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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,
12-26-5t. Executor.

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1-wheat use more corn

2-meat use more fish & beans

3-fats use just enough

4-sugar use syrups

and serve the cause of freedom

U.S. FOOD ADMINISTRATION

WHEATLESS BISCUITS.



Parched cornmeal is the feature of these excellent wheatless biscuits. First, the cornmeal—one-half a cup—is put in a shallow pan placed in the oven and stirred frequently until it is a delicate brown. The other ingredients are a teaspoon of salt, a cup of peanut butter and one and a half cups of water. Mix the peanut butter, water and salt and heat. While this mixture is hot stir in the meal which should also be hot. Beat thoroughly. The dough should be of such consistency that it can be dropped from a spoon. Bake in small cakes in an ungreased pan. This makes 16 biscuits, each of which contains one-sixth of an ounce of protein.

DELICIOUS CORN MUFFINS.



Here's an old fashioned recipe for corn muffins that has recently been revived and used with unusual success in several of the larger New York hotels: To make three and a half dozen muffins take one quart milk, six ounces butter substitute, twelve ounces of light syrup or honey, four eggs, pinch of salt, two ounces baking powder, one and a half pounds cornmeal and one and a half pounds rye flour. The butter and syrup should be thoroughly mixed; then add the eggs gradually. Pour in the milk and add the rye flour mixed with cornmeal and baking powder.

FACE the FACTS

LET us face the facts. The war situation is critical. Unless the Allies fight as they never yet have fought, defeat threatens. Hungry men cannot fight at their best; nor hungry nations. France, England, and Italy are going hungry unless we feed them.

Wheat Savings—They must have wheat. It is the best food to fight on. It is the easiest to ship. We alone can spare it to them. By saving just a little—less than a quarter of what we ate last year—we can support those who are fighting our battles. And we can do it without stinting ourselves. We have only to substitute another food just as good.

The Corn of Plenty—Corn is that food. There's a surplus of it. Providence has been generous in the hour of our need. It has given us corn in such bounty as was never known before. Tons of corn. Trainloads of corn. Five hundred million bushels over and above our regular needs. All we have to do is to learn to appreciate it. Was ever patriotic duty made so easy? And so clear?

America's Own Food—Corn! It is the true American food. The Indians, hardiest of races, lived on it. Our forefathers adopted the diet and conquered a continent. For a great section of our country it has blong een the staff of life. How well the South fought on it, history tells. Now it can help America win a world war.

Learn Something—Corn! It isn't one food. It's a dozen. It's a cereal. It's a vegetable. It's a bread. It's a dessert. It's nutritious; more food value in it, dollar for dollar, than meat or eggs or most other vegetables. It's good to eat; how good you don't know until you've had corn-bread properly cooked. Best of all, it's plentiful and it's patriotic.

Corn's Infinite Variety—How much do you know about corn? About how good it is? About the many delicious ways of cooking it? And what you miss by not knowing more about it? Here are a few of its uses:

There are at least fifty ways to use corn meal to make good dishes for dinner, supper, lunch or breakfast. Here are some suggestions:

HOT BREADS	DESSERTS
Boston brown bread.	Corn-meal molasses cake.
Hoecake.	Apple corn bread.
Muffins.	Dumplings.
Biscuits.	Gingerbread.
Griddle cakes.	Fruit gems.
Waffles.	

HEARTY DISHES

Corn-meal croquettes. Corn-meal fish balls.
Meat and corn-meal dumplings.
Italian polenta. Tamales.

The recipes are in Farmers' Bulletin 565, "Corn Meal as a Food and Ways of Using It," free from the Department of Agriculture.

It is about time to do something more to the German spies than look them up in a pleasant winter resort called an internment camp.

Someone suggests that as Secreeary McAdoo has so little to do as secretary of the treasury and director of the railroads, that he should be put in as commander in chief of the army and navy.

Some people are kicking on the reduced passenger train service, because they can't go to the big cities and buy some goods they will want to return as soon as they get them home.

Now if some of those Congressmen that held up the war supplies could have died of pneumonia, instead of Capt. Gardner, the mourning would have been somewhat perfunctory.

The Broken Tie

By Curtis Ellsworth Kingsley

(Copyright, 1917, Western Newspaper Union.)

Gurdon Espey, ringmaster of Sillery's Great Circus, flecked the ear of a water boy who had stumbled over a rope with the tip of his long-lashed whip, and gave the urchin a quarter to mend his bawling. He caught a stake man drinking out of a bottle, seized the offending vessel and smashed it against a plank.

