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.

H. Bankard & Son

FUNERAL DIRECTORS

Phone—Day and Night 294

E. Main St. Westminster, Md.

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

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DRS. HIGGINS AND HEAPS

(Licensed)

Chiropractic Physicians

Specialists In Chronic And Nerve Diseases.

Hours--9 to 11 A. M., 1 to 5 P. M., 7 to 9 P. M.

Sundays by appointment only.

76 West Main St. Westminster, Md. Phone 175.

POULTRY

PURE BRED POULTRY MOST PROFITABLE

It is often said that pure bred flocks are more profitable than mongrels and there is every reason to believe that they are; but there is one provision that must be taken into consideration; namely, pure bred poultry must be better cared for than are mongrels. Those who do not intend to care for pure breds properly should stick to mongrels, but given care and attention pure breds will repay doubly for it as compared with the mongrels.

There are reasons, says D. H. Hall, extension poultry husbandman of Clemson college.

Pure bred poultry will produce a uniform product and will bring a higher price. The eggs from pure breds are uniform in size, shape and color. When eggs from pure breds do vary the variation is considerably less than from mongrels.

Pure breds are faster growers and when grown produce a more uniform flock. There is not a better advertisement for a farm than a flock of pure bred chickens. They will attract more attention than any other form of live stock.

Pure breds will also lay more eggs if properly handled. This has been proved beyond all doubt by various experiment stations.

Pure bred poultry is also more economical with feed consumption. They lay more eggs, hence they pay more for their feed and give a higher profit.

Pure bred stock and eggs can be sold for breeding purposes. This will be a good source of income for the pure bred breeder. Mongrels and mongrel eggs can be sold only for market prices.

Pure breds can be exhibited in poultry shows and thus compete for prizes. There is nothing like a blue ribbon from a poultry show. Mongrels cannot be placed in a show for prizes.

Pure breds will create interest in poultry. Who is the enthusiast about poultry in any community? Why, the farmer with the pure bred, of course. Why are you not enthusiastic about your poultry? If you have mongrels that may be the reason. Get pure breds and be proud of them.

Dubbing Used to Avoid Injury to Hen's Comb

Dubbing to prevent freezing and suffering due to frozen combs has been practiced very successfully in the Purdue university poultry flocks. Freezing results in much suffering of the birds and consequently loss in fertility of eggs and hatching results. Dubbing is not new but a remedy breeders of fighting birds have always practiced to prevent injuring of combs and to conserve vigor of the males.

The operation is extremely simple and a sharp razor is used first to cut off the wattles and later to remove the comb starting at the front end. The wattles are cut quite close at the comb reasonably close to the head. The blood will flow freely but if a body fluff feather is held over cut part of the comb coagulation will soon take place and the bleeding cease. Seldom do the birds suffer from the operation and free bleeding should cause no worry. A treated bird should not be placed in an extremely cold room until the wound has healed nor should they be placed together.

It is well not to practice the operation until after the birds have been selected for the breeding pen in order to permit normal appearance of the head to be a guide in making selections.

Hen's Drinking Water

Preparations advertised as being effective in ridding hens of lice simply by placing the preparation in the drinking water or in the feed are not generally to be recommended for this purpose. Such material in the drinking water will cause the hens to drink [illegible] water and, as a consequence, egg production will be reduced, advises J. H. McAdams, extension poultryman, Kansas State Agricultural college.

The sure method for killing lice at this time of year is to dust the hens thoroughly with sodium fluoride, using the pinch method. Or blue ointment may be used, mixed half and half with vaseline and applying a circle of the ointment around the vent, says McAdams.

Use Well-Shaped Eggs

In selecting eggs to place in an incubator only average-sized well-shaped eggs should be used, as extremely large or small eggs, or eggs that do not conform to normal shape, will hatch a low percentage of chicks of irregular size. Do not delay the starting of the incubator for the first hatching beyond April 1, as the possibilities for profit are much greater with early-hatched chicks than with later ones. The early pullets are the ones that will be fall and winter layers.

For Setting a Hen

For a sitting hen choose one of medium weight such as are found in the American or English breeds. Make the nest at least six inches deep and sixteen inches square. For a nesting material choose something like oat straw, wheat straw, or hay. Make the nest so that the eggs will roll apart readily when the hen steps upon them, but not so flat but that they will roll together of their own accord when the hen leaves the nest. Choose a cool place, set from 11 to 15 eggs.

THE SIGNATURE SNATCHER



Pointing out that forgeries cause losses of $100,000,000 a year, the American Bankers Association has issued a warning against "Signature Snatchers." They pick discarded deposit slips out of bank wastebaskets to copy depositors' signatures on fake checks. "Be careful of your signature," says the association.—*News item.*

Beyond Understanding

By G. P. WILSON

(©, 1925, Western Newspaper Union.)

