

THE CARROLL RECORD

(NON-PARTISAN.)
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P. B. ENGLAR, Editor and Manager

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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, NOVEMBER 16th., 1917.

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.



"Tis the Star-Spangled Banner!
Oh, long may it wave
O'er the land of the free, and the
home of the brave."

Eating whale was regarded as a joke, some years ago—when a man told a big yarn, it was often intimated that he had eaten "whale soup." But the times change and jokes become important truths. We may even be glad to eat "crow" before the war is over, though all would prefer it with the "r" left out.

There was nary a rooster in the Westminster papers, last week. The Advocate's birds are afflicted with the "Roop" and are taking "Dr. Hess" powders, while those of the Sentinel and Times dignifiedly refrained from crowing over a situation that did not exactly represent self-deliverance from the enemy.

An explanation is given of the high wages paid for government work, as being due to what is called "10 percent. contracts," by which the government guarantees to pay the contractor a 10 percent. profit on the actual cost of finished work. The urgent need for haste in the work being done, and the present difficulty in making contract estimates, is said to have led to the placing of 10 percent. contracts, in which the more the contractor pays for labor, the more his 10 percent. profit amounts to.

Republican County Commissioners on Trial.

The Republican Board of County Commissioners will now have to show the people the benefits attaching to a change, or the Republican control will not last. If the same items of expense appear, and the same costs of administration, the people will ask, with propriety—What is the difference, after all, between long Democratic control, and a trial of Republican control?

We do not apprehend that any extraordinary saving of expense will result, for the business of the county has not been recklessly, nor extravagantly, conducted. Our Commissioners have been good business men, and as careful as the average official of their class, anywhere in the State. But, there are opportunities, here and there, not difficult to point out, where charges and costs will bear a pruning down without any decrease in the efficiency of the service.

Our elections cost too much—which is largely due to the State laws—but the Commissioners surely have a right to look into some of the bills presented, and demand that they represent only fair pay for services actually required.

The cost of collecting the taxes is also too high. A salary of \$1800.00 for tax collector is unnecessary, and we make the assertion, confident of ability to prove it, that there are numerous fully qualified men in the county who will be glad to take the job at \$1200.00 a year, especially with the extra \$300.00 of the past year for clerk hire.

There are other items that will bear lowering, which we feel sure the new administration will see and remedy. The main thing that the Commissioners' office needs is the full conduct of the office by the Commissioners, and not by outside influences, nor by demands of a purely partisan coloring. The office should be run as three good financiers would run a business of their own—they should consider "a

public office a public trust," and not a party trust.

These are times in which the public is more than ever suspicious of public expenditures, because of higher taxes; and the public, by the way, is slowly beginning to do figuring of its own, as it secures light on public costs and methods. Carroll county is no exception to this rule, and the newly constituted Republican majority in the Commissioners' office will be wise if it appreciates this fact to the full, at the very outset of its administration.

The Cost of the War.

The authoritative statement that it is now costing this government \$14.00 to Germany's \$1.00 for the same class of war expenditures, is startling, to say the least, and is unquestionably a pace that cannot long be kept up. We think it wise for such statements to be made, for they must teach the fact that there must be much greater economy used in our preparations without retarding the effectiveness of the work, and this, it seems to us, must begin within the ranks of the various official departments.

It would be folly to expect the Nation to make greater sacrifices in order that this enormous rate of cost be kept up, unless the government first exhausts all economical practices to lessen present costs, which does not, to the outsider, appear to have even been attempted, especially in the amount of labor employed, or the rate paid for it. One is apt to think of government control as a defense against exorbitance on the part of private concerns, but the fact likely is that government operation of business is, as a rule, the most expensive business operation in this country.

There is hardly any escaping of unnecessary employees and abnormal salaries in any politically managed department, but the same officials, who in their private business concerns at home, are good executives, and make money for themselves through insistence on the practice of economical rules, when they become public men are apt to fall into the ways of the public system, and to a greater or lesser degree dispense "spoils of office" at the public expense.

It is high time for our whole country to be positively assured that the most rigid economy, and the best business methods, will be practiced, officially, and dispel the evidence and suspicion that the opposite may be true.

More About Wages and Costs.

Th Sunset Magazine, for November, the leading magazine published on the Pacific Coast, in its first article, commenting largely on Pacific Coast conditions, expressed many sentiments thoroughly in line with those expressed editorially in the Record during the past few months, having to do with questions of labor and the pay of labor, and the effects of these questions on the whole public, which are becoming more and more the great questions confronting our country.

The most of the opinions expressed by Sunset have direct reference to government contract work, and comparisons and deductions are so made, but in a broad sense they apply to the whole labor and labor cost situation. The entire article is too lengthy for our use, but the following selections fairly represent the trend of it:

"The shipyards of the Pacific coast have made such fat profits in the period that Skinner & Eddy, of Seattle, months ago introduced what amounts to a minimum wage of six dollars a day for mechanics. Undoubtedly every yard could afford to pay this scale as they all work for Uncle Sam and the good old Uncle is rich. But every dollar added to the cost of a government ship, of any article bought by the government, must eventually be paid by you and me whose wages have not been increased, who get out of the war nothing but bigger bills and higher taxes. Are we willing that the wages of men working for the Government should be increased indefinitely, thus adding to our already heavy burdens? Or would we prefer governmental limitation of both profits and wages?"

The Union Iron Works could probably pay a minimum wage of seven dollars a day and still pay fat dividends out of its surplus, but a great many of the newer and smaller Pacific Coast shipyards would have to ask the government to pay more than the agreed price for vessels on the way. Still, Uncle Sam is rich and at war. But how about the foundries, the garages, the machine shops, the hundreds of small metal-working establishments not engaged on war orders? They cannot possibly pay a scale of six dollars for eight hours and survive unless they are able to pass the increased expense on to you and me, the ultimate consumer who always and every time must shell out."

"After all, this business of raising wages and reducing hours is not as simple as it looks. The man who works with his hands, especially if these hands be trained and skilled, is top dog today. In the Far West the increased cost of living is largely offset through increased earnings due to continuity of employment; the bulk of the increased wages in most trades is pure velvet. Any merchant dealing in luxuries, any purveyor of popular entertainment will confirm this analysis. During the next six weeks millions will be transferred from the

pockets of the Far Western wage earners into the jewelers' tills; the Christmas business of all kinds promises to be tremendous.

But these are exceptions. Not every line of business had been stimulated by the war demand. Take street cars, for instance, and printing, and real estates. Everything needed in the operation of street cars, from steel rails to brass buttons, has gone up; revenues have been knocked down by the ubiquitous jitney. Excepting for recruiting posters, bonds and tax receipts, war has not stimulated the demands for printing. On the contrary, by increasing the cost of all materials, especially paper, it has decreased the total amount of printing and sharpened the teeth of the saw-edge competition among printers. Yet printers and motormen have to eat just as much as they did in the days when wheat brought one-third its present price.

Men earning stationary wages and salaries and those employers whose business has been hurt by the war, but who nevertheless have to pay higher wages out of shorter revenues, are the real sufferers, yet no one has been found shedding a tear or starting a collection for them. They subscribe for liberty bonds, for the Red Cross, the Tobacco Fund, give to the Belgians, Rumanians, Serbians, Poles and Armenians and bear their own cross in silence.

On second thought we wish to modify that statement. The thorniest war crown undoubtedly belongs to the families living in the country who can afford to keep a servant or two if only servants could be kept in the country nowadays."

"When Lloyd-George saw conditions in English war factories, he caused Parliament to pass an act making it a felony to enforce rules or regulations designed to hamper operations and to restrict output. The United States needs a similar law and a Lloyd-George to enforce it. While every piece of progressive legislation enacted for the protection of the wageearner should remain undisturbed, war or no war, every unreasonable union rule, every restriction preventing the highly paid worker from doing his best in his eight-hour stint should be suppressed with an iron hand.

But it won't be done. The Industrial Workers of the World have no political power; no politician fears them, so the law comes down on them like a ton of bricks. But the trade unions represent almost two million votes, hence they are handled with silk gloves.

