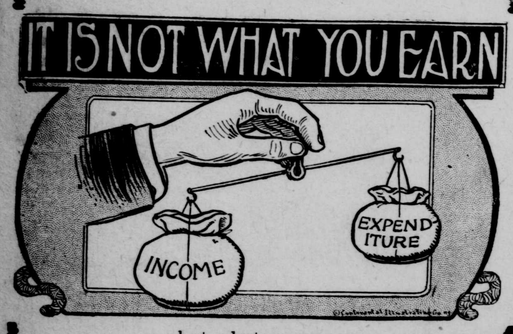
AMERICAN UNION

Vol. 58. No. 32 | DENTON, MARYLAND, THURSDAY, MARCH 20, 1913 | $1.00 Per Year

ENOCH PRATT BALTO. FREE LIBRARY



but what you save
that determines whether you progress or retrograde. None in this world can remain stationary. If you let your expenditures balance your income you are losing ground in the fight for independence.

The modern key to success and independence is a savings bank account. Why not start one now? Your initial deposit—large or small—will be welcome.

Liberal Interest Paid

The Peoples National Bank,
DENTON, MD.
ALBERT G. TOWERS, Prest. T. F. JOHNSON, Cashier.

DENTON
Cash Bargain House
Sixth St. near Depot. DENTON, MD.

We carry a complete and up-to-date line of merchandise, pleasing to the buying public, including

MEN'S, YOUTHS' AND BOYS' CLOTHING; MEN'S, WOMEN'S AND CHILDREN'S UNDERWEAR; SHOES, FELTS, GUM BOOTS, RUBBERS, ARCTICS; HOSIERY, HATS, CAPS, &c.

Muslins, Sheetings, Tickings, Prints, Percales, Damasks, Lace Embroidery, Burchings, etc. Umbrellas.

Tinware, Queensware and Glassware. Also a fine line of Groceries at prices pleasing to the buying public.

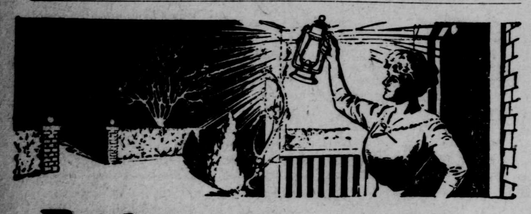
Marketable Produce taken in exchange for goods

Soliciting a liberal share patronage, and wishing you a prosperous New Year, I am yours for business,

J. H. BEER, Proprietor,
Phone 90. DENTON, MD.

J. Virgil Moore,
Under-  **and Em-taker balmer**
DENTON, MARYLAND

We use the Arterial System of Embalming, and all the latest underta king appliances. Phone calls answered at all hours, day or night. **Phone No. 39.** No Extra charge for Lady Assistant.



Rayo The Reliable Household Lantern

There is always need for a good lantern around the home—in the yard, in the cellar, in the attic—wherever a lamp is inconvenient or unsafe.

The RAYO is ideal for home use. It gives a clear, bright light—like sunlight on tap. It is strong, durable, compact, handy. Doesn't leak. Doesn't smoke. Easy to light and rewick. Will last for years. Ask for the RAYO.

At Dealers Everywhere.

STANDARD OIL COMPANY
(Incorporated in New Jersey)
Newark, N. J. Baltimore, Md.

FOLEY KIDNEY PILLS FOR BACKACHE KIDNEYS AND BLADDER | **FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR** stops the cough and heals lungs

WINNING FRIENDS FOR WOMAN SUFFRAGE



While the suffragists of Great Britain are devoting their efforts to arson, bomb-throwing and window-smashing, their sisters in the United States are working in a quieter but perhaps more effective way to win friends for the "cause." The photograph shows a number of well-known Washington women distributing handbills and arguments in the streets.

LUCKYDAY WAS HIS

Wheezy was a cock sparrow, a very big and strong and more than ordinarily cunning specimen of that cunning tribe, and he was rather proud of himself, from his light waistcoat and high black cravat to the beautiful browns of his back and the bigness of his heavy, thick beak, but he was not proud of the wheeze which had given him his "nickname." It was a distinct disadvantage in the world. It drew the attention of his enemies too much to him; made him too conspicuous.

He discovered that some one was feeding the tits and robins and wrens outside the back door. He promptly left off chirping—he could not leave off wheezing—and stared. And the more he stared the more surprise took hold of him.

