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1 PER ANNUM. WESTMINSTER, MD., FRIDAY AFTERNOON, JUNE 25, 1909. VOL. 78--NO. 26.

BABYLON & LIPPY COMPANY

The Great $5.00 SUIT SALE

As a fitting winding up of Clothing Sale, the Carroll Co., most amazing have ever known sold at prices cover the cost of you fail to take the tremendous offered at this miss the opportunity life.



climax to this odd and end we shall treat Public to the bargains, they Clothing will be that barely material, and if advantage of money - savings sale you will tunity of your

$8.00, $10.00 and $12.00 Suits $5.00

57 Suits in the lot, only one or two of a style left. We placed same on one table regardless of their real value and name one price for any suit in the lot **$5.00**

We decided to continue the Great ½ price Shoe Sale of last week one week longer in connection with this Great Clothing Sale. :-: :-: :-: :-:

Specials Saturday, Ladies' Waists

Local Office

179 E. Main St., - Westminster, Md.

THE

FRANKLIN MERCHANDISE CO.

1417 North Charles Street

BALTIMORE, - MARYLAND.

Authorized agents will call and deliver a Catalogue.

Both Phones.

DOYLE & MAGEE

28 AND 30 W. MAIN ST., Westminster, Md.

Jobbers and Retailers.

BINDERS, MOWERS, RAKES, GASOLINE ENGINES, CREAM SEPARATORS, THRASHERS, BUGGIES, SURREYS, RUNABOUTS,

We are prepared to show the farmers the largest and best assortment of Vehicles, Farm Machinery and Household Furniture ever offered in Carroll, Co. If you are in need of anything in our line we will appreciate a call.

1000 Bushels Home Grown Clover Seed WANTED.

HARNESS, HARROWS, SEED PLOWS, GRAIN DRILLS, CORN CULTIVATORS, CORN PLANTERS, FARM WAGONS, POTATO PLANTERS, HAY TEDDERS.

HORSES AND MULES FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE.

I have arrived in Westminster, with a Car Load of Horses and Mules, as fine as ever came to this county, all well broke and to suit all purposes.

CHAS. W. KING.

KEEFER'S PRICES.

Headquarters for Automobile Supplies.

Columbia Ignitor Batteries	25c.
Chick Food	$2 50 Bag.
New White Fish	49c Bucket.
3 lb can Peaches	10c
$1 50 Rayo Nickel Lamps	$1.35.
Flour 70 to $1.00 Sack.	
Brooms	10, 17, 20, 25, 30 and 35c.
140 lb sack Coarse Salt	60c.
Best Beef Scrap	$3.00 Sack.
60c Graphophone Records	39c.
Salted Herring	1c each.
New Mackerel	5 and 8c.
Pillsbury and Gold Medal Flour.	
Best Jar Tops	19c doz.
Pint, Quart and Half Gallon Jars.	

FOR SALE CHEAP.

1 Pea Nut Roaster.
1 110-Gallon Oil Tank.
1 Top Delivery Wagon.
1 Hot Water Furnace.
100 Charcoal Irons, with Fluters.

WILLIAM N. KEEFER.

88 and 92 E. Main St., Westminster.
Both Phones. Free Delivery.

JNO. E. ECKENRODE & SON, CARRIAGE BUILDERS

Announce to the public that they have added to the Carriage business a fine line of

Children's Vehicles

The Irish Mail line of muscle makers for Boys and Girls, namely:

SENIOR IRISH MAIL, JUNIOR IRISH MAIL, FLYING DUTCHMAN, IRONSIDES, HILLY COASTER, FRENCH MOBILE,

Hand Cars, Coast Wagons, Velocipedes, Tricycles,

and other Vehicles for children. Call and look them over as they will interest the little ones.

We also have purchased a machine for applying Rubber Tires on Go-Carts, Baby Carriages, Velocipedes and Toy Automobiles. Prices very reasonable. Work called for and delivered.

JNO. E. ECKENRODE & SONS,
Cor Liberty and George sts. Westminster Md
C and P. and Md Phones. sept 14 07

It Never Pays

Horse Owners to be careless in making purchases of HARNESS, FLY NETS, LAP DUSTERS, or even in the matter of Repairing.

