



# THE CARROLL RECORD

(NON-PARTISAN)

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FRIDAY, OCTOBER 2, 1925.

Entered at Taneytown Post-Office as Second Class Matter.

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.

About half of the statistics published, are incorrect, so you can believe it or not, that the average present citizen of the United States, eats two and a half gallons of ice cream in a year. Counting the ones who don't get theirs, there must be a lot of folks eating it nearly all of the time.

Well, there is no election, this year, in Maryland, a fact worth while thinking about, and getting a little pleasure out of, while we can; but, just wait until we tackle next year's job? Perhaps our economy plan of biennial elections, will yet prove to be a big disappointment. We have to experiment with a lot of new things before we can determine whether they are better and cheaper.

We may be getting wiser and better; we may be "improving" things and knocking out a lot of old-time idols; perhaps the "voice of the people" is actually getting so mob-like and noisy that leaders are not developing because they can't be heard, and not because they are not here, as in the former times? Just what Congress does, this winter, may give us a hint as to how to view some of these more or less imaginable changes in our body politic.

Isn't it strange that we read about numberless auto accidents—killings, wrecks, run-down children, fires and explosions—all due to the modern fast-speed craze—and take it all as a sort of matter of course growing out of the increased liberties and pleasures of autoing; and yet, when somebody goes crazy, murders his wife, or does some dastardly crime, the tendency is not to blame it on drinking illicit booze, but on the iniquities of the Volstead act and the horrors connected with satisfying a personal liberty appetite with boot-leg?

### Tax Reduction First.

On a big scale, National tax reduction legislation will have first place when Congress meets, but the plans of Treasurer Mellon and of the "administration" will not have clear sailing. There is to be a big reduction; but, how big? is the question, and what shall the items consist of? The administration will have its program, and the Democrats and near-Republicans combined will have theirs. There is a big melon to be cut, and politics will play a big part in how the cutting is to be done.

The Mellon adherents seem confident that the administration's plans are as far as the government ought to go, at present, and that the directions advised, is right. They claim that enough Democrats will take their own views of the soundness of Treasurer Mellon's plans, and help put them across, irrespective of partisan play. They argue that the finances of the government may be seriously endangered if the cuts are too heavy and too extreme, and that this is a good time to make haste slowly, cautiously, and with sound financial judgment. That this is no time to play a loose game, forgetting sound banking, by "playing to the galleries"—or, more pointedly speaking—to next year's voters.

Some of the Democratic leaders, however, seem inclined to cry "Wall Street," and to set up the argument that the Mellon plan will largely reduce the taxes for the "big fellows" and leave it stay on the "little fellows." Of course, nobody knows, as yet, what the details of the administration's plans will be; but, there is sure to be an anti-administration bill, and nobody knows what that will be. The first will have to be introduced, before the latter can be made up.

At any rate, the present outlook is that "tax reduction" will be the first big bone for contention thrown out, and there will be a lively fight over it.

### Florida Real Estate Boom.

Just now, and throughout the coming winter the big subject throughout Florida, and to a large extent the entire east, will be talk of Florida real estate ventures. Miami and other cities in the state, from north to south, are now full of—and building more—real estate offices, and real estate salesmen are as thick as flies, already.

Florida is a great big state, and it is wakening up. Like all other states in which there are good chances and real estate booms, there are wise ventures and unwise ones. There are both real, and imitation, "gold bricks," and somebody will get both kinds. Besides, what looks like "imitation," now, may become "real" after awhile. Nobody knows, exactly, what is going to happen down there.

This one thing is sure. Just because it is an investment in "Florida Real Estate," is no guarantee that it will turn out to be a profitable one. "Sure thing" investments are not so easily picked up, anywhere.

Anyway, Florida is preparing for a big winter season. Everybody is hoping, and fully expecting, that among the winter tourists there will be a big lot of investors, and the man with real money, who gets back home without his certificate of investment, will be lucky—or, perhaps unlucky.

The danger in the boom is not so much to those who go, see and study, as it is to those who stay up north and invest because of write-ups and glowing prospectuses supplied by mail by land Companies. It is just as possible for "land" to be "phony," as it is for "oil," and the "sucker" list is about as susceptible to the one as to the other.

Our guess is that the whole business is pretty apt to be badly overdone—for the investors and for Florida. There is no doubt of the advantages and opportunities of Florida. There is no discounting the wonderful future that seems sure. It is a fine state in which to live; but, it is yet to be fully substantiated that it is a fine state in which to earn money, by some real occupation—other than selling real estate—for an unlimited number of people, as long as land is for sale at any price. In the last analysis, money must be made out of Florida, land through real industrial work—and, all of Florida isn't "near Miami."

### The "Three R's" Ridiculed.

Recently, we read a lengthy article in a church paper on "Education" in which the writer attempted to ridicule the statement that the state of California had "cut down the courses in its public schools from 27 to 12, leaving special emphasis on the ancient three R's," making this comment: "Well, the West has always been progressive, and it now looks as if educational progressiveness will consist in going backwards."

We do not know what action California has taken with reference to her schools, but there is a vast difference between limiting public education to "three R's," and "emphasizing" them. In our humble opinion, "emphasizing" the "three R's" is exactly correct. We take it that this means building on the strong foundations of a thorough knowledge of reading, writing and arithmetic, before going further. It does not mean these three, and no more, studies.

Education at public expense, is one thing; and education at private expense is quite another thing. In the former, the tax-payers have a right to expect good foundations and as much more as the tax-paying public demands, and will pay for. Education at private expense can be as extensive, or as poorly founded, as the individual cares to have. If it cares to turn out graduates who have a smattering knowledge of the languages, arts and sciences, without their being able to read, write, spell or figure, properly, that is "personal liberty," and that is exactly what often happens.

The argument that criminals and no-accounts can read and write, is no argument whatever against mere reading and writing, as accomplishments. The essential consideration in public education is, how far the state should properly go, and how it should go? We prefer fundamentals first—with "special emphasis on the three R's," as California is said to favor. If this is "progressivism backward," let us go backward safely, rather than forward like a crazy joy rider in an up-to-date auto.

