THE ONLY REPUBLICAN NEWSPAPER AND THE BEST ADVERTISING MEDIUM IN CARROLL COUNTY.

AMERICAN SENTINEL.

JOB WORK OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS BETTER AND CHEAPER THAN ELSEWHERE. ESTIMATES FURNISHED.

$1 PER ANNUM. WESTMINSTER, MD., FRIDAY AFTERNOON, FEBRUARY 21, 1908. VOL. 77--NO. 8.

Public Sale.

Having rented my farm I will sell at Public Sale, on the premises where I now reside, 3½ miles from Westminster, on the Bachman's Valley road, on

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 4th, 1908,

at 10 o'clock, A. M., sharp, the following Personal Property, to-wit:



1 pair of Mules, both good leaders, will work anywhere hitched; 1 Horse, good worker; 1 Chestnut Sorrel Horse, 9 years old, a fine driver, good size, will suit anybody, is not afraid of steam engine or automobiles on the road; 6 Milch Cows, some will be fresh by day of sale; fine Durham Heifer, will be fresh in April; 2 fine Heifers, 1½ years old; 2 fine Alderneys, 1 year old; 1 young Bull, ready for service; 2 fine Brood Sows, 13 Shoats, 2 good farm Wagons, 3¼ inch tread; 1 new wagon bed and sideboards, 2 hay carriages 18 ft. long, only used a short time; 1 spring wagon, 1 2-horse wagon, 1 dung sled, 1 McCormick Binder, 1 Adriance Mower, good as new; Empire Corn Planter, Empire Grain Drill, Kraus Double Corn Worker, single shovel plow, 2 single corn workers, 3-horse Syracuse plow, 1 Oliver No 40 plow, 1 Syracuse lever springtooth harrow, 1 springtooth Perry harrow, McCormick horse rake, self-dump; Osborn weeder, Champion harvester, land roller, cross-cut saw, hand saw, maul and wedges, 2 sets breechbands, 4 sets front gears, 1 set buggy harness, 3 sets fly nets, 4-horse line, bridles, halters, collars, dung forks, pitch forks, shovels, rakes, log, cow and fifth chains, stretcher, single and double trees, milk cans, washing machine and barrels; also 200 barrels corn, 200 bushels Oats, 100 bushels Rye.



Terms of Sale.—Sums under $5.00, cash; on sums of $5.00 and upward a credit of 10 months will be given, the purchasers to give their notes, with approved security, bearing interest from day of sale. No goods to be removed until settled for.

THEODORE H. BIGGS.
Elias N. Davis, Auct. feb 7 4t

E. OLIVER GRIMES, Jr., Solicitor.

Assignee of Assignee of Mortgagee's Sale of a very

Desirable Little Farm

In Manchester District, Carroll County, Md.

By virtue of the power contained in a mortgage from Catharine Feeser and George W. Feeser, her husband, to Milly Earhart, wife of David J. W. Earhart, dated the 12th day of May, A. D. 1894, and duly recorded among the real estate mortgage records of Carroll county in liber B. F. C. No. 35, folio 276, &c., and by successive and proper assignments thereof duly assigned to the undersigned, I will sell at Public Sale, to the highest bidder, at the COURT HOUSE DOOR in Westminster, Carroll county, Md., on

MONDAY, THE 24th OF FEBRUARY, 1908,

at 11 o'clock, A. M., sharp, all those two tracts or parcels of land described in and conveyed by the aforesaid mortgage, containing

11 7-16 ACRES OF LAND, more or less.



The improvements thereon consist of a comfortable two-story log Dwelling House, stable, fine hennery and other necessary outbuildings, good water convenient to all buildings.

This farm is about 1¼ miles north west of Bachman's Mills and about a mile from the Deep Run road and adjoins the lands of Wm. Eckard, Theodore Trash, Aroos Feeser and Milton Bankert. It is conveniently located to schools, churches and markets.

Terms of Sale.—Cash, or if desired by the purchaser or purchasers the following credit terms will be given: one-third cash on the day of sale or upon the ratification thereof, one-third in 6 months and the balance in 12 months from the day of sale, the credit payments to be secured by the notes of the purchaser or purchasers, with approved security, bearing interest from the day of sale.

E OLIVER GRIMES, Jr.,
Assignee of Assignee of Mortgagee.
Elias N. Davis, auct. jan 31 4t

LOOK TO YOUR HEALTH.

