft."

"Motive?" I asked dully. "Poverty," Max threw at me. "Oh, I mean comparative poverty, of course. Who is this fellow, anyhow? Dal knew him at school, traveled with him through India. On the strength of that he brings him here, quarters him with decent people, and wonders when they are systematically robbed!"

"You are unjust!" I said, rising and facing him. "I do not like Mr. Harbison—I hate him, if you want to know. But as to his being a thief, I think it quite as likely that you took the necklace."

Max threw his cigarette into the fire angrily. "So that is how it is!" he mocked. "If either of us is the thief, it is I! You do hate him, don't you?"

I left him there, flushed with irritation, and joined the others. Just as I entered the room, Betty burst through the hall door like a cyclone, and collapsed into a chair. "She's a mean, cantankerous old woman!" she declared, feeling for her handkerchief. "You can take care of your own Aunt Selma, Jim Wilson. I will never go near her again."

"What did you do? Poison her?" Dallas asked with interest. "G—got camphor in her eyes," snuffed Betty. "You never—heard such a noise. I wouldn't be a trained nurse for anything in the world. She—she called me a hussy!"

"You're not going to give her up, are you, Betty?" Jim asked imploringly. But Betty was, and said so plainly.

"Anyhow, she won't have me back," she finished, "and she has sent for—guess!"

"Have mercy!" Dal cried, dropping to his knees. "Oh, fair ministering angel, she has not sent for me!"

"No," Betty said maliciously. "She wants Bella—she's crazy about her."

CHAPTER XI.

I Make a Discovery. Really, I have left Aunt Selma rather out of it, but she was important as a cause, not as a result; at least at first. She came out strong later. I believe she was a very nice old woman, with strong likes and prejudices, which she was perfectly willing to pay for. At least, I only presume she had likes; I know she had prejudices.

Nobody ever understood why Bella consented to take Betty's place with Aunt Selma. As for me, I was too much engrossed with my own affairs to pay the invalid much attention. Once or twice during the day I had stopped in to see her, and had been received frigidly and with marked disapproval. I was in disgrace, of course, after the scene in the dining room the night before. I had stood like a naughty child, just inside the door, and replied meekly when she said the pillows were overstuffed, and why didn't I have the linen slips rinsed in starch water? She laid the blame of her illness on me, as I have said before, and she made Jim read to her in the afternoon from a book she carried with her, "Coals of Fire on the Domestic Hearth," marking places for me to read.

She sent for me that night, just as I had taken off my gown; so I threw on a dressing gown and went in. To my horror, Jim was already there. At a gesture from Aunt Selma, he closed the door into the hall and tiptoed back beside the bed, where he sat staring at the figures on the silk comfort.

Aunt Selma's first words were: "Where's that fibberty-gibbet?" Jim looked at me.

"She must mean Betty," I explained. "She has gone to bed, I think."

"Don't—let—her—in—this—room—again," she said, with awful emphasis. "She is an infamous creature."

"Oh, come now, Aunt Selma," Jim broke in; "she's foolish, perhaps, but she's a nice little thing." Aunt Selma's face was a curious study. Then she raised herself on her elbow, and taking a flat chamois-skin bag from under her pillow, held it out.

"My cameo breastpin," she said solemnly; "my cuffbuttons with gold rims and storks painted on china in the middle; my watch, that has put me to bed and got me up for forty years, and my money—\$510.40!—taken with the doors locked under my nose." Which was ambiguous, but forcible.

"But, good gracious, Miss Car—Aunt Selma!" I exclaimed, "you don't think Betty Mercer took those things?"

"No," she said grimly; "I think I probably got up in my sleep and lighted the fire with them, or sent 'em out for a walk." Then she stuffed the bag away and sat up resolutely in bed.

"Have you made up?" she demanded, looking from one to the other of us. "Bella, don't tell me you still persist in that nonsense."

"What nonsense?" I asked, getting ready to run.

"That you do not love him."

"Him?"

"James," she snapped irritably. "Do you suppose I mean the policeman?" I looked over at Jimmy. She had got me by the hand, and Jimmy was making frantic gestures to tell her the whole thing and be done with it. But I had gone too far. The mill of the gods had crushed me already, and I didn't propose to be drawn out hideously mangled and held up as an example for the next two or three weeks, although it was clear enough that Aunt Selma disapproved of me thoroughly, and would have been glad enough to find that no tie save the board of health held us together. And then Bella came in, and you wouldn't have known her. She had put on a straight white woolen wrapper, and she had her hair in two long braids down her back. She looked like a nice wide-eyed little girl in her teens, and she had some lobster salad and a glass of port on a tray. When she saw the situation she put the things down and had the nastiness to stay and listen.

"I'm not blind," Aunt Selma said, with one eye on the tray. "You two silly children adore each other; I saw some things last night."

Bella took a step forward; then she stopped and shrugged her shoulders. Jim was purple.

"I saw you kiss her in the dining room, remember that!" Aunt Selma went on, giving the screw another turn.

It was Bella's turn to be excited. She gave me an awful stare, then she fixed her eyes on Jim.

"Besides," Aunt Selma went on, "you told me today that you loved her. Don't deny it, James."

Bella couldn't keep quiet another instant. She came over and stood at the foot of the bed.

"Please don't excite yourself, dear Miss Caruthers," she said, in a voice like ice. "Every one knows that she loves her; he simply overflows with it. It—it is quite a by-word among their friends. They have been sitting together in a corner all evening."

Yes, that was what she said; when I had not spoken to Jimmy the whole time in the den. Bella was catfish, and she was jealous, too. I turned on my heel and went to the door; then I turned to her, with my hand on the knob.

"You have been misinformed," I said coldly. "You can not possibly know, having spent three hours in a corner yourself—with Mr. Harbison." I abhor jealousy in a woman.

Well, Aunt Selma ate all the lobster salad, and drank the port after Bella had told her it was beef, iron and wine, and she slept all night, and



"Don't—Let—Her—in—this—Room—Again."

was able to sit up in a chair the next day, and so infuriated with Bella that she would not let her out of her sight. But that is ahead of the story.

At midnight the house was fairly quiet, except for Jim, who kept walking around the halls because he couldn't sleep. I got up at last and ordered him to bed, and he had the audacity to have a grievance with me.

"Look at my situation now!" he said, sitting pensively on a steam radiator. "Aunt Selma is crazy. I only kissed your hand, anyhow, and I don't know why you sat in the den all evening; you might have known that Bella would notice it. Why couldn't you leave me alone to my misery?"

"Very well," I said, much offended. "After this I shall sit with Flannigan in the kitchen. He is the only gentleman in the house."

I left him babbling apologies and

went to bed, but I had an uncomfortable feeling that Bella had been a witness to our conversation, for the door into Aunt Selma's room closed softly as I passed.