In all the features, which go to make up a desirable place to trade, we positively know that we are AT THE HEAD.

Goods of absolute reliability.

Prices that are reasonable and fair.

A full stock with judicious selection of goods renders our place a desirable one on which to bestow your patronage. We know we can offer advantages and to this end we solicit your favors.

Traveling Outfits, Turf and Base Ball Specials.

OPEN AT NIGHT.

Resp'y. J. W. SHUNK, Popular Cash Harness Emporium.
sep 29 07 43 E. Main St., Westminster.

GEORGE L. STOCKSDALE,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY

Special and prompt attention given to collections and settlement of estates.

OFFICE—Albaugh Building, Court street Westminster Md

TRY the "Screened" George's Creek Lump Coal from Smith & Reifnider. They recommend it highly.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

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

MANDELLA YINGLING,

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 7th day of December, 1909, they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate.

Given under my hand this 7th day of June, 1909.

JOHN YINGLING,
Executor.

ju 11 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

J. WILBER SHIPLEY,

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 14th day of January, 1910; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate.

Given under my hand this 14th day of June, 1909.

ELLA M. SHIPLEY,
Administratrix.

ju 14 4t

No. 4469 EQUITY.

In the Circuit Court for Carroll County.

Joseph D. Brooks, assignee of assignee of mortgagee, vs. David H. Greenwood and Rosanna Greenwood, his wife, mortgagors.

Ordered, this 16th day of June, A. D. 1909, that the account of the Auditor filed in this cause be finally ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 5th day July, next; provided a copy of this order be inserted for two successive weeks before the last named day in some newspaper published in Carroll county.

DAVID P. SMELSER, Clerk.

True Copy—Test: DAVID P. SMELSER, Clerk.

ju 18 2t

No. 4379 EQUITY.

In the Circuit Court for Carroll County in Equity.

Henry Reck vs. Charles F. Reck.

Ordered by the Circuit Court for Carroll County, sitting as a Court of Equity, this 18th day of June, A. D. 1909, that the report of the sales made of the properties mentioned in these proceedings, at public and private sale made and reported by David N. Hennine and Charles O. Clemson, trustees, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 19th day of July, A. D. 1909, provided a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper published in Carroll County, Maryland, once in each of three successive weeks before the 12th day of July, A. D. 1909. The report states the amount of sales as trustees to be $1655.00.

DAVID P. SMELSER,
Clerk of the Circuit Court for Carroll County.
True Copy-Test: DAVID P. SMELSER, Clerk.

ju 18 3t

BUY Your Shoes

Where you can get the correct styles as well as the right prices. We have by far the largest stock and greatest variety of

Men's, Women's and Children's Shoes and Oxfords

in this city. Come in and look them over before buying.

OUR LINE OF

Men's Heavy Working Shoes

can not be surpassed for the money. If you are looking for something good we have them.

WE ARE HEADQUARTERS FOR

HATS, NECKWEAR, UNDERWEAR,

Shirts, Gloves, Suspenders and Suit Cases.

Giving us a call will please us, and our goods will please you.

WM. C. DEVILBISS,
22 W. Main St.,
Westminster, Md.

dec 14 08

New Coal and Wood Yard.

The summer schedule on prices is now in force.

Before purchasing we request coal consumers to give us a call, as we believe we can show the advisability of not only buying now, but that consultation with us will be advantageous.

We carry in stock

Lykens Valley, White Ash, and George's Creek Big Vein Coals.

We give 2240 lbs. screened coal for a ton.

GEORGE W. STAIR,
Office and Yard East Green St., near Railroad Bridge, Westminster, Md.
sept 18 1y C. & P. Phone.

Pianos and Organs.

PIANOS:

BLASIUS & SONS,
LBRECHT & REGENT,
BEHR BROS & Co.

ORGANS:

ESTEY, WEAVER,
and Newman Bros.

All sold at MODERATE PRICES and on EASY TERMS.