A fieldfare—one of those big, very pretty thrushes that have an odd, laughing cry, and because they only come to see us in winter are associated in our minds with frost and snow—driven to desperation by hunger, flew down to a very big piece of bread that had fallen near a certain laurel bush. That was the surprise. Any of the puffed-out birds assembled there in that white and bitter scene could have told him what would happen if he settled near that bush when the birds were being fed.

Next instant that fieldfare was dead—slain by the paw and jaw of the "ginger" cat, who always hid in that laurel when the birds were being fed, and was none the richer, as a rule, since the birds kept carefully out of his reach.

Then did Wheezy move. He dropped instantly like a star, with almost completely closed wings, in that extraordinary, sudden way which sparrows have and seem to share with no other birds, and landed upon the bread, to snatch up which under the dreaded "ginger's" very whiskers and remove at top speed for the orchard. The piece of bread was a big one, a beautiful lump of crumb, a little larger than a walnut. It was a meal for half a day or more.

Then he sat on a low bough, just above a trap, and set up that peculiar low and wicked chirping you may hear when a sparrow curses you, or the next door neighbor's cat.

Now the swearing of the sparrow is a very monstrous and annoying sound. It annoyed the cock-robin who owned that particular corner of the garden, and with the robin's usual dashing intolerance, he flew straight at Wheezy, nearly knocking that bird off his perch, and sending him to the top of another tree near by. After which the robin perched on the bough so bravely won and sang his song of victory, as is the robin's custom.

But in the middle of it he stopped short. His full, clear eye had fallen upon the raisins within the trap, and he liked raisings, and really knew nothing at all about traps, for robins are trusting birds. Next moment he flew down and hopped inside, and—well, the top brick came down, and the next time poor robin came out of the trap was when the gardener came round ten minutes later to lock up his sheds for the night, and then the robin was dead.

Wheezy sat on in his tree top and chirped.

The gardener, however, swore. Also, he scratched his head, and in his temper scattered the bricks of the trap. His master and mistress, you see, loved robins and hated sparrows, and things might go badly with him if he were caught slaying robins. So he went away to hide his victim somewhere—in a rat's hole, I think—and when he came back a fat little cock sparrow coolly flew up from among the remnants of the trap and departed, wheezing. There were no raisins left, and it was clear that poor cock-robin had had no time to eat them before he died.

That night Wheezy roosted in the thick old ivy which clung to the southwest side of the house. He did so because the wind was northeast; had it been west he would have roosted on the east side. Gradually the house grew quiet as the hours slipped on, and one by one the lights went out. It was still snowing slightly and was very still.

Nor was it dark. True, there was no moon, but the snow made up for the moon, so you could distinctly see, from time to time, the shadowy form of a rat, hopping across the open from bush to bush. Suddenly a rustling noise sounded at the base of the ivy.

Then gradually it began to move upwards. Inch by inch it rose, till soon it was five feet from the ground, and still going higher. It was a rat climbing. Rats do climb well, and ivy is, of course, easy to scale. This one was climbing after Wheezy, having heard him from the ground.

Slowly he drew nearer and nearer, till, all of a sudden, there was a spring and a rush, a wild rustle of leaves, and a scream from Wheezy.

Wheezy, however, had heard the rustle just a fraction of a second before the rat sprang, and, with his unique quickness, instantly acted. As the rat sprang, he struck with his powerful little beak and with all his might at the murderer's gleaming eyes, and promptly fell from his perch. He escaped, therefore, with no more than the loss of a few feathers. But worse was to come.

Wheezy fetched up in mid-air, and flew out round to the roof, and as he did so, a brown form swooped at him. It was a wood owl. Wheezy dodged, and dived back for the ivy, only to be met by another owl. He turned, and suddenly was half-blinded by a red glare which lit up the window near him. Somehow, it fascinated him. The owls would not come there, nor would the rats. It seemed to him that if he could but get in there he would be safe. Furiously he beat against the window. Thud-thud-thud went his little body, fluttering at the glass, and all at once it appeared that he had awakened the whole house.

