A TOWN MEETING

Will be held at the
FIREMEN'S BUILDING

Monday, April 28, 1924. 8 P. M.

for the purpose of making nominations for the office of MAYOR and TWO MEMBERS OF THE CITY COUNCIL to serve for a period of two years. The persons nominated will be voted upon at the coming election to be held Monday, MAY 5th.

H. E. KOONTZ, Mayor.
R. N. SNADER, Clerk

Auto Painting And New Tops

WHEREAS, you have been parking too long under a shabby car tha slanders your car, bears false witness about its age and condition, and is suspected of old age.

THEREFORE, you are summoned to appear, as soon as convenient, before

JOHN E. ECKENRODE
70 Liberty St., Westminster, Md.
"A Judge of Good Painting"

If guilty, you will be sentenced to a stylish job of Painting guaranteed to be first class, for which the fine assessed will be very moderate.
Phone 15-M.

A Banking Institution For the People

Persons visiting this Institution have often remarked as to the number of accounts we have in our SAVINGS DEPARTMENT.

We take this as evidence that this Institution is popular with the people.

We Pay 4 PER CENT. on Saving Accounts and Interest is Compounded Semi-annually

We pay 4 Per Cent. on Certificates of Deposit

On Active or Checking Accounts we pay 3 per cent. on daily balances on sums of $500.00 and over and interest is credited every month.

Will be glad to have you call and discuss the question of saving with you and will appreciate your account, whether large or small.

Westminster Deposit & Trust Co.

Chas. E. Nicodemus, President. F. Neal Parke, Vice-President
N. H. Baumgartner, Secretary and Treasurer.

Capital, $100,000.00 Surplus Undivided Profits, $200,020.12

Fire, Life and Accident Insurance of all Kinds

Having taken over the business of the late firm, we will continue at the former offices on East Main street, the Insurance business in all its lines and ask the patronage of all our former Policy holders and others who may want to take insurance.

By giving strict attention to business we hope to receive and continue your insurance as heretofore. Our companies are all first-class and we offer you rates as low as any other sound financial company can do. Respectfully yours for business.

JAMES E. SMITH & SON, Inc.
WESTMINSTER, 9-22-tf MARYLAND

CHIROPRACTIC



FLORENCE H. KELLER
Chiropractor
102 E. MAIN ST.,
Westminster, Maryland.
OFFICE HOURS
Tues., Thurs., Sat.,
10 A. M. to 4:30 P. M.
Consultation And Spinal Analysis Free.

F. A. Sharrer & Son

J. FRANCIS REESE, Prop'r.

Funeral Directors & Embalmers

Courtesy Efficiency
Service

Day and Night Phone 117
Auto Equipment

THE GIRL IN A SQUIRREL COAT

By KARIN C. SUNDELOF

(©, 1924, McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

AMY DASH had scrimped and saved and toiled for love of Michael Dash ever since the day he had led her to the altar.

She still loved Michael. She delighted in their children, Norman and Amy.

That Michael was a busy man did not worry her. That he often did not come home from the office until 11 or later, she took as a matter of course.

She thought of him now, as she hurried through her shopping.

A woman bustling by paused to grip her by the arm.

"Amy! Why, Amy Dash, as I live! I haven't seen you for ages. How's Mike, and that adorable little boy of yours?"

"Emma Jane Pierce, they're fine, every one. And you? Why, you look wonderfully well. I read in the papers of your marriage in England. And now you have a small daughter of your own."

"She's a treasure!" cried her friend. "But come, let's have lunch together and talk over old times."

So they wended their way towards the Ambassador. The winter wind blew strong, and Amy shivered slightly in her soft little Boliva coat with its fox trimmings. She could not resist a sidelong glance at her friend's Hudson seal with its expensive squirrel collar.

"Just bought it at Blank's," explained Mrs. Pierce, noticing her glance. "They're having a sale. I couldn't resist this. Only $425. Great bargain, don't you think?"

Amy agreed. She had let her last year's coat do for this season, and put an exceptionally large sum in the bank towards the new home. Her heart warmed at the recollection of Michael's praise over her economy. It had been worth while.

She gazed speculatively around the restaurant. Almost every woman there wore a fur coat. At the table next to them sat three girls. Two wore stunning sealskin coats, but the third, a little blonde, with almost golden lashes and eyebrows, and eyes like a sapphire sea, drew more than ordinary attention with her beautiful wrap of rich squirrel.

Mrs. Pierce ordered lavishly.