SPECIAL BARGAINS.—Two Mahogany Case Upright Pianos, latest styles, slightly used. Regular price $250. Special price $150. Call and see goods and get prices before purchasing elsewhere.

JOHN T. ROYER,
West Main Street, Westminster, Md.
oct 16 tf

THE

Hotel Main-Court

wishes to announce to its friends and patrons that on and after January 30th, 1909, Masters Guy C. Williams and Julian F. Williams will render selections on

VIOLIN AND PIANO

every Saturday, from 6 to 10 P. M., and every Sunday, from 12 M. to 2 P. M.

I also wish to announce that the celebrated

HERRYSTONE OYSTER

can be had here on the half (½) shell or in any other style. I will also deliver them to residences upon request in any style or by the pint, quart or gallon.

Your patronage is respectfully solicited.

F. L. H. GLENDMEYER.

jan 29 tf

NEW SALES STABLES OPENED.

Having opened a Sales Stable in the rear of 92 West Main street, will have at all times a number of first-class Horses for sale or exchange. Call and inspect stock before purchasing.

E. H. COPPERSMITH,
my 15 tf Westminster, Md.

SALE BILLS printed at this office cheap and attractive. Give us a call.

LETTER FROM ABROAD.

Special to the American Sentinel.

(By W. B. Seabrook.)

Pages From A Newspaper Tramp's Diary—Some Human Interest Stories—The Longed For Check Arrives.

Never shall I forget these glorious hours of glorious sunshine; when the bright skies and awakening spring are both an inspiration to work and a temptation to lazy dreaming. I have yieded to the temptation, and have not time before the next mails to write my weekly letter to America, and must perforce impose upon my newspaper friends in the home land a few of the crude notes from my diary, just as they were written each night during the past week.

Monday—This morning I went to the Baths of Caracalla, where I paid a franc for a ticket and entered the ruins through a country-fair turnstile. Shelley considered them the most majestic and grandiose relic of the imperial period. The loftiest sentiment they awakened in me was curiosity. I have never realized before how powerful is poverty to develop meanness and all kinds of narrow small-mindedness, and I could not help contemplating myself with disgust when I realized that I was not in a mood to care for or appreciate those wonderful ivy-grown arches, simply because I begrudged the franc.

Coming back home I took the road that winds between vineyards from the Thermae to St. John Lateran, and midway along the route I came to a green field from which rose a great fragment of Aurelian city wall, a mass of crumbling brick work, several hundred feet long, twelve feet thick and about forty feet high. The inward face of the wall was honeycombed by niches in the masonry, which may once have served as shelters for the sentinels or guards, and in the holes of these a number of poor families had made their homes, partially stopping up the openings with brush and loose stones. There was something primitive, almost prehistoric about the scene. In one of the caves, a mother was seated on the earthen floor, suckling a babe and crooning a lullaby; the father, clothed in a single garment of leather, which left his legs and chest bare, carrying on his shoulders a wooden pitchfork, which was nothing more nor less than a long forked stick with its two prongs hardened in the fire, had just come in from the field and was wiping the sweat from his brow with his hairy arm; a dog was seated in the mouth of the cave; on the grass two baby boys, stark naked, were rolling and tumbling like puppies, with their little pink bodies glowing in the sunlight, pretty as the peach blossoms that the wind was scattering from a nearby tree. The father dropped his rude fork and stopped to grab one of the babies and toss it high in the air, while I went back to civilization, envying him with all my heart. One month of poverty had soured me, I was thinking for the moment, but a life of it had left him sweet.

Tuesday—This morning Signora X, the good wife of my artist host, came home piping mad from the Capuchin church around the corner where she had gone to early mass. Some villainous wretch had poured a bottle of ink into the holy water basin. The worshippers sleepily entering the dim church in the early morning had each mechanically, according to the custom, dipped a finger in the basin and then touched their foreheads to make the sign of the cross. Result: some twenty of them, among whom the signora, had daubed their faces with ink, before the deviltry was discovered.