There are still some hard-headed folks looking after the quality of what is coming out of our schools, and a good many of these think French, Music, Art, Athletics and some other things, hardly equal to a sound and deep instruction in such old time branches as reading, spelling, writing, grammar, arithmetic and geography.

### Prohibition.

Prohibition suffered two severe setbacks last week. One was the candid admission of General Butler that prohibition enforcement in Philadelphia was impossible; the other was the equally frank statement of the Federal Council of Churches that the social consequences of prohibition since 1820 have been "unfavorable and disquieting."

As we have taken occasion to point out before, the great difficulty in attaining the proper solution of the prohibition question is the general lack of desire to find the truth. There has been no subject to agitate the American public mind since the Civil War which has been discussed with so little patience and so much vitriol as prohibition. It is a subject concerning which most Americans have deep feelings. They are either for prohibition with all their hearts or they are against it with equal fervor. Their concern is not whether they are right or wrong, not whether there might not be much merit on the other side and much demerit on their own, but entirely whether their cause or the cause of the enemy shall prevail, right or wrong.

Certainly the present situation is far from satisfactory. Enforcement in most communities is negative. A great and intelligent group of the national body politic refuses to believe that drinking is morally wrong and declines to give to national and state enforcement statutes the respect and support which forms the sanction on which all laws rest.

On the other hand it is conceivable that the present situation, deplorable as it may be, is the best that can be had. It is conceivable that real prohibition enforcement would be tremendously expensive, many times as great as the present pretended enforcement costs, if not wholly unattainable. It is likewise conceivable that a repeal of national and state enforcement statutes, or drastic modifications thereof, would bring about a situation measurably worse than the present one.

On the whole, prohibition and prohibition enforcement in America continue to be serious and agitated subjects. They deserve the best thought of our best minds. They deserve the same serious and dispassionate consideration that would be given to any other equally important subject.

But, above all, they deserve to be treated fairly. The present tendency to examine figures and statistics, to look into conditions and circumstances merely with a view of supporting preconceived convictions of what is right, must be done away with. Until we all, whatever our opinions now may be, are willing to get together on common ground and seek as American citizens to find the best answer to a trying and perplexing problem the present unsatisfactory conditions will continue.

Bias and prejudice must be supplanted with reason and fairness if American is to wend its way out of the maze of prohibition.—Frederick Citizen.

### Bad Year for the Navy.

The Navy is having a year of troubles. Fourteen naval airmen went to their death in the Shenandoah and a naval inquiry is under way at Lakehurst. The naval air efforts with the MacMillan expedition were futile. The failure of the Hawaiian flight is another black mark on the year's record. The naval high command is busy explaining its policy in the air before the President's Air Commission, and now comes the loss of the submarine S-51 off Block Island.

Still another naval inquiry must be held to clear up the loss of the submarine and the members of her crew. It has not been a good year for the navy, and for Secretary Wilbur it has been a twelve months that at times must have caused him to look back with regrets to California and the more serene life of a jurist.—Phila. Ledger.

The credit business done in the past five years has been one of the most significant and interesting developments to a business man. Automobiles, houses, clothes—anything and everything can be bought on credit. No other era or country ever saw the parallel of the present American extension of credit to practically everybody who desires it. Men who could not have "hung up" the bartender for a drink in the old days are now considered good risks for a motor car.—R. H. Scott, president Reo Motor Company.

### Limit of Hard Luck

The birds sang sweetly, the sun shone brightly, and all was peace. "Hey!" suddenly called the man who paused on the bridge above the little stream, "How's fishing?" The fisherman on the bank sighed and looked up. "Rotten, my friend," he replied. "Do you know what? They aren't even getting away!"

### With the Flag Above and Glory Beckoning

We printed the other day some remarks on the last journey of the battleship Oregon to a quiet harbor in which the ship will be kept on exhibition. In comparison with the historic journey which it made around the Horn to join Sampson's fleet as war with Spain loomed on the horizon. The latter journey attracted no notice. The whole nation, hearts aflutter, stood by as the earlier one progressed.

A contributor to the New York Sun, one who was evidently one of the crew in the Oregon's historic race, tells of an incident which ought to be preserved.

When a warship goes into action, as it was feared the Oregon would be compelled to do with the Cervera squadron lying in wait, it is customary to clear the vessel of lifeboats and rafts, as splinters from them are as dangerous as shot and shell of the enemy. If the Spaniards had appeared the Oregon would have had thus to strip itself and a shot below the waterline would then have sent the entire personnel of the ship to Davy Jones' locker. The contingency caused considerable discussion on the ship. Finally one of the officers put the matter up to Captain Clark. He said: "Captain, if we get into a fight with the Spanish fleet after casting all our boats and rafts adrift, and we get one good shot below the waterline, what is going to become of us?"

"Well," said Captain Clark, "a \$5,000,000 coffin will be good enough for me."

That ended all discussion along that line. Every man felt that if the Oregon was a good enough coffin for Captain Clark it was good enough for him—if so it must be they would fight to the limit and go down with the colors flying to a glorious death for their country.—New Orleans States.

### Millets Doux

There is a peculiar and subtle and quite indefinable pleasure that comes to a man when the woman he loves first writes to him. Soever curt, soever banal the letter, there is no matter. It is something; from her to him; something altogether private and secret; something she has set down for him to read, something not to be shared with a surly world.—From "The Rasp" by P. B. MacDonald.

### Bear as Photographer!

A student of forestry was camping with two friends in the wildest part of Allegheny park. Taking his camera, he rambled off alone to look for picturesque subjects.

He had placed his camera on a fallen tree, and had gone some little distance to get a viewpoint, when he saw a black bear browsing amongst some berry bushes. He was scared, and, forgetting his camera, sped back to his camp and companions. With them he returned to the spot, but, in the meantime, the bear had disappeared.

The camera was still on the log, but a plate had been exposed. When it was developed it showed the frightened young man in rapid flight down the trail. The bear, investigating the camera, had touched the trigger with its nose.

### Sadler's Well

A question as to the identity of a person named Sadler has been suggested by a recent appeal, sponsored by leading men, for the restoration to the nation of the historic theater known as Sadler's Well. Sadler lived in the time of the Stuarts, and was a road surveyor and a property owner. One day some workmen, while digging for gravel on a piece of land belonging to him in Clerkenwell, came on an ancient well—one of the medicinal springs to which pilgrimages were formerly made. The site at once became a popular resort. Sadler built round it a pleasure house, set in pretty gardens and groves of trees. He provided music and other entertainments, and in a short time the existence of the waters was almost totally forgotten.—Family Herald.

