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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 WILLIAM EDWARD BAKER, 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 29th day of July, 1918, they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate.

Given under my hand this 26th day of December, 1917.

JOHN W. BAKER, Executor.

12-26-5t.

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Drop me a card. tf

Dead Animals Removed

CALL LEIDY

Phone 529

Westminster, - Marvand

Cold Weather at the army camps, but no cold feet reported.

The "Telegraph Touch"

By Ellis Lee

(Copyright, 1917, Western Newspaper Union.)

Edson Worth was dreaming of Marie Duntley, when he should have been wide awake. Marie was the night operator at Wolf Springs, forty miles west, yet he felt as near to her as though she was the width of a partition beyond him. Edson had been at Merrivale in charge of the station for two years. He used to boast—and prove—that he could identify the sender of half a dozen ticks over the wire, through familiarity with the touch."

"It isn't the ticks, they are all the same, plain as the alphabet," Edson used to say. "But every operator has a touch essentially his own. It's like a mannerism in speech. It takes an expert to detect it. I call myself one. So, I always know who is talking."

Edson had been "talking" up to an hour previous, little snatches of greeting, snappy raillery, to greet responsive brief words that made Edson sure he was not indifferent to the bright, dainty little operator at Wolf Springs.

"Why, when Marie is on the wire, the first tick of the call sends a thrill through me. It's just as if our fingers met," Edson had told his sister once. "That must mean true love, hey, Maggie?" and Maggie had encouraged his conception with a smiling nod, and Edson was content.

He was all alone, and it was nearly midnight. He had slipped down in his chair into a comfort seeking position, for routine stuff was out of the way, and there was nothing due on train detail under an hour, unless special orders came out. Usually Edson read or smoked to keep awake. His thoughts of fair Marie, however, lulled him into a hazy, pleasant thrall, and insensibly he glided into somnolency.

Edson was guilty of a fatal lack of diligence. If No. 27 on the North Branch was reported on time, he was to telegraph the bridge station at Woodville to hold 34 on the main until the branch train had cleared the bridge. Orders were due within the hour. For the hour and beyond it Edson slumbered. He awoke with a start. Such a thing had never happened before. His first glance was at the clock. He sprang to his feet, a white horror in his face, his body in a cold perspiration. Train 34 had passed eighty minutes agone, and he had not heard it, and—

"—met on the bridge. Both trains were late and must have disregarded signals. Casualties heavy and two coaches in the river, completely submerged."

A hand of ice seemed to seize his heart in a crushing grip, his brain reeled. Before his mental vision there passed a frightful picture of carnage and destruction. For the moment and for hours later Edson Worth was an insane, irresponsible creature of frantic unreason and impulse.

His first action was to close his ears to the monotonous drone of what he reconized as a fragment of a press dispatch. He dashed from the station like a being pursued by dreadful phantoms. That noon he had received his monthly salary and it was still intact in his pocket. He passed the cottage in which his sister lived, but only increased his reckless rate of speed. Its welcoming lights had no influence to lure him to shelter, to compassion, to safety!

Edson tore along the dark country road until, breathless, exhausted, he sank to the platform of a railroad depot on a line going north. A train came along within the hour. Edson entered its dimly lighted smoking car and crouched in the corner of its darkest seat.

"Where to?" challenged the conductor.

"Terminus," sounded hoarsely in the parched throat of the new passenger.

He paid the fare, knowing from the pretentious amount named that it was over two hundred miles ahead. One urging impulse directed him—to get as fast and as far from home and friends and all the world as speedily as possible.

The wilderness, the furtherest outposts of civilization seemed to beckon him on—he, an Ishmael, accursed of all mankind as a murderer! His crime crushed him. He would bury himself amid an obscurity barren of men and homes. He might not be able to forget, but he would meet with no familiar poignant reminders of what had been, what was never to be again.

The pineries—it came to him like an inspiration as at the end of the first stage of his journey he took another train, still headed north. Two roughly garbed men in a seat in front of him were discussing their plans and prospective destinations—a logging camp far over the Canadian border.

"They shall be my guides," he reflected. "Surely I can get work, and work may enable me in time to drive this awful dread and remorse from my guilty soul."

Certainly it was remote enough from civilization, the hermit spot he had chosen. Little danger of his identity or his crime penetrating this vast solitude of nature. When he arrived at the camp, the foreman of one of the logging gangs was glad to engage his services, for help was scarce that season.