In the crypt of this same church is the famous Capuchin cemetery or ossuary, a series of subterranean rooms with walls lined from ceiling to floor with skulls, the ceilings decorated with ribbone arabesques, the hanging lamps suspended by and decorated with strings of knuckle bones fastened together on wires: skeletons of long deceased brethren still clothed in robe and cowl and standing everywhere around in niches: some of them are not really skeletons but dried corpses, often with part of the face gone and the bone showing in places through the cracked parchment skin: these latter are horrible. But the skeletons are not. Their monkish garb lends them an indefinable air of peaceful benevolent tranquility, and I had quite a pleasant conversation with one of them, an old fellow whom the sacristan afterward told me was the Fra Benedetto di Rieto, deceased February 21st, 1728. It gave me a queer sensation to gaze into his cavernous eyes and think that he had been standing there for more than a generation when the old State House bell at Philadelphia pealed out the defiance of the Thirteen Colonies of British rule: that he was still standing immobile when Napoleon changed the map of Europe, and that he would still be standing there when we all lie beneath the sod. On his face there was a sphynx-like smile. Most skeletons grin, but he was smiling, and there was infinite wisdom in his smile. Two American girls, who came into the crypt at the moment I was talking with Fra Benedetto, stopped a moment with feminine curiosity to see what I was looking at so fixedly: they caught the shadow of that smile, and maybe part of its meaning also, for they turned away giggling nervously and rustled their pretty silken skirts with a pathetic flourish as if to say, "No, No! What have we to do with that? Youth and Life are eternal," but soon the nervous mirth was frozen on their lips and they hurried chilled from the place with their afternoon spoiled, while the old monk smiled calmly on.

Wednesday—In the upper part of the Capuchin church of which I was writing yesterday, hangs one of the most celebrated oil paintings in Rome, a picture, which all the world comes to see, Gu do Reni's St. Michael. I don't know very much about art, but I have common sense enough to despise without affectation the wishy-washy false sentiment of Guido Reni's work, and I don't believe he ever painted a poorer picture than the Archangel of the Capucini, though nowhere in history, mythology or revelation can be found a more glorious subject. St. Michael with his flaming sword is the incarnation of warlike strength deified. He is the Christian Mars, but a Mars, who lets loose the dogs of war only to battle for the right, a Mars, whose shield and helmet are illumined by a more unearthly splendor than ever shone from Mount Olympus, and around whose radiant presence are clustered the wonders of the Apocalypse. And just see what Guido has painted! A pretty wax-doll face with a rosebud mouth, and wavy, flaxen wax-doll hair, a big soft body with beautiful feminine curves and a pair of rosy feet with toes done up in blue baby-ribbon. The vanquished Devil, upon whose broad, bent shoulders Saint Michael stands, is obviously taking the whole matter as a joke: he is like a great English mastiff that condescends to let baby Bobby climb upon its back for a ride around the lawn. If the mastiff chose, it could chew baby Bobby into bits in the twinkling of an eye: and if Guido Reni's Satan chose, he could do the same with the Archangel. As I looked at the picture I wondered how this effeminate painter had managed to paint such a fine, husky Devil, and I did not understand until I learned that he happened to be quarreling with Pope Innocent X at the epoch when he was working on this canvas, and that the Satan is a portrait of the Pope, a piece of spite-work that made the artist forget his mannerism long enough to be strong and realistic.

I don't intend to essay any more amateurish comments on art, and maybe I shouldn't have written this, but there are so many poor pictures in Rome that we go to see and try to admire simply because the guide books tell us we ought to, that it has done me good to have my say about this one.

Thursday—Today made the acquaintance of the Dying Gaul rendered so famous by Byron's lines telling how he was "butchered to make a Roman holiday," and afterward saw the bronze Wolf of the Capitol, "the thunder-stricken nurse of Rome," which every schoolboy has read about in Cicero. In an adjoining corridor of the Capitoline picture gallery, I stopped long to look at Michiangelo's portrait by himself one of the few things he ever did in oil: the sad light in the eyes and the bitterly unhappy expression of the whole visage was so depressing that it recalled to me my own troubles. I am wondering where that long expected check can be. Three thousand miles from home and friends, with exactly 47 cents and a half jar of honey as my sole available wealth.