BLISS NATIVE HERBS

The Great Blood Purifier, Kidney and Liver Regulator. Sure cure for Constipation, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, &c. 200 doses for $1.00. Mailed to any address upon receipt of price. Also

BLISS NATIVE OIL

for Burns, Cuts, Catarrh, &c., and

NATIVE BALSAM

for Coughs, Colds, &c., at 25 and 50c per bottle. Not sold in Drug Stores.

Prepared exclusively by the Alonzo O. Bliss Co., Washington, D. C.

H. B. GRAMMER, Agent,
Westminster, Md.

He refers, by permission, to the following persons who have used the Native Herbs and testify to their efficacy as reliable family medicines:

Rev. P. H. Miller,	Mrs. Elizabeth J. Stoner,
Joel S. Fisher,	Mrs. Wm. F. Helm,
M. E. Campbell,	Jacob F. Elgen,
John E. Eckenrode,	Abraham I. Geiman,
Joseph S. Witter,	Mrs. Rebecca Wagoner,
H. H. Harbaugh,	Carroll N. Lockard.

jan 10 08 1y

BIG BARGAINS IN BIG BLANKETS at SHUNK'S

is nearly over. But the few we have left will go in 30 days at the price we ask for them. It is only necessary for you to see them. That's all. $5.00 LAP ROBES NOW $3.50 and others in like proportion. A full stock of all grades of

Harness, Saddles, Bridles, Trunks,

and Suit Cases, Club Bags, Baseball Goods, Dressing Soap, Oils, Leather, Hames, Chains and Harness Accessories.

All bought and sold for CASH. Repairing done while you wait.

A call is solicited. OPEN AT NIGHT.

Respectfully, J. W. SHUNK'S
New Store, Bowers Corner, 43 E. Main Street, Westminster Md. sep 20 07

FARM SEEDS.

The undersigned has taken the agency for George K. Hichie & Co., of Rochester, N. Y., for the sale of Farm Seeds in Carroll county, Md. The seeds produced by this firm are known to be first-class in every particular and include among others, the following:

CORN of 6 different varieties, Goldsmith being the leader.

OATS of 6 varieties, of which Great Dane is the special. This has produced more than 208 bushels per acre.

POTATOES, embracing 6 varieties, of which Noxall is the leader. This variety has produced 800 to 1000 bushels per acre.

Any farmer who is interested in New Seeds, is invited to call on, or address the undersigned,

FRED. G. YINGLING,
R. F. D. Carrier No. 12, Pleasant Valley.
jan 31 4t*

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

This is to give notice that the subscriber has obtained from the Orphans' Court of Carroll county, Md., letters of Administration on the estate of

DANIEL CALTRIDER,

late of Carroll county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated, to the subscriber, on or before the 3rd day of September 1908, they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate.

Given under my hand this 3rd day of February, 1908.

HARVEY C. FREEMAN,
feb 7 4t Administrator.

FOR SALE.



A desirable little property situated about 3 miles south of Westminster, suitable for Poultry or Truck farming. Possession given March 1st. Apply to or address the undersigned,

HARRY W. LITTLE,
R. F. D. No. 1, near St. Benjamin's Church just north of Westminster. jan 24 4t*

Small Farm for Sale,



On New Windsor road, 1½ miles from Westminster; containing 43 Acres, more or less, well improved; a desirable property.

FRED. W. HULL,
jan 3 tf Westminster.

Wanted.

1000 bushels of home grown CLOVER SEED. Farmers bring us a sample of your Clover Seed and we will assure you the highest prices, according to the quality of seed.

DOYLE & MAGEE,
28 and 30 West Main street.
Both Phones. Westminster, Md.
nov 22 tf

JOB Printing of all kinds done promptly at this Office

"The Daylight Stores"

BABYLON & LIPPY CO.

AFTER INVENTORY SALE

Continues with unabated interest. A few of the special bargains here mentioned will demand attention and create an interest.

75c Bleached Damask 59c

100 yards 72 inches wide Bleached Table Linen at 59c.

$1.25 Bed Blankets 98c

The last call on Bed Blankets; a very special value at 98c

American Printing Company's Dress Fabrics

A complete line of Fancy and Staple Prints, including Reds, Blues and Grays, at 6½c.

15c Percales 12½c

A timely purchase enables us to offer a large variety of neat pattern percales at 12½c.

