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Plenty of Coal on Hand

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The Lumber, Coal & Supply Co.

june 30-tf

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Groceries, Syrup, Sugar, Molasses, Confectioneries, Cigars, Tobacco, Salt, Fish, Hen and Chick Feed, Cracked Corn, Hominy, Corn Meal, Glass Jars, Stoneware, &c., &c. :-:

At very lowest Market Prices to Merchants Only.

Yours, &c.,

Albaugh & Babylon Grocery Co., - - Westminster, Md.

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I have disposed of all shop worn goods and moved into my new quarters in the **Main-Court Inn**, and am now prepared to furnish my customers with the

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for family consumption. Also a full line of

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March 25 1910 6 3

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To look at my stock of well selected paper will place you under no obligation to have me do the work.

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Annual Clearance Sale of Robes and Blankets

Respectfully,

J. W. SHUNK & SON, Next to Postoffice, Westminster, - Md.

What It Means

Many people do not know what a bank's Capital is for or the difference between a bank with a small Capital and a small Surplus, or a bank with a large Capital and a large Surplus.

A Bank's Capital and Surplus

is the fund that protects the depositors from loss, therefore the larger it is the greater protection the depositor has. This bank has a

Capital of - - - - -	$50,000.00
Surplus fund of - - - - -	80,000.00
Undivided profits of - - - -	40,000.00
Additional stockholder's liabilities of -	50,000.00
A total of - - - - -	$220,000.00

This means that this Bank must lose $220,000.00 before a depositor could lose one cent. This protection is for YOU. When you think "Bank" think

The Westminster Savings Bank

WESTMINSTER, MD.

LEWIS SACHS

Formerly of Westminster is still located in the

Liquor Business

at 941 Pennsylvania Avenue, Baltimore, Md.

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SHIPPING DEPARTMENT

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The undersigned has Ten Farms for sale, containing from 1 to 175 Acres, and several fine town properties and 20 building lots. Apply to

THE REAL ESTATE CO. OF WESTMINSTER.

MICHAEL E. WALSH,

President, No. 175 E. Main St., Westminster, Md. dec 23 tf

FOR SALE.

Brick House and Lot on E. Green street, opposite Westminster High School. Five Rooms, Bath and Basement Kitchen. Apply to

N. H. BAUMGARTNER,

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No Excitement.

"A man doesn't seem to take any pleasure in writing letters to a woman after he has married her," said Mrs. Gloomer. "No," replied Miss Cayenne; "he seems to lose all interest when there is no possibility of his letters being read to a jury."

The Lincoln Way.

F. W. Fitzpatrick a Washington Arcitect, criticises the art Commission in an article published in the American Architect.

"The report of the art Commission in regard to a suitable memorial to Lincoln for which Congress has authorized $2,000,000 has just been made public." Mr. Fitzpatrick says in his article:

"It is scholarly, quite long and undoubtedly has been given much and able study. Rightly it discourages anything that would compete with the Capitol or with the Washington Monument. But it shows a tendency on the part of the Commissioners to stick to the common place, the usualy for they undoubtedly will fall back upon some hackneyed peristyle, colonnade, shaft, vault, statutory or other funeral and perfectly useless monument somewhere upon the Hall, where it will probably balance something else and be upon some imaginary line or axis or still something else, an academic student solution of a great problem that deserved a better fate at their hands.

Surfeit of Monuments.

"Hence in Washington we suffer for a surfeit of so-called monuments. We have colonnades, peristyles, shafts, men on horse back, anatomical studies in bronze fountains, horse troughs and such scattered so promiscuously and so many of them that they give us the nightmare and that without the intermediary of Welsh rarebit. To add to that collection of junk, smacks of cruelty to the natives. We respectfully protest.

"Two sensible projects have been suggested; one a great Lincoln Memorial Highway to Gettysburg, the other a bridge to Arlington. Either would have been a fitting tribute to the great President, sensible and sentimental in that it meant something and linked the present to his time, while like the rugged greatness it commemorated, it also served for practical and daily use. But on account of some legal or other obstcles the Commission sets both of these projects aside.

"Perhaps the commission is set in its ways and will insist upon a terrace, some steps, a lot of weeping mermaids, a few cannons, four cross-eyed infantrymen, a granite shaft, bronze laurel wreaths and a few other vegetables, and, of course, a quadriga, for, remember, no perfectly self respecting monument can possibly be deemed complete without at least one quadriga. But, perhaps it may still think of a states building. Let us pray it may do that or something, a hospital, an old people's home, anything out of the terrible rut of the ordinary. The conventional, the proper caper for a monument to which we have become so slavishly bound."