Friday—The whole world looks bright and rose-colored, like the sky behind St. Peter's dome, seen at sunset from the Pincio. Yesterday I went "stone broke," lacked even the two cents to get a cup of coffee. My little Roman mother, Signora X, came to the recue with a loan of 20 lire. This morning I got the check from America, accompanied by the good news that two or three more newspapers in "the States" have contracted to print my stuff regularly, which means that my financial worries in Europe are ended.

EDWARD EVERETT HALE THE PATRIOT.

BY GEORGE H. PICARD.

At a Harvard banquet given at the national capital the late Dr. Edward Everett Hale, who had recently become chaplain of the United States senate, responding to a toast, said: "It is not possible for me to go into a town of any size in the length and breadth of the United States and attempt to register at a hotel without some friend coming up and insisting that my bag be sent up to his house and taking me there himself with the care and affection of a brother."

Of course this remarkable statement was uttered at an alumni dinner, and the fraternal spirit among those who have been educated at Harvard is as potent as that of any other band of alumni, but in this instance there was a deeper significance to the venerable man's words. Universal affection for Edward Everett Hale rested on other grounds than mere fidelity to alma mater and was given by a wider band of tribute bringers—the people of the United Sates. There was no public spirited and intelligent citizen of the country who would not have esteemed it a special honor to substitute the hospitality of his own vine and fig tree for that of the hotel, even though he had carried the doctor's bag in his own hands.

For he was a man of whom the right minded American citizen should be exceedingly proud. He was a grand old man in the fullest significance of the term. He was a many sided man to a remarkable degree, but throughout his long life the dominant note of his character was patriotism—militant patriotism. That alone, coupled with his mighty activity, should be sufficient to immortalize him, but there is enough besides to do that over and over again.

For many years Dr. Hale remained almost alone as a monument to the mighty intellectual forces that made so potently for the welfare of the United States in the last century. It is little wonder that on a certain occasion Theodore Roosevelt should have been moved to declare that the venerable Bostonian was the Timoleon of the day. Now, when one recalls who Timoleon was—that ancient Greek worthy, who, according to Plutarch, performed greater things for his country than any other man of his time—it becomes evident that the ex-president was not niggardly in his praise. It was during the trying days of the civil war that Dr. Hale came to the front. Long previous to that time he had made for himself a host of admirers in New England, but in December, 1863, there appeared in the Atlantic Monthly the opening chapters of a story that carried its author's name to the uttermost regions of the earth. "The Man Without a Country," was an irresistible appeal to patriotism. Its power as a breeder of patriotism was felt all over the common country and extended to foreign lands.

Dr. Hale came from a famous New England family. Its founder in America was the Rev. John Hale, who in 1697 published a pamphlet entitled "A Modest Inquiry Into the Nature of Witchcraft." This quaint essay is instinct with the keen wisdom and characteristic humor of the race. The famous Nathan Hale was another ancestor, and the father of Dr. Hale was his namesake. His mother was a sister of the renowned orator Edward Everett.

HARVARD GRADUATE AT SEVENTEEN.

Young Hale was brought up in a literary atmosphere. His father was publisher of the Boston Advertiser, and his mother devoted much time to translating from the German. Edward was precocious, and there is small wonder. It has been said of him that his early life was fed on culture liquefied with printer's ink. At the age of eleven he translated from the French an article on "Excavations at Nineveh" and did it remarkably well. That of itself is fair evidence that his gray matter had begun to dominate at an early age. At thriteen he was prepared to enter Harvard, and he was graduated from that institution at the age of seventeen.

Dr. Hale remained long enough in the office of the Advertiser to demonstrate the fact that he was a first class newspaper man. When he went into the ministry the newspaper fraternity realized that it had lost a shining light. Samuel Bowles of the Springfield Republican was moved to say that "they had only one good journalist in all Boston, and they are spoiling him in the pulpit."

In his native city, April 3, 1902, upon the occasion of his eightieth birthday, a great public demonstration was made in Dr. Hale's honor. It was at that meeting that Mr. Roosevelt's enthusiastic tribute was read. It came in the form of a letter to the late Senator Hoar, who presided. It was on this occasion that the ex-president compared Dr. Hale to the general who had done so much for the Greeks. In his own speech Senator Hoar told the story of his friend's career in a few well chosen sentences.