I knew beforehand that I was not going to sleep. The instant I turned out the light the nightmare events of the evening ranged themselves in a procession, or a series of tableaux, one after the other: Flannigan on the roof, with the bracelet on his palm, looking accusingly at me; Mr. Harbison and the scene on the roof, with my flippancy; and the result of that flippancy—the man on the stairs, the arms that held me, the terrible kisses that had scorched my lips—it was awful! And then the absurd situation across Aunt Selma's bed, and Bella's face! Oh, it was all so ridiculous—my having thought that the Harbison man was a gentleman, and finding him a cad, and worse. It was excruciatingly funny. I quite got a headache from laughing; indeed I laughed until I found I was crying, and then I knew I was going to have an attack of strangulated emotion, called hysteria.

So I got up and turned on all the lights, and bathed my face with cologne, and felt better.

But I did not go to sleep. When the hall clock chimed two, I discovered I was hungry. I had had nothing since luncheon, and even the thirst following the South American goulash was gone. There was probably something to eat in the pantry, and if there was not, I was quite equal to going to the basement.

As it happened, however, I found a very orderly assortment of left-overs and a pitcher of milk, which had no business there, in the pantry, and with plenty of light I was not at all frightened.

I ate bread and butter and drank milk, and was fast becoming a rational person again; I had pulled out one of the drawers part way, and with a tray across the corner I had improvised a comfortable seat. And then I noticed that the drawer was full of soiled napkins, and I remembered the bracelet. I hardly know why I

decided to go through the drawer again after Flannigan had already done it, but I did. I finished my milk and then, getting down on my knees, I proceeded systematically to empty the drawer. I took out perhaps a dozen napkins and as many doilies without finding anything. Then I took out a large tray cloth, and there was something on it that made me look farther. One corner of it had been scorched, the clear and well-defined imprint of a lighted cigarette or cigar, a blackened streak that trailed off into a brown and yellow. I had a queer, trembly feeling, as if I were on the brink of a discovery—perhaps Anne's pearls, or the cuff buttons with storks painted on china in the center. But the only thing I found, down in the corner of the drawer, was a half-burned cigarette.

To me, it seemed quite enough. It was one of the South American cigarettes, with a tobacco wrapper instead of paper, that Mr. Harbison smoked.

(To be Continued.)

HAVE THE BRUSHES LABELED

Fastidious Housekeeper Will Not Be Content Until Each Has Its Separate, Appointed Place.

Not long ago a new maid was installed in the kitchen of an apartment dweller who is rather particularly fastidious. A few days after her installation the mistress found her using the sink-brush on the corn. The potatoes, too, it developed, had come in for similar polishing with the same instrument of offense. The maid was not ignorant, and not careless, but the brush that this mistress used for the sink was exactly like the brush the last mistress had used for vegetables, and the maid and the corn and the potatoes had become involved thereby. After that, the kitchen brushes were marked, a red hot poker being used for the purpose. Brushes, by the way, are sanitary necessities in the well-regulated kitchen of the day. It is left for somebody to invent a really suitable brush for tipping the tops of rolls and pastry with egg, or butter, or milk. Many women prefer a shaving-brush of badger hair to anything as yet devised for the purpose. Such a brush must be cleaned with boiling water, which means that the brush with glued-in bristles is not available. A bottle brush is something that many kitchens lack, to their own detriment. Another essential brush is the wire-handled trap-brush for the refrigerator. The trap-brush for the bathroom is equally necessary.

Rice and Mushroom Croquettes. Peel and cut one-half of a pound of mushrooms into small pieces, add two tablespoonsful of butter and simmer, covered, for half an hour. Add one-half of a cupful of well-washed rice, one tablespoonful of finely chopped onion, one-half teaspoonful of salt, one-quarter of a teaspoonful of white pepper and one pint of water, and simmer until the rice is tender. More water may be added if necessary to keep from burning. When done, stir in two well beaten eggs; take quickly from the fire, add one tablespoonful of finely chopped parsley and put away until cold and firm. Form into small croquettes, dip each into slightly beaten egg, roll in fine crumbs and fry in smoking hot fat.

To Mend Gloves. When a hole first appears in a glove turn the glove inside out, and drawing the edges of the hole together, stick a piece of leather court-plaster over it. The court-plaster not only holds the parts together, but being leather makes it very strong.

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The Carroll Record

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SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Lesson V.—First Quarter For Feb. 2, 1913.

THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

Text of the Lesson, Gen. vi, 9-12; vii, 1-24—Memory Verses, Gen. vii, 12-14—Golden Text, Rom. vi, 23—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

In the end of chapter iv we see the descendants of Cain getting on in the world, building cities, inventing musical instruments, working in brass and iron and improving things generally, but not with the blessing of the Lord, nor any acknowledgment of Him. The outcome of such disobedience is seen in chapter vi, 5, 12, "All flesh had corrupted his way upon the earth." In chapter v we see the line of Abel or Seth, who took Abel's place as a progenitor of the race, but there is nothing written of any of them on the line of world improvement. It is written of Enoch, the seventh from Adam, and of Noah that they "walked with God" (Gen. v, 22, 24; vi, 9), but what it cost them to do so and the worldliness which they condemned by their lives and their testimony may be inferred from Jude 14-16 and Heb. xi, 7.

So it went on, the godly few and the ungodly crowd, for about 1,600 years until the time of our lesson, when God saw that the wickedness of man was great in the earth and every imagination of the thoughts of his heart was only evil continually. He was therefore compelled to change His method with man, remove the race from the earth and begin anew with Noah and his family. God never repents in the sense of changing His mind about anything, for "known unto God are all His works from the beginning of the world" (Num. xxiii, 19; Acts xv, 18). We change our minds and then act differently. God at certain times, before appointed, takes a different line of action, but always knew that He would.

These turnings in His mode of procedure are spoken of as His repentings (chapter vi, 6). Nothing has ever taken place on earth or ever will take place that God has not foreseen from all eternity and prepared for, and the end He has in view He will surely reach in His time and way in spite of the devil and all his demons and his hosts of human followers. As it was in these first centuries so it has been ever since and will be till the kingdom comes. The world lieth in the wicked one, who is the prince and god of this world. In matters political, commercial and religious he is the leader, and the crowds unconsciously follow him.