When the I. W. W. tie up copper mines, they are clubbed and deported and their leaders are arrested. When the union boiler-makers tie up one-third of the country's vital ship building industry numerous commissions start out from Washington to see that their demands are granted."

Navy Enlistments Wanted.

Maryland is again falling short of the mark in Navy enlistments. The State that led all the others in the Union when the President sent out his first call for volunteers early last Spring, is not maintaining its record.

Lieutenant-Commander John Grady, Recruiting Inspector for the Eastern Naval Division, is disappointed, and Lieutenant M. A. Leahy, Recruiting Officer for the Maryland District, is unable to ascribe the reason for the slump. No effort has been spared to put the advantages of the Navy before the young men of the State, and it is hoped that November will show a decisive increase for the district.

Lieutenant Leahy believes there is yet plenty of available material in the State from which to draw. The Bureau of Navigation is especially anxious to enlist apprentice seamen, machinists and electricians, as well as men in all the other ratings. Cooks and mess-attendants are also wanted.

The Navy Department is authorizing promotions in the enlisted personnel every day and the same opportunities prevail that were in vogue when enlistments were plentiful. Full particulars of Navy enlistments can be obtained from the nearest postmaster; directly from the Navy Recruiting Station, Calvert and Lexington Streets, Baltimore, or from the Navy Recruiting Substations at Cumberland and Hagerstown.—U. S. Navy Recruiting Sta. Bulletin.

Fresh Air Good For Face.

Farm and Fireside, the national farm paper, says:

"It is a mistaken idea that bundling up to the eyes and covering the face with thick veils protects the skin in the winter. The more the face is exposed to the fresh air the better it will be for the complexion, and there is nothing more invigorating and beneficial than a brisk walk during a snow flurry. Never carry an umbrella when it is snowing. The best kind of water to wash your face in is soft rain water, and as snow is only frozen rain water there is surely no reason why it should be injurious to the skin.

"Don't wash your face before going out into the open air, but if cleansing is necessary, apply cold cream and rub it well into the pores, afterward wiping the face with a soft towel. Cleanse the face with cold cream and a good massage cream at least once a week, and apply a lotion to the face, hands, and lips every night before retiring. The lips are more susceptible to cold and chaf more easily than any other part of the face."

ANCIENT LEGEND MADE GOOD

Russian Women Fighting With the Desperation Said to Have Animated Amazon Warriors.

Legend tells of an ancient nation of female warriors, the Amazons, who were said to have lived in Pontus, near the shore of the Euxine sea, where they maintained an independent government under the rule of a queen. These hardy women, so runs the tale, carried war into many neighboring countries, including Scythia and Thrace, and to the coasts of Asia Minor, even penetrating to Arabia and Egypt. They were seldom made to swallow the bitter potion of defeat.

Now, according to the war cables from Petrograd, woman is again taking her place in battle. The "Death Battalion" in the Russian army on the eastern front, reports say, is full in the fight and is acquitting itself heroically. We read such lines as "Ensign Mlle. Vera Butchkareff has been sent to hospital suffering from shell shock," and "the 'Death Battalion' rushed forward, firing their rifles with deadly effect."

It is a strange situation in Russia which finds women standing fast under fire, and thousands of men turning their backs to the foe and deliriously over their own soil. If these traitors are capable of shame, the spectacle of women fighting their battles for them must sink deep into their souls.—Cincinnati Times-Star.

UNEXPLORED LAND IN CANADA

Vast Areas, Both in Ontario and Quebec, Where Surveying Parties Have Never Been.

A very common impression held even by Canadians is that there is little Canadian territory left to explore except on the Arctic islands. But as far back as 1890 Dr. George Dawson had calculated that there were then about 1,000,000 square miles of unexplored territory in western Canada, the rest lying in the provinces of Ontario and Quebec.

Mr. Charles Camsell of the geological survey of Canada has quite recently revised Doctor Dawson's estimate, reaching for western Canada the figures of about 642,000 square miles, while the unexplored area of northern Quebec is represented by 250,000 square miles.

The total area of Canada is reckoned at 3,729,665 square miles, of which 520,800 square miles are embraced in the islands of the Arctic ocean. The unexplored area (Camsell figures) of 901,000 square miles represents almost 28 per cent of the total area of the country.

Starvation Wiping Out Warsaw.

Warsaw under German rule is becoming a morgue. Starvation is on every side. This is the gist of a letter received the other day in New York, the accuracy of which is vouched for by the Zionist committee. The letter says:

"Death from starvation is a real fact; it is witnessed all over here, in every street, at every step, in every house. Jewish mothers—mothers of mercy—feel happy to see their nursing babies die, for at least the infants are through with suffering. Our wealthiest people cut off their daughters' hair, to be able to buy the indispensable things, like bread, for their dying children. Four and five-year-old children must be carried in the arms like babies. Should America not aid us we will be lost. Fathers, should they return from the battlefield, will meet, of their five or six children who kissed them good-bye when they left, only one or two."

Royal Names.

Nicholas Romanoff is the name by which the late czar is mentioned in the Russian papers. But it may be doubted whether this is a correct use of the word Romanoff, because monarchs, who sign by their Christian names only, are not supposed to have surnames. In the early days, when both surnames and customs were in the making, they did not need them, and, except in case of dethronement, and not always then, they have never needed them since. Contrary to popular belief, Plantagenet was not a surname. Tudor may have been one, and Stuart certainly was. But Guelp was not; and so good an authority as Mr. Fox-Davies holds that the present king of England has no surname at all. Less learned authorities have been perplexed to know whether the descendants of Queen Victoria did not inherit the surname of their father, the Prince Consort.

"Artificial Sunshine" for Crops.

Among the efforts being made by England to get better crops, on account of the threatened food crisis, one of the most interesting is an experiment in growing cereals and other field crops with the aid of "artificial sunshine," provided by overhead electric current. This experiment, under the supervision of V. H. Blackman, professor of plant physiology and pathology at South Kensington, is being carried out at Huntington Court farm, near Hereford. The purpose of the experiments is to continue on a large scale work done during the last few years near Dummeries, where in 1916 an increase of about 50 per cent in grain and 85 per cent in straw was obtained on a crop of oats.

Plenty of Space.

"Well, Bill, did you plant the potatoes far apart, as I told you?"
"Yes, I did. I planted some in your garden and some in mine, so they are two miles apart."

HESSON'S DEPARTMENT STORE

Are You Ready for Fall?

This is the question that is being asked daily, and we are endeavoring to help you answer it in the affirmative by having ready for your selection a full stock in every department.

Dress Goods.

Right up to the Standard.

We are right up to our standard in this Department, and have on display our usual large assortment of materials suitable for Dresses and Dress Suits.

Dress Gingham.

We have just received a shipment of new patterns of Gingham of standard quality, which will make very pretty house dresses or school dresses.

Apron Gingham.

Always a large assortment of Lancaster and Amoskeag Apron Gingham on hand to make your selection from.

School Supplies.

A big assortment of School Supplies on hand, ink and pencil tablets, companions, pens, pencils, slates, sponges, composition books, lunch boxes, etc.

School Dresses.

A very pretty lot of plaid and chambray dresses for any age girl. They are made of good quality gingham, and the patterns are very good.

Sweater Coats.

For every one in the family, we have a suitable Sweater. Just the thing for the cool mornings and evenings. Our line is composed of an assortment of black, blue, maroon, rose and purple. Some being trimmed in white or gray. Don't fail to look over these and get our very reasonable prices.

Shoes.

For Men, Women, Boys', Girls or Children. We have a line of Shoes suitable for all occasions. If it is for dress, we have the very best quality and style, or if for work, we have a line equally as good. Come in and let us show you our line and save you money.

Clothing for Fall.

Our new line of Suits for Men and Boys is now coming in, and consists of the newest Fabrics and Stripes on the market.

For a recommendation of our Clothing as to fit, quality or style ask the fellow who has been wearing our Clothes; he will tell you how well we have pleased him.

