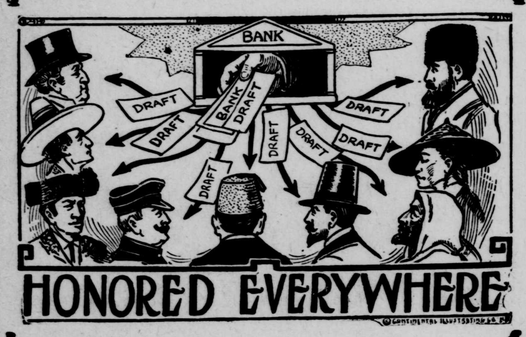
ENOCH PRATT
BALTO.
FREE LIBRARY

AMERICAN UNION

Vol. 59. No. 2 | DENTON, MARYLAND, THURSDAY, AUGUST 21, 1913. | $1.00 Per Year



WE issue letters of credit and drafts which are honored in every part of the civilized world. To our depositors who have extensive international business dealings we can offer special banking facilities—our drafts saving much time and worry. Travelers also find our arrangements of great advantage no matter where their affairs may take them.

Let Us Tell You More

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

The Denton
Cash Bargain House
Sixth St. near Depot. DENTON, MD.
Saves You Money

In Poplins. We have blue, black, lavendar, and tan, at	25c yd	Percales,	12c yd
Spring Lawns,	12c yd	Standard Prints,	6c yd
Veils, worth 20c,	15c yd	Muslins,	7½c to 10c yd
Pongee, 32 in. wide	25c yd	Drills and Tickings 10c to 12c yd	
Dress Ginghams 32 in. wide	12c yd	Men's and Youths' Clothing from	$5 to $10 per suit
Galatea Cloth,	12c yd	Children's Suits,	$2 to $5
Apron Gingham,	8c yd	Ladies' White Oxford Shoes,	$1.25 to $2
India Linen,	10c yd	Patent and Gunmetal Oxfords, worth $3,	$2.50
Long Cloth,	12c yd	Other styles of shoes in stock.	
White Linen Damask,	30c yd		
Veilings,	15c to 20c yd		

Groceries at Lowest Prices, Quality Considered.

Lard, 15c. Lard Compound, 13c Compound, 12c. Sugar, 5½. Coffee, 22c, 25c, 28c, 30c. Rice, 8c. Corn, 8c per can, etc. Mason Fruit Jars—Pints, 45c; quarts, 65c; half gallons, 80c per dozen. Paris Green, 25c per pound.

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

SAVE MONEY!

That's what we help you to do. Come in and see how we do it.

15 cent and 25 cent articles

we sell you for 10 cents. We hunt for bargains to sell in our 5 cent and 10 cent line.

DRY GOODS and SHOES

Right up-to-date and priced right. This is the CHEAP CASH STORE. 15c and 20c Hose at 10 cents. 15c and 25c Straw Hats at 10 cents.

Mattings For Spring

From 12c to 28c that will cost you more money anywhere else. Tin ware, Enamelled ware, Glass and China ware. We have a splendid assortment and they are all cheap. **A big box of matches for four cents.**

SUGAR 5 cents per Pound

A fine 28c Coffee at 25c. For one week at 22c. We purchased a large quantity which enables us to sell it at 25c. All kinds of Groceries.

CANDIES and FRUIT

To supply our wholesale trade we carry in stock the very finest line of candies. We have added to our line a novelty known as

"CRISPETTES"

and manufactured for both our retail and wholesale trade. One of the best sellers in the confectionery line. Ask us about it.

WM. BULLOCK
307 Carter Block
Denton, Maryland



"IS YOUR BABY CONSTIPATED?"
Baby's bowels must be regulated properly and by a medicine that is safe.
Dr. Fahrney's Teething Syrup
Has proved itself—mothers know it and babies like it. Used in 100,000 American homes. Prevents Cholera Infantum. Best for bowel complaints. Cures Colic in ten minutes. 25 cents at druggists. Trial bottle free if you mention this paper.
Made only by DRS. D. FAHRNEY & SON, HAGERSTOWN, MD.

EASY TO RESTORE VITALITY

Russian Scientist Has Proved Warm-Blooded Animals May Be "Frozen to Death" and Resuscitated.

Professor Bakhmetieff of Moscow university has proved that animals may be frozen alive and then resuscitated without the slightest harm.

The first experiments were made with cold-blooded animals and insects. Butterflies were inclosed in a vessel containing air at a temperature of minus 23 degrees centigrade. The body fluids immediately froze hard, all vital actions ceased, and, in ordinary phraseology, the butterflies were "frozen to death."

Professor Bakhmetieff soon discovered, however, that by slow and careful warming they could be restored to life at any time before the body temperature had fallen below minus 10 degrees centigrade. Further tests showed that when the resuscitation process was begun at a body temperature of minus 4½ degrees centigrade, recovery was quickest and most complete.

The next stage was the repetition of the experiment on warm-blooded animals and on mammals. Two hundred tests in all were made, and nearly all succeeded. Bats were refrigerated and kept "dead" for many weeks, and then completely restored.