### Coney Island Cannibalism

When daylight came and the sun woke the sleepers, Surf avenue was as busy as on an ordinary night. Throngs surged into the restaurants, and after eating those who were not in suits went to the bathhouses to get rooms for the day.—New York Times.



Probably one reason for the popularity of WRIGLEY'S is that it lasts so long and returns such great dividends for so small an outlay. It keeps teeth clean, breath sweet, appetite keen, digestion good.

Fresh and full-flavored always in its wax-wrapped package.



## A Vision of the Months to Come

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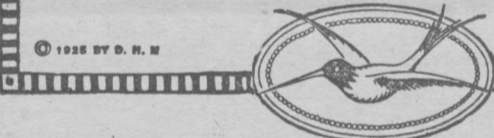
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## RATIFICATION NOTICE

In the Orphans' Court of Carroll County, AUGUST TERM, 1925.

Estate of Henry J. Hiltorbrick, deceased. On application, it is ordered, this 5th day of September, 1925, that the sale of Real Estate of Henry J. Hiltorbrick, late of Carroll County, deceased, made by Harry D. Hiltorbrick and Charles R. Hiltorbrick, Executors of the last Will and Testament of said deceased, and this day reported to this Court by the said Executors, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause be shown to the contrary on or before the 2nd Monday, 12th 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 1st Monday, 6th day of October, next.

The report states the amount of sale to be \$3954.00.

J. WEBSTER BRAUGH,  
LEWIS E. GREEN, Judges.

True Copy Test-  
WILLIAM F. BRICKER,  
Register of Wills for Carroll Co. 9-11-25







## THE MANAGING OF OBED

By CHAPIN HOWARD, Jr.

(© by Short Story Pub. Co.)

MRS. TUTTLE sat rigidly upright in the familiar rocking-chair in the kitchen. Her hands were clasped tightly in her lap, and upon her face, framed by the limp, velvet bonnet strings there was an expression almost of terror as she gazed across at the tall old clock in the corner by the mantelpiece. She remembered her first glimpse of it, 30 years ago, on the day her husband brought her to the farm, a bride.

She had been to the city for three days with her husband, Obed Tuttle, to visit their married daughter, Emeline, and they had come home on the stage that afternoon.

It was the first time Mrs. Tuttle had been away from the farm over night in more than 15 years and the luxury of her daughter's home came to her as a revelation. The rugs, the polished floors, the snowy, flower-strewn tablecloth, sparkling with glass and silver in the rose-shaded candle light, the watchful, attentive maid—every detail had appealed to the starved senses of the older woman with a comfort that was almost physical.

The first night at dinner Emeline had told her she looked tired and overworked—that it was a shame, since he could afford it, that her father didn't hire a girl. And her husband, a grave-mannered young doctor, had looked up abstractedly and added that he had read somewhere that nearly 30 per cent of the women in the insane asylums were farmers' wives. Obed had gone on pouring his tea into his saucer as if he had not heard, but Mrs. Tuttle had stared at her son-in-law for several minutes with frightened, faded eyes.

The words had seemed to hold for her a strange significance. The lean, hard-worked little woman had never considered the possibility of breaking down. The work of the farm, after the creamery was added, had grown harder with every year, but she had never complained—it kept her from feeling lonely since the children had grown up and gone away.

As she sat in the twilight in her shabby, turned black silk, listening to the ticking of the clock, she thought of the future with a kind of helpless terror. She could not always go on slaving so. Obed would think it was a foolish expense, but she needed someone to help about the harder work. There were no longer the children to think of now, and they could afford to relax the hoarding and self-denial of a lifetime.

She rose nervously and lit the lamp. Then she took off her bonnet and set about preparing supper with trembling hands. She knew that she must speak while the sense of her freedom was still upon her—before they had settled back into the familiar routine against which it would be useless for her to struggle.

But it was not until the supper dishes had been cleared away and her husband, having finished the evening chores, had sat down to read his weekly paper in the circle of lamplight by the table, that she found the courage which she sought. She was standing at the sink, and she spoke without looking around:

"Had you thought anything of what Emeline said about a girl?"

He paid no attention, and she wondered if he had not heard.

"Obed," she insisted, "Emeline said she thought—now you could afford it—you ought to hire a girl."

The paper moved impatiently. "I guess we've always managed," he said. "I don't see no reason fur changin' now."

Mrs. Tuttle drew in her breath sharply. For a long time she stood looking fixedly at the dish she had been washing. Her spare figure in its shabby black dress was tense.

"It's men like you, Obed," she broke out, "who help fill them asylums up with farmers' wives. I've worked and slaved for you in this kitchen all my life, and you've been gettin' meaner an' meaner every year. If you should ever die," she went on breathlessly, "I've got the text for your funeral sermon all picked out. It's in the forty-eighth chapter of Isaiah, the fourth verse. I've had it marked in my Bible more'n twenty years."

She closed her lips tightly, as if frightened at her own daring and, turning back to the sink, went on quietly with her work.

Half an hour later, when she had gone up the creaking stairs to the north bedroom, her husband laid down his paper and listened. Then he got up cautiously and, crossing over to the mantel, took down the worn Bible. There was a book-mark worked on perforated cardboard at the forty-eighth chapter of Isaiah, and the verse was marked with a double line of faded pencilling:

"Because I knew that thou art obstinate, and thy neck is an iron sinew, and thy brow brass."

It was nearly a week later that Obed first noticed that his wife was acting queerly. He came in to breakfast one morning after the chores were done, and found she had brought her rocking-chair out onto the back porch. She sat with her hands folded idly in her lap, rocking to and fro.

"Why, what's the matter, ma?" he asked, stopping in the middle of the path, milk-pail in hand. "Ain't you feelin' well?"

"No," she answered, looking dreamily out across the fields, "no I'm just restin'. It's lovely ain't it, this time o' year? I've always said the fall was the time fur me. Breakfast is ready, but I guess I'll just set out here—an' rest."