"Congressman Borland who introduced the bill providing for a Boulevard advises all advocates of this bill to get in touch with members of Confiress asking them to support it, for the reason that he is now preparing to bring the matter to a head."

This column is edited by the Just Government League of Maryland, Headquarters, 15 East Pleasant St., Baltimore, Md.

WOMAN HAS CHARGE OF BIG CITY'S HEALTH.

Mildred Chadsey Appointed Sanitary Inspector of Cleveland—Will Have 28 Men and Women Under Her.

The Board oif Health in Cleveland, Ohio, has promoted Miss Mildred Chadsey to be its chief inspector. She will have charge of the city's force of sanitary police, including two sergeants, a woman inspector of factories and workshops, and about twenty-five sanitary patrolmen.

Miss Chadsey was given charge of tenement inspection last March. Under the re-organization, now effective, fifteen sanitary policemen under Sergeant Molter will be assigned to district work and sanitary inspection, and seven men under Sergeant Kadel will attend to quarantine and disinfection. Miss Chadsey will have general charge of the entire force, and a new card reporting sytsem will be introduced.

When her appointment was under discussion, a member of the Health Board asked whether the men in the department would submit to a woman's orders.

"It was first suggested as a suffragist movement," replied President Harvey, "but the whole sentiment has changed. It was a delicate thing to take up this matter with the sergeants, but we find they are enthusiastic for Miss Chadsey."

He added that Miss Chadsey had shown much tact and diplomacy in handling the tenement inspection work. Superintendent Ford observed that her knowledge of building materials was astonishing.

Miss Chadsey will not only have charge of the police force in the department, but the entire bureau of sanitation will also be under her direction. The salary is $1800.

Cleveland believes it is the first city to put a woman in control of this important department.

Representative Lafferty of Oregon, has introduced in the U. S. House of Representatives a measure to give votes to women throughout the nation.

SOCIALIST WOMAN SUFFRAGIST

Congressman Berger Offers Constitutional Amendment.

Washington, January 16th.—A constitutional amendment for woman suffrage was introduced today by Representative Berger, of Wisconsin.

A great petition is being circulated by the Socialist party, and Representative Berger declared that 1,000,000 petitioners would be on the roll in favor of votes for women when the document finally is presented to Congress.

To Enfranchise Women.

Sweden Will Make Them Eligible at Elections to Rikstakg.

Stockholm, Sweden, Jan. 16th.—Women are henceforth to take a full and equal share with men in the political life of Sweden.

The speech from the Throne at the opening of the Rikstag today contained the announcement that a bill was to be introduced enfranchising women and making them eligible at the elections to the Rikstag on the same conditions as men.

Every Swede over 24 years of age and not under any legal disability has the right to vote for members of the second chamber.

On behalf of the Government it was stated that King Gustav, who opened the sessions of the Rikstag in person, regards it as right and in the best interest of the state that women should be placed on this equality with men.

The speech from the Throne also announced that an inquiry had been opened with a view to the adoption of a complete systematic scheme of defense which would insure the independence of Sweden without overstraining the resources of the taxpayers.

Of Especial Interest to Marylanders.

On January 16th, Mr. Thomas G. Campbell, of Owings Mills, Baltimore county, introduced the bill before the House of Delegates asking that the women of Maryland be allowed to vote on equal terms with men. Mr. Stevenson A. Williams, of Bel Air drafted the bill. The bill will probably come up for a hearing within the next few weeks and everyone who is interested in seeing the real spirit of Democracy prevail in Maryland should make every effort to be present at the time of the hearing. In six States of the Union women vote on equal terms with men, and in four other States the Suffrage bill has passed the House and Senate and will be submitted to the people of the next election. Why should Maryland not be the first State East of the Mississippi to show the whole world that it appreciates its women and thereby stand as a model to New York, and the other so-called progressive states? If you want to see the women given a trial, write to the Delegates from your district and say so. If you ever expect to help the Cause, do it now. Don't wait for someone else to do the work, and then enjoy the benefits. Don't wait for thousands of girls to die in the factories, before you take a stand and demand that society treat its women fairly. Rich women are treated with respect by the men of this state. Is the working girl not more deserving of their courtesy? In speaking of chivalry, one factory girl said: "I would rather stand in a crowded car than to have a man get up and offer me his place, could I be paid the same wages that that man gets for an equal amount of work." Is justice not more to be commended than chivalry? If you think so, help the Suffragists, Who Think First of the Child and the Working Woman, Ground Down Under the Heel of the Money-Grabber and the Politician, and later of their own comforts. The corrupt politician, the gambler, the keeper of immoral resorts, and the saloon woman opposes woman suffrage. Where Do You Stand, With Them or Against Them?

