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The speeding motorists might at least avoid smashing down the danger signs along the roads of Maryland.

The dancing craze would be all right provided the young crowd were developing brain tissue as fast as they are leg muscle.

Competent business men find it easy to get political nominations when there is no chance of being elected.

On returning from the petting parties, the girls can tell whether many ribs were broken by having X-ray pictures taken.

COLD VICTUALS

By CLARISSA MACKIE

(© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

HANNAH BLAKE'S severe countenance was poked around the corner of the kitchen door. It was drawn into bitter disapproval.

"Miss Selden, there's another one of them critters out yonder."

Jane Selden looked up from the book she was reading; her very blue eyes met the agate-gray ones of her maid. "What are you talking about, Hannah?"

"He's sitting on the barn door fast asleep."

"Is it a cat?" inquired Jane, who loved cats and kittens and dogs.

"It's a man. Yes, Miss Selden, I knew the minute you fed that book agent last week that a whole lot of tramps would come traipsing around. He's there!" she ended tragically.

Jane sighed. "Did you tell him to go away?" she asked hopefully.

Hannah sniffed. "Not a bit of it. How could I know that you didn't want me to take him out a dish of cold baked beans and a slice of prune pie that I baked for myself, nobody here liking it except me."

"Do as you think best, Hannah. Does he seem to be very poor or is he just a common lazy tramp?" Jane asked in a troubled tone.

"I believe he's uncommonly lazy, but I'm taking him the beans and the pie and a cup of coffee."

Jane arose and laid aside her book. "I will take the food to him, Hannah. You have so much to do. It is very kind of you to get it ready for him."

"Folks have got to eat—tramps or what-not," she declared as she gave a flat basket into the hands of her employer. She watched Jane as the slender figure stepped gracefully down the bricked path to the gate of the barnyard, saw her cross the yard and enter the great barn, which had two immense doors, front and back. The tramp was sitting in the back doorway, that overlooked a vast field of weeds and flowers. In the distance was the dim blur of hills.

Jane knew that Hannah's keen ears would be listening for any outcry, so she approached the stranger with the confidence that was born of her native courage and her own pride and glory in labor.

"Did you wish to see any one?" she asked quietly.

The man turned his head and immediately got upon his feet, removing his dusty felt hat.

"Thank you, I merely sat down to rest awhile. I was very tired, and the barn looked cool and the view pleasant." He spoke respectfully and his accent was that of a cultivated man.

Jane hesitated. "My housekeeper came out and saw you asleep; she is very hospitable, and she thought you might be hot and thirsty, so she has sent you out some supper." She placed the basket beside him.

He flushed under the tan, and then a wonderful smile lightened his weary face. "Your housekeeper is a woman in a multitude. Will you tell her that a very hungry man thanks her sincerely? I wonder if there is anything I can do in return? Is there wood to chop, or anything like that?"

"No, thank you," laughed Jane, relieved that the wanderer was of such an amiable type. "You are enjoying the beautiful view of the hills?"

"Yes. My home is there," he said simply.

"And you are going back again. They will be glad to see you, and you will be happy to get there. Home means so much!"

He looked at her with a strangely thoughtful air. "Yes, my home is there and I should be glad to get back if it were not so lonely."

"I am very sorry," said Jane gently, as she left him to enjoy Hannah's delicious food.

"Well, did he eat the cold victuals?" demanded Hannah as Jane returned to the house.

"I believe he is going to," answered Jane in an absent voice. Later she saw him crossing the field toward the woods that bordered the other side. He could reach the road to the mountains there. "Perhaps some motor car will pick him up," she thought.

Sunday morning Hannah came home from church with a stricken look on her face. Jane, who was suffering from a headache looked her concern.

"What is the matter?"

"Matter enough, ma'am. Do you remember the cold victuals man that you fed in the barn?"

"Yes, what of him?"

"He was at church this morning. Dizzie Carter, who works up at the big house—Hillcrest—says he's Mr. Hill that millionaire, and she says he wanders all over—loves to tramp the country over—and good land, Miss Jane here he comes now! See the handsome automobile out there."