Those who believe and follow Jesus Christ are about like Noah and his family compared with the multitudes. This ark which Noah builded was to preserve all who were in it. Jochbed's ark was to preserve the babe she placed in it. The ark of the covenant was to preserve the tables of testimony. These are the three arks of Scripture and all suggestive of our Lord Jesus Christ, in whom alone there is safety. As in the story of Cain and Abel, he who accepts God's way is accepted, but the rejector is rejected. The people who helped Noah to build the ark knew all about the ark, but all perished who were not in the ark. A good knowledge of the Bible will not avail, nor a knowledge of God's plan of salvation, nor a knowledge about God and Christ. The sinner must receive Christ or truly come to Him and take refuge in Him. God Himself and He alone was the architect of Noah's ark and of Moses' tabernacle and of the temple of Solomon. They had only to go by the plan. Salvation is of the Lord from start to finish, and the one only thing we can do and that God asks of us is accept what He has provided without question. Notice the great invitation in chapter vii, 1, "Come thou and all thy house into the ark."

The Lord must therefore have been the first in the ark, and then He called Noah and his family to come to Him. He said concerning Israel, "I brought you unto Myself" (Ex. xix, 4), and His word to us is ever "Come unto Me" (Matt. xi, 28). Make a study of His "comes" from here to Rev. xxii, 17. In chapter vii, 16, note that "the Lord shut him in." How safe, how restful, shut in with God! We cannot but think of the words "Your life is hid with Christ in God" (Col. iii, 3). More than a full year was he shut in (compare chapters vii, 11; viii, 13, 14), but the Lord was with him, and that is true prosperity (Gen. xxxix, 2, 3, 21-23).

The perishing of all people and of all living creatures on the earth (vii, 21-23) points us on to II Thess. i, 8, where we read of vengeance on them that know not God and that obey not the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ. * * * when He shall come to be glorified in His saints. He Himself has told us that when He shall come in His glory as the Son of Man the condition of things on earth shall be as in the days of Noah and of Lot (Luke xvii, 26-30). Not when He comes to the air for His church, though things will be bad enough then, are even now, but when He shall come in His glory, bringing His church with Him, according to Col. iii, 4. We are nowhere taught that the world will be converted before He comes again, but that He will come to a world in rebellion and angry because of His coming (Isa. lxvi, 15, 16; Rev. i, 7; xi, 15).

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR.

Prayer Meeting Topic For Week Beginning Feb. 2, 1913.

Topic.—Christian Endeavor principles and how to uphold them.—John xiv, 6-15. (Christian Endeavor day.) Edited by Rev. Sherman H. Doyle, D. D.

Christian Endeavor is thirty-two years old today. It has had to meet bitter and determined opposition. It has encountered the difficulties that arise when new methods are introduced. But its principles and methods have stood the test. They have won the approbation of the wisest and most practical men of all the churches. Like Christianity itself, they have demonstrated their adaptability to all races and nations and Christian denominations. The success and achievements of Christian Endeavor for over three decades are enough to prove the permanency of the organization. Christian Endeavor is here to stay. Its principles and methods will continue to be a powerful factor in the Christian church and in the worldwide advancement of Christ's kingdom. The experimental stage is passed. The day of testing is over. The stability of Christian Endeavor is assured and unchallenged. This fact should inspire us with renewed interest in the principles of our society and by faithfully performing all our Christian Endeavor obligations to uphold them.

Christian Endeavor stands for fidelity to Christ. "A universal essential of the Society of Christian Endeavor is fidelity to Christ," says Dr. Clark. No one can doubt this statement. Christian Endeavor emphasizes trust in Christ and obedience to Christ. "Trusting in the Lord Jesus Christ, I promise Him that I will strive to do whatsoever He would have me do." No one can keep the Christian Endeavor pledge and be unfaithful to Christ. The foundation principle of the society is personal allegiance to Christ as our Lord and Saviour.

Christian Endeavor stands for loyalty to our own church. We pledge ourselves to regular church attendance and practically to church support. This principle may well be emphasized today. There is great laxity in church attendance and to church support. Too many feel that if they attend some church they have performed their Christian duty so far as public worship is concerned. This, however, is not the case. We have not become members of all churches, but of one particular organization, and to that one we have pledged our loyalty and our presence and our service. What could an army accomplish if the soldiers kept going from one company or regiment to another? Each belongs to the army, yet each has his particular place and fills it. The same is true in the church, and as Christian Endeavorers we should be loyal to that part of the pledge which refers to "my own church."

Christian Endeavor stands for devotion. We are pledged to daily Bible reading, prayer, attendance upon the church and Christian Endeavor prayer meetings and to take part in the Endeavor meeting. There can be no vital Christian life without devotion. The soul must keep in close communion with God. Cut off from the vine, the branch withers and dies. Cut off from spiritual communion with God, Christian life is impossible.

Christian Endeavor stands for Christian work. It demands fruit bearing. Through its committees the best of opportunities are offered to its members to participate in effective Christian work.

BIBLE READINGS.

Ecc. ix, 8; Mat. iii, 16-18; Matt. v, 14-16; xxviii, 19, 20; Luke xviii, 1-14; Acts ii, 41-47; xvii, 10-12; Rom. xii, 1, 2; Eph. ii, 16-20; I Tim. iii, 14-17; Heb. x, 23-25; Rev. iii, 10.

Glimpse of Christian Endeavor Twenty-five Years Ago.

On Sept. 4, 1887, just twenty-five years ago, Dr. Clark resigned the pastorate of Phillips church, South Boston, to enter upon the new and untrodden work of the presidency of the United Society of Christian Endeavor. He had been pastor of Phillips church four years. During those years the church grew from 465 to 770 members, and of the 409 new members added 224 came on confession of faith. Some had joined the church at every communion season, and seventy was the smallest number added in any year.

During those four years the Sunday schools connected with the church grew from 800 to 1,100 members, and of course the prayer meetings and the Christian Endeavor work were flourishing. During those years, besides meeting promptly the church expenses, the members gave \$30,000 to benevolent objects.

"You can understand," Dr. Clark wrote in his letter of resignation, "that this step means much to me. It is not only leaving a church which I love with all my heart; it is leaving that branch of the Master's service for which I was educated and in which I have been exceedingly happy for a work which is surrounded by all the difficulties and uncertainties of an untrodden field. And yet I feel that this is the path of duty."

Largely as the result of Dr. Clark's following this path of duty the societies have now increased to thirty-two times the number then enrolled and have become a permanent addition to the forces of the world.

HER NEW HUSBAND

An Old Man Marries Young Girl, That He May Teach Her Wisdom.

BY FLORENCE E. CAMPBELL.

Mam'zelle Lisette Guitard was weeping in the hyacinth beds, and Monsieur Gaston Drouet wept, too, unreservedly. But then he was only twenty-two—four years older than Mam'zelle, nevertheless. Outside the night air was fragrant with the odor of hyacinths and jonquils, and the moon shone as brightly as it always shines in New Orleans in spring—that is to say, twice as brightly as anywhere else.