100 Sweaters 69c

Children's all-wool Sweaters, in variety of colors and sizes, at 69c.

Ladies' Suits and Coats

Remember only a few more of those rare bargains in tailor-made suits.

The $16.00 for $7.50.

12½c Dress Goods 6½c

500 yds. of fancy plaid Dress Goods, waisted effect, while they last, 6½c.

Main street Opposite Liberty **BABYLON & LIPPY CO.** Westminster Maryland

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HORSES CATTLE SHEEP SWINE POULTRY

are owned by three-fourths of our readers, and every man who owns stock or poultry of any kind would be greatly interested and benefited by reading every week the articles on the care and treatment of stock by Dr. C. D. Smead the famous veterinary writer of THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE FARMER. Dr. Smead's articles appeal to practical men, and no livestock writer in the country gives more information of every day actual value, prolonging the usefulness and saving the lives of valuable animals. These articles, with the other departments—Poultry, Horticulture, Dairy, Little Men and Women, for the Women Folks, Science and Mechanics, Short Stories, instructive and interesting illustrations, keep THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE FARMER at the head of the AGRICULTURAL PRESS.

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We no not hesitate to recommend it without qualification. It is not a cheap paper made up of fake advertisements. It is what it claims to be, the best paper of its kind for the farmer and for his wife and children. The subscription price is $1.00 a year.

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We will send you the AMERICAN SENTINEL and THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE FARMER, both weeklies, for $1.50

Our old subscribers who pay arrears and $1.50 additional will receive both papers.

If you wish to see a copy of THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE FARMER, write and ask us for it and a sample copy will be mailed to you.

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WESTMINSTER, MARYLAND.

BUY YOUR SHOES

where you can get the CORRECT STYLES as well as the RIGHT PRICES. Our Shoes fit the foot, also the pocketbook. We have taken the agency for

BUSTER BROWN BLUE RIBBON SHOES

for Girls and Boys. Come in and see them if you are looking for something good.

Dorothy Dodd Shoes for Ladies	$3.00 and $3.50.
Walk Over Shoes for Men	$3.50 and $4.00.

RUBBERS of Every Description at Rock Bottom Prices. Give us a Call.

WM. C. DEVILBISS, 22 W. Main St., Westminster.
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JOHN D. BOWERS,

Staple and Fancy Groceries, Cereals and Canned Goods.

A full line of California Peaches, Prunes and Apricots.

The noted PRIDE OF WESTMINTER COFFEE, 18c per lb.; PRIDE OF CARROLL COFFEE, 16c per lb. These Coffees are worth as much as any 24c or 20c Coffee in the market.

Whitman's Confections.

The best sold this side of Philadelphia, Pa.

We give one Soda Ticket with every cash purchase of One Dollar, except Sugar.

JOHN D. BOWERS, 47 and 49 East Main St., Westminster.
feb 10 06 1i Both Phones.

THE GODLESS HEATHEN.

BY CARLTON DAWE.

He was an unctuous, stolid, slit-eyed son of Asia, as free of mitigating circumstances as a murderer caught red handed. Yet that inconsiderate husband of hers, fully aware of her antipathy to all colored folk, returning on a certain occasion from one of his periodic visits to the town where he sold his farm produce, brought the incomprehensible Ah Quong in his train. At first she could scarcely believe her eyes, and though her husband shouted a joyous greeting to her she scarcely ventured to return his salutation, but walking round to the back of the buggy, looked up into the stolid face of the impassive Quong. There he sat, as unconcerned as any old joss, and not unlike one, she thought. His attitude was one of easy negligence, and to her uncompromising stare of disgust he blinked an impassive curiosity. His feet, dangling over the tailboard of the buggy, were unshod, while his dress was a curious mixture of heathendom and larrikinism. On the top of a long yellow throat was affixed a head quite remarkable for its lack of beauty, while down the back of his greasy blouse hung a long black 'pigtail,' which reminded her of nothing so much as a venomous snake.

The husband, flinging the reins on the horse's back and slowly dismounting, came round to her.

'What's the matter, Jess?'

'Him!'

She stared fixedly into the impassive yellow face, but made no other sign or movement.

'Oh, that's Quong. You've heard me speak of him? Was cook up at Tararooka in the old days. A good old joss-stick, isn't he?'

'What's he doing here?'

'I brought him along to help you. Met him over at Mangaratta. Rather down on his uppers, as you can see; in fact, he seems to have neither sole nor upper. Asked for a job, and —and—well, old girl, you know you'll be weaker before you're better.'