An hour later Hannah peered from a window and saw him drive away. She saw his last backward look at the little house.

"He will come again and again, and then there'll be wedding bells for Miss Jane, all because of me and the cold victuals!"

And that was the way it happened after all.

What a Shame!

"Dubson doesn't like his new car."

"Is that so? What's the matter with it?"

"He has to throw it in low gear before he can plow through the pedestrians."

DAIRY FACTS

TANK HEATERS ARE FAVORED

When Milk Cows Are Watered Infrequently It Is Poor Policy to Supply Ice Water.

When a cow drinks water, her body at once sets to work raising it, if necessary, to the same temperature as exists normally in the body. In order to warm the water taken in, heat is just as necessary as it is to warm a kettle of water on the stove.

To provide the heat necessary, the blood and internal organs give up a portion of their supply until more is supplied from food previously consumed. As the milk cow is a heavy consumer of water, much heat is required to warm it. Consequently when cows are allowed to drink water that is very cold, a high percentage of the feed eaten is required to heat it. If it is true that some heat is being given off from the body all the time and when the amount of water taken in at one time is small the loss is unimportant. But when the cows are watered only once or twice daily, and then get near ice water, they are likely to suffer injury and more feed is necessary. Stated briefly, it is a question of balancing good feed and the cow's time digesting it, against the cost of a good tank heater and a few pails of cobs or coal. The man interested in getting the most out of his cows and in their comfort will not expect them to be their own tank heaters.

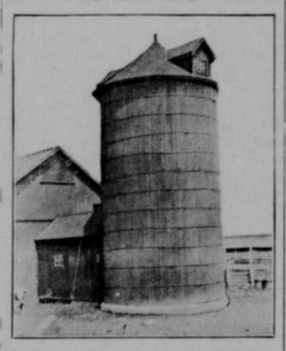
SILAGE READY WHEN NEEDED

Mistaken Idea to Think That Certain Time Must Elapse Before Feeding to Stock.

What is the best time to begin feeding silage, is a question which is interesting many dairy farmers.

The specialists on live stock feeding say that the time to begin using silage is when the dairyman needs it; they feel there is no justification for the idea that a certain time must elapse between the filling of the silo and opening it for use.

Experiments made at the state colleges of the country indicate that fermentation starts almost as soon as the corn is placed in the silo, and that the greatest change takes place during the first five days after filling. After 12



Fermentation of Silage Is Complete After Twelve Days.

days, fermentation is practically complete, and the silage undergoes very little modification after two weeks.

Some farmers do not know that silage will keep for a long time. Experiments indicate that silage is as palatable after several years as that which has been kept only a few months.

Although moldy silage apparently does not injure mature cows, it has been found to affect the health of calves and horses. To be on the safe side, careful farmers discard the moldy silage from the top of the silo.

REAL VALUE OF DAIRY COW

Most Reliable Method Is to Figure Her Actual Butterfat Production by Weight.

The most reliable way of getting at the real value of a dairy cow is to figure her actual butterfat production. This can be done by weighing the milk produced by each cow and by determining the per cent of butterfat through occasional tests of the milk with a Babcock tester.

COMPARATIVE COST OF COWS

Cheaper to Milk and Feed One Animal Giving Large Yield Than It Is for Three Scrubs.

It is much cheaper to milk and care for one cow giving 300 pounds of butterfat in a year than it is to milk and care for three cows giving 100 pounds of butterfat each, and if the 300-pound cow is heavily fed she will not eat as much as the three 100-pound cows.

Drawback to Dairying.

Perhaps the greatest drawback to the dairy business is that a cow will produce a little milk, no matter what she is fed. Too many dairymen are satisfied with that little bit.

Beware of Lazy Bull.

Beware of the undersized, lazy, dull-eyed bull; he is never a money maker for his owner.

Success in Dairying.

To be successful in dairying, have good cows and feed them properly.

ONE HOUR

By MARY LEARY

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ALL during the evening Conrad had been watching her, and sometimes he felt certain that those shining gray eyes had met his with understanding; she seemed a kindred soul.

