CARROLLTON

Sunday School in the Bethel at 9.30 A. M. Preaching 10:45. Song service at 7:30 P. M. Preaching at 8 o'clock.

The protracted meeting has been quite a success, there being eleven conversions and four confessions up to this time.

The aid will meet at the home of Mrs. Amanda Shipley on February 5.

The L. T. L. will meet in the Bethel on Sunday afternoon February 6.

Mrs. George Houck is in the hospital and would appreciate getting cards and letters from friends. Address Woman's Hospital, Baltimore, Md.

Lorlynne, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Taylor, was taken to Johns Hopkins Hospital last Saturday. Remember her also. She is in Ward E.

Mrs. Nora Grimes, of Middleburg, is visiting her sister, Mrs. W. H. Crouse and family.

Mrs. Lewis Greene spent the week-end with her daughter, Miss Carrie Greene, of Baltimore.

Mrs. Wiley De Moss, of Baltimore, is visiting her mother, Mrs. Nimrod Green and family.

Mr. and Arthur Evans, of Baltimore, spent Sunday with their parents Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Evans and family.

Mrs. John Sprinkle is spending sometime with Mr. and Mrs. Charles Taylor.

Several of the folks who have tonsilitis and grippe are improving.

Glad to report that Blanche, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Slorp, who recently underwent an operation at the Maryland University Hospital, is improving.

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W. Main St., Westminster.

TO THE REPUBLICAN VOTERS OF CARROLL COUNTY

In reply to the many inquiries that I am receiving almost daily relative to my candidacy for Register of Wills of Carroll County at the coming Primaries, I would say that although I have not made an announcement in the Press of the County as to my intentions before this time my many friends in the County were acquainted with my ambition for some time and any support that may be accorded me will be greatly appreciated, and if nominated and elected will endeavor to fill the Office to the best of my ability.

Respectfully yours,
MOSES J. M. TROXELL,
Myers District.

1-14-3t.

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IN MEMORIAM
Brandenburg

In loving remembrance of my dear wife and our mother Margaret, who departed this life five years ago January 29, 1916.

Gone in the best of her days.
Blighted in womanhood's bloom,
Torn from the hearts that loved her
To sleep in the silent tomb.

More and more we miss her,
Friends may think the wound is healed,
But they little know the sorrow
That lies in our hearts concealed.
By her husband and children.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

This is to give notice that the subscriber has obtained from the Orphans' Court of Carroll County, Md., letters of administration on the estate of

FREDERICA WILL

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 August 1921, they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate.

Given under my hand this 28th day of January 1921.

Charles E. Will,
1-28-5t. Administrator.

It's a wonder that so many people will buy restaurant steaks at high prices when leather has dropped so much.

Six in One

By E. R. BAKER

(©, 1920, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

"How the deuce am I going to choose!" grumbled Sam morosely, laying down his old briar pipe on the broad arm of his chair and bending forward to scrutinize more clearly the six faces which gazed back at him from six photographs propped against books on his reading table.

"You're the best looker, Sally," he commented aloud, "and you, Helen, have got the brains, and you're the best allaround good sport, Jean. Peggy, you've got a sense of humor, and you, Nell, know how to dress. As for you, Beth, well, the man who gets you gets one crackerjack cook!"

Getting on toward thirty-five, Sam Gaylord was well aware of his duty to the state, to his family, of which he was the last of the line, and to himself. He ought to get married, and he certainly had a wide feminine acquaintance from which to select a wife.

He had decided that as long as his heart would not assist him to a decision he must call upon his brain. That was certainly a sensible idea, considering that his brains had made him what he was, a very able and successful lawyer.

Which characteristic would be the most valuable to him in his career and most agreeable to come home to after a hard day's work in court—beauty, intellect, comradeship, sense of humor, style, domesticity? It was a hard problem, thought Sam, and no reference to Vol. 37, case So and So versus So and So, would help him out.

The next day's routine promised no excitement. It would be mostly occupied with examining witnesses of an automobile accident in which a seven-



Gazing Hungrily at Marian.

passenger touring car sideswiped and caused to turn turtle a four-passenger roadster, the chauffeur of the former claiming that a woman, darting suddenly into the road after a child, made the accident unavoidable. Miraculously, no one was seriously injured, but the damage to both cars was considerable, and there was much detail to be gone through regarding the relative positions of the cars, the respective speeds at which they were traveling, the possible deductions from the tire marks on the road.