He looked at his wife lovingly. He was a big man, with big, strong arms, and the shoulders of a prize ox; but as his clear brown eyes ran over the woman by his side they grew soft as a girl's, and she might have seen the pride and love glistening in them had she turned for a moment from the yellow man.

'You know I hate Chinkies,' she said.

'Ah, but you won't hate old Quong. The beggar nursed me up Tararooka way when I was down with the fever. It was a close thing, Jess. But for that yellow image there I should never have known you.'

'Still, I don't like the breed. I don't want him, and I won't have him.'

He flung a big arm round her and drew her to him.

'You shall have just what you want, my dear, so don't worry that pretty head of yours.'

He caressed her with both voice and hand, as one would a spoilt child; and, like a child, she nestled to him. In this woman lay all his joy, all his hope, and he knew that women in her condition are prone to whimsies.

'I admit he's not a beauty,' he continued coaxingly, 'but I owe him one, and I know you wouldn't have me play the dog, even on a Chinkie. Besides, the poor beggar was on his last legs, and he's got grit in him, in spite of his breed. I repeat, I couldn't do less than bring him along; but we'll give him a week or so's trial, and if you can't stick any more of him, we'll pack him off.'

She shook her head, repeating stolidly, almost mechanically, 'I don't like Chinkies.'

'Neither do I—in the lump. But I rather think Quong is a bit exceptional.'

Closer that big arm pressed her. It was something like the grip of a bear, but she didn't seem to mind it. Perhaps she rather liked that protecting rough caress.

He turned to the impassive Chow, who all this time had sat blinking obliquely at the woman, apparently serenely indifferent as to the result of their cogitations.

'Now, then, Quong, look alive and make yourself useful. Get down and put up the horse.'

'All li, Dick.'

'And, hark ye, my friend, no 'Dick,' if you please. I'm the boss now.'

'All li, boss.'

'And something more, Quong; this is the missis, you understand. What she says I say; what she thinks I think.'

'My allee same sabbee,' answered the imperturbable Quong, as he slipped from the buggy, sidled up to the horse's head and softly led it away.

The man and the woman walked slowly toward the house—an indifferent wooden affair which he had built with the aid of a distant neighbor. Long years this man had lived alone in the wilderness, rolling from station to station, aimless, purposeless, until one day he looked into Jess's soft gray eyes, noted the golden sheen in her hair, the extraordinarily white skin that the sun had not touched. Then he began to think seriously of life.

And so he saved a little and borrowed a little, and took up his selection, and on it he built a house, lovingly, tenderly, because she had promised to come and look after it for him. Most of the furniture he made with his own hands, rough stuff to be sure, yet shaped and smoothed with loving fingers; but the cane rocking chair he purchased at a store in Wangaratta. That rocking chair had been the dream of his life. He fancied he could see Jess sitting in it on winter nights, the glow of the fire in her hair and on the red of her mouth. Then the wind might roar as wildly as it pleased, the rain come down in torrents. He thought the rain would sound pleasant with Jess on one side of the fire and him on the other.

And then one day she told him, told him so shyly, that, great stupid ox that he was, he did not grasp her meaning; but when it all became clear to his intelligence he trembled like a little child, and for about the first time in twenty years something like a tear glistened in his eye. When she had gone to bed he lit his pipe afresh and went out and told it to the stars, and whispered it to the stolid old gums until the very air seemed full of the grand sweet news.

And now, forgetting for the moment her detestation of the breed, he had brought this Chinkie back to the homestead, and she hated Chinkies. Well, perhaps it was foolish of him; but, as he explained at some length, he owed old Quong one, and he couldn't be under an obligation to a joss-protesting heathen.

At the same time Quong proved something of a trial. His ways were not those of a white man, for in spite of his contact with Western civilization, your Chinese clings pertinaciously to the customs of his ancestors. And many of Quong's ways were still peculiarly Asiatic. Yet he worked well and willingly, albeit in his stolid Oriental fashion, and Dick often declared that he had the making of a first class hand. At all events, he never drank, and if at times he indulged in a surreptitious pipe of opium—well, there were worse things than an occasional pipe of opium, and Quong had an intelligent decency which protested most volubly against a misuse of the drug. To be sure, he let off crackers and burnt joss sticks on the Chinese New Year; but as he even condescended to wash himself on that auspicious occasion, the offence was not without an extenuating circumstance. Moreover, as an offset to his many heathenish iniquities, he possessed two undisputed virtues, one of which appealed to the Boss, the other to the Missis. He could cook well, and herein he found favor in Dick's eyes; he was also devotedly attached to the Boss, and for that reason Jess forgave him much.

