### IN MEMORIAM

Ephraim Beal Condon departed this life two years ago, August 5, 1918.

Days of sorrow still comes over me,
Tears of sorrow silently flow,
Fond memory, keep my father near me,
Though heaven claimed him two years ago.

You are resting in peace, dear father,
Two sad years have passed away.
You have gone but are not forgotten,
As I think of you each day.
By his loving daughter,
Birdie Jordan.

Ruth Emily Condon departed this life one year ago August 9, 1919.

How sweet the name of mother sounds
To the ones who feel so sad,
To speak to friends upon this earth,
My mother was the best friend I had.

A precious one from me has gone,
A voice I love is still,
A place is vacant in my heart,
The world can never fill.

The flowers I lay upon your grave
May wither and decay,
But the love I have for you, dear mother,
Shall never fade away.
By her loving daughter,
Birdie Jordan.

Ann Jane Penn departed this life one year ago August 3, 1919.

Free from suffering, free from pain,
Free from a world of care.
For ever at rest in the home of the blest,
I live in hope of meeting you there.
By her niece, Birdie Jordan.

### HELP ERADICATE THE HESSIAN FLY IN CARROLL.

**Farmers Asked To Cooperate.**

Only with the complete cooperation of the farmers of the county can this insect, which was so injurious to this year's wheat crop, be exterminated.

Late planting is the only remedy. Many farmers say they have no faith in late planting when they see the results of this year's work. They forget several things; first, that last fall was warm until late which was beneficial to the fly; second, that although some wheat that was planted late had fly in it, if the wheat had been examined closely the plants affected would have proven to be volunteer wheat. There was little fly in the stock ground wheat, what was damaged was due to the season.

If all the farmers would plow as soon as possible and get the ground in shape, give it a rest long enough for the volunteer wheat to get a good start then harrow it all out well just before seeding they would to a great extent do away with one of the causes.

Plant late is the other remedy. In the northern part of the county the last week of September, around Westminster; south from the first to tenth of October.

This is the only way to combat this insect.

### MILLERS

Some of our folks are employed at the Shriver canning factory at Westminster.

Mr. and Mrs. William Gilier and three children, of Philadelphia, Pa., visited the former's parents, here, over Sunday.

H. K. Miller and wife and Charles Miller, wife and daughter, Frances, visited relatives at Baltimore, Sunday.

Emory Bollinger is having a pipeless furnace installed in his home.

Mr. and Mrs. Dietz and Mrs. Koller, of York, Pa., visited Mr. and Mrs. George Hoover, Sunday.

John K. Miller, wife and son, Milton, and daughter, Mrs. L. S. Wantz and daughter, Marie, spent a day recently at York, Pa.

Mr. and Mrs. George Hoover visited their daughter, Mrs. Harry Hosfeld, at Baltimore, last Saturday.

Leonard Berkheimer has sold his farm near here to Pius Dubbs of Lineboro.

Oliver Hoover, of Baltimore, visited his parents here, over Sunday

Mrs. S. H. Hare is out again.

We are glad to note that Mrs Henry M. Miller, who is a patient at a Baltimore hospital, is improving rapidly and expects to come home soon.

**Children Cry**
**FOR FLETCHER'S**
**CASTORIA**

It is positively announced that there will be a sharp drop in prices on September 31.

Among the politicians there are anxious inquiries as to the price of campaign workers on the hoof.

## Five Minute Chats on Our Presidents

By JAMES MORGAN

(Copyright, 1920, by James Morgan.)

### JAMES MADISON

1751, March 16—James Madison born at Port Conway, Va.
1772—Graduated at Princeton.
1776—In Virginia legislature.
1780-3, 1785-8—In Continental congress.
1787—In constitutional convention.
1789-97—In congress.
1794—Married Dorothy Todd Payne.
1801-9—Secretary of state.

AS JAMES MADISON made a great name for himself before entering the presidency and added nothing to it while in the White House, it must be that he was a good deal of a man but not much of a president.

Like all the more famous Virginians, Madison was not of the highest aristocracy, but the son of a plain, well-to-do farmer in an outlying county. His early life was passed at Montpelier, the farm which his grandfather had wrested from the Indians; from it he drew his, only, private income and at last he was buried in its soil. He was dependent on his father until he was fifty, when the latter died and the place became his own, with 100 slaves, who continued always to address him simply as "Master Jimmy."

Standing only five feet six inches and one-quarter inches, he was, with Grant the smallest of our presidents. Naturally thin and frail his zeal for study nearly wrecked his health while a student at Princeton college, where for months at a time he slept only three hours out of the 24. Unfitted for military duty when the Revolution came, he went to the Virginia legislature instead. Yet this seemingly broken-down young man was destined to be the longest lived of all the presidents, with the single exception of John Adams.

When a candidate for re-election to the legislature, Madison revolted



Dolly Madison.

against the old Virginia custom of setting up the drinks. His morality was mistaken for stinginess and the thirsty voters flocked to the capacious barrel of his opponent, who was elected. The defeated candidate had to wait a dozen years for his first chance to distinguish himself. Still no time was lost, for, while he was waiting, he diligently prepared to meet opportunity when it should come and made a close study of all governments, ancient and modern.

If Madison had not been crossed and blessed in love, posterity might not catch him on his human side at all and only yawn over this prosy, serious, studious, cool-tempered unaggressive, weazened, little great man. He was already a mature bachelor of thirty-two and a member of the Continental congress, when a sixteen-year-old girl in his Philadelphia boarding house was the first to touch a soft spot in his heart. A young clergyman who hung and sighed over her harpischord cut him out, and he was painfully awakened from his first dream of love by a letter of dismissal which, for reasons unknown to this later generation, the young miss sealed with a pinch of rye dough.