A Curiosity.

"Why are all those people flocking down to Hiram Hardapple's barn?" asked the old farmer on the hay wagon.

"Hi's got a curiosity down there," said the village constable.

"That so? What kind of a curiosity is it?"

"Why, Hi's old slim tailed yaller Jersey cow. The other night the old critter had the colic and Hi went down with his lantern to give her a dose of cow medicine. Blamed if he didn't make a mistake and give her a pint of gasoline."

"Do tell! Didn't kill her, did it?"

"No, but by Heck, it had a funny effect. Now, instead of going 'Moo, moo!' like a cow, she goes 'Honk, honk!' like one of them blamed automobiles."

BRIGADE CAMP NEXT MONTH

State Troops to Be at "Camp Crothers" From July 18 to 25.

Wednesday, July 21, will be Governor's Day at the brigade encampment of the Maryland National Guard, to be held on the almshouse farm, near Westminster, from July 18 to 25 inclusive. It will be known as "Camp Crothers," in honor of the Governor, and the decision to have a special Governor's Day in the middle of the week was reached yesterday. Mr. Crothers will be there, with several of his staff, and a review in the evening will be one of the features of the day.

Although the camp will begin officially on Sunday morning, July 18, the Fifth Regiment will go to Westminster on the Saturday afternoon before and pitch its tents, so as to be in good trim for Sunday. The men will not receive any pay for Saturday. Gen. Lawrason Riggs, who will be in command of the camp, will also go to Westminster on Saturday afternoon, with the members of his staff, and establish his head quarters.

The Fourth Regiment, the First Regiment and the First Separate Company, (colored) will go to Westminster in special trains over the Western Maryland Railroad on Sunday morning. It is expected that Troop A will march to the camp from its armory at Pikesville, leaving early Sunday morning. Five companies of the First Regiment will go to Westminster from the state rifle range in Anne Arundel county, and after camp breaks the remaining five companies will go to the range.

The First Company, Coast Artillery, will not go to camp. It will spend 10 days at Fort Howard in September.—Baltimore American.

WILL CARE FOR SICK SOLDIERS

For the first time in the history of encampments within the State of the Maryland National Guard the sick of the camp at Camp Crothers, to be held at Westminster from July 18 to 25, will be cared for in a systematic manner, as is done at camps of the regular army.

At all previous State encampments it has been the custom, now obsolete, for each regiment to take care of its own sick men, and, although there is usually a small percentage of disabilities, inconvenience has resulted. Some regiments have been ill equipped with the man's words. Universal affection for drugs and field hospital appliances necessary in a camp, while other organizations had practically nothing with which to administer to the sick.

This summer instead of having each regiment care for its own sick, there will be a field hospital in the camp, and the hospital corps detachments attached to each regiment will be consolidated into a provisional company for duty there. The field hospital will be situated on a hill overlooking the camp and any sick man will be taken care of in it.

Dr. Howard E. Ashley, a member of the staff of the Hospital for Crippled Children, and a hospital sergeant (first class) in the hospital detachment of the Fifth Infantry, has been commissioned a first lieutenant in the medical corps of the Maryland National Guard and assigned to duty as assistant to the chief surgeon of the First Brigade. He will command the provisional hospital company.

Major Alexius McGlannan, chief surgeon of the brigade, who will command the field hospital, will give the hospital corps of the State troops additional responsibilities this year. With the more regular system that will be in use every man will have the opportunity to learn something and accomplish a definite purpose. The members of the corps will not only act as nurses and general hospital attendants, but will be sanitary inspectors of the camp as well.

Each regiment will have a dispensary, instead of a hospital. The dispensary will be in charge of the senior surgeon attached to the regiment, and all minor cases, such as frequently occur in camp, will be treated. This will leave the field hospital, which will be equipped with 12 beds, free to take care of more complicated cases.

The hospital corps will leave for camp on July 17, and by the time the other troops arrive the hospital will be established.—Baltimore Sun.