In a way, too, he was really growing indispensable. He cooked and washed and swept and scrubbed with an ardor beyond all praise. When there was no work within the house he chopped wood and grew vegetables, and the bit of garden that the Boss had despaired of this ingenious Quong made to flourish like a patch of his own Flowery Land. And all this he did with a meekness, an unostenation which would have won admiration from the least generous. And she was not that. Only she didn't like Chinkies.

And then she grew weaker, and as the Boss had to make his periodic journeyings for the purpose of buying and selling, he always bestowed the following injunction on the attentive Celestial before setting out: 'Look after the Missis, Quong. If anything happens to her I'll belt the life out of you.' And Quong, grinning in his silly Chinese manner, as invariably answered, 'My make 'em all li, Boss.' He was not a man of many words, this imperturable Quong, but the Boss seemed satisfied with his molest assurance.

And then the great event happened. Quong was sitting up that night because the Boss was restless. He watched him pass in and out of the door a dozen times; look up at the stars, fill his pipe, light it, walk up and down with hasty strides, and generally behave in a manner inconceivable in one of his weight and inches. The doctor man from Wangaratta was inside, also the wife of a distant neighbor. Quong wondered why they should make such a fuss over a common happening.

Yes, of course it was a boy—it couldn't well be anything else to a man like the Boss—and from that moment Quong's allegiance alternated between father and son. Jess was weak for a long time after, and the farmer's wife had her own affairs to mind, but Quong stepped into the breach, and added nurse to that of his other duties. If, hitherto, he had revered the father, he now adored the son. Dick swore the fellow had been a woman in another life, and truly no woman could have played her part with greater care and assiduity. At first, Jess protested—feebly, of course, as became her state. She would not have her precious baby depended on the whims and fancies of a yellow heathen. She was sure Quong's face would frighten the child into fits; she feared it would have the effect of permanently injuring her boy's character. But some one had to attend to the youngster, and Dick was about as useful as an elephant. He almost feared to touch the soft wee mite, for fear of inflicting irreparable damage. But Quong had no such scruples. He took to it as naturally as a woman does to her first-born; washed and dressed and nursed it with a feminine ardor which wrung pæans of praise from the trembling father. And when it screamed at his ugly face he merely capered with delight and said: 'Him belong glate man, Boss. 'Ave got number one lung. First-late piecee kid. Can do.'

But, if the truth must be told, he sadly neglected his household duties for the youngster, in whom he seemed to find an infinite source of wonder and delight. And even when Jess was about again he in no way relinquished his duties, but rather seemed to think the mother a quite unnecessary personage. That she was the mother was a mere matter of accident. The 'Piecee kid' was his and Dick's.

Though Jess could never quite reconcile herself to seeing her precious one in the heathen's arms, she was forced to admit that Quong was, in his yellow, imperturbable manner, very fond of the child. Yet, somehow, it didn't seem quite the right thing that a Christian baby should be nursed by a godless heathen. And when Dick protested that old Quong was one in a thousand, she frankly admitted that he was good and had proved himself invaluable; but, when all was said and done, she didn't like Chinkies.

And so twelve months passed on, and the child grew and prospered, and with it prospered the little household. Dick junior was now a lusty young rogue, tumbling about and stuttering a few words in pidgin English, which shocked his mother inconceivably, but made his father roar with laughter. 'Little beggar!' he said; 'he's as bad as old Quong.' And then he would lecture him on the iniquities of the yellow man, to all of which the child would listen with wide, wondering eyes—those eyes which seemed to draw the soul out of the father. And he could touch him now without fear of breaking the little bones, and toss him about as though he were a ball, all of which the child bore with never a whimper.

'You can't make the little beggar cry,' he said to Quong one day. 'He's not afraid of anything—not even of your face, you wooden headed old joss.'

Quong ignored the compliment, having grown accustomed to endearing terms.

'No dam fear,' was the reply. 'Whafor he cly? He belong number one top-side piecee kid.'

The father was lost in admiration, and wondered how he had lived until this dear woman and her dear child had come into his life.