The Taylor line of Samples of made-to-order Suits is now on display, and is made up of over a hundred and fifty samples of the newest and best wool varieties at the lowest possible cost. When can we expect to have you call for your measurement?

Store Closes at 6 p. m., Monday, Wednesday and Friday

THE BIRNIE TRUST CO., TANEYTOWN, MD.

The statement made below shows the progress of this Bank in the last five years.

Date.	Capital Stock.	Surplus & Profits.	Deposits.	Total Resources.
May 9, 1913	\$40,000.00	\$27,369.51	\$647,563.77	\$714,933.28
May 9, 1914	40,000.00	29,523.55	656,776.65	733,300.20
May 9, 1915	40,000.00	31,497.00	680,139.14	751,636.14
May 9, 1916	40,000.00	38,067.68	704,585.23	782,652.91
May 9, 1917	40,000.00	51,112.36	811,684.80	902,797.16

When a Young Man starts out in business for himself, his first important act should be the establishment of a Strong Progressive Banking connection.

Open an account with the The Birnie Trust Company, and its Storehouse of experience and Progress is yours for the asking.

A BIG BANK FOR BIG BUSINESS

— AND —

A GOOD ONE TO GROW UP IN.

Resources Over \$900,000.00.

JOSEPH L. MATHIAS, Marble and Granite Works,

200 ARTISTIC MONUMENTS AND HEADSTONES TO SELECT FROM

Yard Electrically equipped with lights. Work displayed to full advantage at night as well as day.

Work Delivered Anywhere by Auto Truck

East Main St. opposite Court St. Westminister, Md.
PHONE 127

DO IT NOW It Will Pay You

Send us the price of a year's subscription if you are in arrears.

to become a regular advertiser in

This Paper

We Need the Money

ODD GIRDLER USED

Are Designed to Take the Place of Draperies on Skirts.

Some of Them Closely Resemble Little Waistcoats Formerly Worn as Suit Accompaniment.

In designing skirts for fall and winter, platted and straight-line effects are shown in far greater number than are the draped skirts. Virtually the only kind of drapery featured consists of low placed loops on either side, with the skirt proper narrowing to the hem.

Odd girdles and belts are designed to take the place of draperies, and in addition to the clever Spanish girdle here shown, another is the "waistcoat" girdle. This closely resembles the little waistcoats that were shown by some dress accessory designers during the past season as suit accompaniments. Of course when designed as part of a skirt it is attached to and becomes a part of the skirt. It slopes up over each hip and is cut in points in front. Frequently two rows of buttons are set on to give a double-breasted appearance, and again a single row of buttons centering the front of the girdle aids in the waistcoat simulation.

The actual fastening of the girdle is at one side. Usually it is equipped with one or two tiny "change" pockets.

Another odd and very attractive girdle shown on one side of the new satin skirts is a 6-inch wide section of the fabric laid in very fine knife plaits.

Rows of stitching hold it in the center, and at the upper and lower edges it flares. Of course a girdle of this kind could be worn becomingly only by a very slender woman, where line rather than curve was the dominant note.

Plaids and stripes are being used extensively in the development of



The Spanish Girdle.

sport skirts, and one of the popular fabrics is a plain color with border stripe.

Black satin skirts are to be extremely smart, and these are often of the two-tier type, the skirt consisting of two wide flat platted ruffles of equal width.

LAMP SHADE BAG IS NOVELTY

When Properly Constructed It Can Be Made to Look as Though It Came From the Orient.

Bags have come to be important accessories of dress. Nowadays a woman has as many bags as a man has pockets; but, of course, she is privileged to carry but one bag at a time. The creative ability has surely been overworked by some persons, according to the variety of the bags seen on the market. There is scarcely a shape, a material, a design or a combination of colors that has not been brought into service.

The novel thing of the moment is the lampshade bag. This, as its name implies, is made of a lampshade, the wicker variety. The shade, of course, is inverted, the narrower end forming the bottom of the bag. The inside of the shade is lined with silk of any color one prefers—the handsome figured silks are very good for the purpose. Allow sufficient silk to form a deep bag. If the shade is not very deep the silk can make up for what the shade lacks in depth. Finish the top with a hem and through it run cords to form the handle. Weight the ends of the cords with bead tassels and put one of the tassels at the bottom of the bag. The result will be a bag that looks as though it came from the Orient.

The Newest Veils.

Veils having square, ring, chain, pear drop, egg-shaped, crescent moon and the full moon dots, are worn in New York.

Also veils called the nightingale, acorn, berry or the lotus flower are shown.

SUIT MADE WITH WAISTCOAT



This tweed suit is a veritable Louis Seize affair, so far as the length is concerned, and is rendered more interesting by being effected in a big bold check. For general utility a dark pepper-and-salt rough tweed is the choice that commends itself, with, for the waistcoat and side pieces of the skirt, a gray and black plaid, over-checked with fine lines of powder blue and yellow. The coat is cut on severely straight lines, although the adept tailor knows how to introduce just a suspicion of shapeliness without detracting from the elongated elegance. A collar that is part of the waistcoat plays a decorative part.

NEW FASHIONS ARE KINDLY

One May Find Something to Meet Her Requirements Whether She Be Stout or Thin.

The woman who is not grateful for the delightful things fashion bestows upon her this season is unworthy of her good fortune, declares a writer in Vogue. Be she svelte, the straight lines with the long close-buttoned sleeves and drooping shoulders will enable her to feel that she is akin to the haunting Botticelli women. But if she be stout, these same straight lines will do all they can to prevent her betrayal.

Also, she may rejoice either in a moderately short costume, or in one wherein the long coat and the over-skirt are in collusion to produce the new double tunic effect. And her more severe sister may prudently cover her ankles and select the unbroken lines which are also correct.

And fashion decrees velvet for street costumes, in black or in some dark shade of brown or red or blue; and the narrow bandings of fur will be, preferably, of nutria, kolinsky, gray squirrel or coney.

Not only are coats most accommodating as to length, but they even offer the pleasing diversity of a broken line about the bottom. And, to add to this infinite variety, one may go belted or unbelted, as one pleases.

Best of all, however, the thin neck may retire from view and the full throat may display its charms.

TO STENCIL PAPER SHADES

They Can Be Painted in Designs and Stripes to Match General Decorative Scheme.

The girl who stencils will recognize in her oiled stencil paper a possibility for making one of the new paper lamp shades. The oiling of the board of paper makes it translucent. They can be painted in designs and stripes to match the general decorative scheme. Used in the natural old-gold color they are equally lovely, especially if the base of the lamp is of a solid bright color.

Another way to treat the paper shade is to paste cut-out designs from cretonne on the paper and paint in the background with black enamel thinned out as much as possible. This method makes the light shine through the colored designs and leaves the background opaque. Such a shade should not be used, however, where there is only one lamp in the room and where plenty of light is needed.

A clever way of mellowing the light from these more decidedly designed paper shades is to cover the outside with a layer of delicate gauze in a deep cream or rose color. This will not interfere with the effect of the design, but will prove to give a much softer lighting effect than the plain shade.

Khaki-Colored Trench Coat. Something for the soldiers and something for the sailors—what could please better the small girl's heart this autumn? Here is a decidedly knowing trench coat—khaki colored, if you please, and supplied with shiny buttons, buckled belt and plenty of pockets. And here a delightful sailor cap made of black velvet so that it may look smart with the khaki brown coat; and with U. S. navy in blue letters on a strap of white kid.

Have the Children Bank Accounts?

It really doesn't matter how much they began with. It's the fact that they did begin—did start—do keep it up. It's the Lesson of Thrift that counts—not the amount of money they have in Bank. Unless you train the child Thrift in childhood it will hardly learn it in later years. Childhood is the time for learning lessons. Age the time for putting those lessons to practical use.

"Habits acquired in the Cradle last to the Grave."—Tamil Proverb.

WE WANT YOU!

4% PAID ON TIME DEPOSITS.

