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When Thomas Jefferson said, "give me Liberty or give me Death," in New York City, on July the 4th 1776, the people never dreamed of automobiles, but they are here, and we are headquarters for

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George W. Babylon

STONE CHAPEL

Sunday school 10:30 A. M., April 6th. Notice the change of time. Rev. W. Randle will be attending the conference in Baltimore April 6, and there will be no preaching at Stone Chapel.

It rained all day March 29. An electric storm at night, cleared it off. March 30, was a beautiful day, drying the roads. On Monday a kind neighbor used the King drag over our road which helped traveling.

Tuesday it snowed and blew all day.

Mrs. Charles Martin was taken very sick Sunday night. Dr. Charles R. Foutz, of Westminster, was called, gave her treatment and she was relieved. She is something better, yet it will take time for much improvement.

The many friends of Dr. Joseph T. Herring were distressed to hear of his death. We extend sympathy to the bereaved family.

Those who spent March 30, with Mr. and Mrs. Henry Koontz in the home of their daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. William Breitwiser, were Mrs. Alice Zile, Laura Sellman, M. Alice Duvall, and Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Barnes and daughter Anna Mae.

Doris Eckard daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Carroll Eckard, Westminster, returned home after spending several days with her aunt, Mrs. Raymond Stuller and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Koontz, postponed their moving on Tuesday on account of the very disagreeable day. They move from near Stone Chapel to the property they bought on George street, Westminster.

On March 19th, a birthday surprise was given at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Ecker, Medford, in honor of Mrs. Maurice Ecker. The evening was spent in music and games, all having a delightful time. At 10:30 all were invited to the dining room where refreshments consisting of cakes, candies, vanilla and chocolate ice cream were served. Those present were Messrs. and Mesdames Maurice Ecker, Herbert Owings, Allen Ecker, Roland Ecker, Albert Bond, Clifton Cook, Misses Marie and Virginia Ecker, Louise Bond, Mary and Grace Zepp, and Masters Clarence Cook, Roland and Russell Grimes.

Sows Require Protein to Produce Bone and Muscle

Sows while pregnant and also while suckling pigs require a ration which will furnish the necessary protein to produce bone, muscle and milk. If this is not given in the ration it is the nature of a hog to try and get it otherwise. Due to this craving they instinctively know that chickens will furnish this material and it is for this reason that they get the habit of catching them.

Very few get the chicken-eating habit. Once they get it there is nothing which will stop them. It is due to this lack of protein in the ration which influences a great many sows to eat their pigs.

Displayed Animal Telepathy

By JAMES BLACK
(©, 1924, Western Newspaper Union.)

"SAY, listen, listen!"

"Say, you go and sleep off that hooch, old feller!"

"I gotta tell you something!"

"Forget it!"

The old man in the tattered coat buttonholed a number of persons in vain. It was, in fact, one of the most interested crowds that had been seen for a long time. An incident had happened such as stirs the emotional fervor of every crowd. A dog had just rescued a child from the water.

A little fair-haired boy—why does tradition demand that drowning children, boys or girls, shall be fair?—had fallen into the lake, off the little pier from which he was trying to catch "minnies." He had been alone. He sank, struggling and crying. Just as he was going down for the third time—observe the popular touch again—a large black retriever dog dashed into the water.

By the time the crowd had begun to collect the dog had seized the drowning child by the collar and was bringing him ashore. Once ashore the boy was soon resuscitated and restored to his terrified mother.

Everything had gone off according to schedule. The boy was fair-haired, he sank three times, he was rescued by a dog, and he had a mother. So far all was well. And just now the enthusiasm of the crowd was being expended on the dog.

The sagacious animal shook himself in the traditional style over the nearest bystanders, and, with his tongue lolling out of his mouth, looked into their faces, saying as plainly as could be: "Thank you for your pats, but wouldn't a bone be more in order?"

Meanwhile the ragged old man with the smell of hooch on his breath was accosting more of the bystanders. He succeeded in buttonholing one man as the crowd was beginning to disperse.

"Say, did you see that?"

"Sure I saw it. What of it?"

"Say, I had a dog like that, the very image of that."

"Well, what if you did?"

"My wife was drowning. It was in a mill-race. It was all the dog could do to bring her to the shore. He was a big, heavy feller, with a touch of tan on one ear."

"Well, all right; that ain't unusual. dogs saving people."