The day came round for Dick's accustomed journey to the town, but this was to be a journey which would be marked with a red letter in the history of their lives; for things had prospered with them, and he was going into the town to complete the purchase of a larger tract of land, and he intended to mark the occasion by returning with presents for his beloved ones. The parting injunction had an addition now, but it always came in exactly the same way. 'Look after the Missis and the kiddy, Quong. If anything happens to them I'll belt the life out of you.' And Quong blinked his invariable reply, 'Me make 'em all li, Boss.' The promised belting never gave offence. He never thought it necessary, but on the whole he liked it. It showed that the Boss took an intelligent interest in him.

It was rather curious how his sense of responsibility affected him. The charge was serious enough in all conscience when there was only the Missis and the house to look after, but when the little 'piecee kid' came his office grew in importance, and he almost worried Jess with his pertinacity. However, she had long since learned to smile at his officiousness, for, though, on the whole, she didn't like Chinkies, she was slowly learning to tolerate the idiosyncrasies of this particular one.

Dick went away early, as usual, and Quong, who had some work down by the creek, returned to it after dinner, having seen the Missis stow the Young Boss away in his little crib for the afternoon sleep. His work was only a quarter of a mile or so away. If he mounted the little hill behind the trees he could see the house quite plainly.

He had worked for perhaps a full hour when he scrambled out of the hole he was digging to take a few puffs at his pipe, but just as he was in the act of lighting up he happened to look round and saw a woman approaching him from lower down the creek. At first he did not quite realize who it was, nor did he understand her wild gesticulations or her cries. But as she came nearer he knew it to be the Missis, and in his stolid way he stood blinking at her till she approached. Then he saw that her face was deathly white, her eyes starting from her head and that she reeled in her steps like one about to fall. Indeed, he knew that nothing but a supreme effort of will prevented a physical collapse.

'What's up, Missis?' he asked.

Quong's blood flowed coldly; his manner reflected the cold blood. She tried to speak, yet nothing but an unintelligible gibbering passed her lips. Her mind, however, was working clearly enough, and seizing him by the arm she swung him round and pointed to a column of smoke which rose above the trees. He started, and the wooden face suddenly grew animated. Fear and intelligence widened the oblique eyes.

'The piecee kid!' he shouted.

'Yes—yes.' The words came from her lips in a fierce gasp of agony.

'My cli!'

Kicking off his old shoes he flung from her side like a flash of lightning. She tried to follow him. She called on heaven, on her indomitable nature, but in vain. The earth sprang up to meet her. Once it srruck her violently in the face. She scrambled to her feet and staggered onwards, but the weight of all the world seemed to press her down, down. Now she was groping wildly on her hands and knees toward the burning house, the smoke of which glared blood red in the sun. The great masses of hair fell over her face and blinded her. That, too, seemed a blood red haze through which she saw a world on fire.

* * * * *

With the return of consciousness, she found herself supported by the most grotesque looking creature in the world. His face was black and blistered, he had not a scrap of his pigtail left, and even the few clothes he wore were burned or singed beyond recognition. But he was tenderly bathing her face with water drawn from the creek, and speaking to her in a coaxing, singsong fashion—just as he soothed the 'piecee kid' in its most turbulent moments.

'Quong!' It was both an exclamation and an interrogation.

'All li, Missis. 'Ave got.'

He pointed to a scorched and blackened blanket by her side. The 'piecee kid' looked up at her and crowed. Not a hair of his head was singed.—The Sketch.

Travelers and Merchant Convention, Baltimore, March 2—7, 1908.

The phrase "prosperity convention" has been misunderstood by many persons, and a number have asked to, be enlightened on the subject. Mr. F. J. Lamotte, a member of the convention committee, this morning defined the phrase clearly as follows:

"The convention idea was inspired by a desire on the part of our members to endeavor as far as possible to restore full confidence in trade, which appears to be temporarily shaken in many sections. Our conclusion was that if we could only bring our members from far and near together and demonstrate convincingly that prosperity in its true sense really abounds throughout this great land; that the present stagnated condition of trade is due directly to sheer lack of confidence, we might induce them to take a more active optimistic view of business and start again the wheels of their own industrias and thus encourage others far and near to do likewise. One who digests the trade and other official reports published from day to day in official newspapers will be forced to the conclusion that the future is bound to take good care of all of us. Take the South as an example. The crops there this year are the largest ever grown in that section, and prices the best. This is sure to make for prosperity. The only trouble is that these crops are not being moved in trade channels as they should be, and this is partly due to the simple fact that business men have lost confidence. The recent flurry in the financial world took all the wind out of their sails. Instead of trying to keep up their stock and continue business as best they could, their fear got the better of them. Almost to a man they appear to have tightened their grip on what capital they had when the panic occurred and have since refused to even make use of their credit. The result we have all seen. Business has been more or less retarded everywhere.

