Notice of Election

Notice is hereby given in accordance with and in pursuance of Section 14 of Article 33 of the Code of Public General Laws of the State of Maryland to the qualified voters of Carroll County, Maryland, on

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1916

at the following places in the several precincts and districts to-wit:

District No. 1, Precinct No. 1.—In Firemen's Building on Baltimore street, in Taneytown.

District No. 1, Precinct No. 2.—In Eckenrode's shop, on Church street, in Taneytown.

District No. 2, Precinct No. 1.—In the I. O. M. Building, in Uniontown.

District No. 2, Precinct No. 2.—In the residence of Luther O. Eckard, in Tyrone.

District No. 3.—At the Mystic Chain Hall, in Silver Run.

District No. 4, Precinct No.1.—In the property occupied by Denton Leister, near Sandyville, known as the Babylon's Hotel, same as last year.

District No. 4, Precinct No. 2.—In Jr. O. U. A. M. Hall, Mechanicsville.

District No. 5.—In the building of Selby and Frizzell, in Eldersburg.

District No. 6, Precinct No. 1.—In the Firemen's Building, Manchester.

District No. 6, Precinct No. 2.—In the vacant room adjoining the residence of Miss Sarah C. Trump, in Manchester.

District No. 7, Precinct No. 1.—In the vacant room of John Poisel, on E. Main street, in Westminster.

District No. 7, Precinct No. 2.—In the store room of Frank T. Shaeffer at the Forks of W. Main street and Pennsylvania avenue, in Westminster.

District No. 7, Precinct No. 3.—In the office of Joseph L. Mathias, on East Main street, in Westminster.

District No. 7, Precinct No. 4.—In the store room of D. S. Gehr, on Liberty street, same as last year, in Westminster.

District No. 8.---At Firemen's Building, Hampstead.

District No. 9.---At the residence of Mrs. Malinda Smith, Taylorsville.

District No. 10.---At the Hotel of Mrs. Lynn, Middleburg.

District No. 11.---At Firemen's Hall, in New Windsor.

District No. 12.---At the Firemen's Building, Union Bridge.

District No. 13.---In storeroom of W. R. Rudy, opposite the First National Bank, in Mt. Airy.

District No. 14.--In the residence of Wm. F. Jordan, in Berret.

For the purpose of electing eight Electors of President and Vice-President of the United States, one person for the office of United States Senator from Maryland, one person for a Member of the House of Representatives of the United States from the Second Congressional District of Maryland, and of voting for or against the proposition, "Shall this county continue to be Anti-Saloon Territory?" and to vote on an amendment to the Constitution of the State of Maryland as proposed and set forth in Chapter 159 of the Acts of the General Assembly of Maryland and passed at its January Session A. D., 1916.

POLLS OPEN AT 8 O'CLOCK A. M. AND CLOSE AT 6 O'CLOCK, P. M.

The Judges of Election are directed to make their returns of election before 12 o'clock, noon, on the second day (Thursday) after said election as provided and required by Section 76, inclusive, of the Election Laws.

ALONZO B. SELLMAN, PRES.;
EDWARD O. DIFFENDAL,
WM. H. PAYNTER,
Board of Supervisors of Election for Carroll County, Md.
Test: Jacob Long, Clerk.

Oct. 27, 2t.

Test:—Jacob Long, Clerk.

ALONZO B. SELLMAN, President;
EDWARD O. DIFFENDAL,
WM. H. PAYNTER,
Board of Supervisors of Election for Carroll County, Md.