THE TANEYTOWN SAVINGS BANK

TANEYTOWN, MD.

WHY DO YOU BUY SHOES?

Simply to get something to cover and beautify your feet.

We are showing the kinds of Shoes that not only have the style, but they are made of leather and will wear.

Our Ladies' Window shows some of this season's Newest Patterns and the prices are reasonable.

We make a specialty of School Shoes for Children, the kind that stand the bumps.

Our line of Work Shoes for Men are known to be the best yet, nothing but solid leather.

FALL HATS FOR MEN JUST IN.

J. THOS. ANDERS,

(Successor to)

WM. C. DEVILBISS.

22 W. Main St., Westminster, Md.

MORE MILK FROM YOUR COWS



DAIRY FEED

"Spring Garden" Dairy Feed is the result of a great many practical experiments with some of the best herds in the State of Maryland. The mixture contains nothing but good milk producers and water absorbers.

Digestible Protein is what you need in your Dairy Feed. "Spring Garden" Brand contains 20% protein, digestible protein, proven by test—a larger percentage than any other feed for the price. Agricultural Station tests prove its better feeding value.

Write for samples and prices if your dealer cannot supply you with "Spring Garden" Brand.

BALTIMORE PEARL HOMINY CO.

Seaboard Corn Mills

HOWARD STREET PIER, BALTIMORE, MD.

Other "Spring Garden" Feeds. Horse Feed, Corn Oil Meal, Flaked Oats, Hominy Feed, C. & O. Feed, Cracked Corn, Chick Grits, Poultry Mash.

To Corn Dealers and Shippers. We buy white and yellow corn either shelled or on cob delivered at our mill or at your station.



Get your order in for your FORD now, as there will not be any Cars delivered unless the orders are on file with the Ford Motor Co. Do not put it off; give me your order

Yours Truly,

C. L. HUMER, Agent,
TANEYTOWN, MD.

Advertise in the Record

FATAL DESERT OF KARA-KUM

Heat Reaching 165 Degrees Is Hurled Into One's Face Like Sheet of Fire.

When the caravans in olden days went up from Samarcand and Bokhara to Mery for silks and carpets, or carried spices for Europe to the Caspian ports, some of them occasionally wandered off into the desert of Kara-Kum, and few of those ever returned. This desert, which is smaller but more terrible than Sahara, came to be known as "the tomb of caravans."

If you were to venture into the desert of Kara-Kum you would travel by camel. At first you would pass through a land of scrubby bushes and rest at noon near a well; rounded by a tiny native village at the bottom of a dimple in the desert. And here you would feel your first touch of the desert heat—a heat that reaches 133 degrees in the sun and is hurled into your face by the wind like a veritable sheet of flame.

In the comparative cool of evening you would push on into the desert proper. Presently from the top of a slight elevation you would see it reaching before you—a petrified storm at sea, an ocean of sand. There is nothing but sand, and it is tossed by a ceaseless wind into billows miles long that creep forward perhaps a foot a year, burying everything in their path. The wind tears banners of flying sand from their crests as you look, releasing cascades that go rumbling into the burning hollows.

The path across this desert is marked only by bits of bone and stick, occasionally by a human skull. It is easily lost in the dark, and it is the thread which connects one shallow, muddy well with another. Many have lost it and they are still in the desert of Kara-Kum.

TOOMBS UTTERS ONE ERROR

Noted for Accuracy, Famous Publicist Makes Mistake in Georgia Constitutional Convention.

In the Georgia constitutional convention of 1877 so usually accurate a publicist as General Robert Toombs uttered a singular error. He was contending in a speech for enough courts in Georgia to assure speedy justice and at one point in the debate he said:

"I only desire to say one word. Six hundred and fifty years ago our rude ancestors met upon a plain at Runnimead and established a great system of judiciary in one line of bad Latin. They made King John say, 'We will sell to none, we will deny to none, we will delay to none, right and justice, and we must make as many courts as are necessary to carry out those grand utterances.'"

Actually there is no "plain" at Runnimead, as those who have visited the historic locality know. Anciently there was a running-mead, or meadow, on the Middlesex shore of the Thames, where races were pulled off. Possibly the doughty barons held some mass meeting in the meadow, but history holds fast that the Magna Charta was signed on an island off shore, nearer the Surrey bank, and which has ever since been known as Charter Island. In London in 1909 there was a sale of the island and the wonder was voiced in the public press why the government did not purchase it and erect upon it some suitable memorial.

Device to Save Worry.

A "worry-saving" device that is being installed in many of the apartment houses here, says the Pittsburgh Dispatch, is a slot machine arrangement intended to eliminate computation and dispute regarding the monthly bill for telephone service.

The machine is built on the principle of the public pay station slot telephone, but is handier in size. It can be purchased outright at comparatively little cost, or leased at reasonable rates. It does away with all bills and makes complaints of overcharge impossible. In the event that a tenant has not the proper change to insert in the slot, he may insert brass checks, which are supplied with the machine.

When the coin box is opened by the collector the tenant is called on to redeem these brass checks. The device is making a hit with landlords and tenants.

Many Great Men Die Young.

The question is often asked, what is meant by "the prime of life." It is difficult to say; people differ so much. Most great men have died comparatively young. Alexander the Great died at thirty-two, having conquered practically the whole world of his day; Julius Caesar was dead at fifty-five. Napoleon died at fifty-two, Oliver Cromwell at fifty-nine, Shakespeare at fifty-two, Charles Dickens at fifty-eight. Nearly all the men who made the French Revolution were dead before they were forty; many of them before they were thirty. Robespierre was only thirty-six when he died, Desmoullins thirty-four, Danton thirty-five, and Mirabeau forty-two.

Colorado Was Not Red.

It was William's first trip to Colorado. Everyone was marveling at the wonderful scenery but the little chap, who seemed troubled at it all. "What's the matter, don't you like the mountains?" asked his mother. "Oh, yes," replied the boy, "but on my map Colorado is red."

Mostly Talk.

"Getting up betimes and enjoying the early morning is delightful these days." "Yes; I often talk about doing it."



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This newspaper reaches the eye of everybody who might be a possible buyer in this section.

Two Runaways

By G. L. COBB

(Copyright, by W. G. Chapman.)

Jed Torkley, runaway, sat sniveling and shivering on the horse block in front of the little district red schoolhouse. It had not housed him for over a week, nor had the home roof. He had become an outlaw, a castaway, at least so regarded by his former school chums. He was hungry, chilled with sleeping in a haymow and he had got to the schoolhouse hoping to find some early arrival who would share his noontide lunch with him.

"Why, Jed! Is it indeed you?" spoke a voice always gentle, for it belonged to the sweetest and cleverest girl in the county, and that was Rhoda Ford, whose tutelage Jed had so recently discarded. To Jed of the guilty conscience, however, the accents magnified to the tones of a hoarse Nemesis.

"Let me go! Don't you hinder me!" shrieked the startled wanderer, for Miss Ford had seized his arm.

"No, no, Jed," she insisted, gently, "I do not wish to detain you, only come into the room and get warm."

"I ain't cold," sniffed Jed. "I'm only hungry. Say, has my father gone away yet?"

"I hear he is leaving on a visit to your uncle this afternoon," Miss Ford apprized Jed.

The lad looked relieved. He eyed the young schoolmistress gratefully, though shamefaced.

"You see, I'm sick of it, this running away from home," he confessed, but rather doggedly. "I wish I was back in school, too!"

"Then why not go home and be forgiven and get righted for a new start?" suggested Rhoda.

"Not while father is there!" demurred Jed. "I've heard that he's bent on about taking off my hide when I do show up. If he's gone for a week, though, he may forget all about it by the end of that time. You see, mother



"Never Mind That," Directed Rhoda.

will be glad to see me. Thank you!" And Jed started down the frosty road.

"Jed!"

"Yes, ma'am," said Jed, halting ten feet away.

"You go home, like a good boy, won't you? Promise me that."

"I will when I am sure dad has left the diggings," stipulated the runaway.