I HEARD a fellow make a speech once and he claimed it was easy to learn all about women. All you had to do was to study them. I've wondered since how he got away from his keeper. It's like this. Hazel got sore at me because I said that a he-man wouldn't clerk in a grocery store.

"It's more refined and takes more brains than driving a mule in a coal mine," she argued, haughty like.

"Meaning that because I'm a 'mule skinner,' I'm shy under the hat," I said, getting sore myself. James Johnson, a clerk in the company store, has been trying to beat me out of Hazel for a long time. Naturally having him thrown up to me didn't make a hit.

"Meaning that very thing," Hazel agreed.

"All right, I'm crazy," I told her sarcastically. "I pull down eight dollars and a quarter every day I work and that 'counter hopper' you refer to doesn't make over twenty a week."

"Money's not everything," I said, looking wise.

"It won't buy culture and refinement," Hazel answered. "What future is there ahead of you? Nothing, but following a mule around until you get too old or all crippled up."

"Well, I'll die game, anyway," I said. "I won't be standing behind a counter going stale with the rest of the cheese. And that's that, as the fellow said when the white mule kicked him. I'll be around at eight o'clock tomorrow night to take you to the dance."

"If you do you'll have a trip down here for nothing," Hazel told me, "I'm going to the dance with James."

"Where's he going to get the price of two tickets; knock down enough out of the cash sales?" I asked, getting ugly. "I hope I never see you again."

I hated this Johnson bird worse than any of my rivals. He was a classy dresser and a good looker and he sure swung a mean line of talk about ambition and culture. He could spring a convincing line of dope about a laboring man never getting anywhere, and he could show you, with talk, that grimy hands never handled much money. He about had Hazel believing it, too. That's what made me sore. Me making more in two weeks than he did in a month and then him raving about me not getting anywhere.

The dance, I thought I was going to take Hazel to, was to be some affair. It was generally understood around town that Hazel was my girl and I knew if I didn't take her to the dance that the coal diggers on my run would razz me ragged about it.

After I'd got home and cooled off I gave myself a good cussing for getting into an argument with Hazel. But I couldn't figure out a way to square myself. I did call her up the next evening, figuring maybe she had changed her mind or that Johnson couldn't raise the price, but she wouldn't talk to me.

There was a big crowd at the dance. I didn't want to go but I'd helped get it up and couldn't very well stay away. Johnson was there, all dolled up like a clothing store dummy and Hazel was with him, looking like a million dollars.

It made me feel awful blue to watch them dance together, love lost, shattered romance, effect, if you know what I mean, and you do if you were ever in love and had a fellow take your girl away from you. The boys were carrying on pretty high about me losing my girl and that didn't help calm me down any. I'd heard that women were crazy about cave-man stuff, so I figured that if I pulled off a little of the same, it might set me right with Hazel. I watched until I saw Johnson go in the coat room to take a smoke and followed him in.

"You've got your nerve with you bringing my girl to this dance," I said.

"Your girl?" he said, smiling at me. "How do you get that way?"

"Maybe after I get through changing your map, you'll understand," I told him.

"Let me get you right," he said. "Are you trying to pick a fight with me because I brought Hazel to this dance?"

"Not trying to, I'm going to," I answered, and slapped him on the side of the face.

He stepped back and began taking off his coat.

"I hate to do it," he grinned, cool and calm. "Always remember that you brought it on yourself."

Some of the boys who saw the fight say that it was short but fast and furious. I don't remember much about it myself. Johnson did most of the fighting and I did most of the trying. I'll have to admit that he whipped me good and plenty, and I don't think I so much as mussed his hair. After it was all over the boys washed my face and went back to the dance.

While I was sitting there by myself waiting to get enough strength back to leave, Hazel came in. She didn't say anything, but she put her arm around me and began dabbing around over my face with her handkerchief.

"I'll take back what I said about 'counter hoppers,'" I said sheepishly. "They're the best in the world."

"They are not," Hazel grinned, giving my face an extra pat, "I'd rather have a 'mule skinner' myself."

I'll leave it to you. If a guy claims he understands women, he's nuts. Ain't I right?

Help For The Old Folks

Old Age Should Be Happy—Not a Time of Sickness and Suffering.

Too many people begin to suffer at middle age with constant backache, urinary ills and rheumatic pains and aches. Weak kidneys are usually the cause and, if neglected, there is danger of hardened arteries, dropsy, gravel or Bright's disease. Help your weakened kidneys with a stimulant diuretic before kidney disease gets a firm hold! Use Doan's Pills. Thousands of old folks recommend Doan's.