The first gleam of interest for Sam came when a Miss Bedford, an occupant of the roadster, took the stand, heavily veiled. Her cool, clear responses to his questions, her clever yet seemingly casual refusal to be caught in a compromising answer, one brief, caustic comment which brought a smile even to the face of the judge, greatly intrigued Sam, who was accustomed to nervous hesitation on the part of feminine witnesses and a tendency to contradict themselves and to be easily rattled. But it was quite otherwise with Miss Bedford, and as she stepped down from the stand, Sam found himself wishing he could catch a glimpse of the face behind the veil.

"Still, I'm probably spared a disappointment," he consoled himself philosophically. "I would hate to discover that she had a poor complexion and a large mouth, or that her nose was all wrong."

On the day that the decision was rendered Sam discovered that his fears were ungrounded. In the excitement of the moment the girl threw back her veil, and in watching the play of expression across her beautiful features Sam almost forgot his chagrin that the case was one of the very few he had ever lost. And likewise he forgot that he had ever thought Sally pretty.

With characteristic energy he put into motion the forces which would effect him an introduction beyond the formal one of the courtroom, and eventually, by digging up mutual acquaintances, he obtained his wish.

"I didn't enjoy quizzing you worth a cent," was his second remark to her as they stood together for a moment at the Footguard reception.

"You were very considerate," she comforted him, and Sam thrilled inwardly at the words. A moment later and she was swaying in his arms to the seductive strains of the palm-embowered orchestra. How the girl could dance! He was rapidly forgetting Sally and Peggy and Helen and Jean.

"May I call," he asked eagerly just before he turned her over to her escort at the end of the wonderful dance. And her brief little nod and smile dismissed him happy.

The rest was easy sailing. For in maters of love the heart is apt to prove a more alluring guide than mere intellect. Sam's heart was leading him along enchanting ways. Often he visualized the time when he would ask the vital question. It should be outdoors in late afternoon or early evening, by some rippling stream or on a green-clad hill.

Yet, as a matter of fact, the happy moment arrived far otherwise—high noon, indoors, beside the kitchen stove. Sam, calling for Marian unexpectedly early for a promised ride to the Country club to witness the annual tennis finals, found her making frosting for a cake which towered in all its three-storied glory on the table.

Companionably, she invited him out to the kitchen while she "finished the job," and the very first whiff of chocolate fragrance arising from the little saucepan on the polished surface of the stove must have driven from Sam's mind forever all memory of Beth, the crackerjack cook.

For Sam, gazing hungrily at Marian, slim and tall in her enveloping apron of cool lavender checked gingham, her cheeks delicately flushed, decided not to wait for the nice conjunction of time and place.

"Marian," he cried, "I love you, darling. Will you marry me?"

It was, at the very least, five minutes later when Sam looked into her velvet eyes and said gravely: "What did I ever do to deserve winning the most beautiful, wittiest, brightest girl in the world, and the most stylish and the best comrade and the most domestic?"

Marian smiled at him deprecatingly. "I'm not all those things," she protested. "That would be six girls rolled into one!"

"Why—why—that's exactly what you are!" cried Sam in surprise, and suddenly to his inner eye flashed a vision of six photographs in a row. "I tell you, it pays to wait until you find a girl who is everything you desire!" he declared, emphatically.

"Perhaps, if you really love her, you think she is that, anyway," said Marian sagely. Then, with a little sigh of happy satisfaction, she let herself be drawn into his embracing arms.

MIGHT HAVE BEEN MERCIFUL

But Possibly Ingenue Thought Joke on Fiasco Was Too Good to Keep Secret.

Betterton Booth, the aged tragedian, told on his eightieth birthday at his daughter's home in Cleveland a number of theatrical reminiscences.

"And then there's a theatrical man," he said, "who didn't learn to read and write till late in life. One evening Fiasco—that's the rascal's name—attended a supper party where a diamond ring was raffled off by a hard-up soubrette. For the raffle you had to write your name on a slip of paper and drop it in a hat. Fiasco was in great distress. What was he to do? He'd have died of shame if it came out in this public fashion that he couldn't write.

"Well, the papers were dropped in the hat one by one, and when the hat was passed to Fiasco he dropped in a blank piece, after pretending to write on it, of course.

"The rule of the raffle was that the first name taken out of the hat would win the diamond; so a comedian was blindfolded, he pawed among the papers, and it happened that Fiasco's was the one he took out.

"Everybody was astonished that the paper contained no name. It passed round the table, and finally a malicious young ingenue got hold of it. She studied it carefully, and then she said with a malicious smile:

"'Mr. Fiasco wins. This is his handwriting. I'd know it anywhere.'"

Words of Wise Men.

There is always plenty of room at the top, because many who get there become dizzy and fall off. Greatness wears many guises; sometimes its highest form is manifested in the ability to sink an outstanding personality in the co-operative effort of the crowd. The largest and most comprehensive natures are generally the most cheerful, the most loving, the most hopeful, the most trustful. It is the wise man of large vision who is the quickest to discern the moral sunshine gleaming through the darkest cloud.