Obed went in, bewildered, to a solitary meal, and all the while he ate he watched his wife furtively through the open door.

For the next few days he noticed nothing out of the ordinary, except that he often caught her staring at him intently, and frequently the table was badly set.

One noon the dinner-bell summoned him as usual from the field. He came home wearily and washed up at the pump outside. Then he entered the kitchen, and stood staring. The table was spread with the customary red tablecloth. It was covered with pies. There was nothing else. Apple, pumpkin, mince and squash stared back at him. Mrs. Tuttle was cutting large pieces from each and heaping them lavishly upon a plate.

"I thought I'd have just what you liked today," she said, smiling up at him as she stood back to survey her work.

Her husband stared at her in dumb bewilderment. There was a look of absolute terror in his eyes.

"I don't want pie!" he stammered. "Why, Obed!" she said, reproachfully, "you always liked my pies. I've made a lot of 'em. I guess"—looking at him wistfully—"I've made enough to reach from here to the asylum."

He turned and left the room, his teeth chattering.

That night at two o'clock he was awakened by the sound of some one moving about in the kitchen downstairs. His wife was gone from his side. He sat up in bed and listened. The sound had ceased, and an uncanny stillness filled the house. He got cautiously out of bed and slipped on his clothes. Then he groped his way to the head of the back stairs and listened. The door at the foot was unlatched, showing a faint streak of light. There was the sound of something being dragged across the kitchen floor. Obed shivered a little, and then began to grope his way down, one step at a time. When he reached the bottom he pushed the door open cautiously and peered into the kitchen, blinking a little at the light. There was a small hand-lamp on the table, and in the center of the kitchen floor knelt Mrs. Tuttle. Her blue-checked apron and calico skirt were pinned up about her knees, and on the floor beside her was a pail of water. Her sparse, black hair was drawn tightly back and fastened in a small knot by large, plainly visible hairpins. A few stray wisps had escaped and hung against her shrunken cheeks. She had paused to wring out her cloth, and her eyes, fixed on the blank space of the opposite wall, had the glassy stare of a sleep-walker. On one of her thin, work-worn hands gleamed her wedding ring.

"Ma!" said Obed, in an awed voice. "Why, ma!"

He stepped cautiously into the room and picked his way gingerly across to her, between the puddles. She seemed not to know that he was there, but shook out her cloth and, leaning forward on one hand, began to mop the floor.

He touched her shoulder. "Ma," he said, "be you awake?"

She paid no attention, but went on steadily with her work, her arm moving in large half-circles. He stood looking down at her for several minutes. His jaw dropped. Then he moved quietly across to the table and took up the lamp. He came back and stood beside her. She looked very worn and frail as she knelt there on the floor at his feet, the lamp-light making a blurred circle around her on the wet boards. He stood looking down at her for a long time, while his hard, stubborn face began to work. But he said nothing. Mrs. Tuttle mopped the entire floor, moving about on her knees and dragging the pail after her. Then she began again.

"Ain't you gettin' tired, ma?" he asked gently.

Mrs. Tuttle stared straight in front of her.

"I want ter leave the house lookin' neat when I start fur the asylum," she said mechanically.

He leaned forward. His hand shook, but he held the lamp so that the light shone full upon her face. It was set like flint.

"You ain't goin' ter the asylum, ma," he said, soothingly, as one speaking to a child. "You go upstairs and go ter bed. I'll get Milly Pettin'ill in the morning. She can stay here right along and do the work. You ain't a-goin' ter the asylum"—his voice broke.

Mrs. Tuttle did not move for several minutes. Then, with a sigh, she rose slowly to her feet and, taking up the pail, walked unsteadily across the kitchen to the sink. She dried her hands on her blue-checked apron and hung it carefully upon a chair by the stove. Then she went quietly upstairs.

A fortnight later Mrs. Tuttle was sitting on her back porch after dinner, rocking placidly to and fro. From the kitchen came the reckless clatter of dishes and the shrill tones of a girl's voice singing. Mrs. Tuttle smiled uncertainly.

"I guess she's breakin' about everything I've got. But I ain't worryin'. No," she went on, her glance straying idly across the fields, golden in the autumn sunshine, "no, I'm just restin', an' it's about time I begun. I'll have to tell Obed some time, I suppose, but"—a quizzical look stole into her faded eyes—"that night I got up an' mopped the kitchen floor at two o'clock with 'im standin' by holdin' of the lamp—well, it's the first real hilarious time I've had in thirty years!"



## In the JUNGLE

With Cheerups and the Quixies  
By Grace Bliss Stewart



### MR. LION'S VISIT

"MY DEAR," growled Mr. Lion softly to Mrs. Lion, one warm evening just before dark. "I have something on my mind. I am worried."

"I've noticed that you weren't quite yourself lately," purred Mrs. Lion kindly, "and if it's a problem you can't solve, why don't you go to this famous Cheerups that Gray Ears the Elephant is so excited about?"

"Now, Mother Lion, have you been talking to Gray Ears?" said Mr. Lion with his most severe frown. "Didn't I tell you never to do that? He's about the only animal in the Jungle that we have reason to fear, and then you run



When He Saw Mr. Lion's Shiny Eyes, He Was Astonished.

right into danger. I am really vexed with you."

"Goodness, no, Father, I'm not so foolish as that," replied Mrs. Lion. "I was safely hidden in the tall grasses and overheard what Gray Ears was saying to Lizzie Lizard. He talks so loud that nobody can help hearing, and we have very good ears in the Lion family, you know. They talked a long time about this Cheerups person, and both agreed that he had told them some wonderful things. Maybe he could help you, too."

"It's worth trying, my dear," said Mr. Lion. "Your advice is often good. I'll set out now to find this wise one."

"Good luck," called Mother Lion, as she turned back to the cave and gave her sleepy little babies, Tawny and Fuzzy, a pat with her big soft paw.

Down the Winding Way went Mr.

Lion, along by the Yellow River and through the Twisty Vines, until he came to the little clear place where Cheerups lived. Mr. Lion's eyes were made so that he can see as well at night as in the daytime, and he discovered the little palm-leaf house which the Quixies had built for Cheerups, even though it had grown quite dark and the first Twinkly Star was out.