There care a scream from the room within; a man shouted hoarsely, doors clanged; the window was flung up, and clouds of smoke poured from it; people appeared from nowhere, and rushed about with buckets; there was almost continuously the hissing sound which water makes upon fire; once, as Wheezy lay half stunned upon the snow on the window sill, he saw the red gleam of flames; then the choking smoke grew less and less; some one went cantering away on a horse, and more people came rushing up out of the night, and Wheezy heard a man call out:

"It's all right. We've got it under. A bird woke us up fluttering at the window, or we'd have been burned to death. Yes, it's all right; only burned a few chairs and some curtains.

Then Wheezy knew no more.

When he awoke he was in a big, warm cage, in a big, warm room, with heaps and heaps of delicacies to eat and plenty to drink. They had found him lying, all limp and nearly frozen, on the window sill next morning.—Chicago Evening American.

HIS BAD BREAK.

"You haven't got J. Jones Jinkins writing advertisements for you any more, I hear," remarked one business man to another, both good advertisers along different lines.

"No," replied the other in a tone of strong disapproval, "and I'm glad of it."

"What's wrong with him? I understand he had taken a course from a correspondence school and was thoroughly competent."

"Was he?" And the other man spat as though something tasted bad. Was he? Well, let me tell what he done. I had a new brand of toothbrushes and I wanted something extra to exploit them all over, and I told him to do it good. Next day in all the papers it showed up large and luminous, and at the bottom there was a line standing out clear which read: 'If not satisfactory after a week's trial, return and get your money back.' Now, what do you think of that? Toothbrushes, mind you!"—Magazine of Fun.

EXCHANGE OF COURTESIES.

"We must really give a dinner to those people next door."

"But they are not in our set. And what did they ever do for us socially?"

"They entertained our cat handsomely all summer, I find."—Judge.

SECRET NO LONGER.

Marryat—So that great inventor is dead and his wonderful secret is lost—

Newitt—Not at all. He told it to his wife just before he died.

Marryat—Yes, that's what I mean.—Stray Stories.

COSTLY MEDICAL TREATMENT.

Mrs. Bacon—I see a poultry hospital for the treatment and study of diseases of chickens is a new feature of the Rhode Island experiment station.

Mr. Bacon—Now, I suppose you can see why eggs are so high?

OUT OF THE FOLD.

Mary's father being a member of congress, the child naturally inhaled politics with the air she breathed and grew firm in the faith that nothing good could be found outside the Democratic fold. Miss Smith, a friend of little Mary's sister, and a political hertic in her eyes, was visiting the family. Late one evening the child, searching for her sister, wandered into the guests' room, where she found Miss Smith in the midst of her devotions.

Mary stared at her in open-eyed astonishment, and as the young lady arose from her knees, exclaimed: "Why, Miss Smith! Do you say your prayers? I thought you were a Republican!"—National Monthly.

WHY WORRY ABOUT THE FLY?

For Comparatively Insignificant Sum of $10 Summer Pest May Be Done Away With.

With a hurried, mysterious air the little man with the package approached the proprietor of the Early Bird Lunch Factory.

"Are you troubled with flies?" he asked in a confidential whisper.

"I believe the cook did say that 999,999 extra ones flew in this morning," the proprietor replied.

"Well, sir, I have here the greatest exterminator ever discovered. If properly used this machine will positively kill every fly in the world. As this is the last machine I have you may have it for the trifling sum of $10."

The ten exchanged hands; the little man surrendered the package and quickly disappeared.

Carefully obeying the injunction to "handle with care," the proprietor opened the package. In an abandoned necktie box lay an old rusty hammer decorated with pink ribbon and tagged with this inscription:

"Incarcerate flies in a dark room, bore a gimlet hole in the wall and knock them in the head one by one with this hammer as they crawl out."

COW NOT ALWAYS LADYLIKE

One Editor Who Will Not Follow the Wisconsin Dairyman's Advice.

"Treat the cow as a lady," is the advice of a distinguished Wisconsin dairyman, the Kansas City Star remarks. Elmer Peterson, editor of the Cimarron Jacksonian, replies: "We own a cow, so this advice is very interesting. When we go to water her she lunges at the bucket and worries it all over the lot. When we bring her dainty repast of corn chop and bran, it takes expert manipulation to get by and shove the feed into the manger without being trampled to death or kicked through the side of her boudoir. When we milk in the summer she seems to have the idea that all the flies are on our face and obligingly tries to switch them off. In the winter, when there are no flies, she swats us in the eye from force of habit. Every once in a while she gracefully sidesteps and stands on our foot. If the gentleman from Wisconsin means people should not be cruel to the cow, we are with him, but we maintain that no true lady will act like a cow, and as long as our cow acts like she does we'll be blamed if we'll treat her like a lady."