Gradually Conrad maneuvered about the room, burying himself momentarily among the cigarette-smoking men—and a few women—who were in heated gesticulated discussion over the merit or lack of it in Lembrier's exhibition at Molyneaux's studio. Then he shifted to the non-smoking mixed group and contributed his store of information as to the causes and mistakes leading to the inevitable divorce of the Craig Henshaws—and eventually he was with the handsome woman of the shining gray eyes and the kindred spirit.

"You appear bored," smiled Conrad, slipping into a vacant chair.

"Am I so successful in concealing my thoughts?" she queried in mock horror.

"You were probably reflecting my feelings," he assured her, with a smile.

She shrugged her silken shoulders. "I wish there were some way one might escape."

"I believe there is quite an extensive garden to the place," informed Conrad, "and I am certain, although I have not yet investigated, that those palms to our right conceal French windows."

"Thank you, my Perseus."

Conrad smiled and bowed low. "It is an honor to release you, my Andromeda."

Together and unobserved, they slipped out into the garden. A gravel path vanished into a sylvan darkness, but farther on the cool moonlight slipped through the oleanders and bathed the pathway with silvery softness. In the pale glow of the mystic moonlight the girl seemed to Conrad as truly some dryad as elusive as her gray eyes, and incorporated in the astral fluffiness of evening attire. He felt wafted into some fairyland in which they two were alone.

Now she was dancing in and out among the shrubbery, a nymph that appeared ever so often in some unexpected patch of moonlight, and then the luna rays would be reflected in those intriguing gray eyes.

Then, suddenly, from the house they had forgotten came the haunting strains of the violin, played by the sad-eyed Josef Schemack. How beautiful, entrancing and soul-filling it sounded out here, away from the house and that congested room. Here was only the wonderful music itself.

Then she who had called herself the prisoner liberated by Perseus, Andromeda, stepped forth into a large pool of silver moonlight. Gracefully her sylphic form interpreted the notes of that heavenly music as with sinuous movements her flashing bare arms and shoulders whirled in noiseless dancing. Her feet skimmed over the grass, and the nebulous tulle of her evening attire floated after, clothing her in astral splendor.

It seemed to Conrad that he had inadvertently stumbled upon the privacy of some fairy sprite, and yet he seemed to be with her, to be dancing with her. He felt his limbs to be imbued with the same extramundane quality that she possessed. The earth, the trees and the plants resolved themselves into one unfathomable darkness, leaving just that one spot of moonlight in which she flitted with graceful symmetry of movement.

Then, as suddenly as it had come upon them, the music ceased, and with its last plaintive note she vanished. Conrad rubbed his eyes; it seemed so much like a dream. Presently in a smaller pool of moonlight he saw her posing invitingly. He gave chase, but always she eluded him, appearing and disappearing with uncanny suddenness. But at last he caught her.

"Who are you?" he cried dispassionately.

"Andromeda."

"Andromeda, I—I am infatuated."

A laugh tinkled in her throat; a soft hand slipped through his blond locks—and suddenly she was away from him again.

Once more he gave chase, and once more she eluded him, and when he found her she was standing, not in the glow of the moonlight this time, but in the warmer light that came through the French windows that separated the real from the unreal.

Just as he reached her, from somewhere in the house came the soft and regular tones of a striking clock. They paused attentively, counting them.

Twelve o'clock. Just as at midnight the fairies vanish, so did the astral quality slip from her, and she became the woman again.

"Come," she said, and gave him her hand.

Another long-haired artist was at the square piano, and another long-haired female was preparing to sing.

"Who is that bald-headed oleaginous party looking at you so intently?" asked Conrad under his breath.

"My husband," she answered quietly.

"Which one do you mean?" demanded Conrad, startled.

"The one sitting beside that frowsy, hawk-nosed dame in Nile green. You don't happen to know her?"

"Oh, yes. She's my wife."

The Conceited Thing.

"Did you notice she gave me a smile?"

"That doesn't mean anything. First time I saw you I almost died laughing."



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KEEPS BABY FROM CRYING.

MELROSE

Mr. Harry Shaffer, of near Manchester, visited his sister, Mrs. Chas. Sandruck, on Saturday last.