But Cheerups couldn't see so clearly as that, and Brighteyes was sound asleep on his spiderweb. So when he saw only Mr. Lion's two shiny eyes, like balls of fire coming toward him, he was most astonished. "Had the moon dropped out of the sky and broken in two from the fall?" thought he. "Maybe there was going to be a garden party in the Jungle, and the lanterns were just being lighted. Or could it be possible that the animals had automobiles, and these two bright spots were headlights?"

"Goodness, but they are getting close! I guess I'd better play policeman and stop the traffic. That will be fun," said Cheerups to himself. "Stop!" he shouted as loud as he could. "You are running into some one!"

"And begging your pardon, sir, that's just what I want to do," came a low rumbling purr. "I don't mean exactly run into you, of course," the voice went on, for Mr. Lion is the politest animal in the world, "but just up to your front door, so to speak. Are you by any chance a very famous and kind person named Cheerups?"

"That is what I am called," replied Cheerups, who was rather bewildered by this voice out of the dark. "But I should like very much to know who is my visitor. Oh, Brighteyes, did you happen to bring the Magic Spectacles with you? There, that's better," sighed Cheerups, as he put on the spectacles which sleepy Brighteyes took from his pocket. They made him look so wise that Mr. Lion's confidence grew.

"Now I see that it's Mr. Lion with whom I have the honor to speak. I have always wanted to meet His Majesty, the King of the Beasts. If I weren't too small, I should like to shake your paw, sir. Being small is a great drawback, Mr. Lion, unless you are in a tight place," said Cheerups.

"And speaking of tight places," cried Mr. Lion, "now that you have started the subject, that's the very thing I came to see you about."

(© by Little, Brown & Co.)

### "What's in a Name?"

By MILDRED MARSHALL

Facts about your name; its history; meaning; whence it was derived; significance; your lucky day, lucky jewel

### TILLIE

TILLIE, which has long been regarded as one of the contractions formed from Mathilda, has really the right to independent existence, so frequently does it occur in nomenclature since the time of Henry the Fowler. It signifies "mighty battle maid" and is one of the old Teutonic names indicative of power. By rights it should be spelled Tillie.

It comes, of course, from the old German word for main or might. Its first form was Maginild, which very naturally became Mathild, meaning "main heroine" or "might heroine." The name was first borne by the wife of Emperor Henry the Fowler, who afterward became the abbess of Quedlinburg. As Mechtild it appeared as the title of the abbess of Adilstetten and straightaway received great vogue at the hands of all French maidens.

In Italy there appears the Countess Matilda, the friend of Gregory VII, and it is from this name, which was adopted by the English, that the contraction Tillie was formed. For the sake of endearment Tilda came to be adopted as a separate name from the stately Mathilda and Tillie was the natural outgrowth of the evolution.

The turquoise is Tillie's talismanic stone. It is said to protect its wearer from accidents and evil influence. To see the reflection of the new moon in its surface is a sign of great good fortune. Wednesday is Tillie's lucky day and 6 her lucky number.

(© by Wheeler Newspaper Syndicate.)

### A LINE O' CHEER

By John Kendrick Bangs.

### TO A TIME-KILLER

IF IN this world so full of scenes of rue  
You're killing time because you've naught to do,  
Rise up at once from off your sluggard bed  
And seek the cemetery, for you're dead,  
And are but slaying minutes full of worth,  
So sorely needed on our hurried earth,  
And possibly are using space and air  
That others need in overcoming care.  
(© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

### THE WHY of SUPERSTITIONS

By H. IRVING KING

### THE MAGIC ELDER

THE elder figures prominently in Europe and this country in folklore. In Canada and the United States its use in folk-medicine is universal. Elder wood carried in the pocket wards off certain physical afflictions; "frumity" made of elderberry pulp worn in a little bag hung round the neck keeps off rheumatism; the inner bark, boiled to a tar-like consistency, is recommended for plasters; the elder blooms allay inflammation; the virtues of elder blow tea are known to everybody and a tea made from the bark acts in one way when the bark is scraped down and in the opposite manner when the bark is scraped up. When New England housewives have trouble with their soft-soap they set matters right by stirring it with a stick of elder and the elder leaves keep flies out of the house. To beat a boy with an elder rod stunts his growth. Formerly the elder was considered as a protection against witches though, strange to say, witches used to gather at night under elders and in some sections, even now, it is considered unlucky to touch the elder after dark.

All these and many more superstitions regarding the elder are but a survival of the tree worship of our barbarian ancestors; as is evident from the fact that to this day when a Saxon or Danish peasant is about to cut elder he prays with folded arms three times as follows: "Oh, Frau Elder, give me of your wood and I will give you of mine when it grows in the woods."

In Germany wreaths of elder are hung up as protection against lightning.

(© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

### Oldtime Stamps

Curious revenue stamps which had their origin in Civil war time were the private proprietary stamps affixed by manufacturers to their product and bearing advertisement of that product. In that class were patent medicines, matches, perfumes, playing cards and so on. Thus was paid the tax on "parlor matches," on such preparations as "galvanic horse salve," on "magic pain extractors," and on hair restorers with trade-marks showing girls of the pre-bob period. At that time was engraved the plate of a stamp of a denomination of \$5,000, but it was never issued. Of highest value today is the \$1,000 stamp for documentary purposes.—Exchange.

## WE ALL AGREE--

That:—TOMORROW is a word too often used in framing an excuse.

That:—SEEDS never grow until planted.

That:—DOLLARS do not increase unless they are set to earning interest.

That:—TO WAIT for the ship to come in may result in a big disappointment.

That:—PUTTING AWAY a portion of your income as soon as you receive it is the only safe way to keep it.

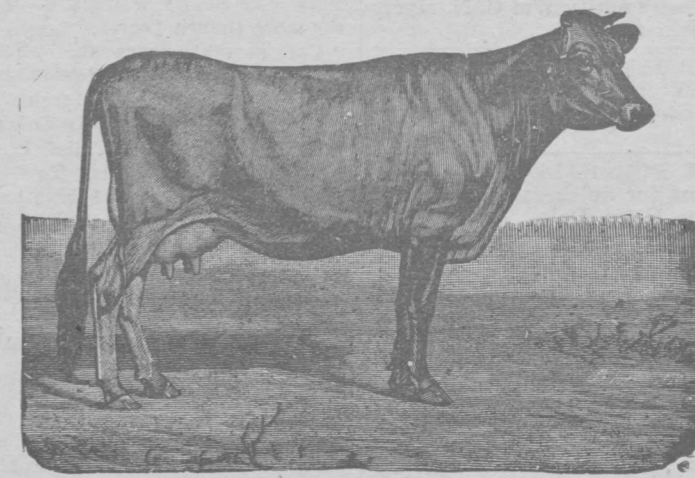
That:—POSTPONING starting an account until you have a large sum may result in never having one.