Mam'zelle had stolen out of the house in which her father and mother and the two uncles and the maiden aunt and Sister ToINETTE and Brother Robert and the four bridesmaids and the ushers were busily rehearsing the part that they were to play at Mam'zelle's wedding on the morrow. Monsieur Thibout was fifty-seven and enormously rich, and it was to be a fashionable affair. Mam'zelle did not love Monsieur Thibout, but her parents did.

"Poor Gaston!" she murmured, laying her warm hand upon his icily cold one. "Tonight we must say goodby for ever."

And, being only eighteen, she could not help but feel a thrill of romance in the sadness of the separation.

"Angel! Beloved! Adored one!" exclaimed the young man, "I cannot let you go. Come with me now and let us be married somewhere. You do not love him, that old pig of a Thibout."

"No, poor Gaston, I love you only," answered the little bride-to-be. "But consider, Monsieur Thibout will give me much money and I shall make my parents rich; poor parents, who have slaved so hard for me."

"You shall not marry the pig!" shouted Gaston. "I will kill him first!"

"Hush, Gaston!" exclaimed the girl. "He will hear you. He prowls about



Gazed With Wonder Into Her New Husband's Face.

his garden by night—yes, would you believe me, he is like a young man since he loves me, and he composes songs to the moon—as you do. He told me so himself."

"Kiss me, Lisette!" pleaded Gaston, drawing very close to her. "When you have kissed me you will no longer resist my entreaty. Then we will go—"

"No! No!" cried the girl, struggling out of his arms. "It is wrong. I am pledged to him. Let me go!"

"Lisette!" cried Uncle Henri from the door. "Where are you, little one? Come! We are to have cakes and wine."

For an instant Gaston hesitated; then, with a despairing sigh, he plunged through the hyacinths and disappeared into the darkness. Uncle Henri came down the path.

"Pst! Cats!" he exclaimed, throwing a clod of earth in the direction of the retreating Gaston. "Why do you roam among the flowers so late, little niece? Ah, it is the inspiration of Monsieur Thibout! It is love for him! Never was any marriage so happy!"

Mam'zelle Lisette cast a glance of contempt at her uncle, but he did not see it, because it was quite dark under the eaves of the cottage. He followed her indoors.

The wedding was over and Monsieur and Madame Thibout were seated comfortably upon the porch of their home. It was only a few steps to the cottage next door, occupied by the bride's parents, for Monsieur Thibout had simply taken his bride home with him. That was his arrangement, and his will was law, for it was the will of a semi-millionaire. Madame gazed with wonder into her new husband's face.

It was indeed wonderful to think that two hours before she had been Made-moiselle Guitard while now she was Madame Thibout. Her silly little head was swimming with pride and astonishment, and the passion for poor Gaston was already buried, although deep down beneath the surface of things there was a little ache—if she had let herself perceive it.

But monsieur was very much older than she. She had never before no-

ticed how red his face was, how white his beard and hair. He was an old, old man, and she wished he were young like Gaston. And suddenly the sense of her inexperience of life, the tragedy of Gaston's sorrow, and her own little fleeting happiness which had been accomplished at such a cost to him overwhelmed her. She began crying, and she looked at her husband timidly, as though she had done something that she ought not to have done.

Monsieur Thibout had been smoking in the darkness. Now he laid his cigar aside and Lisette saw the red rim of it circle and descend and rest upon the rail of the porch. Her husband took her little hands in his and spoke to her.

"Do you love Gaston very much, Lisette?" he asked.

She started and then began sobbing convulsively. He knew then! He knew! How wicked she had been.

"Yes, I knew for a long time, my dear," said Monsieur Thibout. "It must be quite two months since you have loved Gaston. And before that it was Leon Brevet; and before that Charles Bourget; and before that—who was it before that?"

Lisette was shaking with fear. He had known all the time, then, of these little childish love affairs!

"My dear little Lisette," said monsieur, caressing her cold hands, "listen to what I am going to tell you. I have never thought that you loved me—an old man like me, old enough to be your father's father. But I love you, just as though you might be my own daughter, and I married you because I knew that if I did not you would some day run away with Gaston or some other foolish young fellow and live a hard life and taste the realities of existence. And you are not made for hardship, my little Lisette. So I considered, and I thought to myself: 'If only she were a few years older and wise and knew the world, and had plenty of money, so that when the real love came she would know him and go to meet him.' Then I said to myself: 'How can you help her, you old fellow? And the answer came to me: 'Marry her yourself, but let her be like your daughter to you, so that when you are dead she can inherit all your money and marry some young fellow whom she really loves.'"

He paused. "My dear," he said, "I shall not live very long. The doctor told me that only last month. Perhaps one year, perhaps two—not more than three. And then, if you still love Gaston, you will go to him and make him happy, and your little head will be filled with wisdom instead of foolishness."

He pressed her to him and kissed her cheeks reverently. "Good-night, little daughter," said Monsieur Thibout. (Copyright, 1912, by W. G. Chapman.)

WORLD LANGUAGE OF SIGNS

Sir William Ramsay Has Plan to Use Pictorial Characters Based on Chinese.

To make possible the exchange of ideas among all peoples of the world Sir William Ramsay, the English scientist, has begun to develop a pictorial sign language, based somewhat upon Chinese, which he hopes will eventually spread among all races.

The Chinese character to express "man," for instance, is made with two converging lines that represent simply his legs, looking much like the legs of the crude man that the school-boy draws.

Sir William's character goes further and adds a vertical straight line above the converging lines to represent the body.

"The first thing that one thinks of," he argues, "is existence expressed in the verb 'to be.'"

So he has selected the arithmetical equality mark to denote existence. All things relating to one's state and condition, he said, can be expressed by these two parallel lines.

For time which stretches away, or action that is constant, he uses a dash. Instantaneous time or action he represents with a dot. Thus a dot placed squarely between and in the middle of two lines of the equality mark denotes the immediate present, or "I am." Similarly the dot, when placed at the left and between the two lines denotes past, or "I was," and when placed to the right indicates the future tense, or "I am to be."

To denote a woman Sir William draws a line closing the diverging ends of the legs of the sign for man. On the theory that "I" is the most important thing in the world to any man, Sir William utilizes the straight vertical line that represents the body of his man figure to depict the word.

Curried Beans.
Material required: One-half pint kidney beans, one-quarter cupful carrots cut in dice, one small apple pared and sliced, two tablespoonfuls butter, one tablespoonful flour, two teaspoonfuls curry powder, one-half cupful of water, boiled rice.

Method of preparing: Cook the beans until soft. Drain. Melt the butter, fry in it the carrot, onion and apple; add the flour and curry powder, blend well, then add water and beans; simmer fifteen minutes. Serve in a border of boiled rice.