FOR ELECTORS OF PRESIDENT AND VICE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES VOTE FOR EIGHT		FOR ELECTORS OF PRESIDENT AND VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES VOTE FOR EIGHT		
WILLIAM G. DUFFY, BALTIMORE CITY.	LABOR			
LEO REISS, BALTIMORE CITY.	LABOR			
DAVID H. SCHMULOVITZ, BALTIMORE CITY.	LABOR			
WORD HORST MILLS, BALTIMORE CITY.	LABOR			
ROBERT W. STEVENS, BALTIMORE CITY.	LABOR			
NATHAN KLIENMAN, BALTIMORE CITY.	LABOR			
BENJAMIN GOLDMAN, BALTIMORE CITY.	LABOR			
ABRAHAM EGOREN, BALTIMORE CITY.	LABOR			
FOR UNITED STATES SENATOR VOTE FOR ONE		FOR REPRESENTATIVE IN THE SIXTY-FIFTH CONGRESS OF THE UNITED STATES FROM THE SECOND CONGRESSIONAL DISTRICT OF MARYLAND VOTE FOR ONE		
JOSEPH IRWIN FRANCE, CECIL COUNTY.	REPUBLICAN	WM. H. CHAMPLIN, BALTIMORE COUNTY.	PROHIBITION	
JAMES W. FRIZZELL, BALTIMORE CITY.	PROHIBITION	JOHN S. GREEN, BALTIMORE COUNTY.	REPUBLICAN	
FRANK N. H. LANG, BALTIMORE CITY.	LABOR	WILLIAM H. LAWRENCE, BALTIMORE COUNTY.	DEMOCRATIC	
DAVID J. LEWIS, ALLEGANY COUNTY.	DEMOCRATIC	JSHUA FREDERICK C. TALBOTT, BALTIMORE COUNTY.	SOCIALIST	
SYLVESTER L. V. YOUNG, WASHINGTON COUNTY.	SOCIALIST			

PLANS OF MICE AND MEN

By RUTH ISHAM.

Tommy Carstairs early in his career made up his mind to keep a level head and not let his heart run away with him. He would watch his chance and marry some girl who happened to be an only daughter of some rich old fellow with a bad heart.

So he settled down to his ledger at Smith & Dewey's, fairly well contented with life, confident that time was all that was needed to consummate his plan.

Therefore it was with keen annoyance that he woke one morning realizing that he had made a fool of himself the night before and, quite before he knew what he was doing, had proposed to Clorinda Mowry, one of the stenographers at the office.

Tommy had been afraid of Clorinda. He had caught himself time and again watching the outline of her head against the big plate glass window, and her hair had a way of catching the sun and reflecting it into his eyes that was quite annoying.

And being fully aware that the girl would wreck all his carefully laid plans for a prosperous future if he were not exceptionally cautious, it was ridiculous that he had allowed his feelings to get the better of him just because a silly boat upset and he thought she was dying. He had called her his darling. And he had told she must live for him, that he adored her, and so on.

Then a light broke upon his gloom. Had he really proposed to her? Telling a girl you love her and that she is so-and-so and so-and-so doesn't mean that you have offered her your heart and hand. He bathed and dressed hurriedly, breakfasted and made for the office. He had a plan.

"The vacation lists are out and I'll sign up for mine right away. By the time I get back perhaps Clorinda will have forgotten what I said. Besides, if I go to Kenebunket, or Menobscot, where millionaires are at a discount, I may be able to persuade some fair maid to take me on for keeps. Why not?"

Well, there is no use in relating that Tommy had another awakening almost as shocking as the one I have described. Only this one took several days. In that time he learned that although his name might be W. Thomas Carstairs and that he dressed well, the summer colonists would have none of him. He found himself in a state of isolation that was enlightening and not flattering. But just when he needed consolation the most he found it. And her name was Lorelei!

He was coming along the beach one day and as he passed she dropped her book. He restored it. She thanked him. He remarked on the weather. She spoke of something else. They both mentioned boating and it ended in taking a ride in a launch together. She was very pretty—straight, classic features and very light hair netted and puffed to perfection.

"I've only been here a day or so," she said confidentially, "and I feel rather lost. You see, we've been in Europe every summer until last year and we spent that in the Canadian Rockies. Father and mother are there now, but I came here from school with my companion to wait until they join me. Then we are going to Nova Scotia."

Tommy chirked up his business ear.

The boat ride was a great success and over all too soon. Then followed a stroll on the terrace and, later, they went into the billiard room.

They sat down and waited for a table. Two men next to Tommy were talking.

"I see old Golden's dead!" said one.

"You don't say so. Who'll get his money?"

"That little granddaughter, the only one of the whole family that's left. You know her parents died on the Essex when it was blown up. She gave up every cent of her fortune to the Belgians and they say the old man was so mad he wouldn't give her a dime. So she's working somewhere for a living. Of course she'll get it all now. Something like fifteen millions!"

The two weeks were up and Tommy had to leave, but not before one moonlight night he had begged for Lorelei's hand and been promised it.

Then came the day when he had to return to the office. He had worried about Clorinda, wondering how she would take it. But he put on a brave front and went in. Her place was empty!

"Haven't you heard the news, Tommy?" called Fosdick. "Old Golden was Clorinda's granddaddy and he up and died and left her fifteen millions."

Tommy was holding his desk for support.