That:—YOUR SURPLUS will grow faster here than in your pocket.

This is just enough to get what we are driving at

TANEYTOWN SAVINGS BANK

## Fresh Cows and Springers FOR SALE



When you farmers want a

### Fresh Cow or Springer

Come look over this bunch of Cows. Will have another load of

## Fresh Cows and Springers

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These Cows range in price from \$65.00 to \$100.00. Call and see these Cows, as they are real ones.

## CHAS. W. KING, Westminster, Md.

9-4-f

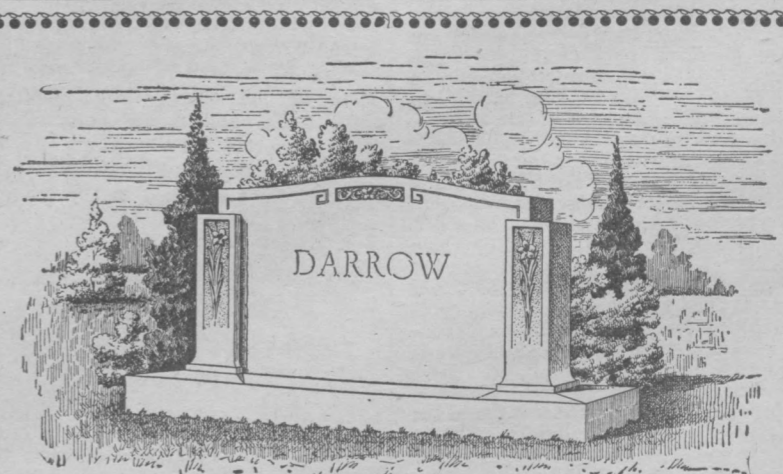
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Mark every grave

# Sunday School Lesson

(By Rev. F. B. FITZWATER, D.D., Dean of the Evening School, Moody Bible Institute of Chicago.)  
(©, 1925, Western Newspaper Union.)

## Lesson for October 4

PAUL IN ATHENS

LESSON TEXT—Acts 17:16-34.  
GOLDEN TEXT—"For Him we live, and move, and have our being."—Acts 17:28.

PRIMARY TOPIC—Paul Tells the People About God.

JUNIOR TOPIC—Paul Preaches on Mars Hill.

INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC—God the Father of All Mankind.

YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC—True and False Ideas of God.

I. The Idolatry of the Athenians (v. 16).

Athens was the intellectual metropolis of the world at that time, the home of the world's greatest eloquence and philosophy. Paul's spirit was stirred within him when he saw the city wholly given to idolatry.

II. Paul Disputing With the Athenians (v. 17-21).

1. In the Synagogue (v. 17a). True to his usual custom, he went into the Jewish synagogue and entered into earnest argument with the Jews and devout persons.

2. In the Market Place (vv. 17b-21). From the Jews he turned to such as were found in the market place. Here he came into touch with the Epicurean and Stoic philosophers. The former were atheistic materialists. They denied the doctrine of creation, and gave themselves up to sensual indulgences since they rejected the idea of a future judgment. The latter were pantheists. When they heard the preaching of Paul they desired to know what new doctrine he preached, so they invited him to the Areopagus where he might speak to them of his new doctrine. They inquired as to what this "babbling" might say. Since the Athenians spent their whole time either in telling or hearing some new thing, they were willing to listen to Paul. The word, "babbling" means literally, "seed picker." They conceived Paul to be a globe-trotter who had gathered up seeds of truth here and there over the world, and that he was somewhat like themselves, interested in talking about that which he knew.

III. Paul's Address on Mars Hill (v. 22-31).

1. The Introduction (vv. 22-23). He did not accuse them of superstition, but as in the Revised Version, he introduces his discourse in a courteous and conciliatory manner, stating that he perceived that they were very religious. This he explains by saying that as he was viewing their city he beheld an altar with an inscription to the unknown god. This was his point of contact. He proceeded at once to connect it with the idea of the living God, implying that this altar had been erected to Him.

2. The Body of His Discourse (vv. 24-31).

(1) A Declaration Concerning God (v. 24-25).

a. He created the material universe (v. 24). This was a direct blow at the philosophy of both the Epicureans and the Stoics.

b. His Spirituality and Immensity (v. 24-25).

He is not worshiped with men's hands as though He needs anything, neither is He confined by any sort of a religious temple. Being essentially spiritual, He demands heart service, and being transcendent, above all, He is not confined to earthly temples.

c. His Active Providence (v. 25).

He gives existence, bestows needed gifts, and as sovereign, directs all things.

(2) A Declaration Concerning Man (vv. 26-31).

a. This was a blow at the foolish Athenian pride which supposed that they were superior to all other people. This proposition he proved from their own literature (v. 28).

b. Nations have their place by the sovereign purpose of God (v. 26).

c. Men Should Seek God (v. 27).

His goodness and grace in supplying all our needs, and ordering that even the affairs of the nations should move men to see and seek God.

d. The Pressing Obligation to Repent (vv. 30-31).

This was his supreme message.

IV. Results of Paul's Preaching (vv. 32-34).

1. Some Mocked (v. 32).

This is even the case today. Men and women will mock the preacher who preaches a judgment to come.

2. Some Procrastinated (v. 32).

Many do not mock, but they hesitate to accept and act upon the urgency of the message.

3. Some Believed (v. 34).

Wherever the gospel is preached there are some who believe and are saved.

### As Men Succeed

Men succeed in proportion to the fixity of their views and the invincibility of their purpose. If you can find out a man's quitting point, the place where he gives up, turns back, you can measure him pretty easy.—Marden.

