ANNOUNCEMENT!

I announce to the public that I have secured the agency for the

DURANT & STAR CARS

and that after March 1st. I will have a full line of them on display at

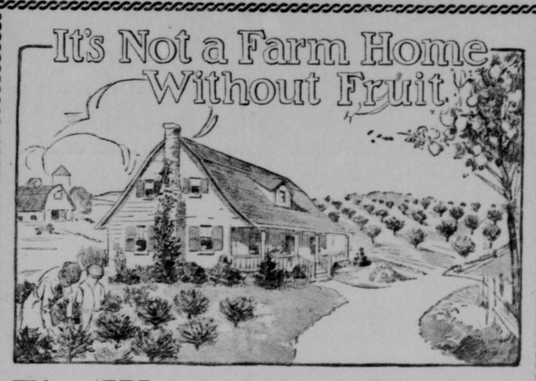
The Palace Garage

H. H. HARBAUGH

SALESMEN

Carroll N. Lockard and Benjamin Dorsey.

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The Westminster Nursery

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Willard Batteries And Service.

Over 200 new batteries in stock for Spring delivery.

Get your battery before the price advances.

C. W. Prices from $15.85 six volt 11 plate to $27.05 twelve volt Dodge size

Free testing and filling service.

BOYD BATTERY COMPANY,

Main at Court Street,

Phone 158-J. Westminster, Md.

FOR RENT

FINE LARGE STORE ROOM
EAST MAIN STREET.

Possession March 1.

Apply to

Jos. L. Mathias,

East Main St., Westminster, Md.

Your Suit To Order

Before you place your order for a made to measure suit see our handsome new patterns and get our prices on a suit cut and made by expert tailors.

We show you the goods, not samples.

Stylish Ready-To-Wear Suits

The very latest in Styleplus, Schloss Bros., Kuppenheimer and the famous Monroe Suits.

Special Values in Boys' Suits.

Sharrer, Gorsuch & Starr

Carroll County's Big And Only Exclusive Clothing Store.

5c to $1.00 Store

Special On Lye For One Week

Regular 15c can Rex Lye we will sell to all who return this coupon with name on.

6 Cans For 50c.

Coupon of Rex Lye

Name _____

J. HOWARD MILLER CO.

5c to $1.00 STORE

ARGUMENTS



won't sell lumber if the lumber itself isn't right. Therefore we won't waste any words in this advertisement, but will simply say to you, Mr. Buyer—come to our yards and inspect what we have to offer. If it isn't the biggest value in rough and dressed lumber you ever saw, we'll not try to argue you into thinking so.

L UMBER COAL & SUPPLY CO
WESTMINSTER. MARYLAND.

ROCKY RIDGE

Those who spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Clarence R. Moser were Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Marshall and daughter Marie, Mr. and Mrs. David Renner and family, Mr. Harvey M. Pittinger, all of Rockey Ridge, and Mr. Clarence C. Pittenger, of Loy's Station.

Mr. Clarence C. Pittenger, of Loy's spent Sunday with his brother Mr. Harvey M. Pittenger and family, of this place.

Mrs. William H. Dinterman and daughter spent Sunday with her son Roy E. Dinterman and family.

Mrs. Carrie M. Pittenger and daughter and son spent a week with Mrs. Emma J. Hahn, of Woodsboro.

EMORY

Sunday school at P. M. Preaching at 3 o'clock.

The Aid Society will meet at the home of Mrs. Shultz on the second Thursday of April instead of the regular meeting date.

Mr. and Mrs. Falkner and son, of Baltimore, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Leight on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Bradley Carr and family spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Howard Carr, of Baltimore.

Mrs. Frank Raver spent Sunday at State Sanitorium with her daughter, Miss Evelyn Raver.

UNIONTOWN

Rev. C. E. Bartels, Pa., has been preaching this week at the Bethel and assisting Rev. H. Hoch with his revival efforts.