"You're discharged, no tippling here!" roared the neat and nifty king of the sawdust circle.

"Ought to have known better," remarked a hustler to the culprit. "He's dead down on the hard drink. They say he goes clear around a block to keep from passing a saloon, he hates them so. Espey is a queer one—bet he's had a history."

Yes, Gurdon Espey had a history, and it had climaxed in making him the odd makeup of humanity he was. Strictness and severity were strangely mixed with the most generous of instincts. And then he would become angry if the remotest reference was made to these wayward impulses.

"Oh, mister! can we speak a word with you?" hailed the ringmaster as he came outside of the big tent, and Espey turned, with his habitual scowl, to be confronted by twelve boys ranging in age from eight to twelve years; their leader acting as spokesman.

"What is it?" he snapped out, always on the suspicious alert for applications for free passes, runaways anxious to join the circus, cut-rate nuisances, and the like.

"We want to know if we can hire your clown?"

"Well, that's good!" decided the ringmaster. "What for now?"

"Our circus."

"Oh! a rival in the field, hey?" rallied Espey. "And where may this circus of yours be?"

"Down in a lot, next to Mrs. Daniel's house," was explained hurriedly, and with a certain spice of pride. "You see, mister, little Eva Daniels has been sick for a long time. Now she's just able to sit up. And we all love her so much, and it's her birthday, and we want to give her a surprise."

"She's a fairy!" piped up a little fellow of eight.

"No, she's just an angel!" supplemented a companion.

"We've made a sawdust ring just like yours, only a tiny one," went on the spokesman of the party. "We've got quite a program. I swallow a sword. Dick Brown does some somersaults. Ned Bates walks a clothesline tight-rope. Of course, they're poor stunts, so we want to hire your clown for about an hour, to make Eva laugh and feel good."

"Do you happen to know how much a clown costs?" interrogated the ringmaster.

"No, sir, but we've got six dollars and fifty cents among us. You see, we all got fifty cents from our parents to come to your circus tonight, and poor little Eva can't be moved this far, so we've put our money together to hire the clown, and give Eva a real good time."

"Nothing doing," growled Espey, starting to pass on his way, when out of a side tent dodged a jolly-faced lump of rotundity.

"Who says it?" rollicked the same. "Sick girl, boy friends getting up a show for the little lady? What time does this greatest show on earth come on the boards, kids?"

"Two o'clock, sir," explained the spokesman of the group. "Oh, I hope you can come!"

"Come? I wouldn't miss it for fifty dollars! I'll be there in regular trim, and my trick donkey, Napoleon Bonaparte, and my little girl—for I've got one, bless her—in her gold chariot, driving two milk-white ponies. I should say it! Don't worry, Espey," continued the clown, waving a reassuring hand to the ringmaster. "It don't cost you anything, and the stunt will be a famous advertisement for our own show. See?"

Mrs. Alice Daniels was one of the poorest persons in the town, but everybody liked her and respected the modest, ladylike seamstress who had come to the little village a few years previous. As to little Eva, the widow's child, she was one of those lovely beings who weave themselves closely into the hearts of all on first sight. The noble sacrifice of her boy friends evidenced the power of witchery and love which the little convalescent universally inspired.

Her mother had propped her up in a chair looking out upon the open lawn and the lot beyond, telling her that her nice boy friends had got up a show especially for her edification. Eva was all excitement and expectancy. She was kept busy bowing and smiling and throwing kisses as "the actors" finally came into the ring. She clapped her little hands in the fullness of innocent spontaneous delight as "the star performers" of the group went through their amateur stunts.

Then Eva seemed translated into fairyland. The clown had kept his word. More than that, he had added the feature of music to the entertainment, for just as the lads had performed their share of the function, two members of the circus band, playing cornets, appeared on the scene, and, keeping march time to the mad they delivered, the clown's daughter, all radiant with tulle and tinsel, drove slowly into the ring, seated in her gilded chariot, white ribbon lines guiding the two snowy ponies.

And then, the wonder of wonders for Eva, into the ring bounded the clown. Oh, but he was funny! and oh, the rapturous delight of Eva and the outside audience, as Napoleon Bonaparte came upon the scene, the gifted, trick mule who chased his master in a circle, toppled him over the ropes, threw him off his back and danced about him on his own hind feet!