The Fourth Regiment wants to march from Baltimore to the brigade encampmen near Westminster next month. A formal application for this privilege was forwarded to Adjutant General Warfield yesterday by Col. Charles F. Macklin, the regimental commander.

Colonel Macklin wants to leave Baltimore on Friday afternoon or evening, July 16, so as to be at the camp site the following Sunday morning. If permission to make the march is granted the regiment will make the journey by easy stages, going into bivouac at night. It will be an experience the men will relish, and it will prove a benefit by preparing them for the long, hard marches they will be compelled to make after camp begins. Colonel Macklin said yesterday afternoon he hoped the permission would be granted.

The Fourth expects to take about 500 enlisted men to Westminster, and they are enthusiastic over the trip, having forgotten the hardships of the maneuvers at Pine Camp, New York, last summer. The officers, as well as the enlisted men want Colonel Macklin to take to the coming camp a working uniform for each man, so that the khaki may be kept clean and presentable. At Pine Camp the men worked and lived in khaki and had but one suit of that. Other National Guard regiments were better equipped, some having two changes of khaki or a working uniform in addition to the olive drab. The Fifth Regiment will have the olive drab in addition to the khaki but the Fourth will have nothing but the khaki if the working suits are left in the armory.

The Officers' Association of the Fourth has changed its regular meeting night from Saturday to Friday in the hope of securing a better attendance.

Lieut. Harvey L. Jones, a battalion adjutant in the Fourth, went to the Maryland Agricultural College last week and inspected the battalion of cadets. He also acted as judge in the annual competitive drill. The lieutenant spoke highly of the work of the cadets yesterday afternoon.—Baltimore American.

Watch and Pray.

A prosperous old bishop was one morning breakfasting at a country inn, where as he approached the table he found at his place a nice trout, well cooked and tempting. He closed his eyes to say his grace before meat, not noticing a Quaker gentleman seated opposite who, with a mischievous smile, reached over quickly and scooped the fish over to his own plate. Having finished his prayer, the bishop opened his eyes and prepared to enjoy the trout, but to his surprise and dismay it had disappeared. The jolly Quaker, eyeing the bishop, at the same time demolishing the trout, said with feigned solemnity:

Bishop, thee must watch and pray, watch and pray.

First Father—I never give my boy money for a reward. I don't believe in paying him for being good.

Second Father—Oh, you expect him to be good for nothing, do you? Well, that's about what he is.—Somerville Journal.

WESTMINSTER.

BY GEORGE E. TACK.

Memory gently sweeps the tuned harp
and bids me sing today
Of a city in old Carroll, where oft my
fancies stray;
For "home is where the heart is," and
today my heart's with you.
And I long for you, Westminster, and
your skies of azure hue.

Memory's chiming bells are calling, and
I hasten thro' the gloam
On the winged flight of heart love, all
thy hallowed ways to roam;
Fragrant in the breath of evening, fragrant with the souls of flowers,
And a perfume fills the valleys, damp
with April's silver showers.

Yonder range the towering mountains,
guarding you with rugged might.
Smiting back the raging boreas, keeping vigil day and night.
Lo, I see the starry sentinels, as they
pace the camp of blue,
Looking down with loving watchcare in
their vigils ever true.

Down old Main street I am strolling,
with a nod for each and all,
And the lights are brightly gleaming
and the children's voices call;
Through the balmy air the echoes meet
and blend in cadence sweet,
And my heart with joy is swelling as
each smiling face I greet.

City dwelling in the valley, city dwelling on the hills,
Oft I hear the mellow laughter of your
sparkling, dancing rills;
Hear the roar of rushing trains and
music of the churches' bells
See the courthouse, with its velvet
lawns, or wander thro' your dells.

Memory's harp is softly sounding as the
golden strings are stirred
By echoes from the happy years, when
love songs sweet were heard;
And I see a wondrous vision of sweetheart gone for ave,
See her brown eye laugh and sparkle,
hear her chant love's tender lay.