Mrs. Rhoda Waltz, B. R. College, was home for the week-end.

Mrs. Merton Engle, and Mrs. George Devilbiss, Sam's Creek, spent Saturday at C. Edgar Myers's.

Miss Martha Beard, Westminster, was a guest at Elder W. P. Englar's, last week.

Mrs. J. E. Newnam spent Saturday and Sunday at a former home in Funkstown, attending meeting of the Eastern Stars.

Those planning Easter visits, are E. C. Caylor, in Baltimore; Dr. and Mrs. LeVan, in Mechanicsburg, and Mrs. H. B. Fogle, and daughter Miriam, in Huntingdon and Pittsburgh, Pa.

The fact that a man is physically unable to clean up the back yard does not prove that he can't tramp 20 miles on a fishing trip.

President Harding is taxed $17,990 on his $75,000 a year, but perhaps he can get along if he will help his wife get the meals.

MT. OLIVE

Sunday school at 9:15 A. M.

Mrs. Jesse Leatherwood and family moved to their new home at Mt. Airy, on Wednesday last.

Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Shipley, Mrs. Ferris Penn, and Mrs. Oliver Welsh Jr., visited Miss Beatrice Shipley and Levantia Buckingham, of Hood College, Saturday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Fleming and little son Roscoe, spent Sunday with Mrs. Lucinda Ecker.

Those who attended the quilting party at Mrs. A. E. Shipley's on Wednesday last were Mesdames Edith A. Sellman, Corvin Penn, Ferris Penn, O. T. Buckingham, and Oliver Welsh Jr., of Mount Airy.

Mrs. Charles Grimes and family spent Saturday in Baltimore shopping.

Mrs. Edith A. Sellman is visiting her daughter Mrs. C. A. Fleming, of Winfield.

Mr. Henry Lumb and children motored to Baltimore on Sunday evening last.

WINDIE HEIGHTS

There will be Sunday school and preaching at the regular hour at Harmony Grove. C. E. in the evening at 7:45. Topic: "Lessons from the Psalms. The Easter Psalm." (Consecration meeting) Leader, Miss Hollis Creswell.

The Ladies' Aid will hold its next meeting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. William Bankard. Everybody welcome.

Mr. and Mrs. William K. Grimes and family entertained on Sunday Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Wilson, Misses Lucinda Logue, Marguerite Wilson, Evelyn Bair, Marie Logue, Catherine Smith, Evelyn Pickett, and Shirley Smith, Roland Poole, and Howard Smith.

Mr. and Mrs. L. M. Smith and family had as their guests Monday Mrs. Samuel Myerly, Misses Helen Bair, Evelyn Pickett, and Evelyn Bair, and William Wallen and Roby Gibson.

Misses Evelyn Pickett and Nellie Barnes spent a few days with Misses Evelyn and Helen Bair.

The C. E. social will meet at Mr. and Mrs. Howard Bair's on April 4. Everybody welcome.

Misses Evelyn and Helen Bair entertained on Tuesday evening Misses Lillian Grimes, Evelyn Pickett, and Catherine Smith, and Roland Poole, Howard Smith, Roby Gibson, Shirley Smith, and Lester Grimes.

BLUE RIDGE COLLEGE

Col. Joseph Cudlipp, of Baltimore, preached in the chapel Sunday night. Col. Cudlipp is well known through this vicinity because of his work in connection with the Carroll County Sunday Schools.

A slight fire occurred in the Art Room Tuesday afternoon. It was discovered in time to prevent any serious damage.

Miss Mabel Wood motored to Baltimore with Prof. Kinsey on Sunday and visited Miss Genevive Early, a former student of Blue Ridge. Miss Early is now attending Western High School in Baltimore.

The Y. W. C. A. is selling hot lunches on Thursday evenings.

In spite of the intense coldness of the weather during the past week, baseball practice is being earnestly carried on in preparation for the Syracuse game on Friday.