"This treat is on me, dear," she said. Then as she put aside the menu, she fixed her bright blue eyes on her guest and went on: "Yes, Ed and I are as happy as the day is long. As yet we have only a small cottage, but Ed is saving to buy a home. While Babe is small we have room enough and there is no hurry. It's easier for me this way, and I just love it. A woman, my dear, should do her best to make home sweet home for hubby, but when she makes herself a slave for him, she's a little fool. Don't you think so?"

This was said without a trace of self-consciousness and Amy pondered. She pondered first over the oysters, then over the chicken salad, and dreamily she put the whys and wherefores together over the tall slim glasses of chocolate frappe. Emma's point of view had never struck her. She had been so intensely interested in keeping Michael Dash content that she had never considered herself.

Suddenly a name spoken in a low, well-modulated voice, came to her ears. Had she not known it so well she would never have heard it, and she strained every nerve to listen, and at the same time pay attention to her friend's vivid conversation. She glanced toward the next table. The girl in gray squirrel was gone.

"Is this Congress 0000? Yes . . . . Well, I asked for Mr. Dash. Oh, Mickey, is it you? . . . This is Midge. I was just in to Blank's. They're having a sale, you know. I bought a squirrel wrap and had the bill sent to you. . . . All right? . . . Too far? What do you mean? . . . Take it back? . . . I will not . . . All right, I'll see you later about it. Bye-bye."

Amy Dash's heart froze. To all outward appearances she was her own calm, unperturbed little self, but her soft gray eyes had a hard glint in them as she followed the little blonde back to her own table. Mrs. Pierce still chattered on. She had heard nothing. Amy dipped her fingers daintily into her finger-bowl, dried them, excused herself and went to the telephone. Taking down the receiver she called her husband's office in a voice loud enough to be heard by those nearest at hand. She noted with satisfaction that the girl in gray squirrel turned sapphire eyes upon her.

"Mr. Dash, please. Mickey, dear, this is your wife speaking. I am just going down to Blank's. They have a sale, you know . . . I am buying a Hudson seal for only four hundred twenty-five. I'll have them send the bill to you. All right? . . . Thanks . . . No, that's all today, dear . . . Good-by."

"About face, Amy Leroy, you little fool," she told herself, as she went back to her table. "Keep up with the times and the modern girl, or you'll lose your Mickey. Stick to your little house. It's good enough till the children are bigger."

The girl in gray squirrel left her table and half-finished luncheon, paid her check and departed. Amy watched her with half-veiled amusement. The coat, she knew, would be returned before night. And it was, too.

"Where are you going now, dear?" asked Mrs. Pierce.

"To Blank's," she replied simply, "to have a look at those Hudson seals."

COAL

Anthracite Prices Reduced

For April and May delivery, the prices on gross tons 2240 lbs. will be as follows:

White Ash Broken or Egg	$ 15.00
White Ash Stove	15.50
White Ash Nut	15.25
White Ash Pea	11.75
Lykens Valley Broken	$ 16.25
Lykens Valley Egg	16.25
Lykens Valley Stove	16.25
Lykens Valley Nut	16.25
Lykens Valley Pea	12.50

A discount of 25 cents per ton will be allowed on ton lots or more if paid for on or before the 5th. of month following date of delivery.

The above prices are for the best quality Anthracite Coal, and are the lowest to be had this season. Place your orders early, and take advantage of the low price.

YOURS TO SERVE,

Lumber Coal & Supply Co.

Phone 138 WESTMINSTER, MD. 4-18-tf

NOTICE!

Clean Up The Town

All residents are requested to have all refuse placed in the alleys in the rear of their residences before

Saturday, May 10, 1924

Teams will be provided to haul away

ALL REFUSE DEPOSITED.

AFTER THIS DATE persons throwing ANY REFUSE into the alleys or streets will be PROSECUTED according to Ordinance No. 177, Sec. 4.

All PRIVIES MUST be thoroughly cleaned out and the REFUSE BURIED or disposed of by the occupant of the property (on which are privies) before the

10th day of May, 1924

after which time these out-houses will be inspected and any one failing to comply with this order will be subject to a fine.

By order of the Mayor and Common Council,

H. E. KOONTZ, Mayor.
R. N. SNADER, Clerk.

4 18 3t

SANITARY PLUMBING



Hot Water And Steam Heat

THE QUAKER PIPELESS FURNACE

Installed under a guarantee to be absolutely Gas and Dust Proof

COMBINATION COAL AND GAS RANGE

ROOFING — General Repair Work — TINNING

FRANK T. SHAEFFER

West Main St. C. & P. Phone 91-J. Westminster, Md.