"Very well—and here, Jed. You say you are hungry. You must take this."

Rhoda had extended her noontide lunch, done up neatly in a brown paper parcel. Jed started forward ravenously. Then he retreated, putting his hands clasped behind him.

"Oh, no, ma'am!" he remonstrated. "I couldn't do that. Your dinner—"

"Never mind that," directed Rhoda. "It's only a quarter of a mile to the house, and if I get very hungry I can run home and get a bite."

"You're good as gold!" declared Jed huskily, and there was genuine emotion in his tones. "Yes, ma'am, I'll go home—and stay home."

The next morning, spick and span, Jed came to school. He was the model attendant of the day. There was a snowstorm that night. When Rhoda, her arctic in place, started for her school duties next morning, she was surprised to find a two-foot cleared track running from the door into the road along it past the timber stretch and straight up to the very door of the schoolhouse. She glanced approvingly at Jed during the morning session, but he seemed insensible to the attention.

"Thank you, Jed!" spoke Miss Ford as, at recess, she passed him at the door.

"What for, ma'am?" inquired Jed innocently.

"The nice clear path you shoveled for me this morning."

"Why, that wasn't me. Say, did some one? Why, it was him, of course!" exclaimed Jed, with a sudden burst of intelligence.

"And who is 'him'?" inquired Rhoda, curiously.

"The man I gave your lunch to,"

"My—lunch?" repeated Rhoda, mystified.

"Yes, ma'am. Oh, that's so—I didn't tell you, did I? You see, I didn't eat your lunch, although I was nigh famished. I gave it to a fellow who needed it ten times worse than I did, I reckon."

"Who was it, Jed?" asked Rhoda, with rising interest.

"A young man, tall, dark and handsome. He's been hanging around the town for a week. Stranger. My brother Bill, who works at the post office, says he calls there half a dozen times a day, so he must be waiting around for some letter."

"But what about the lunch?" pressed Rhoda.

"Why, just as I was going to eat it, after leaving you," narrated Jed, "I saw him sitting on a tree stump. He looked starved and half-frozen. I thought to myself, 'maybe you're a sort of a prodigal son, like myself.' I went up to him and said, 'You look hungry, mister.' 'Pretty near,' he said, with a sigh that hit me hard. I set the lunch down beside him. I told him how I came by it. 'That dainty, pretty miss,' he says—'Bless her!'"

"Did he say that?" breathed Rhoda, flushing quite delightedly.

"He did, and I say it, too, ma'am," iterated Jed, gallantly. "He tried to make me take back the lunch. I just ran away. I was glad. Looking back, I saw him just devouring that lunch like a starved wolf."

"Dainty, pretty miss"—Rhoda was somehow pleased with the phrase. She was glad, too, that her sacrifice had done second duty. The air of mystery about the stranger interested her. His grateful recognition of her charity in shoveling the path in the snow had a certain element of romance about it.

It was the next day, and Rhoda and her little sister were in the barn gathering eggs from the nest, when there was a rustle in the haymow overhead. "Mercy me!" breathed Rhoda, as there followed a human groan. "Some one is up there. Run and tell mother, Gertrude!"

Rhoda's big brother, Tom, appeared with Mrs. Ford. The others timidly followed, as Tom ascended the stairs. Lying on the hay was a tossing, fevered form. From Jed's description Rhoda at once recognized the mysterious stranger and comprehended the situation.

They were good, heartsome folks, the Fords. At a glance they knew the trespasser was no tramp.

"There's something for us to do here, mother," declared Tom, and an hour later the sufferer was lying on a comfortable bed in Tom's room.

It was three days before the stranger rallied from the effects of the cold and lack of nourishment. Rhoda came home from school one afternoon to find their guest dressed and clean-shaven, seated before the glowing grate of the sitting room. An elderly man, too, was there. He came forward with both hands extended, as if they were old friends or relatives.

"And this is Miss Rhoda, I know!" he exclaimed. "My dear, I am the uncle of the young man for whom you and your blessed family have done so much," and he bubbled over with gratitude and commendation in the story he told of an independent nephew seeking to find his fortune in the cold outside world and failing utterly.

"And I was away from home and didn't get Gerald's letter until yesterday," explained the old man. "Ah! he has had a hard experience—and I, too, for I was sort of domineering with the boy. We'll both be better for it all."

"This is the road where you cleaned the snow last winter," reminded Rhoda, six months later, as her now frequent visitor, Gerald Wayne, and she strolled toward the schoolhouse. "You were very hungry those days, weren't you, Mr. Wayne?"

"I have been hungry ever since," declared Gerald.

She regarded him wonderingly. "Hungry for your love!" he explained, and a new sweet delight was singing in the happy heart of his fair companion.

EXPERTS AT SNARING FOWLS

Sea Birds Furnish Men of St. Kilda With Their Chief Occupation—Method of Work.

The chief occupation of the St. Kilda men is fowling. The St. Kildans eat vast numbers of the eggs of the sea-birds which frequent their islands, in addition to the birds themselves, which are not only eaten fresh, but dried and salted for winter supplies. The cliffs are equally divided among the inhabitants, and a man seldom or never poaches on his neighbor's property. Each year the cliffs are portioned out anew, the Saxon mod, or council, assembling for the purpose. The adjacent islands and "stacks" are regarded as common property, and are hunted at intervals by a party dispatched in one of the boats, the proceeds being equally divided among the entire population. No fowler in the world is more expert than the St. Kildan. Armed with a long rod, at the end of which is a horsehair noose, he climbs the dizzy heights and snares the sitting birds at will, slipping the fatal noose over their heads and dragging the fluttering captives to him.

Conserving Energy.

The Boss—Hey! What you doin' to my dog?

The Efficiency Expert—I have just figured out the number of footpounds of energy he is wasting in wagging his tail, so I am attaching his tail to this small motor. A few kind words will furnish the fuel.

EASY TO TRAIN SHEPHERD!

Puppies Soon Learn If They Are Placed With Ewes and the Lambs Taken Away.

It is easy enough to train shepherd dogs if they are taken as puppies. When the sheep are lambing take a lamb away from its mother and put the puppies on the ewe. Keep the ewe tied up for a few days and see that the little puppies nurse her then it will not be long until she will think as much of the pups as she does of her lamb.

As soon as the pups are old enough to follow the sheep let them go with the bunch and they will soon be taking care of the sheep. The dogs will soon learn to take them out of the sheds in the morning and bring them back at night. And if a strange dog or wolf comes around, one dog will stay and fight while another will starve the sheep for home. In lambing time they keep the sheep close around the ranch or camp, and seem to take of a degree of intelligence that is marvelous. They can soon be taught the master's calls or signals and will obey promptly. It is essential that they shall be fed by some sort of system and it is well to have them understand that this is their reward. If one has a good working dog, it is surprising how readily a young animal will learn from the old one. But the masters do not always have an old dog, and then the trainer must play the dog himself and do a little running. Everyone has his own whistles or words of command, and a dog soon catches on.—Exchange.

ARTISTS FAMOUS AS WRITERS

Several of the Most Noted Novelists Deserted the Brush for Literary Work.

Several artists of note have been known to desert the brush for the pen and when they have died they have left their mark behind them as literary men, observes an exchange. William de Morgan did this. He wrote the longest set of novels since Dickens and Thackeray "ceased firing," although he was an old man when he took to the pen. George du Maurier was an artist who turned author after making a European fame with the pencil as a satirist of society. He suddenly startled the world with "Trilby," and set two continents comparing feet. With him novel-writing seemed his true forte, but he had started too late. He only enjoyed his new fame a few years.

Even Thackeray tried art before he found his true vocation, and he illustrated several of his own books even then. A very piquant story tells of Thackeray calling on Charles Dickens to see if he could get the commission to illustrate one of his earlier novels. He had not written "Vanity Fair" then!

A very distinguished artist-author was Dante Gabriel Rossetti, who was supreme in both arts.

Progress.