Serving Tartar Sauce.
A delightful way to serve tartar sauce is to cut a lemon in half, clean out the inside thoroughly and then fill the halves with the sauce. One is served to each guest. When fish is served the little lemon cups are placed around the edge of the platter and one served to each guest. By this method the sauce remains firm instead of melting into a liquid when put into a warm plate.—Washington Herald.

Treachorous Memory.

The lawyers got a tartar when, in a recent trial in a southern city, they summoned to the stand an aged darky who had been an eyewitness of a fight that occurred between a number of persons.

"Tell us what you know about this fight," said counsel when old Mose had been placed upon the stand.

"Fight?" asked Mose, apparently greatly surprised. "What fight?"

"You know very well what fight is meant," said counsel. "Tell us about it?"

"I don't know nothin' about no fight," insisted the witness. "When was it?"

"See here, Mose!" exclaimed the lawyer; "no trifling! The fight day before yesterday. You know all about it. Tell us—"

"Oh, de fight day befo' yesterday," said Mose. "Well, suh, you see I'se slept since de day befo' yesterday, and I never kin rickollect anything after I'se been asleep."

And that was all they could get from him.—Green Bag.

Sorrows of Johnny.

Little Johnny was small of stature and looked rather pale and out of sorts, which led his school fellows to tease and cross-question him.

"Who's your family doctor?" asked a big boy, with a bullying and swaggering air.

"Haven't got any doctor at all," said Johnny. "I never see one."

"How jolly fine!" replied the other. "You don't have to take any medicine, then?"

"Oh, don't I?" replied Johnny. "That's all you know about it! My father's a dentist, my mother's a homoeopathic, my eldest sister has joined the ambulance class, grandmother tries every patent medicine advertised, my uncle is a veterinary surgeon, and—and," he added, almost in tears, "they all practice on me!"—Tit-Bits.

Acted on the Advice.

A well-to-do business man of Arkansas City tells a unique story of how he got started in life. When a young man, without much money, he struck New York City. While walking down the street he saw a sign which read: "We will tell you how to get rich for \$1," says the Kansas City Journal.

He went in and plunked down a dollar and received instructions in a sealed envelope. Going out on the street he opened the envelope and found a slip of paper reading: "Work like the devil and save your money." Did he have the outfit arrested for swindling? No, indeed! He took their advice and today he is worth more than \$100,000.

Filled Out.

"Skirts are to be fuller next season," remarked Mrs. Hillside. "If I am any judge," said Hillside, "skirts are about full already."—Newark News.

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during the season of high egg prices? If so, you are responsible. Turn the lazy drones into profitable producers at once. Give them the guaranteed egg tonic—

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who investigate. The best Piano to be had today, if actual construction and results are judged, is the VOUGH Piano. You can see and examine these Pianos at

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Sloan's Liniment is a quick and reliable remedy for lameness in horses and other farm animals.

"Sloan's Liniment surpasses anything on earth for lameness in horses and other horse ailments. I would not sleep without it in my stable."
—MARTIN DOYLE,
432 West 12th St., New York City.

Good for Swelling and Abscess.
Mr. H. M. Gibbs, of Lawrence, Kan., R. F. D., No. 3, writes:—"I had a mare with an abscess on her neck and one eye. I used Sloan's Liniment entirely cured her. I kept it all the time for galls and small swellings and for everything about the stock."

SLOAN'S LINIMENT

is a quick and safe remedy for hog cholera.

Governor of Georgia uses Sloan's Liniment for Hog Cholera.

"I heard Gov. Brown (who is quite a farmer) say that he had never lost a hog from cholera and that his remedy always was a tablespoonful of Sloan's Liniment in a gallon of slops, decreasing the dose as the animal improved. Last month Gov. Brown and myself were at the Agricultural College building and in the discussion of the ravages of the disease, Gov. Brown gave the remedy named as 'unfailing.'"
—"OBSERVER."

SAVANNAH DAILY NEWS.

At All Dealers, 25c., 50c. & \$1.00.
Sloan's Book on Horses, Cattle, Hogs and Poultry sent free.
Address Dr. Earl S. Sloan, Boston.

Walnut Wafers.

Cream one-half cupful butter and add gradually, while beating constantly, one cupful of sugar. Then add two eggs, well beaten, two squares of chocolate, melted, one cupful of chopped English walnut meats, one-fourth teaspoonful of salt, one-half teaspoonful of vanilla and two-thirds cupful of bread flour. Drop by teaspoonfuls on a buttered tin sheet, about two inches apart, and bake in a moderate oven.

Yankee Crout.

Slice one-half of a head of a good, solid cabbage and three medium-sized onions; put into a small agateware kettle, add one cup of vinegar, one teaspoon of salt, lard the size of a walnut (beef drippings are preferable if you have them) a good sprinkling of pepper; cover with boiling water and cook two hours.

TANEYTOWN LOCAL COLUMN

Brief Items of Local News of Special Interest to Our Home Readers.

Miss Abbie Poling, spent the week with Mrs. Bullock, of New Windsor.

Miss Anna Fink spent a week in Frederick, as the guest of Miss Jane Rice.

Mrs. Guy Ourand, of Washington, is visiting her mother, Mrs. John Crapster. Robert A. Elliot and wife, of Stevenson, Md., visited his home folks this week.

S. A. J. Nealy, of Waynesboro, Pa., visited his brother, James Nealy, last Saturday.

Albert Sherman, of York, Pa., is visiting his sisters, Mrs. James Buffington and the Misses Sherman.

The interior of the Opera House has been considerably improved in appearance, by a coat of alabastine.

Clothworthy Birnie left, Friday, for Cumberland, where he has accepted a position with the B. & O. Co.

Misses Mary and Josephine Fink visited their aunt, Mrs. Agnes Fink, at McSherrystown, last Sunday.

Mrs. John Brough and Mrs. Charles Althoff, of Hanover, visited their friend, Mrs. John S. Bower, on Thursday.

Miss Katharine Yeager, of Baltimore, returned home last Friday after spending several weeks with Miss Mabel Lambert.

Father Mead, of Baltimore, visited Taneytown and at Lewis J. Hemler's, on Wednesday, looking vigorous and happy.

Miss Dora Jones, who had been visiting friends in Baltimore, for several months, returned home, on Wednesday.

Miss Louisa Johnson, of Frederick, and Miss Walling, of Poolesville, Md., were guests of the Misses Birnie, Thursday.

Mrs. Melvin Schaeffer and two sons, and Miss Annie Sharrer, of Hanover, spent Sunday with D. W. Garner and wife.

J. Frank Royer and Mrs. Mary Martin left this Friday morning for New York City, on a visit to Mrs. Grace Meding, Mrs. Martin's daughter.

Miss Mary Reindollar spent several days with Mrs. Jacob Feizer, of Woodsboro. Harry and Wallace also spent Sunday at the same place.

