

The Girl at Clancy's Ball

She Had One Short Romance.

By CHARLES ALBERT WILLIAMS
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John Harmon of the Morning Bulletin puffed abstractedly upon his cigar and gazed around the tumultuous hall. It was the night of Boss Clancy's ball. The dancing floor was crowded with rotating men and women. Girls of the shop and factory swayed and gyrated in the clasp of men, coarse featured and unintelligent.

Harmon roused from his contemplation of the noisy scene and turned to his companion, Mowbray of the Recorder. "If anything's going to break here tonight let it come soon," he remarked. Mowbray shrugged indifferently.

A young girl, her face flushed from the last dance, hurried toward the reporters' table. She was a frail little creature of twenty, blue eyed and blond. Frequently as she approached she looked back and fluttered a frightened glance at a man following her.

"Excuse me," she said half breathlessly, halting before the newspaper men and addressing Harmon. "Help me out of this, please. This man has been annoying me—wants me to dance with him. I'm afraid of him."

"Sit down," Harmon said crisply. He faced her and affected a conversation.

The man came up presently and, pausing only to glare belligerently at Harmon, reached over and seized the girl's arm.

"Never mind your dandy dude friend," he blurted; "spiel this with me." The girl drew back and shook her head.

"Come on," the stranger insisted, retaining her arm. The girl made a sudden, violent movement and wrenched herself from his grasp. He leaned forward to clutch her, but Harmon caught his hand.

"What's the use?" he remarked, laughing. "You can't make the girl dance. Don't insist. You'll cause a scene."

The stranger turned to Harmon, his mouth drawn into a menacing snarl. "Don't mix in this unless"—He waved his hand threateningly. "Well, you don't want to be sorry, do you?"

He became enraged at Harmon's cool glance. "Who are you, anyway?" he bawled. "Know who I am? I'm one of Clancy's men."

Harmon smiled. "I'm not at all interested in your pedigree," he said. "It seems to me you might let her alone in spite of it."

A malignant light glowed in the stranger's eyes. "Say," he said, "I do things my own way." His voice rose to a shout. "An' this is my gal, see?"

He placed his hands upon Harmon's shoulders. Before the reporter could rise from his chair he was hurled backward, but he caught the edge of the table and escaped a nasty fall.

With lips compressed in an effort to control an outburst, he scrambled to his feet and stood silent a moment considering what he might best do to avert the fellow's violence and yet assist the girl.

He opened his lips to speak, but was interrupted by the cry of "A fight!" which went up from a nearby table.

There was a scuffling of feet, and a group of eager eyed, expectant men and women gathered about them. Mowbray stepped between the two men.

"Steady, John," he said. "This sort of thing is hardly"— Harmon felt a ringing blow upon his head, then suddenly he went blind and unconscious.

Later, in the hospital, he opened his eyes wide and staring. He stirred uneasily and rolled his pounding head upon the pillows.

He was pleased to see that they had omitted any reference to the incident at the ball. For this he mutely thanked Mowbray.

In the evening as the lights were being switched on the nurse announced the return of his visitor.

A few moments afterward she appeared in the doorway. Harmon recognized her in one sweeping glance as she approached his cot—the girl at the ball.

"Well?" he said, repressing his astonishment. She looked timidly down at him.

"You know me?" she asked in a frightened tone. He nodded and smiled to put her at her ease. There was an embarrassed pause.

"I felt I ought to come and thank you," she broke in. He made a careless gesture.

"Quite unavoidable, Miss"— "Rogers—Sadie Rogers," she prompted, a touch of color appearing in her thin, white cheeks.

Harmon lifted his head and bowed an awkward acknowledgment. "What happened to me?" he asked.

"No one seemed to know anything about it," she explained, "except that you were hit with a bottle. They couldn't find out who did it. I'm glad, anyway, nobody was arrested. I'd have gone, too, I suppose."

Harmon nodded comprehension. "How did you find me?" he went on. "Your friend told me who you were and where they had taken you," she replied, smiling.

She had been standing with her hands behind her as they chatted. Suddenly she made an impulsive little movement and thrust forth a small cluster of roses.

"Will you take these? They help me say 'thanks,'" she said. Harmon looked at her in surprise and for the first time observed closely her appearance. There was no health in her cheeks, and she looked worn and weary.

The cheap finery of the previous evening had vanished, and in its place had come a coarse black skirt, an ill fitting blue jacket and a broad, flat hat that seemed to accentuate her pale, blue eyed wistfulness.

"It's nice of you," he said at length. A queer little smile flashed across her face, and she placed the flowers in his hand.

Sadie, faint voiced and diffident, called at the hospital each day thereafter. Her visits were brief and uneventful. She remained for a few moments to exchange the usual commonplace with Harmon. Always, despite his protests, she brought a cluster of fresh roses.

In the beginning Harmon had decided not to permit her to continue to see him, but she sounded a sympathetic note in his nature, and he found himself unable to send her away.

Though she seemed a poor, pitiable bit of drift, she revealed traces of uncultivated intelligence and refinement, and he became interested in her. In the end he resolved to learn more about her and, if possible, to help her.

"You are going home tomorrow?" she asked on the evening of the last day. "Not really home," he replied, laughing. "I hail from the country." Her tired face brightened.

"Indeed! I'm from up state myself." "You're all alone here?" he inquired. She nodded slowly.

"Tell me about coming here—everything," he invited. She plucked at a jacket button and seemed reluctant to answer, but after a moment said: "Well, father wasn't a much account man, so when mother died I hired out. We had folks up from New York, and I heard so much about the city I thought it was a great place. So I came."

"I'm not a fool," she continued, with a dispirited smile. "Up in the country I went to school as long as I could, but when I got down here it didn't help me any."