Old Romans Believed in Dreams.

Cicero says that men of greatest wisdom among the Romans did not think it beneath them to heed the warnings of important dreams, and affirms that in his time the senate ordered Lucius Junius to erect a temple to Juno Sospita in compliance with a dream seen by Cecilia. Scipio's dream, philosophical, imaginative, grand, published in the works of Cicero, called the most beautiful thing of the kind ever written, has always been the subject of discussion as to whether it was composed by Cicero for a purpose or is the veritable account of a dream.

$25,000,000,000 for Farm Products.

As a result of greater production as well as price, the total value of farm products of this country in 1919 rose to the record amount of $24,982,000,000.

Five Minute Chats on Our Presidents

By JAMES MORGAN

(Copyright, 1920, by James Morgan.)

A NEW EPOCH

1877—April, President Hayes withdrew Federal troops from Southern State capitals.
Banished alcoholic liquors from the White House.
June and July, ordered out Federal troops in the great railway strike.
1878—Vetoed Silver bill, which was passed over his veto.
1879—Specie payments resumed.
1893—Jan. 17, death of Hayes at Fremont, O., aged 70.

"He serves his party best who serves his country best."

With those watchwords Hayes had sacrificed himself and his administration to reunite North and South, to cleanse the civil service and to regenerate the Republican party. So quietly, so coldly, so undramatically did he go about all those great objects that he remained to the end of his term one of the most misunderstood, most underestimated presidents, the Republican leaders hating him as an apostate and the Democrats despising him as a fraud.

He selected one of the most distinguished cabinets in history. But he did it without consulting party leaders or considering the claims of factions, and the offended senate threatened and muttered for nearly a week before it confirmed the nominations. To the disgust of "practical politicians" he "threw away" a high-class foreign mission on a man like James Russell Lowell, "a dashed literary feller," as Senator Cameron said, and he enraged Roscoe Conkling by flinging the political machine of the imperious senator out of the federal offices in New York city. He would also have made a start toward



Lucy Webb Hayes.

the removal of the civil service from politics and spoils-mongering had not both parties combined in congress to thwart his every effort in that direction.

Hayes' boldest challenge to the Republican politicians was his abandonment of their 12-year struggle to reconstruct the Southern states from Washington. Ever since congress had seized from Lincoln's lifeless hand the control of reconstruction, the entire proceeding had been a tragic failure.

Hayes came to the presidency in the depths of an industrial prostration when wandering bands of tramps thronged the highways of the land, and soon the first great railway strike paralyzed transportation between the Atlantic and the Mississippi. In response to the popular cry for "more money" both parties in congress were for repealing or modifying the resumption act and for inflating the currency with greenbacks on silver coinage. The president firmly resisted such a surrender. Had not his veto of the silver bill been overridden he would have saved the country from taking the first step on the road that led it to the brink of free silver in 1896.

All this independence cost Hayes the support of the political time servers and the applause of the partisan press. These united in denouncing and ridiculing him as a renegade in politics and as a shiveling hypocrite in private life.

The White House "went dry" for the first time under the Hayes', and the president was held up to contempt as a man too stingy to stand treat and too weak to resist a domineering wife.

Hayes found the North and South divided and he left them more nearly reunited than they had been in a generation. He found the national currency paper and he left it gold and silver. He found the prosperity of the country at dead low tide and he left it at high tide.

It fell to Hayes to ring down the curtain on the epoch of the Civil war and to usher in another epoch. The voices of the past cried out against him, but in his complete retirement from politics he lived to hear the voices of the new time give a more favorable and a more just verdict on his administration.

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ROCKEY RIDGE

Mrs. Carrie M. Pittinger and daughter Cora are spending a few weeks with Mrs. Emma J. Hahn, of Woodsboro.

Mrs. Minnie Whitmore and two daughters, of Franklinville, spent Friday last with her mother, Mrs. Ida J. Miller, of Rocky Ridge.

Mrs. Theo. Miller and Edna Miller and child, of Detour, spent Saturday afternoon with Mrs. Ada Smith.

Mrs. Guy Roller, who was on the sick list, is improved.

Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Troxell, of Keysville, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Horace A. Smith, of this place.

Sunday last Mr. Harvey M. Pittinger was the guest of his father, Mr. Washington Pittinger, and family, at Loys.

The politicians who are trying to bury Herbert Hoover seem about the crowd that 20 years ago were burying Teddy Roosevelt.

Perhaps the reason why fertilizer for food raising is so scarce, is that the chemicals are all being used on cosmetics.

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