GOOD LUCK



The Policeman — Do you want me to arrest the automobilist who ran over you?

Rastus—No, sah. Dat auto's number was 7-11.

WHEN EDISON WAS PEEVED.

Thomas A. Edison, who is rather hard of hearing, said recently that on one of his rare visits to New York a man was introduced to him who proceeded at considerable length to make suggestions as to the direction in which, for the blessing of mankind, Mr. Edison's inventive faculties might be applied. Then the man switched to the question:

"Mr. Edison, why don't you use an acoustecon?"

"What's that?" asked Mr. Edison.

"One of these things that help one to hear better."

"Oh," said Mr. Edison, "I'll tell you. By a carefully conducted series of experiments I have discovered that the gray matter of the average person frazzles out before his voice does."—New York Sun.

SLIGHTLY ADULTERATED.

M. Andre de Fouquieres, the parisian cotillon leader, talked to a group of reporters, before his departure for France, about the American woman.

"It is a mistake to suppose that the question of money plays an important part in American marriages," said M. de Fouquieres. "The love match is not rare. Indeed, it is much more common here than with us." Smiling, the Frenchman added:

"I believe there are few American girls who would answer as the candid New York debutante did when asked if she was marrying for pure love.

"'Pure love?' said this debutante, with a roguish smile. 'Well, not altogether. Pure love, adulterated with a little money.'"

VALUE OF A NAME.

The editor of a great magazine sent for a certain author who had submitted an unsolicited manuscript.

"I am glad to make your acquaintance sir," said the editor, enthusiastically. "The story you sent us is perfectly splendid. But why use a nom de plume? Let us publish it over your own name and it will make you famous."

"I'm not after fame," objected the author. "It's money we want."

"But you'll get just as much money in either case."

"No, I won't. If I publish it over my own name my wife will get the money." — Cleveland Plain Dealer.

BOOST PRICE OF SERVICES

Officer's Wife, Just Returned From Honolulu, Tells of Formation of Servant Trust.

There is a servant trust in Honolulu. Will it move east to 'Frisco, and spread thence over the country?

"This trust," said a young officer's wife just back from Schofield barracks, "has raised wages one-third.

"Honolulu swarms with Japanese servants—married couples—men and their wives. You used to be able to get a good couple for $40 a month, but the trust formed, and the rate rose a few years ago to $50, while now it is $60.

"This trust rate of $60 includes not only food and lodging for your two servants themselves, but food and lodging for their children as well. In the past you didn't have to look after their children, but today you must do so—the trust insists.

"Of course, over here, $60 a month for two servants doesn't seem exorbitant, but in Honolulu, where you can live a week on a few cents' worth of poi, it's another story, a story of extortion.

"American women like to go on about the servant question. But, dear me, what will they say when a servant trust question confronts them?"

STILL ALIVE



"So you've lived around here all your life, my boy?"

"Not yet, mister."

MUCH MISPLACED JEWELRY.

Speaking of the experience of a Brooklyn man who recently lost a package of valuable jewels which he was taking to a safe deposit vault, a dealer in gems said: "I never believe those stories until they are a few days old, because I have known so many instances of misplaced jewelry. The last case is only a few weeks old. A woman brought a little leather bag full of rings and other ornaments to have the stones tested for setting before going to her country place. The next thing I heard from the woman was one evening when she telephoned and asked, in an excited manner: 'Can you give a description of the jewelry I brought to you the other day?' 'I can by going to the store, where I have the record.' 'Please do it at once. We are all ready to go tomorrow, and I find that all my jewelry has been stolen.' 'No, it has not,' I told her; 'it's secure in my safe—never been returned to you.' That woman is one of a large class."

HENCE ITS ORIGIN.

"Every superstition, or nearly every superstition, can be traced back to something sensible and rational. Take the Friday one, for instance.

The speaker was Mayor Reutter of Lansing.

"Take the Friday superstition," he resumed. "One Lansing clerk said to another:

"'Would you start off on your vacation on a Friday, Bob?'

"'You bet your life I wouldn't,' Bob replied.

"'What a superstitious one you are, Bob!'

"'Superstition be hanged!' said Bob. 'I wouldn't start off on a Friday because Saturday's payday.'"

HARDLY A FAIR QUESTION.

So keen is the rivalry between two undertaking establishments to get work from a hospital that the entire force of employes takes a keen interest in the contest. But a darkey scrub woman, new to the institution, did not understand this. So when she told one of the nurses that the patient in No. 3 had passed away during the night the nurse replied: "Oh, I'm so sorry, auntie. Do you know who got him?"

"For the Lord's sake, child, how'd ye s'pose I knows who got him!" exclaimed the astonished darkey."—Kansas City Star.

LOOKS EVER TO THE FUTURE

Writer's Idea of Present Day Rome Is That of a City of Glorious Anticipation.