"What could I do? I didn't know anything about offices. I wasn't a type writer, and there wasn't much time to decide, so I went into one of the big stores."

"What I make just about goes round for room and meals and something to wear. Once in awhile there's a moving picture show."

"Clancy's ball was free, so me and a couple of girls went there. But I'll know better next time."

Using Up Energy. "A calory is the amount of heat required to raise the temperature of one pint of water 4 degrees Fahrenheit. If a man rises from his chair and walks about eight feet, then returns, he uses up one of these units," writes Dr. Edwin F. Bowers in "Slidesteping Ill Health."

Healthful Whipping. It is considered beneficial to be whipped or spanked provided it is done mechanically. In the mechano therapy departments of up to date institutions the whipping post, a mechanical device for therapeutic padding, is an accredited healing machine. You are whipped by straps of heavy cloth or leather attached to two rapidly revolving posts. When you take the treatment you step backward into the flying whips and receive their blows upon your legs, back, abdomen or chest, depending upon the malady from which you are suffering. The impact of the straps is just sufficient to set the blood in free circulation. There is no smarting, stinging sensation because the straps are broad enough to eliminate any possibility of a cutting blow. You are paddled rather than lashed. The whipping post is valuable in many types of nervousness.—Popular Science Monthly.

Family Relations. "Who is that man you were just talking with?" "That's my brother-in-law." "He looks enough like you to be your own brother." "He is my own brother. We are twins."

Different Views. "What do you think of married life?" asked the henpecked man, addressing the youthful bridegroom. "Bliss is no name for it!" said the young husband enthusiastically. "You are right," said the henpecked one gloomily. "Bliss is no name for it."—London Mail.

Curious Raincoats. When rain falls in tropical countries there is no mistake about it. The rain comes as if it meant to sweep away all such trifles as trees and bushes. A man who goes out in this deluge must protect himself, but he finds that a mackintosh of the lightest kind has its disadvantages, for if it keeps the rain out it also keeps the heat in.

The raincoat devised by the Mexicans is called a "chino" and is so porous that the heat of the body readily escapes, while, owing to its construction, it keeps the wearer dry. The chino is made of numberless long, narrow strips of dried palm leaf, one end of each strip being woven into a light fabric and the rest falling loose. The wearer of this garment rustles as he walks, and the rain pattering upon it makes a pleasant sound. Arrived at the house, he takes off his palm leaf hat, shakes it and hangs it up to dry. Then he slips off his chino, shakes that also and hangs it up. He himself is untouched by the rain, but the chino as it hangs up looks like a huge, damp brown cassock.

Order Nisi on Sale. In the Circuit Court for Carroll County, Edmund F. Smith, Collector of State and County Taxes for the First Election District of Carroll County, Maryland.

RATIFICATION NOTICE. In the Orphans' Court of Carroll County, August Term, 1916. Estate of Samuel S. Null, deceased.

RATIFICATION NOTICE. In the Orphans' Court of Carroll County, August Term, 1916. Estate of Thomas G. Otto, deceased.

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Order Nisi on Sale
In the Circuit Court for Carroll County, Edmund F. Smith, Collector of State and County Taxes for the First Election District of Carroll County, Maryland.

Jacob Ridinger and Edward Ridinger. Ordered this 29th day of August, in the year nineteen hundred and sixteen, that the sale of the real estate made and reported in the above entitled cause by Edmund F. Smith, Collector of State and County Taxes for Taneytown District, being Election District No. 1 in Carroll County, in the State of Maryland, and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary be shown on or before the 30th day of September, next, providing a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper published in Carroll County, Maryland, once in each of three successive weeks prior to the 30th day of September, next, warning the said Jacob and said real estate reported as aforesaid to be and on or before the said 30th day of September, next, and show cause, if any be or they may have, why said sale should not be ratified and confirmed.

The report states the amount of sale to be \$33.00.

W.M. HENRY FORSYTHE, JR.
True Copy, Test: EDWARD O. CASH, Clerk. 9-1-16

RATIFICATION NOTICE
In the Orphans' Court of Carroll County, August Term, 1916.

Estate of Samuel S. Null, deceased. On application, it is ordered, this 28th day of August, 1916, that the sale of the Real Estate of Samuel S. Null, late of Carroll county, deceased, made by Mary I. Null, Executrix of the last Will and Testament of said deceased, cause be shown to the contrary on or before the 1st Monday, 2nd day of October, next; provided a copy of this order be inserted for three successive weeks in some newspaper printed and published in Carroll county, before the 4th Monday, 25th day of September, next.

The report states the amount of sale to be Eighteen Hundred Dollars (\$1800).

SOLOMON MYERS, THOMAS J. HAINES, MOSES J. M. TROXELL, Judges.
True Copy, Test: WILLIAM ARTHUR, Register of Wills for Carroll County. 9-1-16

RATIFICATION NOTICE
In the Orphans' Court of Carroll County, August Term, 1916.

Estate of Thomas G. Otto, deceased. On application, it is ordered, this 22nd day of August, 1916, that the sale of Real Estate of Thos. G. Otto, late of Carroll County, deceased, made by Wilbur H. Otto and Ella Edna Koons, Executors of the last Will and Testament of said deceased, and this day reported in this Court by the said Executors, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause be shown to the contrary on or before the 4th Monday, 25th day of September, next; provided a copy of this order be inserted for three successive weeks in some newspaper printed and published in Carroll county, before the 3rd Monday, 18th day of September, next.

The report states the amount of sale to be \$519.00.

SOLOMON MYERS, THOMAS J. HAINES, MOSES J. M. TROXELL, Judges.
True Copy, Test: WILLIAM ARTHUR, Register of Wills for Carroll County. 8-25-16

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