### Children's Prayers

Jesus loves to hear the earnest prayer of a little boy or girl more than He does a long hypocritical prayer of a big preacher.—Gospel Minister.

## THE CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR TOPIC

From Moody Bible Institute Monthly Chicago, Ill.

October 4  
How Can Our Society Benefit Our Community?  
Matthew 5:13-29

Let us seek to answer the question involved in the topic by asking two other questions. First, is there any essential difference between a Christian society and the community in which it is placed? Second, if so, what is that difference? The same community life is open to all, the same community activities may be enjoyed by all, common laws and community ideals bind all together. Community interests, aspirations and improvements are shared by all. What then is the essential difference between the two? Has the Christian society anything vital and valuable which the community as such does not possess? Yes, it has. If the society is composed of true Christians it has something which the community has not. It has a life, a joy, an ambition and a hope which the true Christian alone can know. A Christian is one who is "in Christ," a branch in the true vine, a member of the body of which the risen Christ is the head.

The Bible recognizes two classes of people, those who have been born once and those who have been born twice, those who are saved and those who are lost (John 3:3; 5:24; 2 Cor. 5:17; Luke 19:10). The society can best benefit the community by observing this distinction, assuming it, acting upon it, living it. Why not? It is God who makes the distinction, not man. To His believing people it is written, "Ye are all the children of light and the children of the day. We are not of the night, nor of darkness" (1 Thess. 5:5). Let the distinction be maintained in all humility, but let it be maintained. These are days when kindness and firmness must be blended. A vague religiousness can never take the place of vital Christianity.

The society can help the community by a consistent testimony maintained in daily life and by spoken word, by making the society meetings attractive and worth while, by ringing true to the Christian profession and by earnestly co-operating with the church to make it a strong saving force in the community. The distressed should be visited and helped, law enforcing agencies should be vigorously supported and every good work reinforced, but nothing should be allowed to supplant the chief work of the society, which is that of maintaining an effective witness to Christ and His power to save.

### Harp Loses Eminence

Tara's famous harp is disappearing and fast becoming but a memory. At the recent Feis Ceil at Dublin, the festival to which Ireland's budding musicians come annually to submit themselves to tests set by eminent adjudicators—there was only one entrant for the harp competition and only one, also, in the competition for a song with harp accompaniment. It is explained that the harp is at a disadvantage as compared with the violin and other instruments of smaller bulk, since it is not easily portable for private entertainments, and being essentially an instrument of the individual, it can never hope to find a place as an item of household equipment as does the piano. But whatever the reason, the fact remains that the harp is becoming almost as extinct in Ireland as are the snakes banished by St. Patrick.

### Famous Royal House

The name "House of Bourbon" is given to the royal family that for many generations occupied the thrones of France, Naples and Spain, and still reigns in the last named country. The house of Bourbon was founded about 900 A. D., by Adhemar, lord of Bourbon, who traced his descent to Charles Martel. The first French sovereign of the line was Henry of Navarre who in 1589 became king with the title of Henry IV. The Bourbon family retained the throne of France until the French revolution when it was deposited in the person of Louis XVI. In 1814, after the fall of Napoleon I, it was restored to power and held the sovereignty until 1830, when the house of Orleans, a younger branch of the Bourbon family, succeeded it.—Kansas City Times.

### The Trusting Sex

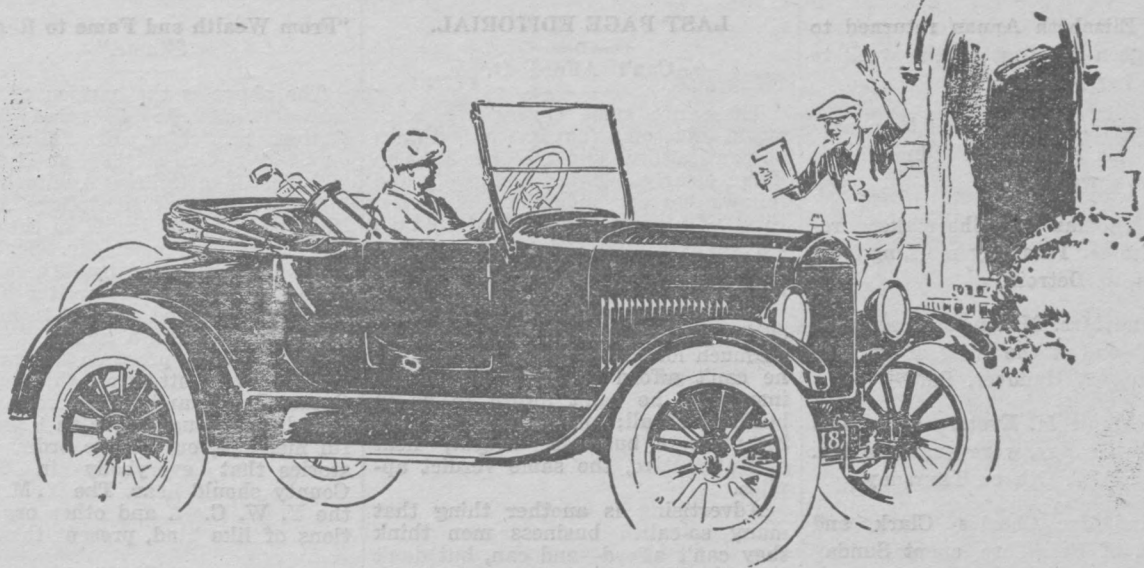
"Well, dear," said Mrs. Jones, as her husband one evening dragged himself wearily up the porch steps and sat down with a sigh in his favorite rocker, "how did things go at the office today?" Mr. Jones sighed again, and fanned himself with his straw hat as he replied, absent-mindedly, "They didn't go well. They didn't go well. They didn't go well at all. I had a ninety-three and I should have had a ninety-two."

Mrs. Jones smiled. "Ninety-two orders in one day," she cooed. "I wouldn't call that bad for a beginner!"

### Champion Freak Wager

Two members of the Turnverein "Gut Heil" of Krefeld, Germany, are rolling a barrel 9 feet high and 6 feet in diameter, along the German frontier to win a wager. According to the conditions laid down they are to roll this 769-pound cask around the entire German border within a year. This requires them to cover at least 6,9 miles daily. Thus far they have averaged 122 miles since they started in January.