"Well, this dog acted queer. Spot was his name. You see, Spot and me had always been pals. Why, that dog knew everything I said to him—and thought, too. He could do everything except talk."

"Well, all right, but I'm in a hurry—"

"He got my wife as far as the middle of the pond and let her go. She sank like a stone. Spot looked up at me with a queer look in his eye, and swum back for the shore."

"Did your wife drown?"

"Sure she did. Never came to the surface again. Folks said it wasn't the dog's fault. Most of them said it was too big a job for him. My wife was a big, heavy woman."

"Well, it sounds interesting, but I—"

"Others said the feller ought to be shot. Said no dog worth his salt would let my wife go down and swim back to the shore. Acted as if he was ashamed of himself, that dog did, too They said he ought to be shot."

"I don't think—"

"I shot him. Had to. I couldn't never bear the look in Spot's eyes afterward."

"Yes, I can understand that," said the other man, beginning to grow interested. "And then, of course, you couldn't bear to look on the animal again after having lost your wife through him. Yes, I think you did quite right to shoot him."

"That's all right, but the reasons ain't quite the same as you're giving me, mister."

"How's that?"

"I told you that dog understood everything I thought. It was uncanny sometimes, the way he'd know what I wanted him to do. My wife and me never got along together very well. When she was struggling there in the millpond I knew it was my one chance of happiness, if she went down. And when Spot gripped her I was praying, 'Spot, let her go down! Let her go down!' That was why he looked at me the way he did."

A Choice of Evils

"Bobby," said the teacher sternly, "do you know that you have broken the eighth commandment by stealing James' apple?"

"Well," explained Bobby, "I might just as well break the eighth and have the apple as to break the tenth and only covet it."—Forecast.

All Depends

"What did she say when you proposed?"

"She said, 'Glub-blug.'"

"What does that mean?"

"Hard to tell."

"Was she laughing or crying?"—Louisville Courier-Journal.

She Knew Him

Husband—One night while you were away I heard a burglar. You should have seen me going downstairs three steps at a time.

Wife (who knows him)—Why, was he on the roof, then?

Reduction In Price Of Bituminous, Steam & Domestic Coals.

Beginning March 31st, 1924 the following prices will take effect, Net Tons 2,000 lbs.

Genuine Big Vein Georges Creek, Best Coal Mined

Net tons, delivered in city limits....$ 8.00
Net tons, on our yard..... 7.00

Lumpy Bituminous Coal, Very Good Domestic Coal

Net tons, delivered in city limits.... $6.50
Net tons, on our yard..... 5.50

Regular Run of Mine Bituminous Coal, For Steaming

Net tons, delivered in city limits....$ 6.25
Net tons, on our yard..... 5.25

Discount for cash, allowed on any of the above coals 25 cents per ton.

We will be pleased to quote prices on any of the above grades of coal in car-load lots, F. O. B. siding W. M. R. R. yard.

To the public generally, we wish to express our appreciation for the business given us, and solicit a continuance of same. Phone 138.

Yours to serve,

Lumber, Coal & Supply Co.
Westminster, Md.



NEWSPAPER ASSOCIATION MEMBER NO. 7131.

The following is a news dispatch from the daily press:

"When Oklahoma places a tax on gasoline to build highways and then tries to collect from aviators, good nature reaches its limit, according to the heads of an aviation company, who plan to form a State-wide organization to protest the payment of such taxes by airmen.

"The legislature raised the retail sale tax on gasoline from 1 cent a gallon to 2½. The aviators point out that they derive no benefit from the roads and do not help wear them out."

With all due respect to the airplane company and the aviators, it is suggested that this is about as short-sighted and narrow a policy as a business house engaged in the building and marketing of airplanes could well formulate!

What guides the aviator in unfamiliar surroundings? The roads! What roads are visible at great heights? Good roads. What roads are invisible at great heights? Narrow, unimproved roads. When an aviator has to descend at a flying field, what does he need most? Transportation to food and lodging, in a motor car, over good roads! When an aviator has to make a forced landing, where does he go for help, a telephone? To the nearest farmhouse, which is located on the nearest good road!

These are the special interests which the good road has for the aviator and the airplane builder. But both have even larger interests in the general benefit of good roads. For both depend on the prosperity of the country for their prosperity, which increases with every increase in transportation and decreases with every setback of transportation.