Our town has been a busy mecca of industry, with 25 or more men, and improved machinery, working on our streets. It reminds us of the activity of about thirty years ago, when two passenger trains, and long freight trains with a dozen or more heavily laden ore cars, passed through here daily. Tickets were sold here at the R. R. station, the ticket window with ticket punches still being in tact. Perhaps some people remember the mysterious burning of the passenger coach at Ebbvale, one mile west of here, where once a post office was conducted by Mr. Cornelius Wentz.

The Boy Scout Band, of Hanover, passed through our town on Saturday, favoring our people with one of their well rendered selections. They were one of the musical organizations in the fireman's parade during the Manchester carnival.

Wentz's Union Sunday school now numbers 70, with an attendance of 61 on last Sunday morning. Sunday school next Sunday at 9 A. M.

Mother's Day, which was observed in nearly all our churches in this locality, was founded in 1914 by Miss Anna Jarvis, of Philadelphia. Then President Wilson issued a proclamation that the second Sunday in May of each year should be known as "Mother's Day."

Is it little wonder that President Roosevelt once said: "The American people are too lazy to spell out the words." He meant abbreviating and shortening some words. Recently we read in big headlines what the D. A. R. did and often we read about the G. O. P., G. A. R., Y. P. S. C. E., Y. M. C. A., Y. W. C. A., and the society with the long name, S. P. C. A. These do not include any of the dozens of fraternal organizations.

SHIPLEY

Wednesday Rev. and Mrs. Martin, and son, of Westminster, Mr. and Mrs. Sterling Leppo, and Miss Virginia Leppo called on Mr. and Mrs. John P. Wilhide.

Sunday Mr. and Mrs. Harry Hughes had Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Stevens and family, of Baltimore, and Mr. and Mrs. Howard Trott, of Oakland, and others as their guests.

Rev. and Mrs. Martin and son were Sunday dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. D. G. Hook.

Miss Marie Stem was a Monday caller at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. J. O. Zepp.

Sunday last Mr. and Mrs. David Beaver, of Wakefield; Mr. and Mrs. Crouse, of Baltimore; Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Zincon and sons Charles and Clayton, Mrs. Martha Easton, Miss Belle Easton, Mr. and Mrs. Luther Myerly, Miss Louise Myerly, Mr. and Mrs. Young, Mr. Columbus Schneider and others visited Mr. and Mrs. Francis Beaver.

Sunday last Mrs. Margaret Caples and sons had as their guests Mr. and Mrs. John Martin, Miss Pauline Martin, and Mr. Donald Martin, of Brummel; Mr. Martin, Misses Susanna and Louise Caples, of Westminster; Mr. Winfield S. Caples, of Baltimore, and Mr. and Mrs. Sterling Leppo, Miss Virginia Leppo, and Mrs. Oliver Caples and family.

Monday Rev. Martin dined with Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Bair and on Thursday with Mr. and Mrs. John A. Polster. He is helping with the erection of the community hall at Zion M. P. Church.

On days the farmers cannot work on their farms many of them are helping to build the community hall at Zion M. P. Church, the roof of which is nearly completed. Monday and Tuesday the following named worked on the hall: A. H. Bair, Rev. Martin, D. G. Hook, Wm. C. Caples, J. P. Wilhide, Harry Hughes, John T. Wagner, Albert Jordan, Emory Arbaugh, John A. Polster, Harry Brooks, Dayton Waltz, Edwin Stater, George Caples, Sterling Leppo, Harry Leppo, Jennings Zepp, Jesse Carr, and Leo Davis.

Mrs. Sterling Leppo and Miss Virginia Leppo are spending a few days with Mrs. Leppo, Penna. avenue, Westminster. Miss Virginia being on the sick list.

EASTVIEW

Mrs. John Conaway, Miss Elsie Conaway, Mrs. Albert Arnold and Mr. and Mrs. Frank Knoblock visited Mr. and Mrs. James Klohr on Sunday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Wicks, Mrs. Kate Conaway and Ollie Bailey visited Mr. and Mrs. George Conaway on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Jones visited in Frederick county on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Norris Stocksdale and Miss Virginia Conaway and others were the guests of Mrs. Conaway on Monday night.