"In order to induce our members to assemble here for this worthy purpose we have obtained reduced railroad rates for them from the Trunk Line Association and also from the Western Maryland R. R. Co. The territory affected by this embraces New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania Delaware, Maryland and West Virginia. We are confident of getting the same rates (one and a third fare) for our members elsewhere.

"Some doubt has been expressed as to the feasibility of our plan. We are confident that it will accomplish all that is expected of it. Our members will be entertained by a corps of speakers selected with a special view of the exigencies of the occasion. President Roosevelt is writing a paper on commercial conditions in the country. Representative Charles N. Fowler, chairman of the House on tanking and currency, will talk on finance, and Mr. W. W. Finlay, president of the Southern R. R. Co., will address our people on railroad prosperity. All of these gentlemen entertain optimistic opinions of future trade. And we are after others whose opinion are everywhere regarded with marked respect. On the whole we are confident that those who come to the convention will leave in a much more optimistic frame of mind, and that before long their business will be restored to the normal volume; if it does not break all records. So far as the South is concerned, in view of the immense crops which have been harvested in that section and other important considerations, it has been predicted that business the coming spring will not be a bit behind that of years past if business people will only get together and learn the lesson of confidence and having learned it profit by it."

For The Classified Service.

Examinations To Be Held For Scores Of Positions.

In view of the great number of persons thrown out of employment in the last few weeks, the announcement of the United States Civil Service Commission of a large list of examinations to be held for positions in the Government service is of especial interest.

The list of positions for which examinations will be held as follows:

Aid, Coast and Geodetic Survey.
Assistant Philippine service.
Assistant examiner, Patent office.
Assistant engineer, reclamation service.
Bookkeepers—Male and female, departmental service; male, Philippine service.
Civil Engineer—Departmental service, Philippine service.
Civil engineer and draftsman.
Civil engineer student.
Civil engineer and superintendent of construction.
Clerks—Male and female, departmental service; male, Isthmian Canal service.
Compositor.
Computer—Coast and Geodetic Survey, Nautical Almanac office, Naval Observatory, supervising architect's office.
Draftsmen—Architectural, supervising architect's office; copyist, topographic; engineer, supervising architect's office; heating and ventilating, junior architectural, topographic.
Electrotype finisher.
Electrotype molder.
Elevator conductor, departmental service.
Engineer, Indian service.
Farmer.
Farmer, with knowledge of irrigation.
Fish culturist.
Forest assistant, forest service.
Forest assistant, Philippine service.
Junior engineer, reclamation service.
Kindergarten teacher.
Law clerk.
Local and assistant inspector of boilers.
Local and assistant inspector of hulls.
Matron, Indian service.
Messenger.
Observer.
Pharmacist, Public Health and Marine Hospital Service.
Physician, Indian service.
Press feeder, Government Printing Office.
Pressman, Government Printing office.
Railway mail clerk.
Scientific assistant, Department of Agriculture.
Skilled laborer (male).
Stenographer, departmental service.
Stenographer and typewriter, all service.
Surgeon (acting assistant surgeon Public Health and Marine Hospital Service and surgeon Coast and Geodetic Survey).
Superintendent of construction.
Surveyor, Philippine service.
Teacher, Indian service.
Teacher, Philippine service.
Trained Nurses—Isthmian Canal service, Philippine service.
Typewriter, departmental service.
Veterinarian, Philippine service.
Veterinary inspector, Department of Agriculture.
Watchman.
Wireman.

Application forms and information in connection with the examinations may be obtained by addressing the United States Civil Service Commission, Washington, or the secretary of the board of examiners at the following-named places: Postofice, Boston, Mass.; Philadelphia, Pa.; Atlanta, Ga.; Cincinnati, Ohio; Chicago, Ill.; St. Paul, Minn.; Denver, Col.; San Francisco, Cal.; Custom House, New York, N. Y.; New Orleans, La.; Old Custom House, St. Louis, Mo.

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