Eggs For Sale

Pure Barred Rock eggs for hatching..
15 eggs per setting $1.00
100 eggs $5.00

JABEZ N. BARNES, Sr.,
Finksburg No. 1 Gamber, Md.
2-29-3m

COMMISSIONERS' NOTICE

Hereafter, and until further notice the County Commissioners of Carroll County will meet at their office in Westminster every Monday and Tuesday of each week for the transaction of business.

By order,

SAMUEL J. STONE.
Clerk.

Solving the Express Robbery

By ANTHONY REIMERT

(©, 1924, Western Newspaper Union.)

THE man on the dun reined in, flung the reins over the animal's head, and fitted together the pick and the handle which he had taken from the saddle.

An evil-looking man with a singular pallor on his face, which was twisted with thwarted passions. A man who limped with a peculiar shuffle as he walked up the hillside carrying the pick.

"Same old tree," he muttered. "Guess nobody's been here."

And he began digging and flinging aside the hard earth until he had made a little excavation. He peered into it.

"This shore was the place," he muttered.

At that moment another man, who had left his horse on the opposite side of the hill, was advancing up the slope likewise. Suddenly his head appeared over the rim, not twenty feet away. A mocking laugh broke from his lips.

"Phil! Phil Trevitt!"

The first man spun about and uttered a howl of anger. "You, Bill Means!"

"Well, what d'you suppose, Bill! Reckon I was goin' to let that gold git away from me? I knew the day you'd come out of the pen, and I waited to pick you up. I've been on your trail ever since."

"D—n you!"

"And d—n you, you double-crossin' traitor!"

"It was you double-crossed me. You beat it when the posse was after me, instead of givin' a hand and shootin' them fellers down. And you got scot free, when I was eatin' the years away in the pen."

"And why? Because you was plannin' to git away with the proceeds of the express robbery, instead of divvyin' up. Now, pardner, it's goin' to be share and share alike, and no tricks, if you want to git out of here with a whole hide!"

At the same time the other perceived that he was being covered through Means' coat.

"All right," he said sullenly. "Put away that gun. I guess it's share and share alike."

Means produced a shovel and stepped gingerly to Trevitt's side. For a while the two labored in silence.

But out of the corners of their eyes they were watching each other. And each was keyed up to the utmost tension. Neither meant to let the other have his half-share of the express company plunder, because neither trusted the other.

Trevitt was drawing in one hand as he worked with the pick. He could feel the outlines of the revolver in his holster. Suddenly, with an oath, he whipped it out and fired.

Means was as prompt. He had been waiting for that moment. The two shots rang out together. And, clasping each other, the two men staggered on the edge of the pit, the deep pit that had already been dug.

Means was shot through the body, Trevitt through the thigh. Both were bleeding profusely. Yet now, like wild beasts, they met in the death-grapple there.

Trevitt got his hands about Means' throat. He tightened his clutch, using every effort of his fast-waning strength. He saw Means' face turning blue, and a savage exultation filled him.

"Guess I got you now, Means!" he leered into the swollen face of his helpless adversary.

Tighter grew the constriction. Means' heels drummed on the ground. Suddenly a convulsive shiver ran through his body. Trevitt uttered a yell as he tumbled into the pit.

Means, in his death-struggle, had dragged him over the edge. Clasped by the dead man, Trevitt lay face down at the bottom of the hole.

He tried to detach himself, but could not. And suddenly the gold seemed insignificant. He was so tired.

"Guess I'll rest awhile till this bleedin' stops, and then git the gold," he muttered, as his head sank back on the dead man's breast.

In an office four hundred miles away two men were talking.

"I see one of those two men who were found dead on the hillside was the man who stole that gold consignment twelve years ago," said one of them. "Did you see the paper?"

He handed it to the other.

"The police theory is that he didn't know the company had located the cache years ago and dug it up, and went to find it. Poor fool! Wonder who the other one was."

Rubberseed Oil

A report has been made by the Agricultural department of the Federated Malay states on the oil from the seeds of rubber trees as a substitute for linseed oil. The oil is said to be of high quality, to require but little refining, and to come from a waste product that is easy to collect.

Experiments with a consignment of 30 tons of seeds sent to England resulted in a yield of $250 a ton for the oil and $40 a ton for the residual cake. Linseed oil at that time was selling for $300 a ton.

Pronounced "Where-tu"

"Huerta has fled from Vera Cruz," say the news dispatches.

"Fled, yes. But Huerta?" asks the Tanners Creek Times.