Easter vacation will begin Thursday at 4 P. M. and will continue until Tuesday morning.

The country is said to be threatened by a labor shortage, and it certainly looks so around the house when mother wants dad and the boys to beat the carpets.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

Associated With Lemons

By ANTHONY REIMERT

(©, 1923, Western Newspaper Union.)

Hawtrey, his name was. Anybody could fool him. The first recorded instance was in the case of the canary that he bought from the traveling peddler. It wouldn't sing.

"I tell you, Hawtrey, that is no canary, that's a lemon bird," said one of the town wits.

Some days afterward the dye began to wear away. At the end of a month a very ordinary sample of the sparrow family stood revealed.

The town roared. The "lemon" soubriquet remained.

Then, of course, there was the bull pup that turned out to be a cross between a mongrel and a mongrel pug. But these incidents were cropping up all the time. Hawtrey was so easy to fool.

There was the letter that he received from the Singleton corporation, stating that they had heard he was taking a correspondence course, and wished to show their appreciation by offering him a position. Hawtrey went there, flushed with hope. He made his way to the president's office. But the president disclaimed all knowledge of the offer.

"You have been hoaxed, Mr. Hawtrey," he said. "It was a—ah!—lemon."

For by this time Hawtrey was indissolubly associated with lemons in the mind of every one.

Hawtrey went away. The next episode in this series is when he went courting Myra Blaine, the village belle. It was just like Hawtrey to attempt impossible things. Myra, who had a dozen suitors, looked on Hawtrey with mingled annoyance and amusement.

Myra was not altogether popular, especially among her rejected beaux. Two or three of them concocted a little plot. One day Hawtrey, who was not progressing with his suit, received a letter:

"Why do you not have courage to speak out like a man? No true man is ever daunted by difficulties. Often a girl cares most for the man whom she treats most badly. Precious opportunities, once permitted to slip, can seldom be regained.

"'He either fears his fate too much,
Or his deserts are small,
Who dares not put it to the touch,
To win or lose it all.'"

The letter was signed M. and Hawtrey went nearly mad with joy. He hurried round to Myra's house and proposed to her. Two or three of those in the secret were waiting near the house. The window was open, and they could hear every word that was spoken.

"Mr. Hawtrey, what you ask me is absolutely impossible. I never dreamed of such a thing. I like you, and I—I respect you, but I certainly do not care for you in any other way."

"But—but what about that letter that you wrote me?" stammered Hawtrey.

"I wrote you no letter, Mr. Hawtrey," answered Myra, with a touch of acerbity.

"It's in my pocket," said Hawtrey miserably; and even then he didn't understand.

"Well, suppose you let me see this mysterious letter," Myra answered.

There was a good deal of chuckling and suppressed mirth outside as the watchers saw Hawtrey take the precious missive out of his pocket and hand it to the girl.

Myra read it and her eyes blazed. "I wrote you no such letter," she cried furiously. "It's a hoax, a wicked hoax. You've been handed"—she commenced to laugh hysterically—"you've been handed a lemon again."

And he stood there before her, feeling all his hopes and dreams vanish into thin air. The iron entered into his soul in that moment and made a man of him. Can a man change in a single moment to become something quite other than what he has been? Hawtrey did.

And Myra knew it as she raised her eyes miserably to his. Her humiliation was crushing her. She, the proud belle of the town, to be made, equally with Hawtrey, the victim of a practical joke of such a character!

And, whether it was a desire for revenge, or whether at that moment the pathos of the man's love entered into her heart will never be known. But the astounded group saw her walk toward Hawtrey, and the next moment she was in his arms.

How was it all communicated to him? No one could say. One of the gang made the "mot" of the night, however.

"If he has bought another lemon, I guess he's squeezing it," he said.

Good Husbands and Wives.