Faithful to Duty.

When the army of Pompey stormed and took Jerusalem, at the moment the temple was taken, the priests were engaged with the daily sacrifice, and amid all the horrors which surrounded them, they continued their solemn duties unmoved, thinking it better to suffer whatever came upon them at their very altars than to omit anything their law required.

A Typographical Error

By Jane Ludham Lee

"It's no use, Edna, the Lord never meant me to be very happy in this world. I'll have to take what I can get and be thankful."

Edna looked up with a bored expression. "Some people don't deserve even what they get."

The two girls were directly opposite types. Eleanor was tall, graceful, high strung, nervous, full of life and energy. Her most attractive features were her eyes, dark and deep set, with a longing, unsatisfied expression. Edna was a type much less interesting, cold, phlegmatic and near-sighted; a much smaller woman, too, with colorless gray eyes.

On the bed lay lingerie of the most alluring kind, the sort of things that only women can appreciate. Pile upon pile of lacy stuffs were scattered about the room. Negliges so attractive that one could almost wish for an illness as an excuse to wear them. Surrounded by these pretty things that women love, sat Eleanor Godfrey, who tomorrow would be the bride of Tom Grant.

"There's one thing I can never regret," she said, "I told Tom everything before he took me. It was brutally frank, I admit, to tell your future husband that the best love of your life has been given to another."

"Poor boy," murmured Edna.

"Poor boy, indeed. Don't I have to live with him? Don't I have to see him waste his life? And is it nothing that I have to eke out an existence crushing down my sighs, forcing back my tears?"

Walking across the room to where Edna sat, she put her hands on a pair of very unsympathetic shoulders.

"How can you judge? You do not know the case. Now listen. Every breath I breathe, every prayer I utter, ever beat of my aching heart is for Jack Winston. I've loved him ever since I was a little girl, but you see I couldn't very well marry him because he never asked me. Then, too, Jack is so poor, and all my life I've been longing for things that Tom Grant's



"How can you judge?"

money will buy for me. I didn't deceive him. I said I couldn't love him; but he, still knowing this, wants to marry me and I accepted. Now judge me if you will."

Edna straightened up a bit and the lines about her mouth seemed to grow deeper in an instant.

"One question, please, before I render the verdict. You take upon your soul the wrecking of this man's existence. You will suck the honey from the flower of his life and leave him nothing but the stem. This is easier for you than being an 'old maid.' Then, too, supposing that Tom was in love with some other girl?"

"I plead guilty to the charge, judge, and accept the sentence of the court. Your logic is getting stale; so let's go to bed that I may get my beauty sleep and make a handsome bride. Think of it, dear girl, tomorrow at this hour my visiting cards will read 'Mrs. Thomas Kemp Grant.'"

The lights were put out and Eleanor was soon fast asleep, while Edna lay wide awake, as though her brain ran the words "I do not love him and he knows it." If she only dared.

The next morning was colorless, the air heavy; in fact, just the sort of day to make a bride look out of the window and wonder if she really were superstitious. It was about 9 o'clock and Tom was whistling one minute and singing the next. He walked into the bedroom where his friend and best man lay peacefully sleeping.

"Get up, you lazy vagabond. We can't keep the bride waiting, you know That's her privilege."

The best man rubbed his eyes, growled a bit, and finally crawled out.

"Guess I'll take a shower," he said. "Need some sort of a bracer to put me through this ordeal. I wouldn't do this for every fellow I know. Whisky," he went on, "as a bracer is far superior to water in my personal and valuable opinion, but the maid of honor might object. Better take one or the other yourself, old chap. You're looking pretty ragged for a bridegroom."

Tom was practically ready. After working about an hour on it, he had managed to arrange his white puff tie to his entire satisfaction. He had buttoned and unbuttoned his waistcoat until his thumbs were blistered. He had pulled it down in front and buckled it at the back until the seams threatened to give way.

"I say, old man," he yelled at the bathroom door, "do you believe in presentiments?"

"Bet I do," screamed the best man. "Got one now."

"What's that?" shrieked Tom.

A shaggy head appeared at the door and amid the soapsuds came this, "I've a presentiment that this is going to be a jolly cold proposition."

"What, my marriage?"

"What a conceited ass you are, Tom. I had reference to my shower."

The door closed just in time to receive a well-aimed boot.