Archer S. Koons, one of the repair hands on this division, went to the Frederick hospital, on Monday, for an operation, which was successful.

G. W. Baumgardner, who is at present at his favorite resort, San Antonio, Texas, writes that they are having nice weather down in the "Sunny South."

The next regular meeting of the Vocal Class will be held in the Opera House—the last one before the public concert. It will, in fact, be a rehearsal of the concert.

All members of Taneytown Camp No. 7965, Modern Woodmen of America, are requested to attend the meeting of Jan. 29. Business of importance will be transacted.

The Hill & Baumgardner bakery is now operating from its new building, and with its steam oven equipment, although the finishing touches to the plant are not yet quite complete.

Mrs. William Kiser and Mrs. John A. Null recently donated apple melons to the Editor, which presented the appearance of freshness, but truth compels us to say that they were "off" in flavor.

We have a lot of cards with the Parcel Post rates printed on, in a form easy to understand. They will be handy to keep on the desk for reference. On the back is a brief description of the various zones. Free, while they last.

The funeral of Mrs. Edward Harman, who died at a Baltimore hospital, as stated in last issue, was held at the Lutheran church, on Saturday afternoon, her pastor, Rev. L. B. Hafer, officiating. Mrs. Harman will be missed, not only in her home, but as a church member, as she was a regular attendant at services, whenever it was possible for her to do so.

Put An "Ad" in the Paper.

If your business doesn't "go," and the sales are mighty low, and things begin to look a trifle bad; when the things that looked "immense" now resemble "thirty cents," just try the "stunt" of putting in an "ad"; you will find that it will pay, you can see it every day—and you'll admit it was the proper paper. So get a pad and chalk, work out a line of talk, and put an advertisement in the paper.

Put it to 'em good and hard, whether selling gems or land, and try to hit 'em plumb between the eyes; make your "copy" good and strong and you'll see "fore" very long, that it really pays for you to advertise. Play your main points up in style—then hustle for a while—and you'll find this talk is more than idle vapor. The orders will flow in and you'll always wear a grin, if you put your advertisement in the paper.

Successful men today will indorse all that I say "that much is truth and all the rest is lies"; you will not sell much goods and you'd best take to the woods, unless you hurry up and advertise; it simply can't be done and the race will soon be run—whether you be banker, cook or draper—till you find out what it means to dig down in your jeans, and put an advertisement in the paper.—From Brains

A Surprise Social.

(For the Record.)

Quite a pleasant surprise social was given at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Miller, near Taneytown, on Friday evening, Jan. 17th, in honor of the family. The evening was spent in social conversation, until about 10:30, when all were invited to the table to partake of supper, which consisted of oysters, chicken salad, celery, coffee, ice cream and cake, in abundance, to which all did ample justice. At a late hour all departed for their homes, wishing the host and hostess many more such pleasant events.

Those present were Wm. Miller and wife, Edw. Miller and wife, Jacob Strawsburg and wife, Edw. Strawsburg and wife, Oliver Miller and wife, John Frock and wife, Chas. Miller and wife, Chas. Simpson and wife, Horace Simpson and wife, Mrs. Sarah Adelsberger, Mrs. Susan Simpson, Raymond Strawsburg and wife; Misses Virginia and Violet Miller, Reda Strawsburg, Leila and Lulu Frock, Fannie, Marie and Pearl Simpson, Eva Davis; Messrs. Alvie and Herman Miller, Ralph and Harry Strawsburg, Jennings, Gay and Vye Frock, Melvin, Alfred, Monroe and Paul Simpson.

R. S. MCKINNEY'S UNUSUAL OFFER.

Sell Dr. Howard's Specific at Half-Price and Guarantee a Cure.

"It isn't often that I have faith enough in the medicine put up by other people to be willing to offer to refund the money if it does not cure," said R. S. McKinney to a man who dropped into his store, "but I am glad to sell Dr. Howard's specific for the cure of constipation and dyspepsia on that basis."

"The Dr. Howard Company in order to get a quick introductory sale, authorizes me to sell their regular fifty cent bottles at half price, 25 cents and, altho I have sold a lot of it, and have guaranteed every package, not one has been brought back as unsatisfactory."

"I am still selling the specific at half-price, altho I cannot tell how long I shall be able to do so, and anyone who is subject to constipation, sick headache, dizziness, liver trouble, indigestion or a general played-out condition, ought to take advantage of this chance. You can tell your readers that if they are not satisfied with the specific that they can come right back to my store and I will cheerfully refund their money."

Advertisement.

A Birthday Party.

(For the Record.)

An interesting event was celebrated at the home of Caleb Grosnickle and wife, Mountain View, on Tuesday, Jan. 21. This being the anniversary of the birth of Mrs. Elizabeth Stoner, widow of Augustus Stoner, who on that date completed four score and seven years of life on earth. About forty persons gathered to assist in making the occasion enjoyable. Mrs. Stoner has two daughters, twelve grand children, seven great grand children and two step-sons living. A sumptuous dinner, such as Frederick county matrons know well how to prepare, consisting of chicken and other meats, vegetables, sauces and pastry, was served at noon.

At 3 o'clock a fruit, confectionery and cake luncheon was served. An enormous cake on which was the full name and age of Mrs. Stoner, in icing, was a feature of this repast. Mrs. Stoner received many presents, among which was a quantity of fine smoking tobacco, she being addicted to the use of this narcotic. This will probably be a poser to those who claim that the use of tobacco shortens life.

Those present at this pleasant gathering were: Mrs. Elizabeth Stoner, Caleb Grosnickle and wife, D. W. Stitely and wife, Edw. S. Smith and wife, W. F. Keefer and wife, T. R. Grosnickle and wife, T. M. Stoner and wife, D. J. Gerand and wife, W. Johnson and wife, Mrs. Geo. Stitely, Mrs. B. P. Stitely, Mrs. Susie Myers, Mrs. Raymond Singer, Mrs. James Bohn, Wm. J. Stonesifer, wife and son; Misses Ethel Keefer, Ida and Fannie Houck, Grace and Minnie Keefer, Beulah, Nannie, Marguerite and Ruth Bohn; Clyde, Melvin and Dewald Bohn, Roy Grosnickle, Glen Keefer, Paul Johnson and Charles Myers.

Application has been made for a charter for a new bank at Libertytown. It is to be capitalized at \$10,000, with 1,000 shares of stock at a par value of \$10. The incorporators are Milton Carter, Jas. M. Sappington, Maurice F. Starr, B. F. Hammaker, of Libertytown, and Raymond B. Senseney, of Union Bridge. It is planned to take over the fixtures of the savings bank recently closed by Commissioners Downes. The new bank will probably be started as soon as the assets of the closed bank are distributed which is expected shortly.

Egg Biscuits.