What is a good husband? Dorothy Dix defines him thus: "A man who can tell a good story, who keeps his small change loose in his pockets, and who believes—or pretends to believe—in the myth that a woman is a mystery who must be worshiped, but never solved." Mere man, on hearing this, thereupon gave it as his opinion that a good wife was one who laughed at those good stories, who left that small change still loose in his pockets, and who, bless her heart, never expected her husband to try to solve the mystery.—Washington Star.

How to Do It.

"I wish I could earn a large fortune."

"You've got the wrong idea, my boy. Fortunes aren't earned; they're saved."

WHITE GRUBS CAUSE DAMAGE TO FARMERS

Crows and Robins Found Natural Enemies of Pests.

Insects Are Particularly Injurious to Lawns and Other Crops if Birds Do Not Find Them—Destroy Cranberry Plants.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Crows and robins have been found very useful, says the biological survey of the United States Department of Agriculture, in the extermination of white grubs, which are the larvae of May beetles or June bugs. These grubs cause extensive damage to lawns and grain crops if the birds do not find them. On cranberry bogs they are also very destructive, as they remain in the soil for several years and are difficult to control. A case is cited where every plant on portions of a cranberry bog in Massachusetts was killed. All the roots were destroyed. New vines were planted, and almost immediately numbers of robins were seen at work there. They dug into the sand with their beaks and pulled out the grubs. Some of the roots of the vines were cut off by the grubs, and these vines the robins pulled up and discarded, and dug out the grubs. The robins worked so diligently that practically no grubs escaped and nearly all the vines survived.



Crow Is Natural Enemy of White Grub.

GOVERNMENT AIDS IN KILLING MANY PESTS

Work Conducted in Connection With Extension Service.

Mice Were Very Numerous and Troublesome in Washington Orchard Area—Poisoned Bait Proves to Be Effective.

Orchard mice were very numerous and troublesome last fall in the middle Washington orchard area. The biological survey of the United States Department of Agriculture has been called on to assist farmers against these pests, which often girdle valuable trees in a single night. The work is conducted in co-operation with the extension service of the agricultural colleges. In the Yakima district more than 20,000 pounds of poisoned grain was distributed over 9,000 acres of orchard owned by more than 300 growers. In the Wenatchee district 750 ounces of strychnine was distributed to more than 200 growers, an amount sufficient for more than 15,000 pounds of oats to cover 7,000 acres. About 200 growers were supplied in the Okanogan district with poison sufficient for over 4,000 acres. Wherever the poison was spread many dead mice were found on the surface, and a far greater number were known to have died in their runways.

GOOD ROADS HELP PHYSICIAN

Accompanying Development of Automobile Has Greatly Increased His Efficiency

The building of good roads with the accompanying development of the automobile, has greatly increased the efficiency of the practicing physician. Before the motor reached its present state of development, physicians were compelled to make their calls on foot, on street cars, or by carriage, in cities, and on horseback or by carriage in the country. As a result, the physician was limited in his practice, and the community or portion of it, at least, was denied the medical and surgical relief necessary to the highest possible degree of health. Lives frequently paid the penalty, and unnecessary suffering was always the result.

FIND INBREEDING WEAKENING

Department of Agriculture Conducts Interesting Experiments With Guinea Pigs.

In the past 15 years the United States Department of Agriculture has conducted breeding experiments in which 34,000 guinea pigs were used. As a result of this work it has been found that inbreeding weakens the animals in many respects and that by crossing the inbred families there is a rapid improvement, some of the improvements being at the maximum in the first generation. The crossbred animals resulting were even better than the random-bred families that were used as checks on the inbred families.

The Way to the Death-Chair

By CHARLES E. BAXTER

(©, 1923, Western Newspaper Union.)

They say that a man in mortal agony loses all sense of place, of time, of personality, even. So it was with me. Confronted by imminent death, I had become an automaton, a thing that moved automatically at the gestures of its leaders.