By 11 the men were ready and on their way to the house. As they neared it, Tom became more and more nervous. There seemed to be a weight on his heart that he could not lift. At that moment the best man was hanging out the cab window, cursing the driver for the snail-like pace they were pursuing.

"I say, Cabby, this is a wedding that we are going to, not a funeral. I'll give you an extra half dollar if you hurry."

"An extra half, is it? You talk like a politician. Well, sir, you might corrupt me, but this horse can't be bribed and weddin's or funerals, his gait is all the same. Rest easy while you can, sir—the lady will drive you fast enough once she gets the reins."

The best man was about to rail at the Irish as a nation, when Tom said: "If anything should happen—"

"Jumping Jupiter, Tom, brace up. You look as if you had curvature of the spine. Pull yourself together, will you? Any girl that had such a looking object as you on her calling list would be ostracized by good society and one who would marry you would be declared mentally incompetent."

"All right, I'll pull up, but I've a beastly idea that something is going wrong. Jack, old man, I can't do it. I'm in love with Edna Cross and not with Eleanor. I've just begun to realize it."

"You old poacher, then why did you ask Eleanor to marry you, when you knew that I have loved her all my life, and I have been trying to forget her for months? Night after night I went over and sat with Edna, trying to make myself think I was forgetting Eleanor."

"And every night," said Tom, "I went to see Eleanor because you were over at Edna's and I had no right to trespass on your preserves. A nice mess we've made of it. What are we going to do?"

"Do? Why, that's easy enough," assured Jack. "I am going to be the groom and you can just slide back into my boots as best man. We'll blame the whole thing on the printer. Trust me, old man. I said I'd see you through this ordeal, and I'm going to keep my word."

As the cab finally reached the house the men stepped out and were ushered into the room where the minister was waiting for them. No word of explanation was uttered, and the men took their places by the minister, who was to pronounce them man and wife. The wedding march was played and as Eleanor in her gorgeous robes came forth to meet the man of her choice, Jack Winston stepped forth and offered her his arm. Eleanor was speechless, but too happy to resent, and before the gaping crowd the minister tied the knot that made them one "till death do them part."

Then Jack began his explanations:

"Simplest thing in the world," he said. "You see, Tom ordered the invitations, and of course the printer took it for granted that it was his wedding—merely a typographical error, nothing more."

Eleanor's mother stepped in at this moment and with a haughty manner inquired:

"Then may I ask why Tom gave the bachelor dinner—why Tom bought the ring?"

"Yes, mother," said Jack, with a very proprietory manner. "You see, I was broke at the time, and Tom, as you all know, is just loaded with money, so I gave him carte blanche to just go ahead as if it was his own wedding and I'd pay him back in good time. You see, I only came into my inheritance yesterday, and that would have been too late to order invitations, give dinners, etc. Anyway, how could you ever think that Tom was going to marry Eleanor? Why, he's engaged to marry Edna, and if you don't believe me, ask them for yourself. I tell you it was a typographical error—nothing more."

The color that suffused Edna's face, and the smile that glorified Jack's verified the statement, and the guests were in a flutter of pleasurable excitement when, in the corner, Jack was shaking Tom by the hand and saying:

"Didn't I tell you I'd see you through it, old man?"

Attar of Roses to Be More Costly.

The yield of attar of roses for the Bulgarian district known as the Valley of the Roses, where some 7,000 acres are under cultivation, amounted in 1910 to 5,500 pounds, valued at $720,242, an average of $130 a pound, as against 11,000 pounds, valued at $895,436, an average of $81 a pound, in 1909. The 1911 crop has suffered from frost and the price of the petals has risen from one and one-half cents to four cents a pound. A rise may consequently be expected in the price of the essence.

Suitably Attired.

Jester—I don't approve of black garments on solemn occasions.

Lester—Not even for an executioner.

Jester—No; he should be dressed to kill.

Story of Chicago Physician.

A prominent physician tells this story: A poor woman went to a nearby dispensary to ask aid for her little son who had one of his fingers smashed with a baseball bat. At the first room where she applied a curt attendant told her that the boy could not be treated there. "Wrong place," he explained, "this is the eye and the ear department." "Vere is der thumb and finger department?" inquired the woman, simply.

Architecturally Speaking.

"I am the architect of my own fortune," said Mr. Dustin Stax.

"Well," replied Mr. Holden Howes, "by being your own architect you're liable to get some curious effects, but you do save a lot of money on plans and specifications."

A Gentle Sting.

Miss Oldgirl—When I am doing serious work, I hate to have a lot of men hanging around bothering me.

Miss Pert—You do a great deal of serious work, do you not?"

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