Mix and sift well together one pint of flour, one-half teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of sugar, one teaspoonful of baking powder. Beat one egg and one-half cupful of milk; stir into the dry mixture, adding more milk, if necessary, to make a soft dough. Turn this out upon a baking board and knead with the hands for a moment. Cut into circles and place one inch apart on greased pans. Brush the tops with a little beaten yolk of an egg, and bake in a very hot oven.

Planked Eggs.

Arrange on a plank a mixture of chopped chicken, corned beef or cooked tongue, with an equal quantity of fine bread crumbs. Add enough cream or soup stock to moisten. Season with salt, pepper and paprika. Make depressions with spoon in the mixture and place on them as many poached eggs as there are persons to be served, and brown slightly in oven. Duchesse potato border can be placed around if desired. Garnish with parsley.

Chicken Turnovers.

Make a rich baking powder biscuit dough; roll out one-fourth inch thick; cut into squares; place a spoonful of minced chicken seasoned with herbs and onion, and moisten with cold gravy; fold dough over; brush with milk and bake about fifteen minutes. Serve with left-over gravy, to which add the chopped ziblets.

URGES BIG CHANGE

English Journal Advocates Letting Women Woo.

Custom of the Present Day is a Cause of Much Real Misery in Married Life, Is the Declaration That is Made.

Surely the most foolish of all the many foolish conventions that ruin human joy is the decree that women must wait passively to be wooed. Now, why should they? Why can't they be natural and honest and show their feelings? Why must they be compelled to act an indifference quite foreign to them. Perhaps some of you hold with Shaw and Shakespeare that they don't wait to be wooed. Some of them certainly don't. Generally speaking, however, few women even nowadays have the pluck to go dead against a convention of this sort, which has such a tremendously strong hold on the masculine sense of fitness.

If woman's charm is to depend on this idiotic convention that men have created around her—namely, that she is a perfectly cold, passive, negative creature who waits in a state of suspended animation, as it were, until man condescends to make her come alive—the sooner the modern feminists invent some more reasonable tradition of charm the better for us all.

Now, let us suppose a couple that has overcome all the initial obstacles. They have managed the difficult task of finding each other, have got their declaration over, and are safely engaged. What happens next? Every possible thing that can be done to create an illusion around them is done. They are encouraged to meet often, but the conditions under which they meet are as different as can be from the conditions of their future married life. Does that man ever see that girl in any kind of negligee, or does she see him unshaved, say? Does he have any experience of how she will run a house or manage affairs? Does she have any chance of finding out that he's faddy about food, or mean about money?

These are material things, it is true, and therefore not of the first importance; but, on the other hand, what chance do they have either to discover each other's spiritual state? Don't they, as a rule, act and sham all through, and dress up for each other, and spend their time under the most artificial conditions, pleasure seeking? Are they ever encouraged to have earnest conversations with each other to discuss the more serious aspects of their future life together? No, the entire business is conducted in the most absurdly irresponsible, once-married-we'll-shake-down-all-right spirit, which would be comical but for the fact that the results are often so deeply tragical.—London Chronicle.

Boy Scouts Found Child.

Smart work by boy scouts in finding a lost child is reported from Dunmow, Essex, England. On a recent evening a little child was lost at Little Easton. This was reported to Scoutmaster Luckin, who has the distinction of having recently been decorated with the silver wolf badge, the Luckin in the boy scout movement. Luckin collected his boy scouts, divided them in sections, mapped out the country thoroughly, and at nine o'clock in the evening they started in eight sections to beat the neighborhood. As they were getting to the end of the third section, about eleven o'clock, a child was heard crying. On searching they found the little child in the center of a wood.

Old Ceremony Enacted.

The quaint old-time ceremony connected with the rendering of quit rent services by the London Corporation to the Crown was recently attended by a large gathering in the law courts. The ceremony has now been performed for some 700 years, and consists of the cutting of two faggots with a bill-hook and a hatchet, as quit rent for a piece of land known as The Moors, in Salop, and the counting of six horseshoes and 61 nails in respect of a forge in the parish of St. Clements Danes. The ceremony took place before the King's Remembrancer, Sir John Macdonnell, and Sir Homewood Crawford, the city solicitor, attended on behalf of the city corporation.

His Challenge Fatal.

The fashion of dueling seems to be spreading amongst the fair sex, as was demonstrated by evidence given in a case at Paris, the other day, of a servant girl, accused of murder. Three months ago the young woman, looking out from a window, saw a man with whom she had an old quarrel, and began chaffing him. Exasperated by her bitter tongue, the man shouted: "Come down into the street if you are not a coward!" The girl, nothing loath, flew downstairs and fell upon her foe, who a moment later lay dying in the gutter with his throat cut by a kitchen knife.

Want Release From Old Debt.

Nine French hamlets on the German frontier are still engaged in paying off their respective shares of the indemnity of the Franco-Prussian war of 1870. When the French government was called upon to pay the indemnity it was arranged that every town in the country should pay its share, varying anywhere from \$2,500 to \$1,250,000. At the end of 42 years the nine villages are still in arrears. Several of them are bankrupt, and they have appealed to the state.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

General Advertisements will be inserted under this heading at one cent a word, each issue. Real Estate for sale, Two Cents each word. The name and address of advertiser must be paid for at same rate; two initials, or a date, counted as one word. Cash in advance, unless other terms are mutually agreed upon. Postage Stamps received as cash.

CAPONS WANTED.—Guineas highest price. All kinds of poultry wanted, young chickens 1 1/2 to 2 lbs. highest price. Squabs, 25c to 28c per pair. **Good Calves, 8c,** 50¢ for delivering. Highest Cash Prices paid for Furs of all kinds. —SCHWARTZ'S Produce.

HIGHEST CASH PRICES paid for Eggs, Calves and Poultry. 50¢ for delivering Calves Tuesday evening or Wednesday morning.—G. W. MOTTER. 6-10-9

SHOOTING MATCH, for ducks, at Harney, on Feb. 1. Factory shells, 20 yds., 24 dr. powder, 1 oz. No. 8 shot.—HARRY LOCKNER.

PIGS OR SHOATS.—Persons having Pigs or Shoats of any kind for sale, will please write or phone to Central Hotel, Taneytown. Highest cash price paid by the Hanover Produce Company.—I. J. BRENDDEL, Mgr.

TWO FRESH COWS and 1 Stock Bull for sale.—H. E. KEEFER, near Uniontown.

FOR SALE.—10 shoats, by EDWARD FITZ, near Sell's Mill.

FOR SALE.—Large Sow, will farrow February 1st.—HARRY D. HILTBRECK.

WANTED.—Hand to work on farm near Taneytown. Apply to RECORD OFFICE.