Farewell, queen of Maryland cities;
farewell city that I love.
May your homes ever bloom with gladness, may your skies bend bright
above;
Fades the joyful light and gladness as
I turn and sadly go
Back to scenes of toil and sorrow, storms
of life and winter's blow.

—Baltimore American.

For the Sentinel

"Railroad Men's Apostle."

The annual outing of the Baltimore and Ohio Branch of the Young Men's Christian Asscoiation, which has been discontinued during the past two years, will be resumed this season and will take place at Island Park, Harper's Ferry, on Thursday, July 29. The committee in charge of this excursion is arranging to make it the largest one in the history of the association, a number of well known speakers having accepted invitations to attend and address the railroaders upon this occasion. Among these will be Miss Jennie Smith, the Railroad Evangelist, J. M. Rice, State Secretary of the Y. M. C. A. in West Virginia, Rev. A. F. Campbell, of Baltimore, and several others. Music will be furnished by Zimmerman's Baltimore Band and luncheon will be served on the grounds. The railroad will cooperate with its employees in making the outing a success and will run special trains to Harper's Ferry from Baltimore, Washington, Mount Airy, Winchester, Martinsburg and Piedmont, in addition to attaching special cars to the regular trains for the accommodation of the excursionists from Hagerstown, Frederick and other points along the road east of the Ohio river.

Miss Jennie Smith, who will make the principal address of the occasion, began a series of noonday meetings this week for the B. & O. shopmen and trainmen, and during these services will extend a personal invitation to the railroad men and their families to be present on the outing. Miss Smith, who is known from coast to coast as the "Apostle of the Railroad Men," is personally acquainted with nearly every man on the Baltimore and Ohio, trainmen as as well as office employees, the circumstances leading to her lifelong work of spreading the gospel among the railroaders being especially interesting.

When a young girl in her 'teens—she is now past 50—she was an invalid confined to bed, and her parents being people of some means, did all in their power to afford her surgical aid. In visiting specialists in various parts of the country, she made several railroad journeys on a stretcher in the baggage car, and while on one of these trips became engaged in conversation with the baggage master, who suggested the efficacy of prayer as a cure. Jennie Smith and the railroad man prayed together and she made a vow that, if cured, she would devote her whole life to religious work. Afterward regaining the use of her limbs she immediately began work among the railroad men, especially the trainman who is toe busy running his train to attend church. For a number of years she has conducted these noonday meetings in the shops, roundhouses, etc., assisting many a railroad man to the promotion he otherwise could not have obtained. Jennie Smith has been one of the foremost advocates of temperance and clean living among the trainmen and has accomplished wonderful results in this direction. Conductors and engineers running some of the fastest trains in the country were converted through her influence when callboys in the roundhouses and messengers, and no matter what road she travels on the probabilities are that one of "her boys" will be a member of the crew.

Dad, Here's To You.

We happened in a home the other night, and over the parlor door saw the legend worked in letters of red; "What is Home Without a Mother?" Across the room was another brief, "God Bless Our Home."

Now what's the matter with "God Bless Our Dad?" He gets up early, lights the fire, boils an egg and wipes off the dew of the dawn with his boots while many a mother is sleepin. He makes the weekly handout for the butcher, the grocer, the milkman and the baker, and his little pile is badly worn before he has been home an hour.

If there is a noise in the night, Dad is kicked in the back and made to go downstairs and find the burglar and kill him. Mother darns the socks, but dad bought the socks in the first place and the needles and the yarn afterward. Mother does the fruit; well Dad, bought it all, and jars and sugar cost like the mischief.

Dad buys the chickens for the Sunday dinner, carves them himself, and draws the neck from the ruin after everyone else is served.

"What is Home Without a Mother?"

Yes, that is all right, but—

"What is Home Without a Father?" Ten chances to one it's a boarding house; father is under a slab and the landlady is the widow. Dad here's to you. You've got your faults—you may have lots of 'em—but you're all right, and we will miss you when you're gone.—Unindentified.

"How do you like your teacher, dear?" little Mary was asked, after her first day at school.

"I like her real well," said Mary, "but I don't think she knows much, for she keeps asking questions all the time."—Delineator.

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