COULD SMELL A SUNDAY DINNER

By FLORENCE MELLISH

(©, 1924, McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

JARED and Minnie were on their way home from Becky Coggswell's wedding. Incidentally it had been Howard Searle's, also.

Jared sighed. "I always feel sad when I'm going away from a wedding. All the fellows but me are getting married," he went on in an aggrieved tone. "Yesterday I took a basket of groceries to Dan Meach's, and Julia was making huckleberry gingerbread and lemon pies and I don't know what. And there's Al Turner. He makes me sick, bragging about his Sunday dinners. With his fried chicken and peach shortcakes and steak smothered in onions, he makes you wish he was smothered. I have to get my meals at Nash's restaurant."

"But there's more than just things to eat, Jared," Minnie suggested, gently.

"I guess there is, a lot more. Look at Rufe Ennis. When I lighted there Gladys was polishing his shirts—bosoms and collars. I send mine to the laundry; and I pay Aunt Roxy Hewitt 15 cents an hour for doing my mending, just so-so. Gladys keeps Rufe mended like a duke."

"But I don't think dukes have their clothes mended," Minnie objected.

"Gracious! What a ragged lot they must be! But, honestly, Minnie, I think your father just took that way to turn me down when he said we couldn't be married until I was earning $25 a week."

"Oh, no, no, Jared! He only thinks we couldn't live on less."

"But we could, easy, the way you've been brought up to plan and save. Your Aunt Minerva that you were named for would open her heart and give you clothes enough to last two years.

The next time Minnie and Jared met he was jubilant.

"What do you think? Mr. Saunders and I were clearing out the back store and we found ten bottles of Rawlinson's Eureka Tonic and Cough Sirup. Saunders opened his heart and said I might have all I could sell 'em for, 80 cents a bottle! Seventeen and eight are $25! Minnie, do you hear wedding bells?"

Minnie smiled. "Not yet, Jared."

"I do. I've sold one bottle already, to Aunt Lizzie. She has a dreadful cough," he said, happily, "and now I'm on my way to the parsonage. Our minister is looking rather peaked. You haven't a cough, have you, Minnie?" he asked, as if by a sudden inspiration.

"Of course not."

He looked a little disappointed. "Never mind," he said sturdily. "I may have better luck with the minister."

The Rev. Arthur Griswold listened to Jared's unanswerable arguments for five minutes. Then he laughed.

"If I had half your eloquence, Jared, Clayville would be full of penitent souls and I might get a raise of salary. But I haven't 80 cents to spare, and I can't spare any more time just now."

Mrs. Griswold watched Jared as he left the parsonage.

"The poor fellow looks heart-broken, Arthur. He told me we didn't know all it meant to him. And Evelyn really does cough."

"Call him back and buy a bottle. But don't take any risks with Evelyn's constitution. I'd sooner take the stuff myself."

Jared went hopefully to the office of the Morning Chronicle. The editor was a trifle pale, and had a languid air. Jared's hopes mounted. He began the speech he had learned from Rawlinson's circular. Mr. Kirby interrupted him with a frown.

"I wish you hadn't come in just now, Jared. I was on the trail of an idea."

"But, Mr. Kirby, all the intelligent people on Academy street have bought at least one bottle."

"I think I'll prove the rule," the editor answered curtly. He frowned again and coughed slightly. Jared brightened at the sound.

"You need a tonic, and I notice you cough."

The editor bent over his writing.

"I've had a cough for three years."

Jared looked serious.

"Then you are nearing the danger point. But if you'll take two bottles of this mixture, Mr. Kirby, I'll guarantee you'll never cough again."

Mr. Kirby dropped his pen and slapped his knee. "That's the best idea I've got in six weeks. It's worth good money, Jared. I'll take all you have left."

But he looked a little taken aback when Jared buoyantly set eight bottles on his desk.

"I thought everybody on the street had bought a bottle."

"I said all the intelligent people. There's Aunt Lizzie and our minister."

"Well, I won't go back on my word," and the editor counted out $6.40.

Jared lost no time before communicating his success to Minnie.

"That brings my week's earnings up to $25. Now, little woman, you can buy your wedding dress. You'd better get something with wear in it."

"But, Jared," she faltered, "I think father meant—this is just one week, you know."

"A bargain's a bargain," he insisted. "Besides, Mr. Saunders says if I could get rid of 10 bottles, I must have selling sense, and he's promised me a raise. Then I'm going in for other side lines. Gee! I smell my Sunday dinner, and it's me for the roast pork and fried oysters and creamed cauliflower."

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