Sending messages by lightning, traveling at 40 miles to the hour, crossing in a week the ocean which the Mayflower perulously breasted, in our sumptuous vessels, framed of iron, luxurious in appointment, propelled from within, and gay with color as so many swimming summer gardens—these applauded achievements do not tend of necessity to the upbuilding of nobler courage, to the development of a luminous moral wisdom, to the culture of even philosophical refinement, or the nurture of the temper of devout aspiration. On the other hand, do we not sometimes feel that virtue among us is coming to be too much a matter of manners; that the intense subjective processes from which august character is derived are in a measure being superseded by the mechanical contrivances and the physical successes with which our noisy years resound; and that the grand and lovely spirits, which are present still, and in which, whenever we touch them, we find strange charm and inspiration, are fewer and lonelier than they were?—Richard Slater Storrs.

Alphabet of the Soul.

Gesture's part in Oriental drama is set forth in a recent Hindu volume which says that there is a fitting gesture to represent every emotion. The gesture, in fact, is described as a deaf and dumb alphabet of the soul. There are nine movements of the head, corresponding to nine emotions, mentioned by one authority, twenty-four by another; twenty-eight movements of the single hands, and twenty-four (or twenty-six) of the double hands, etc.; also "hands" denoting animals, trees, oceans, and other things. For example, a certain position of the hands denotes a certain emperor, caste, or planet. The translator says, rather slyly, that only a cultivated audience can appreciate Indian "actor's art."

The Pig's Food Habits.

We must all (says the Pall Mall Gazette) make our apologies to the pig, who has been grossly maligned in regard to his food. Instead of being ready to eat anything, he turns out to be the most fastidious of animals. Experiments have been made in France and Sweden which show this to be the case, and in the latter country the record tells us that out of 575 plants the goat eats 449 and refuses 126; the sheep out of 528 plants eats 387 and refuses 141; out of 494 plants the cow eats 278 and refuses 218; out of 474 plants the horse eats 202 and refuses 212; and the pig out of 243 plants eats 72 and refuses 171.



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CHEETAHS USED FOR HUNTERS

Are Regarded as the Swiftest of Animals—Combine Speed, Courage and Stalking Ability.

The fastest animal on four legs is said to be the cheetah or hunting leopard, which is part of the establishment of many an Indian noble.

The cheetah is a tall, rangy spotted cat as large as the America puma and is the only one of the large cats which has been domesticated so that it may be controlled in the open field by the voice of man.

This hunting cat is a wonderful combination of speed, courage and stalking ability; indeed, the chief weakness of hunting with the cheetah as a sport is that the cheetah does everything and has all the fun.

Any traveler who visits an Indian potentate in the excellent hunting regions along the foothills of the Himalayas will be sure to be taken hunting with the prince's cheetahs. These formal hunts are specially dull, as the game is commonly driven by beaters almost under the nose of the cat, which merely butchers it. On more informal hunts, however, there is much maneuvering with the cart in which the cheetahs are held until the animals see the quarry, which is usually some sort of deer. Then the cheetah is unhooded and either proceeds by an elaborate stalk to approach and kill the deer or if it is close to make one of those lightning rushes from which nothing on earth is fleet enough to escape. Occasionally a buck, taken by surprise, will turn and catch the springing cat upon his horns, thus turning the tables completely.

HE BELIEVES IN PUBLICITY

Dutiful Husband Assists Wife in Receiving, and Wants His Friends to Know It.

A small, rather timid-looking man entered a newspaper office and approached the clerk.

"Are you the man who takes in society news?" he queried with an appealing look.

"Yes, sir," cheerfully replied the young man at the desk. "I can take any kind of news. What have you got?"

"Why, it's just this way," said the caller, lowering his voice. "My wife gave a party last night. It was a brilliant affair, and I am willing to pay to have this report of it put in the paper."

"We don't charge anything for publishing society news," explained the clerk, at the same time taking the proffered manuscript and looking it over.

"That's all right," was the reply. "You don't get me. I wrote this up myself, and I put in a line that says, 'Mr. Halfback assisted his distinguished wife in receiving the guests.' That's the way I want it to go in, and I don't care what the cost is, absolutely don't care what the cost is. I want my friends to know, by George, that I still belong to the family."—Lippincott's Magazine.

Oil the Skin Also.

In describing the means by which the Hawaiians, before contact with civilized peoples brought about the

deterioration of this splendid race, kept their skins in healthy condition, V. MacClaughey says in the Scientific Monthly that they not only bathed daily in the sea and in fresh water, but oiled their bodies with coconut oil.

Commenting on this latter practice, the Journal of the American Medical Association says the effectiveness of bathing is well recognized today, "but we fail to realize the unquestionable merit in the injunctions with oil that undoubtedly confer a suppleness and pliancy to the skin quite contrary to the extreme detergent action of the water bath. It is not without hygienic significance that the skin is normally lubricated by a subaceous secretion which the bath tends to remove, often to a degree no longer compatible with a perfect epidermis."

Has Never Been Captured.

Throughout the little kingdom of Liechtenstein, which lies between Switzerland and Austria, are many shrines, little crosses, and crumbling castles. One of the latter, beside the village of Balzers, has stood 1,000 years and never has been captured. The Swiss tried to take it in 1499 from its baron. Overlooking the Rhine, the ruins recall the days when robber barons extracted a tariff from every boat which passed in front of their domains. Most of the inhabitants are farmers. They grow flax, maize, apples, pears, plums, and vegetables. Liechtenstein practically exists on its own bread, cheese, milk, honey and wine. Cattle graze on its fertile meadows and the firs of the mountains furnish wood for heat.

The Elephant.

Nature supplies elephants with tusks as weapons for defense as well as for uprooting trees in search for food. Their small eyes are supplied with a nictitating film to rid them of dirt and small flies. They take mud baths to stand off the sun at its hottest as well as to keep off the many small insects which annoy them. Nature also provides a number of small birds which stay on them continually, living on the small flies and other insects found on their backs.

The elephant's only equal in combat is the rhinoceros, but neither is usually belligerently inclined toward the other. The elephant's only deadly enemy is the human ivory hunter.

A Tradition Threatened.

"Do you think votes for women make much actual difference in election results?"

"They ought to. The way pickets face all kinds of climate should do away with the expectation that rainy weather will mean a small turnout on election day."

State of Doubt.

"Say, Bob," remarked Plute Pete, "what do you think about Noah an' the ark?"

"I don't quite get it," answered Broncho Bob. "I ain't no skeptic, but I don't believe any seafaring man could have gone out an' corralled all them animals the way he did."

Anomalous.

"Marriage is odd; you add one to one and make one!"

"How singular!"

JOB

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The

Record, TANEYTOWN.

The Unknown

By F. L. Henderson

Vance Denzil yawned drearily and tossed, rather than placed, the heavy tome in his lap upon the table at his side.

"Dry as dust," he uttered complainingly, "and getting worse. I'm not in the mood for law these superb summer days. Last year—"

There Denzil halted himself abruptly and a shade of irrepressible sadness crossed his face. Last year, indeed, presented a contrast: A sweetly secluded country town and Nellie Bryant. It had seemed as if a golden future of love, peace and happiness was assured the day they became engaged. Tender letters of mutual cheer had passed between them for a month. Then no replies came to his own. And then one day a brother of Nellie visited the city and came to the office where Denzil was studying law. The latter had always looked upon him as a flighty, uncontrollable young cub, whom he tolerated because Nellie was his half-sister. He had liked Nellie's step-mother less.

"Thought I'd drop in on you," volubly decanted the shifty-eyed lad. "In fact, mother said to. And Nellie—oh, yes, here is the packet Nellie said to place it in your hands."

Denzil choked up as he guessed the contents—his letters and a ring. He could feel the outlines of the latter, undoubtedly the little engagement circlet he had given the only girl he had ever loved, at their last meeting.

"You see, Nellie thought you awful nice and attractive and said so, but



"Here is the Packet."

you know how girls change their minds. There's a rich young fellow at Rosedale caught her fancy, and I reckon she's forgotten you. Sorry, but it's the way of the world, hey?"