PUBLIC SALE of 75 Cords of Wood and a lot of Chestnut Posts, on Feb. 4, at 1 p. m., at my wood lot near Tyrone.—L. D. MAUS.

MILK will be sold at 6¢ quart, after Feb. 1.—J. W. WITHEROW, Geo. R. SAUBLE.

FOR SALE CHEAP.—One second-hand Palace Organ.—Geo. A. ARNOLD.

FOR SALE.—About 50 fine breeding Cockerels in White Rocks, White Leghorns, Reds, Anconas, Black Orpingtons, 3 extra fine bronze Turkey Tomps.—HICKMAN SNIDER, Taneytown.

FOR SALE.—Three Berkshire Sows.—Jos. E. KELLY, Harney, Md.

NOTICE.—After Feb. 1, 1913, I intend to stop blacksmithing. All persons indebted to me will please settle.—EDWARD PHILLIPS. 1-24-2t

SPECIAL.—25 Pairs Men's First Grade Snag-Proof Felt Boots. Regular price, \$2.75 and \$3.00; your choice for \$2.25. All sizes, at M. R. SNIDER'S Department Store, Harney, Md. 17-2t

FOR SALE.—100-Egg Prairie State Incubator, No. 2, in good condition; low price.—L. M. BURELY, Union Bridge, Md. 17-2t

FOR RENT.—My house occupied by Murry Fuss. Possession April 1, 1913.—Apply to E. Fess, or Mrs. LUTHER HILTBRECK at Littlestown, Pa. 1-17-2t

FOR RENT.—My House occupied by Simon Fearing. Possession April 1. Apply to Geo. R. Sauble, agent.—Mrs. MARY L. MOTTER. 1-10-tf.

WANTED.—Salesman for Oils, Paints and Specialties. Good paying position. —THE MIDDLE STATES OIL CO., Cleveland, O. 1-10-3t

WILL DO SHOE and Harness repairing until further notice. Will not do work while waiting. Terms cash.—H. E. RECK. 12-27-10t

ONE MAXWELL RUNABOUT and one FORD RUNABOUT, will be sold cheap, to quick buyer.—Geo. W. STRAB, Westminster, Md. 12-6-tf

WANTED.—Hides and Furs of all kinds. S. I. MACKLEY, Union Bridge, Phone 15K. 11-1-tf

I HAVE THE AGENCY for the Quincy Gasoline Engine.—ERVIS L. HESS, Taneytown. 10-18-tf

AUCTIONEERING.

Having had experience in auctioneering public sales, I hereby offer my services to anyone contemplating having sale. Phone or write to.—M. D. SMITH, Uniontown, Md., Creamery. 3-31-cow.

SHE TALKED ABOUT IT.

A very good thing to do, especially when it was her own doctor that she talked with. She wanted to know about Hall's Hair Renewer for falling hair, dandruff, and for promoting growth of the hair. Now she is going to use it, will have every confidence in it. No coloring of the hair, not in the least.

DON'T MISS IT!

One of the Events of the Season CONCERT.

BY TANEYTOWN VOCAL CLASS
PROF. GEO. EDW. SMITH, Director.

OPERA HOUSE, Tuesday Evening, February 4, '13, AT 7.30 O'CLOCK.

Splendid Chorus by a Group of 75 Singers, Special Numbers by Selected Groups—Solos—Interspersed with Select Readings.

Tickets now on sale at McKinney's Drug Store.

Reserved Seats, 35 cents. General Admission, 25c.

The Lincoln memorial highway has another chance, and it is thought the question will be brought to a vote next week. It was to have been settled this week, but parliamentary tactics delayed it.

"Taneytown's Leading Fashion Store." Standard Sewing Machines, \$13.95

Koons Bros.

DEPARTMENT STORE

TANEYTOWN, MD.

CLEAN-UP-SALE

We have cut the price on all—

Ladies' Suits and Coats, Men's Winter Suits, Men's and Boys' Overcoats, Furs and Muffs, Bed Blankets and Comforts, Horse Blankets and Lap Robes, Men's, Women's and Children's Sweaters.

We do not have all sizes of Ladies' Suits and Top Coats, but—

EXTREMELY LOW PRICES.

BARGAINS IN SHOES

For Men, Women and Children. Come in and see for yourself. We can show you the largest assortment and most stylish line of Shoes to be found.

BALL-BAND STANDARD DROP-HEAD SEWING MACHINES
\$13.95 and \$21.00
The Best and the Cheapest.

RUBBER AND FELT BOOTS AND ARCTICS
Sold by us only.

There Is A Reason

I. H. C. Machinery is the cheapest. Why? Because they talk for themselves.

We handle the I. H. C. Engines and Feed Mills, Steel Corn King Manure Spreaders, Columbus Wagons, Hoosier Corn Planters, Grain Drill and Broadcasters, Deering Binder and Mower, best on the Market; Keystone Hay Loader and Side Delivery Rakes.

Also SLEIGHS, BUGGIES, HARNESS, BLANKETS

We make a specialty on

DAIRY MAID CREAM SEPARATOR

Guaranteed the best on the Market.

Call and look over our lines and get Catalogues.

L. R. VALENTINE,

C. & P. Phone 10f TANEYTOWN, MD.

Buy a Detroit 1913

EVERYBODY Who has seen Our Club Buggy THINKS IT IS GREAT

You should see it too.

Remember, the Club Price applies only during January, February and March.

Look Out For Further Announcements!

Angel Vehicle Works & Garage, MIDDLEBURG, MD.

Taneytown Grain and Hay Market.

Corrected weekly, on day of publication. Prices paid by The Reindollar Co.

Wheat	1.02@1.02
Corn	45@45
Rye	70@70
Oats	35@35
Timothy Hay	11.00@11.00
Mixed Hay	5.00@10.00
Bundle Rye Straw	12.00@13.00

Baltimore Markets. Corrected Weekly.

Wheat	1.04@1.06
Corn	52@53
Oats	36@38
Rye	55@60
Hay, Timothy	18.00@19.00
Hay, Mixed	15.00@16.00
Hay, Clover	13.00@14.00
Straw, Rye bales	17.00@18.00

Economy is Wealth.

Clean your soiled grease spot clothes with Lum-Tum Clothes Cleaner. Price 15¢ per bottle, at McKellip's Drug Store. Advertisement.

OSCAR D. GILBERT, Clerk.
Tobias A. Martin, Mortgagee,
Charles R. Martin, Mortgagee.

Ordered this 17th day of January, A. D. 1913, that the account of the Auditor filed in this cause be finally ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 3rd day of February, next; provided a copy of this order be inserted for two successive weeks before the last named day in some newspaper published in Carroll County.

OSCAR D. GILBERT, Clerk.
OSCAR D. GILBERT, Clerk. 1-17-3t