Edson, as Mark Lane, was quartered in a rudely constructed hut with a mate, a lively genial young fellow about his own age. They messed at one of the big eating sheds, but slept in the ten-by-twelve shack with a narrow fireplace and some skins for bed covering. Ned Walters strove hard to break through the reserve of his mate. And at last he succeeded. Gradually Edson became so that he longed for and cherished the companionship. Ned Walters told of a wife and little child, whom he had been forced to leave to seek work where he could find it. He had landed up against the hard servitude of the logging camp. Once a month he sent to the nearest post office with the camp messenger his entire salary, to be forwarded to the loved ones at home. One day he sat reading and rereading a letter he had received from his wife. It seemed to oppress him greatly.

"Bad news," insinuated Edson in sympathetic inquiry.

"Pretty bad," responded Walters. "You see, our few sticks of furniture were mortgaged, and they are bringing the pressure of collection to bear. I can't send enough to run the house and release the debt."

"Will that help?" asked Edson, handing over his pay envelope.

"Yes, but—"

"Money is no use to me. I have no home, no friends to send it to," murmured Edson in a broken voice. "You are welcome to it, mate."

"It will be repaid, believe me that!" cried Walters, overcome with relief and joy.

One month later Edson Worth was taken down with a two-weeks' spell of fever. Walters nursed him constantly. When Edson recovered, Walters informed him that a relative of his wife had come to the rescue of the family and had secured an opening for work for him back in his home city.

"You will receive back that money you so generously loaned me just as soon as I get my bearings," promised Walters.

It was pretty lonesome for Edson after this chance friend left him. Then one day he made a discovery that unsettled him greatly. On a strip of paper lying under the bed he observed penciled notations, his own name, that of the station he had deserted and the name of Marie Duntley.

Edson tried to figure out the meaning of this. The handwriting was that of Walters. Suddenly his mind was illumined. In his fevered delirium he had bared all the story of the past, and Walters had it in mind to investigate it when he returned to civilization. No matter what kindly motive might impel him, there was danger of his setting the emissaries of the law upon his track.

Cowardly fear oppressed the forlorn refugee. He decided to leave the camp. The first sledge over to Warrenton, the nearest post, Edson as a passenger. There was no train for twenty-four hours. The little station was free to all. He slept upon one of its benches that night, got his breakfast outside and then sat down in the station again to wait for the train.

Edson had dozed. Only himself and the depot agent were in evidence. He aroused at the sound of the ticking of the telegraph instrument. Then he sat bolt upright like one turned to stone, for the message came over the wires:

"At any expense learn at once if a man calling himself Mark Lane is still at the logging camp." And the sender of the message—oh! he could not mistake that peculiar telegraph touch—was Marie Duntley! His senses reeled, he doubted the evidence of reason. What could it mean? She, his love, the fond spirit of all his dreams way up here at land's end, and seeking him! Only love, loyal love, could bring about this situation. Edson staggered to the window of the little office.

"That wire," he spoke in an unsteady tone—"from Bassville?"

"Yes. What's the matter, friend?"

"I am the person inquired about. Wire back that I will be at Bassville on the next train."

What was he rushing into? Upon what vague menacing fate? What was he to meet? Marie, only Marie!

And, joy and rapture and love in her radiant face, she greeted him twelve hours later.

"My poor dead! my suffering, desolate love!" she sobbed. "Your friend, Mr. Walters, came to me, and I left everything to bear to you the tidings of wonderful happiness."

"The wreck at the bridge—"

"Not Merrivale bridge, on our line, but one hundred miles away. You slept at your post and misconstrued it all. Close your eyes and put your face close to mine, heart of my heart, for whom I have pined and pined, and loved, and then a little prayer, a fervent word of gratitude, that the dark cloud of your life is lifted at last!"

Once Ruled Most of World.

For more than six centuries Arab domination was supreme in western Asia, northern Africa from the Upper Nile to the Black sea, over most of Spain and, for a time, a large part of France, as well as much of the Mediterranean coast, and from the Persian gulf to the Pyrenees. As Sidney Low has said: "The Ommeyad, Abbasid and Fatimite Caliphs were lords of Egypt, Tripoli, Morocco and Spain, of Syria and Cilicia, or Iran and Khorassan. Had they composed their dynastic quarrels and kept their rebellious emirs in order they might have mastered Italy and France, as well as turned St. Peter's into a mosque and set up Moslem doctors to expound the koran at Oxford."

Nerve of a "Rookie."

During some recent maneuvers, says the Rehoboth Sunday Herald, a raw recruit had been told off as orderly.

On reaching the marquee where the officer was he poked his head in and bluntly inquired:

"Have ye anything for me to do, mister?"