Denzil could have kicked this rude mauler of his tender emotions into the street, but repressed the inclination for acute bitterness succeeded to soul pain, as, judging from what the lad said, Nellie had simply played with his affections and was a heartless, cruel jade! For a month Denzil mourned and suffered. Then he got down to work and tried to forget Nellie, engrossed in trying to make a lawyer of himself.

"My first lady love," he soliloquized. "She shall be the last," and he believed it.

Time had somewhat healed the wounds of the past, but had made him cynical. Upon this present day of his life, as his eye roved across the court between the building he was in and the one opposite, Denzil half smiled as his glance rested on a particular window. Its low sash was raised and upon a little stand just beyond it was a lady's hat.

"The unknown," he spoke slowly and with a whimsical twinkle in his eyes. His heart was not as dead to romance as he had fancied, or feigned. Amid his solitude and unsociableness, a score of times before he had noted that hat. In idle imagination he had woven a sort of mystical thread of romance about it. The window apparently let into a small anteroom to the apartment beyond. Every morning a gracefully formed girl had come to work and had placed her hat aside for the day.

He had never seen her face. Once he had caught sight of a wealth of shining golden tresses, of a dainty, unringed hand. He had found it entertaining to fancy the features of the girl. It pleased him, it distracted his gloomy thoughts. The hat was very pretty, neat and modest, hence its owner must be possessed of good taste. It had a veil, there was spangle of well-matched ribbons at one side. He would be able to recognize that hat among a thousand.

"My unknown is going home earlier than usual," suddenly exclaimed Denzil, and he started up from his chair.

"Suppose I go down the street and get a glimpse of the face under the hat." Longing for companionship was the element of the occasion, although Denzil did not take time to analyze it that far. He watched a hand reach for the hat, and it and its wearer vanished from his sight. Denzil was down the stairs promptly. He turned a corner and then another one. Just as he neared the front of the building across the court from the building in which his office was located, he slowed up his pace.

"It is she," he reflected. "Shall I cross the street, or get ahead of her? It won't do to appear bold or annoying. Why! that's strange."

What was strange, was that the wearer of the hat had dark hair. He had noted her a blonde. Had distance deluded him? At all events, however, there was a charming neatness of attire and gracefulness of form. He had started in as the adventure—he would pursue it further.

Finally, with a well-affected unconsciousness of spying or proximity, Denzil gained the side of his object of interest. He ventured a glance. It brought disappointment. The veil was down to the lips. It was not a heavy veil, but it quite concealed the upper portion of the face of the unknown.

Then someone jostled him. He was compelled to fall behind, and he was content now to follow this object of an idle, capricious whim and possibly thereby learn her identity.

Thus for four squares. At the end of the last there was abruptly interjected into the situation a vivid element of excitement. A thunderous racket filled the air. A dozen shrill tones chorused warning, dread. She of the veiled hat seemed all unconscious of the racket. Glancing down the side street, Denzil sprang into action as he caught sight of a heavy truck attached to two horses, who were covering distance with prodigious spurts of speed.

They had left the street and were tearing down the pavement. The girl was directly in their course. Within a single palpitating moment they would crush down upon her. With a superb athletic swing Denzil was at her side. He seized her bodily and swung her back, driving her squarely into the arms of a portly pedestrian—but safe. Himself he did not escape so easily. He experienced a stunning contact and lost sensibility.

"Don't move," fell upon his hearing, as he lay outstretched on a lounge in the rear room of a pharmacy. "No bones broken, but only youth and sturdiness could have escaped as you have. Rest a little. Your young lady is all right. She fainted, but they have brought her around all right."

"My young lady!" repeated Denzil vaguely. "Oh, you mean the unknown—"

He was interrupted at that moment. She of the hat had entered the room, but minus the hat.

"I wish to thank my brave preserver—" and then she wavered and fell, staring helplessly, into a chair. The unknown was known—Nellie Bryant. A sight of her roused Denzil by magic. The wise old doctor smiled benignantly and left them together.

She was shy, trembling, agitated, he consumed with mystery—and hope. In that strange room a stranger story was told, revealing the wicked wiles of a scheming stepmother, intercepted letters, and forged ones.

"I believed you no longer cared for me," confessed Nellie, "but I refused to marry the man my stepmother had selected. I left home and just to-day got a position with a girl friend. I borrowed her hat to go on an errand and—"

"Dear Nellie," spoke Denzil tenderly, "you can give up that position. I'll offer you a better one—as my wife."

GREEKS OF ASIATIC TURKEY

Occupy Only a Small Part of the Coast and Away From It Lose Their Racial Instincts.

The only part of Asiatic Turkey where Western civilization has made at least some serious headway is the well-watered coastal belt which fringes Asia Minor and is chiefly Greek and Christian. The true Greek is only found within reach of the sea. He is by instinct fisherman, sailor and trader, eventually developing into wholesale merchant and banker. After leaving the coastal belt, he gradually loses his racial characteristics, merging with the Turkish-Mahometan population of the interior.

It must be noted, however, that the designation "Turk" has, in those regions, no racial significance proper. The pure Tartar vagrant is in the minority. The Asiatic nomads penetrating, to this day, Asia Minor in irregular immigration waves, hail mostly from the Kirghiz steppes, and the principal purpose of their immigration is the desire to embrace the Mahometan religion. Similar is the reason for the steady emigration to Asia Minor from the various Balkan states.

Not Answer He Expected.

A London stock broker bought a "place in the country," where he liked to figure as the squire and local magistrate. In this capacity he dropped into the village school one day, and began to ask the children questions.

"Now, what is an island?" he asked.

"There was no answer. 'Come, now; could I ride on horseback from here to France?'"

"No, you couldn't," replied Tom Brown, son of the ostler at the village inn. "My father saw you on horseback yesterday, and he said he was sure you couldn't ride half a mile without getting your neck broken."—London Tit-Bits.

WILL POWER ALWAYS COUNTS

Well to Realize One Has Got to Want Things Hard in Order to Get Them.

Just wanting something will rarely obtain it for you. You've got to go out and get it for yourself. In an article called "Increase Your Driving Power" in the American Magazine, a writer quotes an authority as saying:

"After all, a man does what he wants to do. Therefore, he must be taught as a child and he must learn in adult years to teach himself, to want to do the right thing and the big thing and to want it so hard that he is bound to arrive at the wished-for goal. Anybody can sit down and say, 'I'd like to be the head of my company, or the president of the United States, or the best salesman in the world.' That much is easy. It is exactly what the baby does when it sits on the floor and squalls for a piece of candy. But it is a very different thing from wanting something so much that one is willing to set about it and undertake at once the doing of the impossible.

"The trouble with the average man is that he does not want things hard enough. And one reason for this is that he has not been taught the value of this 'wanting.' He has not been shown in his schools and in his life that man has tremendous resources for wanting and for willing, and that, as he continues to will and will, he will find himself unknown and unsuspected layers of energy. There is always enough energy to supply a man's desires for success if he will tap the source of it."

PILORY DREADED BY ALL

Ancient Form of Punishment That Frequently Was Made Savage if Victim Was Unpopular.

It is less than a century ago since the pillory was abolished in Britain. The pillory, as a form of torture was known all over Europe and, from all accounts, it had a larger history in Germany than in this country.

Its form is, of course, familiar to all. The culprit, generally a criminal—though men were often put in the pillory for political offenses as well—was placed on a platform, and his head and hands were inclosed in a small wooden frame. If public opinion went against the culprit, his fate was often a terrible one, for the enraged populace beat and stoned him.

Readers of Besant's novel, "The Orange Girl," will know how this torture was dreaded by all classes of criminals. Occasionally a prominent and influential personality would be sentenced to detention in the pillory, as was Lord Cochrane, but, fortunately for his lordship, the punishment was never carried out. Strange scenes were often witnessed at the pillory, as in 1739, when the offender was supplied with refreshments during his imprisonment, and protected from the weather by means of an umbrella.—London Tit-Bits.

Equinoctial Storms.