SHERIFF'S ADJECTIVES.

The sheriff's office has accomplished much good. I cannot give you a resume of all the work it has done, but it is not a grasping, nonhearted, self-seeking, avaricious, despoiling, aggrandizing, Robin Hood, piratical crew, but a humanizing, whole-souled manhood of men whose red blood beats in unison to help mankind in general and bring about a government state of affairs as peace officers. Riotous proceedings are things of the past. Estopping anarchistic sentiments, incubating and inoculating American ideas, preventing seditious expressions, bottling up the nihilist, bomb throwers, explosive, hot-headed, sabotage exemplifiers, fire inflamers, self-feeding agitators, non-citizens of revolutionary tendencies, Bastilites, a conglomeration of miscegenations is a part of our daily work.—Sheriff Harburger of New York, in After-Dinner Address.

WILLING TO OBLIGE.

Lawyer—We want you to be willing to waive immunity in this case.

Witness—All right; hand the old rag here. I'll wave anything to oblige you.

LIVED THROUGH IT.

"I gave you a big piece of cake only yesterday, and—"

"Don't apologize, ma'am; don't apologize; I don't hold no hard feelin's."

WELL, THAT'S DIFFERENT.

Patience—Did you ever notice Will has a way of raising his eyebrows?

Patrice—Yes, but I've noticed that he doesn't seem to have any way of raising a mustache.

TO TAKE A REST.

Bill—I see a barber has fallen heir to an estate of several million dollars.

Jill—Now, I suppose he'll let his money talk.

GOT THE HALF-DOLLAR BACK

In Fact, This Minister, Invited to Preach, Was Paid With His Own Money.

A few years ago a preacher was inrited to preach at a little church a few miles out in the country. He took his little son along with him. He was none too well. The congregation was a very small one, and it was evident that they were poor persons. Altogether he was not very much inspired and preached what he thought a very poor sermon.

On retiring from the church he noticed a contribution box in the entry near the door. Feeling that he had not helped very much, either mentally or spiritually, he felt in his pocket to see what he could put into the contribution box. He had only a half-dollar, which he dropped into the box.

After he and his son had got quite a distance on their way home they were overtaken by a man who was running after them, all out of breath. He said, "Mr. Preacher, we intended to give you the amount of the collection. When you were leaving we thought there was none, but on opening the box we found that somebody had put in a half-dollar, which rightfully belongs to you."

He handed it to the preacher, who could do nothing but accept with thanks.

The man turned back. The preacher and his son walked on. After a few moments his son said, "Say, father, if you had put more into that box you would have got more out of it, wouldn't you?"—National Magazine.

EXPECTING TOO MUCH



Magistrate—If your parents were poor but honest, as you say, how do you account for your presence here?

Predatory Pete—I inherited only de poverty.

GAVE AWAY AGE OF EGG.

Speaking of cold storage eggs, a correspondent sends in a story that may be new to some readers; at any rate it sounds plausible. A middle-aged bachelor was in a restaurant at breakfast when he noticed this inscription on the egg:

"To Whom It May Concern: Should this meet the eye of some young man who desires to marry a farmer's daughter, eighteen years of age, kindly communicate with ———, Sparta, N. J."

After reading this, he made haste to write to the girl, offering marriage, and in a few days received this note:

"Too late; I am married now and have four children."—Newark Morning Star.

After any Sickness

nothing so rapidly restores health and vigor as ***SCOTT'S EMULSION.*** It is the essence of natural body-nourishment, so medically perfect that nature immediately appropriates and distributes it to every organ, every tissue—feeding, nourishing and restoring them to normal activity.

SCOTT'S EMULSION is not a patent medicine, but is nature's body-nourishment with curative, upbuilding properties and without a drop of drug or alcohol. It contains superior cod liver oil, the hypophosphites of lime and soda with glycerine, and is so delicately emulsified that it enters the system without digestive effort—builds, tones and sustains.

After croup, whooping cough, measles and other child ailments it is nature's ally in restoring health.

After grippe or pneumonia it imparts strength and health, and for colds, coughs, sore, tight chests and throat troubles ***SCOTT'S EMULSION*** gives the greatest relief known.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Bloomfield, N. J. 12-59

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