Never was so much delight crowded into the space of a single hour, and the child wonder of the white ponies came into the room where Eva was, and kissed her, and presented her with a great overflowing bag of peanuts, pop corn and candy, and the clown made a speech to Eva's "actor" friends, and the air rang with the acclamations of the juvenile group.

"So you're back from your grand philanthropic excursion, are you?" hailed the ringmaster, as the clown reappeared on the circus grounds.

"Yes, what's your interest, Espey?" challenged the clown keenly. "Say, you're not by any means the gruff old bear you pretend to be, and if you had seen all the good a little attention to the poor and lowly has worked out, you'd come out of that close shell of yours. Look here, I've given a pass to that odd dozen amateur actors for tomorrow night. See that it's honored, will you?"

"What about the six dollars and fifty cents? Of course you got that."

"Sure I did," acknowledged the open-hearted clown frankly, "and added as much more to it, and donated the whole of it to buy an invalid chair for the little miss," and then he was quite amazed at the persistency of the ringmaster in betraying an interest in details of the incident of the afternoon, even to the location of the widow's home.

At dusk that evening Gurdon Espey left the circus grounds after carefully placing a bank note in an envelope. He sought out the scene of the amateur circus of the afternoon and the home of Mrs. Daniels adjoining. He was almost stealthy as he advanced up the garden path. The front door was closed, but light streamed broadly across the middle of the porch, although it was in shadow.

Espey crept up the steps on tip toe. He stooped down, drew out the envelope and attempted to push it under the door, but this set so closely shut that the interstices would not admit the envelope.

"What is it, please?" spoke a voice at the shadowed end of the porch, startling Espey quite, and straining his vision, he made out a feminine form rising from a chair.

"I fancy I am detected!" and he half laughed in an embarrassed way. "I am one of the circus men, madam, and we are all so interested in that little tot of yours, that we want to make it easier for her, and I was leaving a trifle—"

There Gurdon Espey paused. There, directly in front of the window, both had come to a halt. The full radiance from the lamplight within flooded their faces. They were stunned at the unexpected confrontment — man and wife!

"Gurdon!" died upon the lips of the woman, and she wavered and was forced to steady herself by grasping the porch rail.

"Alice!" uttered the man, and the habitual cynical expression left his face, and the glowing eyes told of a new soul aroused.

She shrank back. It was under the memory of five years previous when she had fled from this man as from a pestilence, for soul and body were given over to drink until she had feared for her life. She had hidden away from him and now—he had found her.

"Alice!" he said, his tones tremulous, but not uncertain, "since the day of your absence and that of your dear little one awakened me to a realization of my utter unworthiness, no drop of liquor has passed my lips."

"Our little one," she corrected him, for she recognized in him the regenerated man.

"May I come back?" he added, with a longing glance through the window at a little white-robed form lying on a trundle cot.

Her hands clasped, her eyes were suffused, her care-worn, but still beautiful face looked up to him trustingly, hopeful, longingly.

"Oh, Gurdon!" she sobbed, "will you come back to us?"

Dehydrated Food Products.

As food for armies in the field dehydrated products are almost ideal. One of the most important features of the food conservation movement in Germany since the outbreak of the war, a writer states, has been the practice of dehydrating fruits and vegetables and Germany's efficiency in connection with the conservation of that country's limited food resources is strikingly demonstrated by the fact that, after more than three years' isolation from the world markets upon which she formerly depended that nation still manages to feed its inhabitants.

In June, 1914, there were 480 dehydrating plants in Germany, treating annually about a quarter of a million pounds of potatoes alone. In a food conservation campaign organized at the time of Germany's first declaration of war 246 new dehydration plants were added, 190 of which were aided by government funds.

The Schoolgirl's Mind.

The mind of a schoolgirl does not proceed like the mind of an adult; it imitates the motions of a grasshopper. It sings in the summer, it dances in the winter, it transforms values, it doubts axioms, it is dogmatic upon impossibilities or what seem such to the adult mind, it compresses dreams into a creed, it has intuitions like the flash of an electric candle, or it plays the bat, shuts its eyes tight in broad daylight, folds its wings, hooks on to any convenient excuse, and goes fast asleep.—H. D. Bedgwick in the Atlantic.

The Russian and German negotiating reminds one of the time when the lamb decided that the wolf was a darned good fellow, all he needed was a few kind words.

According to the landlady the reason it is so hard to save bread is that it has been made too good.

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