The month of September brings in its train the first touch of cold weather and frost and the co-called "equinoctial storms." The sun "crosses the line" on September 23, the autumnal equinox, and summer is astronomically at an end. The seasonal change of weather generally brings about that time a violent storm with its attendant disaster to shipping. As similar storms occur in March while the sun is near the spring equinox, there has naturally down through the centuries grown up the impression that the sun's crossing the equator is directly responsible for these equinoctial storms. Nothing could be more absurd. The equator in the sky is as imaginary a circle as the equator on the earth. Weather is not made on the spot, but is the result of influences spread over large areas. Changes in the moon and spots on the sun have been the phenomena most generally blamed for changes in the weather—but apparently without scientific reason.

King James' Razor.

It is related that when King James II fled from the battle of the Boyne and the siege of Londonderry, in July, 1690, he carried with him among other personal effects a razor, hand ground, but with very slight concave, if any, and made from hand forged English steel at Belfast, Ireland. The handle is genuine ivory, with a heavy, solid gold back. While the blade itself is of little or no value as compared with modern American made razors, the handle has a valuation of approximately \$25, says the Christian Herald.

During the flight the king slept one night in the house of Rev. John Dickey, at Carnone, County Donegal. In the morning, after he had shaved, he placed his razor in a drawer and forgot to take it with him when he left.

Queer Trousers in Argentina.

Interesting are the trousers or tights of the poorest class of gauchos, who live in a very primitive state in the southern Argentine pampas. When they need a pair of pants they kill an old mare and strip off the hide of the forelegs as one would draw off a glove. These, says the Los Angeles Times, are drawn, soft and pliable, hairy side in, over the feet and legs up to the hips, when they adjust themselves like tights. They are thus worn continuously, day and night, for weeks, until the owner feels the necessity of a new pair of pants. They are then cut loose, another old mare is killed, and the operation is repeated.

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WHY RUSSIA WANTS REPUBLIC

Any Other Form of Government Would Present Many Difficulties, if Not Impossible.

A last point to which I wish to call attention is that from the first hour of the revolution the republican idea made extraordinary progress in the minds of all classes, writes "Captain X" in Scribner's. I live among Russians and could therefore watch its growth day by day. Men of letters and men of business, merchants, financiers, lawyers, professors—I saw them, one after another, come to the same way of thinking. For the first weeks it seemed impossible to many of a conservative turn of mind that there should be a Russian republic. They said:

"Our country is not ripe for one. Think of all the hard experiences which you French went through before the republic was really at home in France, and yet your people are highly developed, while ours are not." And so on. These same men have now come round, little by little, to the republican idea. One reason is that any other form of government would present many difficulties, if, indeed, it is not impossible. The Romanoff dynasty is discredited, to say the least; it is not conceivable that it should be reinstated, and there are no other available aspirants to the throne, even supposing that the nation wished to return to a monarchy.

Anyone who feels inclined to pronounce judgment upon the Russian revolution should bear this in mind; the old regime was so detestable that any new one, even if far from perfect, cannot be worse. From the military point of view, which is of course what is most interesting to Russia's allies, the former system, or want of it, had so disorganized the whole country that it was becoming more and more difficult to carry on the war. It is hard to see how now either the Russians or we of the allies can suffer by the change, because what has been thrown away was absolutely worthless. That should always be in our minds when we are inclined to criticize Russia, in order that we may keep our proper mental perspective and see things as they really are.

MEN KNITTING FOR SOLDIERS

Show Remarkable Ability at Clicking the Long Needles—One an Expert at Tatting.

The art of knitting has long been considered exclusively a feminine accomplishment, but the theory that man has not patience or inclination to spend his leisure hours in clicking the needles has been exploded in California, where wonders never cease.

A dispatch from Red Bluff, Tehama county, records that Gorham King, manager of a department store there, has almost completed his first knitted set, consisting of a sweater, muffler, wristlets and a pair of socks, for some soldier in France.

King spent his vacation at Moonstone Beach, and there he learned to knit in an effort to forestall a threatened nervous breakdown. His sister and mother have vouched for his proficiency in the art, and say, besides, that knitting has cured him of much of his nervousness. It is no uncommon sight, say the natives of Red Bluff, to see him drop his work at the store and sit down for a "spell" of knitting.

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W. F. Baird, assistant cashier of a bank at Woodland, Cal., is another convert. He is said to have won the plaudits of the fair ones in that city since his wife disclosed the fact that "Will is the best tatter in Woodland."

With knitting now in vogue it develops that art. Baird is widely known in baseball circles.

Problem for Engine Builders.

The farm tractor engine has been described as a 90 per cent engine because it is under load the majority of its time. The motor truck engine might be spoken of as a 40 per cent one, and the motor car engine as a 15 per cent powerplant, in that it is rarely if ever working at full power, such as the airplane engine is. Because of this greater load on the airplane engine, its manufacture is much more difficult. One engineer has stated that building 100,000 airplane engines would be much more difficult than building 1,500,000 motor car engines.

Judge Was Emphatic.

In his volume of recollections, Rufus Browne tells a story of Justice Martin, a bluff lawyer, who was noted for his "bulls."

One of these is still remembered as probably the best example ever uttered by a judge in his official capacity. He was sentencing a man who had been convicted of sheep-stealing, and after treating the unfortunate prisoner to a lengthy lecture on the enormity of his offense, he wound up as follows: "My man, if you had been tried for this eighty years ago, you would have been hung tomorrow morning."

War Making New Words.

New activities are steadily producing new words, and, coined as they are, for the most part, under stress of circumstances, they make no pretense at preserving philological amenities. The latest, like so many others, comes from France. "This afternoon," writes an officer, in a letter from the front, "we motored over to the Tankodrome." As one writer very justly exclaims: "And only a year ago we had yet to learn what tanks were!"—Christian Science Monitor.

Der Spieler.

He played big games with reckless zeal. New rules to conquer fate he planned. He got a "mailed fist" in the deal, And then he overplayed his hand.

Hard to Avoid.

"It must be thrilling to be held up by a bandit," said the impressionable girl. "I would just love it!" "If you ever have to pay your own repair bills," growled the man at the steering wheel, "you will enjoy that experience every time you send your car to a garage."

Read Up, Bill.

"How did Bill happen to be arrested?" "Left his car in the street all night without complying with the biblical injunction." "Didn't know the Bible made any ruling on the subject?" "Oh, yes. It says, 'Let your light shine.'"

BREAKING OFF CONNECTION.

"Well," said the far West mayor to the English tourist, "I dunno how you manage these affairs over there, but out here when some of our boys get tied up in that fish bankrupt telephone company I was tellin' yer about they became mighty crusty!"

"Oh!"

"Yus; they didn't like the way the receiver was handlin' the business no-how."

"Indeed!" commented the earnest listener. "Then, may I ask what they did?"

"Sartinly. I wuz goin' ter tell yer. They just hung up the receiver."

Expressions of Genius.

"Modern genius expresses itself in mechanical inventions, such as the submarine," said the philosopher.

"Yes," replied the statesman. "Sometimes I wonder whether it wouldn't be better to encourage the kind of genius that's satisfied to sing or play the piano and doesn't figure on actually killing anybody."

English Joke.

The Londoner—Bah Jove! Yes, over in our country the upper classes are much attached to a fish called the sole. Blooming fine fish, too.

The American—How funny! That sounds like a shoemaker's report.

The Londoner—What, my dear man? The American—Why, the uppers are attached to the sole.

WEEDS NO HINDRANCE.



Harold—There's one good thing about widow's weeds.

Howard—What's that?

Harold—They rarely interfere with the growth of orange blossoms.

Popular.

The popular man in all neighborhoods is the one who can deliver the goods.

Different Strap.

Visitor—What a fine, strapping man your father is!

Earlie—Fine? Dat's his only fault!

Proof of It.

"This is a real alligator skin purse."

"Yes, one can tell that by its snap."

Not Much of a Show

"Did you enjoy the play?" "Not much. The leading lady only changed her gowns three times."