Disgustedly laying down his cigar, the officer exclaimed:

"Why the deuce don't you introduce yourself in a proper manner? Sit down," he added, "and I will show you how to report yourself."

The "rookie" seated himself and the officer, proceeding to the entrance, walked briskly into the tent, saluted, and said:

"Orderly for the day, sir. Have you any orders for me?"

The recruit calmly picked up the discarded cigar from the table and, between puffs laconically replied:

"No, there's very little doing today. You can hoof it!"

WHERE TURTLES COME FROM

Thousands of Sea Tortoise Make Annual Pilgrimage to Ascension Island to Lay Their Eggs.

The city fathers are not the only people who have the privilege of eating turtle soup, observes London Answers. The lords of the admiralty could, if they liked, make a monopoly of the real article, for they hold sway over H. M. S. Ascension—which is not a ship at all, but an island—where the turtles come from.

Ascension Island is a very lonely spot. Its nearest neighbor is St. Helena, 800 miles away. Ascension is half the size of the Isle of Wight, and has a population of 120—or, rather, a "crew," for the people are almost entirely naval who live at the garrison station of Georgetown. The law of the island is the word of the commanding officer.

Ascension is mainly noted for the annual visit of huge sea turtles. They come in thousands to lay their eggs in the warm sand. It is probable they have come for tens of thousands of years. Some of them weigh as much as 700 pounds! Every time they come the inhabitants of Ascension take toll of them, storing them in fenced pens, and eventually killing them for food, whilst a few of them are invariably sent to the lords of the admiralty as a present from Ascension, a present which is greatly appreciated.

BASED ON ANCIENT CUSTOM

Superstition Regarding Seeing the New Moon Through Glass Is Older Than Christianity.

"Don't see the new moon through glass," thousands of people are just now saying. The superstition is based on a custom older than Christianity, and enduring in places, travelers may tell us, to this day, says the London Chronicle. The Jews had no real calendar, but depended for the inauguration of the feasts of trumpets, which began with the advent of the new moon, upon actual observance of the crescent. Jews watched, with reward in view, for the coming of the new moon, as our sailors watch for the appearance of a periscope. Immediately they saw it they hied them to the high priest at Jerusalem. They were permitted to travel even on the Sabbath for the purpose. Now the testimony must be not only that of men of reputation; it must be that of men who had seen the phenomenon with the naked eye. The appearance of the moon must not be noted as reflected in a stream, nor through clouds, nor through glass. That vitiated the value of testimony and precluded possibility of reward. Travelers from the East, possibly Crusaders, brought the story to the West, where it remains "unlucky" to see the new moon through glass.

The "Cork Convent."

A striking curiosity near Cintra, Portugal, says a writer in the Wide World, is an ancient convent built partially in the interior of an immense rock. The convent is situated in a very isolated spot, and was formerly surrounded by a dense wood of cork trees. The convent is known as the Convento da Cortica, or "Cork Convent," for the reason that the monks' cells, chapel, kitchen and refectory are all lined with cork to keep out the damp. From 1560 to 1834 the convent was inhabited by an order of monks known as the Capuchians a remarkable feature of their religion being that, except on certain occasions, silence was obligatory. Since 1834, when the monasteries and convents of Portugal were dissolved, the convent has not been occupied, though it is open to the public, a caretaker residing there for this purpose.

When the Railroad Came.

In Thomas Bailey Aldrich's reminiscent account of his birthplace, "An Old Town by the Sea," he remarks that the first train over the Eastern railroad from Boston to Portsmouth "ran over and killed—local character." Till then Portsmouth had been a happily secluded community, with the courage of its seclusion. To many of its inhabitants, content in their isolation, Boston was thousands of miles distant in effect, although only 56 miles away by geographic measurement. Their Portsmouth was the center of their earth, and the invasion of a railroad with its daily trains brought within their borders undesirable stir and bustle and unwelcome visitors. The entrance of the railroad train was in fact the beginning of a new era for Portsmouth, as it has been for many another place."

RELIGION OF THE CHILDREN

Spirit of Faith, Hope and Love Toward the Father and Mother Is Offspring's World.

We need not follow the antiquarians back into the era of the cave dwellers in our search for the origin of religion. Religion is reborn in the birth of every babe, says Lyman Abbott in the Outlook. He needs no teacher to tell him that he is dependent on his mother for his food, and a widening sense of his helpless dependence on her grows with his widening experience. Her service to him awakens his gratitude, her brooding love for him inspires in him an answering love.