"And we miss her like the devil, but there's a peach taking her place—tall, blonde and—ahem."

A girl walked over to Clorinda's seat and sat down in front of the machine. "Lorelei," gasped Tommy, "by all that's holy!"

Now, I ought to finish by saying that Tommy got his just deserts, that Lorelei insisted upon him keeping his bargain and led him an awful life. But it didn't happen. When she found who he was and that he was making only $75 a month she threw him over.

And, on the other hand, Clorinda insisted upon thinking she was engaged to him and refused to give him up. So Tommy plays polo and the heavy swell on his wife's money, but I will say he is perfectly splendid to her, for he loves her after all.

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CLEAR BAD SKIN FROM WITHIN

Pimply, muddy complexions are due to impurities in the blood. Clear up the skin by taking Dr. King's New Life Pills. Their mild laxative qualities remove the poisons from the system and brighten the eye. A full, free, non-griping bowel movement in the morning is the reward of a dose of Dr. King's New Life Pills the night before. At your Druggist 25c. 1

DON'T NEGLECT YOUR COLD

Neglected colds get worse, instead of better. A stuffed head, a tight chest must be relieved at once. Dr. Bell's Pine-Tar-Honey is Nature's remedy. Honey and glycerine heal the irritated membrane, antiseptic tar loosens the phlegm, you breathe easier and your cold is broken up. Pleasant to take, Dr. Bell's Pine-Tar-Honey is an ideal remedy for children as well as grown-ups. At your Druggist, 25c. No. 1

It is Serious

Some Westminster People Fail to Realize that Seriousness of a Bad Back.

The constant aching of a bad back,
The weariness, the tired feeling,
The pains and aches of kidney ills
May result seriously if neglected.
Dangerous urinary troubles often follow.

A Westminster citizen shows you what to do.

Mrs. Jennie Nagle, 92 Pennsylvania, Ave., Westminster, says "Many years ago I had terrible trouble with my kidneys. My back pained me so much that I couldn't do my work. My feet swelled so I couldn't put my shoes on and my head ached constantly. The kidney secretions were unnatural and annoyed me greatly. Doctors didn't help me at all and when afriend told me about Doan's Kidney Pills, I decided to give them a trial. They helped me immediately. I still use Doan's Kidney Pills occasionally, procuring them at Boyle's Drug Store."

Price 50c, at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mrs. Nagle uses. Foster-Milburn Co., Props. Buffalo, N. Y.

COUNTY COMMISSIONERS

The Board was in session Monday. All the members were present and bills were approved and ordered paid.

Ex-Judge Oscar Lesser, of Baltimore, instructed the assessors in the office Wednesday.

Watch babies bowels till the frosts come. Dr. Fahrney's Teething Syrup keeps them in good shape. Sample free.

CHILDREN'S CORNER

CAPE COD CANAL

Coming from Boston one beautiful evening in August, on the steamship Bunker Hill, we neared the funnel shaped entrance to the canal where we met and were boarded by the canal pilot. The trip through is one of marked interest as we noislessly glided into the canal proper, with now and then a soft swish of the waters against the artificial bluffs on either side, our pilot leaving us, only after he had carefully taken us the entire mile or so into open sea. There are three large bridges over the canal, each a finished product of those who built them. One large Sherzer, double track, lift, railroad bridge, weighing 2200 tons; a Bourne highway bridge and the Sagamore bridge. The first electric car went over the Bourne bridge in June, 1911. These bridges are all brilliantly lighted with electricity. When the great ships are passing through, these immense arms silently lift themselves into the air like a thing alive each electric light adjusting itself. After the passing, the entire bridge settles in closing as gracefully as a fan would open and shut. When Mr. Belmont christened and joined the waters of the two bays, he said: "May the meeting of these waters bring happiness and prosperity to our country, and save some of the misery which the waters of the Cape have caused in the past."

In that past, the record is for a half century, two thousand vessels were wrecked between Martha's Vineyard and Manomoy; 700 lives lost, and a half million dollars destroyed. The trip to Boston, Portland, and the north, by way of the Cape Cod canal, is one to be not only desired, but intensely interesting and delightful for summer and good weather. P.

For the Sentinel.

LEND-A-HAND BOOK CLUB OF STATEWOOD

"Autumn arrives, arrayed in splendid mien,
Vines, clustered full, add to the peauteous scene
And fruit trees clothed profusely laden, nod,
Complaint, bowing to the fertile sod."