When the trolley car was first invented, the steam roads fought it, as a competitor. Now they run it, in interurban service, because the more people travel the more they want to travel. When the good road and the auto truck first began to carry freight, the railroads fought them, as competitors. Now railroads run trucks for short-haul freight and help good roads, because—the more people travel the more they want to travel!

The airplane user and maker begin as did the railroads; they must end, as the railroads have ended, helping the good road, because the good road will help the airplane maker and user.

PLEASANT VALLEY

Tuesday, April 1st, snowing all day, and has now reached the depth of from ten to twelve inches.

Beginning on Monday evening, April 7, at 7:30, Rev. A. G. Wolf will have preaching and continue till Friday evening when he will have preparatory services. The theme for Monday evening will be "The Eternity of Chirst;" Tuesday evening, "God's Message by His Son;" Wednesday evening, "The River and The Rock;" Thursday evening, "The Gift;" and Friday evening, "Not Far From The Kingdom." Holy communion on Palm Sunday at 10 A. M. Congregational meeting on Good Friday morning at 10 A. M.

Sunday school Sunday at 1 P. M. Preaching at 2 by the Rev. J. W. Reinecke. Y. P. S. C. E. at 7:30. Topic: "In His Steps. How Jesus Loved and Served." John 11: 3-5; Mark 10: 42-45. (Consecration meeting.) Leader, Ralph Helwig.

Mr. and Mrs. Elmer F. Kindig celebrated their ninth anniversary of their marriage on last Sunday, March 30. Mr. Kindig presented his wife with a beautiful mantel clock as an anniversary gift.

Mr. Hollie Helwig, who, about two months ago fell and cracked a bone in his right shoulder, is now able to work again.

Mrs. Hollie Myers is spending this week with her mother and sisters in Littlestown.

Mrs. John Senft was suffering the past week with a severe cold.

Mrs. Noah Powell is still confined to bed. Her condition has not changed very much.

Visitors at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel K. Eckard's Sunday were Mr. and Mrs. Samuel H. Myers and son Keith, Mr. and Mrs. Claude Myers and daughters Mary and Elva, Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Eckard and daughter Catherine, Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Eckard, Mr. William Byers and Mr. E. F. Kindig.

Miss Anna Grace Brown and Mrs. Clarence Shipley spent Friday with Mrs. Charles Logue, Stonersville.

Visitors at the home of Mr. and Mrs. John H. Brown on Sunday were Mr. and Mrs. Norman Warehime, and son Homer, Markers Mill; Mr. and Mrs. Charles Logue, Stonersville, and Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Brown and son Richard, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Brown and Mr. and Mrs. Walter Shettle.

Friends here were shocked to hear of the sudden death of Mrs. Susan Zepp. She was well known around here, and was loved by all who knew her. Her remains were laid to rest beside her husband, in the Pleasant Valley cemetery.

Six flocks of wild geese flew over here on Monday going north, the last flock was heard after eleven o'clock at night.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF AUGUST 24, 1912.

Of the American Sentinel published Weekly at Westminster, Md., for April 1, 1924.

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Publisher, American Sentinel Co., Westminster, Md.

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Union Bridge Banking and Trust Company, of Union Bridge, Md.

JOSEPH D. BROOKS, Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 3rd day of April, 1924.

WM. WEAGLY,
Notary Public.

By commission expires May 1, 1924.

PLEASANT GROVE AND REESE

On Sunday the pastor preached his last sermon before conference, which body opened Wednesday morning at Harlem Park church, Baltimore. Officials asked for the return of the pastor for another year.

Sunday school at 9:30 next Sunday. Let everyone start in and make this a banner year's attendance.

The official board met on Monday night at the home of Mr. John Magee to review and square up work for the year. It was gratifying to know that the affairs were in good shape and to know the success of the budget system, even though some few failed to cooperate.

The Ladies' Aid will meet at the home of Mrs. John Magee Saturday afternoon, April 12th. It is hoped that each and every member will make an effort to be present.

Looks like every one was fooled on April 1st. One of the largest snows of the year fell. Everyone says the roads never were in such condition as now.

Mr. John Shipley is building a large chicken house.

Mr. and Mrs. Clifton Shipley visited the home of the former's parents last week.

Mr. Covert Craft is on the sick list at this writing. Other sick people are better. Little Beba Taylor is housed with chicken pox.

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