If she is wise as well as an affectionate mother, he early recognizes her authority and learns that prompt obedience is one secret of happiness. If she loves and honors her husband her child's love and honor follows hers to the strong stranger. If she has piety as well as human affection, he dimly perceives in her prayers at his bedside an experience which he presently wishes he might share. Thus there grows up in him a spirit of dependence, gratitude, love, reverence, obedience, faith—and this spirit is religion. It antedates all theology, precedes thought, transcends definition. The spirit of faith, hope and love toward father and mother is the child's religion. The conception of God and his duties toward God comes later.

CHILDREN'S CORNER

MR. RABBIT

I am going to tell you of a Mr. Rabbit I saw. He was running as fast as he could hop. The dogs were trying to get him. He was panting and most out of breath. We saw him nibbling in the meadow and knew he was hunting some carrots and greens for sonny rabbits, who were at home with their mother, they were too young to hop away from dogs, and their father said, if they would be good and stay home; next summer they should all run. So the sonny rabbits peeped out to watch their father get some carrots for them and when they saw the dogs get so near him they squealed and squealed. Just then the father jumped into the bunny home safe and everybody laughed.

School Work, 4th Grade.

DETROIT SCHOOL GIRL LETTER

Dear Grandma and Grandpa:

Your letter of last week I read and should have answered earlier. I did what so many do just put it off. I am back in school again, after having such a happy time at Christmas. Santa Clause was good to me, so I must have been trying to do right don't you think so? Mother said she told you all the things Santa brought me and the many other presents I received.

I spent New Year's day with one of my girl friends. She lives at the Colonial Apartments on Parker Avenue. Her name is Margery Franes. We had a fine dinner and just the very loviest time together. Evelyn has been sick with tonsilitis and not yet well enough to go to school. All the others are well as usual. Now that Christmas is over, I am planning for my vacation next summer. As soon as school is over, I want to start for Westminster, for Detroit, nor any other place is as dear to me as that town. I will be some happy girl then, when I get started. I received the Sentinel today and saw the letter from the children, which made me glad I am going to write to them all. I love both of you, just as much as ever and send you all best wishes from your little girl.

M. Eight years old.

TO MR. HOOVER

O, Mr. Herbert Hoover, we'll do just what you say.
We will not eat a bit of meat if it's a meatless day;
We'll live on corn—to save the wheat
—in corn cakes or in mush,
And if a slacker makes complaint, we'll sternly order, 'Hush.'
Instead of pork we'll all buy fowl, at thirty cents the pound;
We'll order cod and haddock when the fish man comes around;
We'll skip the sugar we have put in coffee and in tea;
We'll eat string beans, and rice and weeds, or anything that's free.
In short, dear Mr. Hoover, we'll do just what you wish;
We'll cut out all the sirloin steaks and live on beans and fish;
In recompense one boon we ask—implore, with all our soul;
O, Mr. Herbert Hoover, please put down the price of coal!

—Somerville Journal.

HEARING AT LAST

There was a terrible dynamite explosion near a small town. An old lady, hearing it, turned toward the door of her sitting room and said:

"Come in, Bella."

When her servant entered the room she said:

"Do you know, Bella, my hearing is evidently improving. I heard you knock at the door for the first time in twenty years."

PYRAMUS ON THE WIRE

"Please, central, will yer gimme back me two bits. I didn't git the one I axed fer."

"Why, then, did you keep on talking?"

"Well, you see, central, I thought 'twas her, an' she thought 'twas me, but 'twant neither of us."

—Southern Telephone News.

KNEW HOW IT USUALLY WAS

"John, you ought to get in the aviation service," says a Richmond man to a negro friend. "You are a good mechanic and would come in handy in an aeroplane. How would you like to fly among the clouds a mile high and drop a few bombs down on the Germans?"

"I aint in no special hurry to fly, Cap," the negro answered. "When we's up 'bout a mile high, s'pose de engine stopt and de white man told me to git out and crank?"

DRAMATIZATION AS THE BOY SAW IT

A father had for some time been watching the antics of his son. These antics seemed to be a supplement to some school work. The boy read a passage, then lighted a fire on the hearth, then looked around the room, then spat upon the floor, then went over and whirled around a couple of times on the spot. The father could resist no longer, and asked what it was all about. The boy was dramatizing lines from the "Lays of Ancient Rome::'

On the hearth the fire was lit
And the kid turns on the spit.

Terrible indignation is vented by the food speculators on Hoover, because did'nt allow sugar to be sold for 30 cents a pound.

Chewing gum wanted for the soldiers. Now with the ginger pop boy circulating among the trenches, there will be some similarity to the scene at the ball parks.

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