Here is Westminster proof: Mrs. C. E. Hollenbaugh, 6 Pennsylvania avenue, says: "I had a severe attack of kidney trouble. My back hurt so I couldn't lift anything ,and my kidneys acted too often. My sight blurred so I couldn't do my work or read. The doctor didn't help me any and I was disheartened. I used about four boxes of Doan's Pills and am now almost free from the trouble."

OVER FIVE YEARS LATER, Mrs. Hollenbaugh said: "Whenever I have any sign of my kidneys being out of order, Doan's give me relief."

Price 60c, at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Pills—the same that Mrs. Hollenbaugh had. Foster-Milburn Co., Mfrs., Buffalo, N. Y.

The school pupils complain of the weight of the books they have to carry, but they won't find fault with the heavy picnic baskets next summer.

Roped by Telephone

By HERBERT L. McNARY

(©, 1925, Western Newspaper Union.)

THE OFFICE door opened and Cyril Tinkham swung around from his desk with a hopeful, expectant look he kept in stock to greet his clients, but the look faded and while it did not actually turn into one of disappointment, still it faded. He was looking into the countenance of his friend, Roscoe Blake.

Those features were usually illuminated by a smile, but Roscoe was not smiling now. Maybe that meant trouble, and maybe that meant a client—even Roscoe might be embroiled in legal difficulties.

"Something wrong?" asked Cyril.

"You said it," grunted Roscoe. "That's why I'm here."

"You want legal advice," declared Cyril confidently.

"No I don't either. I'd have to pay for that. I want sympathy. Besides it's too late for advice."

"What happened?"

"I got hooked for $500."

"Cards or horses?"

"Neither—the stock market."

"Haven't you a comeback?"

"Now, you're looking for a case," laughed Roscoe. "Nothing doing. I'm not a poor loser. I'll take my licking, but just the same I like to pour my tale of woe out on somebody. I could use that $500.

"What was the stock?"

"Secco, Copper."

"Never heard of it," declared Cyril with finality.

"And you never will. It was never listed."

"What? You mean to tell me, Roscoe, that you bought an unlisted stock?"

"Worse. I bought it over the telephone from someone I never saw."

"Well, of all the fool stunts. I thought you—"

"Wait a minute," interrupted Roscoe, rising from his seat and crossing to the window. "I said I wanted sympathy, not a lecture. You never listened to this bird who talked to me. He was an artist and deserved all he got, including my $500."

"Well, no artist would get me over the telephone."

"You seem confident. I'd like to get this chap to rig you and make a bet on it. He owes me that much at least after roping me."

"Go ahead," taunted the lawyer.

Roscoe looked out at the dreary buildings and then he brightened. "All right, it's a bet. How much?"

"How much do you want to make it?" asked the lawyer.

"Make it the $500 I lost."

"You want to lose an even thousand, I see."

Roscoe smiled. "Did you ever hear that saying about he who smiles last?"

A week or two elapsed before Cyril Tinkham picked up his desk phone to answer a voice that immediately intrigued him. There was something magnetic about the tone, some indefinable personality.

"Mr. Tinkham? Mr. Barker speaking on the recommendations of some very prominent people who have selected you as an enterprising young lawyer to interest in a new invention. We need representative men to endorse it and get it started. You might naturally expect that I would call personally with such a proposition rather than talk to you over the phone; but it happens that only by this method can I give you a demonstration. This invention is something that will revolutionize the telephone industry as you will readily understand when I tell you that while I have been talking to you, you have been scribbling on a red blotter with a yellow pencil."

Cyril gasped and snapped his head away from the mouth-piece, which he inspected in amazement.

"I don't wonder you sprang away," continued the voice, laughing pleasantly. "And now let's have a further demonstration. Do something and I'll tell you what it is. You have just put the pencil in your right hand vest pocket—now you place it in your left—you shifted the receiver to your right ear—you are now standing up — now you are at the desk — you are dancing — now you are waving your arms. Does that satisfy you, Mr. Tinkham?"

"It certainly does," beamed the cocky lawyer. "And you want me to take an interest in it?"

"Not exactly. We just want you to vouch for it in our advertisements."

"But don't I get a chance to come in on it," protested the lawyer.

"Well," hesitated the voice. "The issue is small and about taken up. I might be able to procure you a thousand shares. Would you take that?"

"Certainly. How much do I pay?"

"You pay $500 to your friend Roscoe Blake in accordance with the terms of a bet you recently made. And now, if you will glance out your window to the story above of the building running at right angles to yours you will see where Roscoe has been watching you make a darn fool of yourself all over your desk."

Couldn't Condemn Frame

The profiteer was showing off the picture gallery of his new house. He had scarcely had time to look at the pictures, but had ordered magnificent frames for them.

When the guest stopped opposite a picture, and said: "Ah, an old master, surely—oh, yes, this is very old," the profiteer said, hurriedly: "Yes, but it's a new frame."

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