Mrs. Frank Knoblock was the guest of Miss Elsie Conaway on Sunday evening and Monday.

Tuesday evening, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Wagner, Mr. John Beard and wife, Helen, Margaret and their son Raymond were the guests of Mrs. Conaway and celebrated Miss Elsie Conaway's birthday. We all wish her many more happy ones. She received some very nice and useful presents.

Mrs. George F. Wicks Sr., Mr. and Mrs. George F. Wicks Jr., and baby Franklin spent Wednesday with Mr. and Mrs. Conaway.

Mr. Hosea Robinson's little baby has been quite ill but is improving at this time.

Jesse Hoffman, who has been very ill with typhoid fever, is up and about the house. We hope he continues to improve.

Mr. and Mrs. Mengel are not so well, at this writting.

Mr. Groves, who has spent the winter in the country, has moved with his family to Pikesville, Maryland.

Mrs. Estral Ogg has been spending some time in Baltimore.

Misses Phillips are making home trips of evening, after being in town all day.

We hear that Miss Helen Conaway has undergone another operation at the hospital. All extend their sympathy.

Mrs. Margie Hook has been ill, but is improving.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Wicks and daughter Mildred, Mrs. Jennie Conrad and Miss Stelle Conrad called on Mrs. Conaway on Sunday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Lepper and daughter Ruth called on Mr. Conaway on Sunday morning.

SANDYVILLE

Sunday School at 9:45 this Sunday morning at Sandymount.

Preaching at 8 P. M. C. E. at 7:30.

Dr. Forlines, of Westminster Seminary, preached at Sandy Mount last Sunday afternoon. It was a forceful and helpful discourse, at the close he made an appeal for funds toward the new home for the President of the Seminary.

A short C. E. service was held at night, led by Ernest Stocksdale.

The Mite Society will be entertained by Mrs. Herbert Buckingham, near Finksburg, on Friday afternoon, May 1. If inclement it will be held on Saturday afternoon. Members cordially invited.

Sandy Mount festival Thursday evening, June 7.

Mr. and Mrs. Murray Shreeve, and Mr. and Mrs. Wilbur Shreeve and family visited Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Tanner, Sunday.

Miss Lottie M. Caple and niece Margaret Angela Buckingham, spent last Friday in Baltimore.

GAMBER

Dr. Humphry, President of the Maryland Conference of the M. P. Church, will preach at Providence M. P. Church, Sunday morning at 10:30 A. M.

C. E. Society at 7:30 P. M. Topic: "Medical Missions at Home and Abroad."—Matt. 23-25; 10:5-8. Leader, Mr. Moses U. Barnes. All welcome.

Mr. Thomas Miller, of Elkridge, and Mr. Wm. Miller, of Baltimore, spent the week-end with their mother, Mrs. Alvie Brauning.

Miss Lauretta Shipley and Miss Theresa Nichols, of Baltimore, spent Saturday and Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Carroll Shipley.

Memorial service will be held at Providence M. P. Church Friday afternoon, June 1st., at 2:00 P. M. Rev. Leo White and Rev. J. N. Link will have charge of the service.

Mr. and Mrs. Julius Houff and daughters Helen and Doris, and Mrs. Henry Weyrich, all of Baltimore, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Edward Bonner.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Arnold spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Herschel Miller.

The Ladies' Aid Society of Providence M. P. Church will give an operetta, "A Garden of Singing Flowers," two comic dialogues and comic recitations in the Jr. O. U. A. M. Hall, at Gamber, on Saturday evening, June 16th, beginning at 8 o'clock. Admission 25 and 35 cents. Proceeds for the church.

Mrs. Lee F. Ward and family, of Smithsburg, spent from Friday until Sunday with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. N. Barnes.

The Ladies' Aid Society of Providence M. P. Church met at the home of Mr. and Mrs. D. N. Leister, Thursday afternoon, May 17th. Quite a large number of members were present. Dues collected amounting to $7.10. The meeting adjourned to meet at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Stocksdale on June 21st., at 2:30 P. M.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

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