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Last spring crude rubber cost tire makers around 40 cents a pound. Today, it is over 90 cents a pound.

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Due to large, concentrated production, specialized machinery and simplified factory methods, together with economical distribution, Firestone is able to keep tire prices low—no matter where the price of crude rubber goes.

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miles by using Gum-Dipped Cords.

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In the day-in and day-out service of taxicabs, buses and trucks—on the cars of hundreds of thousands of motorists everywhere—Gum-Dipped Cords are giving unheard-of mileage, dependability and satisfaction.

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MOST MILES PER DOLLAR

TANEYTOWN GARAGE, Taneytown, Md  
KEYMAR GARAGE, Keymar, Md

AMERICANS SHOULD PRODUCE THEIR OWN RUBBER . . .

### Poultry Industry Lig

Scattered about the farms of the country are about half a billion chickens, or five for every man, woman and child in the land. In the last year there has been an increase of about 10 per cent. The annual egg output of the country is valued at about \$600,000,000. The chickens grown for eating are worth annually nearly half a billion dollars. The farms of the country at present are stocked with poultry of all kinds, valued at about \$400,000,000. The ambition of the French king to make his country so prosperous that every peasant might have a chicken in the pot once a week has been more than realized in America, says the New York Times.

### Trouble for Norfolk Duke

These are hard times, even for the duke of Norfolk, who is one of the wealthiest noblemen in the world today. As the present duke is only sixteen years of age, his mother manages family affairs. She decided to close Arundel castle until her son was of age, leaving only caretakers at the dual seat. In the meantime the duchess and young duke will live in Italy, where the rate of exchange will permit the family coffers to be replenished by the time the duke reaches his majority. However, as he owns most of London between the Strand and the Thames river Norfolk will be able to struggle along in spite of taxes. —Le Figaro.

### Has Sun a Companion?

What may be a genuine companion to the sun has been discovered in the constellation of Taurus, the Bull, according to a study by Dr. W. J. Layton, of the Harvard College observatory. The star, which is known as 46 Tauri, and just barely visible to the unaided eye, has been observed at the Lick observatory in California, and the Dominion Astrophysical observatory at Victoria, B. C. It is approaching the sun at a speed of about half a kilometer per second, which is a very slow velocity, astronomically speaking. As its motion across the sky is also relatively slight, it is believed to be moving through space with the sun.

GUARD 687,000  
GAME ANIMALS

## Forest Service Workers Report Increase in Number.

Washington.—More than 687,000 head of big game animals make their home in Uncle Sam's 159 national forests, announces the forest service of the United States Department of Agriculture, which has just completed the compilation of a count made in 1924.

Compared with the previous year the 1924 figures represent an increase of about 44,000 head after due allowance is made for 44,500 head of bear which were not included in estimates of former years.

Forest service officials explain that this increase may be caused by the fact that 1924 was a very dry year, resulting in an unusual concentration of animals around watering places which enabled the forest rangers to make closer estimates. Only animals using national forest ranges are included, no account being taken of animals which graze on adjacent federal lands or on privately owned areas.

Deer represent the vast bulk of the game animals with a total of 550,000 compared with 511,200 in 1923.

The five states credited with the largest number of deer are, in order, California, Oregon, Montana, Idaho and Arizona. Alaska is credited with about the same number—50,000 head—as the last two.

In the 1924 estimates bears were included as game rather than as predatory animals, the figures showing 44,300 head. Of this total 38,700 were of the black and brown varieties, 5,600 being grizzlies. Nearly all grizzlies listed were found in Alaska. Montana is the only state in which the forest rangers were able to find more than a scattering few of this bear.

Elk have increased, more than 52,600 head being listed for 1924 compared with 49,500 in 1923. In the Teton National forest bordering the Yellowstone park the elk herd has shown a notable increase.

The number of moose in 1924 shows a loss, only 5,100 head being shown compared with 8,000 in 1923. It is explained this difference may be attributed in large part to more accurate estimates. The number of mountain goats is given as 12,400 and 17,200, respectively, a slight increase of buffaloes are to be found only in protected herds.

Antelope, or pronghorns, are still in a very unsatisfactory condition. The 1924 count shows only a few more than 5,000 of these animals, most of which are in Arizona and Idaho.

## Fear Dam Will Erase Indian Rock Relic

Philadelphia.—The threatened obliteration of the famous Indian rock in the Susquehanna river at Conowingo by the construction of a huge dam for electric power at that point is rousing protests from many groups.

Hieroglyphs, said to be the oldest Indian writing in America, are written on this and other rocks of the region. Members of the Smithsonian Institution and other scientific groups have asked that these "prehistoric chicken-tracks," relics of aboriginal life in America, be preserved. Interest has been roused to such an extent that the Susquehanna Power company has offered \$5,000 to aid anyone who will engage in their removal or preservation.

Mystery and romance of prehistoric days surrounding the picture-scratched rocks, half-submerged in the river, which have not yet been deciphered, add to the appeal for their preservation in the face of the insistent demand for "more power" on the part of modern industry, which has made the building of the dam necessary.

The chief relic, Indian rock, even now is not always visible to human eyes. It is one huge block of granite, a solid islet of rock in the middle of the Susquehanna, and is about 20 by 30 feet in size. Only at low water can it be seen, and it can be located only by boatmen who know the river well.

### Built in Day

Bulaski, Va.—Walker's Creek church, about eight miles north of Marion and built in a day, was dedicated the other day. More than six hundred attended the service. The church is a frame building, erected at a cost of approximately \$3,000.

### Proud of Tree

Auburn, Maine.—The largest maple tree in the state of Maine is in the door yard of the Hurd homestead at Fryeburg harbor. The circumference of the tree one foot from the ground is 28 feet, and at the smallest part of the trunk it is 22 feet around.

### Anglers Must Wear Labels in Oklahoma

Oklahoma City.—Unlabeled fishermen became taboo in Oklahoma recently. Hereafter they must plainly display upon their clothing the state license, without which they cannot drop bait to hungry fish.

The last legislature, concluding that fish and game wardens should expect co-operation from the men they are set to watch, passed a law, that fishermen must bear the license pinned or sewed in the center of their outer garments.