Whom I had killed, and why, had slipped out of my memory as though I remained as pure and unsullied as any citizen of the land. The long months in the death-cell had not only broken my spirit; they had eased up the intolerable burden on my mind. When the time came for me to die I knew that I would pass out without disgracing my honored status as one of the seven who were awaiting the final mercies of the chair.

But what an eternity seemed those few last days! How my mind, recoiling from the prospect of eternity, seemed to have anticipated it by becoming oblivious to time!

I know that I ate and drank and smoked mechanically. I had neither sight nor taste nor hearing. Not much, at any rate. I was dimly aware of the four surrounding walls, and of the periodical entrance of one of the wardens.

"Keep your courage up, old man," he whispered. "It won't be long and it won't be hard. There's many a poor sufferer would be glad to go that way."

Sometimes during the long night of agony that followed I would be aware of the efforts of my fellow-prisoners to console me. They wanted to play checkers with me, calling the moves. A checker-board was marked out on the whitewashed walls of my cell. There was a tiny bit of blackened match with which to mark.

But I paid no attention to them. I was concentrating on bearing up for the ordeal of the morrow. Gradually the friendly calls of encouragement grew more and more faint. At last the prison slept.

I must have slept, for when I awoke I was conscious that the electric light of the interior had been put out. Day was creeping into the cell, my last day upon this friendly earth.

Presently a dismal clanging of doors began to resound through the prison. It was the regular convicts being let out of their cells to work. I cursed the sound; I heard it every day since I had been there.

Footsteps sounded along the flags of the corridor. It was the chief warden and his assistants. There was a man with something behind his back.

"How do?" he remarked, cheerily, extending one hand.

My own hand went out mechanically. Instantly he had slipped a noose about my wrists. I remember how I resented the trick. I was not going to make any difficulty.

I was pinioned. I was being led along the corridor. The death-watch were shouting encouragements to me. "Good boy! Keep up your heart! Now we shan't be long!"

But all these memories seemed to flash through my mind instantaneously, for I was already in the chair. My trouser leg had been slit. I felt the application of the cold electrode. My head must have been shaved, too, although I did not remember the precise moment at which it was done. And a mask was lifted over my face, so that I could no longer see.

I had already seen, as in a vague and hideous dream, the circle of awed, white faces watching me in the death-house. I had seen, of course, the grisly chair, and the lever whose reversal meant instantaneous death for me. Now I was blind.

I doubt whether there can be any single moment more hideous than the one in which one sits, a perfectly healthy man, awaiting his inevitable doom—that instant that is to hurl his soul into eternity.

I sat and waited. I thought of life. I tried to remember who I was, had been. I was already as good as dead.

Oddly enough, I was concerned about the way the cap fitted about my head. I was stifling. I wanted air.

And suddenly the end came. I heard a grinding sound. I felt my body, charged with hundreds of thousands of volts of electricity, strain against the straps. I gasped, flung out my arms.

"Ouch!" cried a familiar voice.

I stared about me wildly. The mask had been removed, and the face of the man confronting me seemed strangely, fiercely familiar.

"That was the toughest molar I ever pulled," my dentist said. "I thought that you were never going under, the way you kicked and thrashed about. Five dollars, please."

Quick Recovery.

Watson entered the private office of Doctor Brighton.

"I am Mr. Watson," he introduced himself. "I have been feeling badly for some time and I want to find out just what the trouble is if I can. Doctor Smith, who moved from the city just a short time ago, told me that I had only a few years to live."

"My dear man, be seated," Doctor Brighton offered. "And I would not let myself be worried over the dire prediction of Doctor Smith. Indeed, I would not trust his word too much if I were you."

"But, doctor," Watson interrupted, "Doctor Smith is the man who advised me to come to see you."

"—er—as to a diagnosis," Doctor Brighton finished lamely. "On all other matters I consider Doctor Smith perfectly reliable. Indeed, an eminent authority!"—Kansas City Star.

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