A steady downpour of rain and windstorm did not deter the lend-a-Hand book club from holding the regular monthly meeting Thursday, October 19, at the home of Mrs. Geo. Patterson Baseman, situated on the State road about two miles from Statewood. The name on the deed is "Baseman's Discovery."

A long, long time ago, three brothers, John Baseman, the eldest inheriting all the estate, as was the custom in England; Joseph and Thomas Baseman, becoming peeved, left for the Colonies, Joseph bringing a tall clock, and John a half dozen pewter spoons. After clearing a space in the thick forest, then a home for brothers in a lower kingdom, for many can relate the thrilling stories of Bre'r Fox and Bre'r Wolf. They hewed the timber and built a log cabin on a fine elevation overlooking Morgan Run. The estate comprised three thousand acres at the time, reaching to Eldersburg. Seventy-five years ago, Capt. Joshua Beasman, father of George ePatterson Beasman, who now occupies the farm, built the present brick mansion, burning 52,000 bricks in a kiln across the road of the home on the banks of the stream. The bricks were carried away by a flood. Nothing daunted 52,000 more were made ready and now stand in stately evidence of colonial architecture.

It was a rare treat for the club to be entertained in the commodious rooms full of antique furniture, for there stands the handsome mahogany case clock which Joseph brought from the home across the seas. The face has the moon with date of month in perfect working order; the silvery chimes of the bell, the swinging brass pendulum carved with a horseback rider called "Don Cassark" were all displayed to the admiring eyes of the club members, reminding one of "Helen's Babies" standing and clamoring to see the wheels go round!," for Mr. Beasman wound with key the ponderous weights, altho the regular time for years has been on Saturday morning.

How the club hurried through the business meeting and even program of reading of poetry, by Miss Minnie Shauck, to enjoy and relax the pressure of present day living and go back to the past. How lovely to have the large family Bible of long ago brought in by our host, and then see the almost illegible date of 1775. This Bible is bound in leather, the backs are held fast by heavy twine string. A good list of births, sons and daupghters, every two years from 1775 to 1792 is the family record. The margins contain lead pencil notes almost illegible, the new Testament showing it was much read. The hand writing has flourishes and fancy decorations. A most interesting book from cover to cover. Not less interesting to sit on long deep hair cloth sofas, brocaded lounges, to gaze at portraits that once hung in the home of the once famous beauty, Miss Patterson, or enjoy the softening shadows that fell through the quaint venitian blinds across spindlelegged chairs and carved tables and old Parisian piano.

And the guest chamber with the mammoth mahogany high-post bedstead with canopy top and hugh feather bed, suggesting steps to mount! Who would not like to dispose of wraps and hats thereon? It was like paying a visit to your great-great-grandmother.

Among the delights of the afternoon was supper served by Mrs. Beasman. Two tables graced the dining-room, two hosts did the honors of the occasion. A genial host was Mr. Beasman at the head of the broad and stately board, which seats twenty-five guests. There is a charm I know not why of flowers in a basket. Such was the centre piece on the snowy linen. Colors running riot, chrysanthemums of splendid bloom, bending, swaying, over basket sides and handle. And then the smaller table in the room, at which the son of the house presided as the host to the little guests, he himself but four years old. If plates did but need a small replenishing, even to a tiny pickle, he saw his ladies were well served. Is chivalry dead? Not while Joshua Patterson Beasman, 3rd, entertains with his tiny table and tiny table cloth and tiny chairs.

The supper was choice food to suit an epicure. A more delightful social hour was never the fate of the club. Our host made warm the welcome in the home which has been in the family for five generations. The hostess, Mrs. Beasman, flitting from kitchen and pantry with such delicious concoctions of pink ham creamed chicken, tender lettuce and olives, small pickles and cheese, to speak nothing of the sweets, with grapes in lovely clusters.

What then was left to be desired, after seeing the original log cabin still in good preservation forming a part of the present structure. The garret. If we could only have gotten into the garret! there are poke bonnets, hoop skirts, grecian bends, capes with tabs, high heeled shoes, flowered silk drssss, big chests and band boxes. There are, we know, there are I am asking myself when will the club meet there again?

JASONTOWN

We are having fine weather for this time of the year.

Everyone is glad to know the Maryland soldier boys are so near their homes. Their families will be very happy when they arrive home.

Mr. Wm. Robertson and family, Miss Maggie Poole and Mr. Mahlon Lambert and family were Sunday