Madison was past forty, and well into his Indian summer, when he became involved in still another boarding house romance at Philadelphia. Only, instead of a lady boarder, he fell in love this time with a landlady's daughter, Dolly Payne Todd, who was only twenty-six, had lost her husband and was living with her mother, "who received into her house a few gentlemen boarders." Among them was Senator Aaron Burr of New York. Madison himself was staying at another house, where he and two other future presidents, Jefferson and Monroe, were living three in a room.

There the fame of the pretty young Quakeress traveled to him, and he asked Burr—they were at Princeton together—to take him to see her. The match flamed up in the flash of an eye, and Dolly and her boy were borne away to Montpelier, where she proved her tactfulness and kindliness by dwelling in peace under the same roof with her mother-in-law thirty-five years.

## Too Old!

By Genevieve Ulmar

(Copyright, 1920, Western Newspaper Union.)

When Miss Avis Durand came to Houghton and purchased a neat little home there for herself and her widowed mother, she was taken up by the younger set of the pretty village.

Ernest Waters, two years on the sunny side of forty, sold them the property and thus naturally was the first in the village to become acquainted with them. Because he was fair, accommodating and evenly courteous and helpful he won upon both mother and daughter, until this ripened into a close and mutual friendship. He was a lover of music, and as a singer and at the piano Miss Durand excelled. It was this, her expertness at tennis, her ability to get up dainty refections and general social parties that attracted her juniors, while her patient, kindly interest in their affairs endeared her to them. Whenever these functions took place at the Durand home Waters was invariably invited, but being a modest and sensitive man he generally kept close to Mrs. Durand. "Quite out of the juvenile class, you know," he would remark with affected lightness of manner, but his eyes would shadow and a sad expression compress the lips while his gaze followed the flitting attractive Avis, the center of admiration and homage.

"She looks the loveliest of them all," one evening Waters overheard a young man remark. "She can't be over twenty."

"Worth the coming, eh?" rallied a male companion.

"I would enter the lists at once if there was the vestige of a hope for me," was the reply delivered with unmistakable sincerity.

All this fell upon the hearing of Waters in a depressing way. For the first time he recognized the disparity in their ages and chided himself for ever allowing the thought to enter his mind that the apparent interest of Miss Durand in him was anything more than the natural kindliness of a gentle nature for an older man.

After that he dropped in only occasionally at the Durand home. He evaded attending the functions where he began to consider he was only a tolerated friend of Mrs. Durand. It puzzled him to analyze the continued apparent desire for his company that Avis evinced whenever they met casually, and one day on the street her sincere greeting set him thinking.

"You will receive an invitation to my birthday party next week, Mr. Waters," she said, "and I count on your presence."

"Really, Miss Durand—" he began.

"No excuse, now!" she rallied, smiling as she waved a warning finger. "If you wish to offend mother and grieve me you will forget it, as you seemed to have forgotten us for some time past."

"You would really like me to come?" asked Waters earnestly.

"I shall miss you so truly if you do not that it will spoil all the joy of the party. My young friends have gone to great trouble for the occasion. They, too, would regret your absence and are constantly asking me what has become of my closest friend and their general favorite."

The words were as balm to a depressed, unhappy spirit. Waters could not doubt the sincerity of the speaker. Long afterward is there remained the memory of the sweet smile, the warm hand clasp as they parted.

A gay, festive, bubbling throng they were, those young friends of Avis Durand, the evening of the party. Waters tried to fill a secluded corner, but Avis would not have it so. She showed him unusual attention, and his heart warmed with unusual fervor as he entered fully into the joyousness of the occasion. He had planned on accompanying Mrs. Durand when they adjourned to the supper table, but Avis appeared and claimed him as her honored escort.

"Why! where is the birthday cake?" cried one of the girls as they seated themselves.

"Yes, and the eighteen candles?" joined in a vivacious brunette.

"I guess seventeen!" voiced another guest.

Avis laughed merrily. Her eyes were sparkling as she left her guests with an apology and the words: "It will be a great surprise to you, perhaps, but I shall reward your polite curiosity with the truth. Thirty-five candles, dears," she added, reappearing with the crowning attraction of the table.

"Oh, never!" arose a chorus of unbelievers, but Avis only continued to smile, but flushed as she stole a quick glance at the amazed Waters.

He was standing at the side of some draperies an hour later, his mind reflective and in a tumult, for the revelation of Avis had seemed to bring her immensely nearer to him. On the other side of the drapery was Mrs. Durand.

"Oh, how could you?" she mildly upbraided Avis. "Bidding good-by to youth!"

"To its counterfeit, dear mamma, you mean," responded Avis brightly. "Then, too, it gave me an opportunity for Mr. Waters to know the truth."

"Because—" insinuated Mrs. Durand.

"Because—because I love him," spoke Avis frankly, "as you have known for some time."

Ernest Waters went out upon the porch and gazed up at the stars in romantic fervor, seeking their influence to calm the wildly surging joy of his happy, happy heart.

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### TEACHERS' EXAMINATION

Examinations for teachers who wish to apply for either Second or Third grade certificates will be held in the high school building in Westminster on August 16th, and 17, beginning promptly at 9:00 A. M. No examinations will be given for raising the grade.

Published by authority of the State Superintendent.

M. S. H. UNGER,
7-30-2t Superintendent.

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The women's magazines tell what clothes a girl needs to go to college, but they don't say much about what she needs to know.

Anxiety is expressed by many of the girls because their checkerboard skirts are not conspicuous enough.

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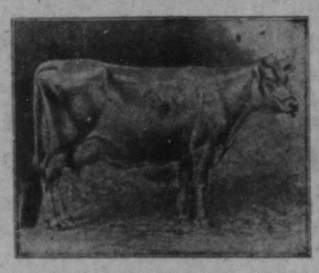
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