It is hard to see how any one can think of Rome as a dead city. Sometimes it carries itself almost as if it had not yet begun to live at all. It treats its great past as a glorious, solemn and costly throne on which it has climbed to sit and awaits its future. In the Sistine chapel, in one of the triangles devoted to the ancestors of Christ, there is a woman who seems to have taken the very attitude of Rome. She is seated on the ground, the common throne of our race—and no less glorious, solemn and costly than any other seat—and she leans with one elbow on her knee and her cheek against her hand. The other hand hangs down before her, empty, yet not nerveless, a strong, vital hand, ready to grasp and hold. Her whole bearing is that of one who waits, but there is no suggestion of vagueness or idleness about her. Her head is erect, and her wide eyes gaze forward, outward, steady and bright. What is it that she sees?

Even so, Rome gazes over the heads of the present generation, not ignoring them, but pointing their attention forward with her, absorbed in the wonderful vision of things to come. We know now that the vision of the woman in the Sistine chapel was the first coming of Christ, but Rome's anticipation is still obscure to us. Perhaps she does not see it clearly herself; she only divines it. But she is so very sure of it that we must be sure, too.—The Atlantic.

TOO LAZY TO WRITE



Publisher—This MS. you sent in for publication is merely a lot of telegrams.

The Humorist—I know. I call the book "The Letters of a Lazy Lover."

WAR CLOUD.

"I hear Grace read an essay on war."

"Yes; and she was very dramatic."

"As to how?"

"When she unfolded her manuscript, the sachet powder flew out of it in clouds."

ITS IDENTITY.

Mr. Eaton—Are you sure the fish you sold me yesterday was a shad?

Fish Peddler—Of course I am! What did you think it was?

Mr. Eaton—I suspected it was a porcupine turned wrong side out.—Puck.

DIFFERENT TRADE.

"I see the cigarette people have dropped those racy pictures. They put ribbons in the packages these days."

"Yes; they're catering to girls' trade now."

SURE SIGN.

"What makes you think that Bippens has incipient melancholia?"

"He told me yesterday that his child did not say smart things any more."

AND GENIUS?

Willie—Paw, what is the difference between genius and talent?

Paw—Talent gets paid every Saturday, my son.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

AWFUL THREAT.

Father—You have no sense; I'm going to cut you off with a million.

The Son—If you do I'll disgrace the family by riding around in a second hand auto.

WONDERFUL CONSTITUTION.

Gabe—Jones has a wonderful constitution, hasn't he?

Steve—Should say so. Why, he can read a whole patent medicine almanac and feel perfectly sound.

MAKE HOME GROUNDS PRETTY

Some of Most Pleasing Things in Way of Plants, Vines and Shrubs Should Be in Back Yard.

(By JEANNETTE PIERSON.)

Plan for beauty, then work for the plan.

Let your light shine in the back yard, that there shall be nothing hidden.

Have grass and shrubbery in the back yard, rather than rubbish.

Some of the prettiest things in the way of plants, vines and shrubs should be in sight of the kitchen window.

Hardy azaleas are among our most brilliant, hardy shrubs.

All the spireas, herbaceous or shrub, are beautiful and hardy.

Let your kitchen window be a picture frame. Let the picture framed be green things growing.

Let the green things be something



A Row of Hybrid Tea Roses.

beside burdock, gimpson weeds or cockle-burrs.

Plan to screen the ugly views from the back door. Vines will do it.

Get a root of the trumpet-creeper from the woods, and plant it in the back yard.

Set a strong stake beside it, and keep the vine cut back until the "shrub" habit is formed. It is beautiful.

The trumpet-creeper will not spread unless you cut its roots. When you do, you won't have to import any more.

LATE BLIGHT OF POTATOES

Expert Plant Pathologist of Oregon Agricultural College Gives Advice of Immediate Value.

Since a large part of the potato crop of the western part of Oregon was destroyed by late blight, the following advice from F. D. Bailey, expert plant pathologist at the Oregon Agriculturtal College, is of immediate value.

"There is no practical seed treatment for the control of this fungus pest," says Mr. Bailey. "Growers must select the seed with care so that rotting or discolored potatoes are not used. Even then many tubers will be planted carrying the blight fungus in a dormant condition, ready to start infection on tops in moist, warm weather. The most that can be hoped for is to use seed that will germinate well. If conditions are favorable for blight later it will be necessary to spray with Bordeaux mixture, but one should not wait until the fungus has established itself in a field before spraying.

"The foliage should be kept well covered from the time the blossoms open, so that the spores scattered by air currents will be killed as soon as they fall on the leaves. Three applications at intervals of about two weeks generally have proved sufficient except in case of prolonged warm, moist weather. For the first application the 4-4-50 strength Bordeaux mixture should be used and for subsequent applications the 6-6-50 mixture.

"I would not wish to argue against seed treatment as a general practice, however, for we have several other diseases which can be controlled largely in this way. Formalin should be used, one pint to thirty gallons of water, and the potatoes soaked in it in sacks or crates for two hours before cutting, and then spread to dry."

IDENTIFIED.

Smith—Who is that intoxicated man over there?

Jones—That's a full professor retiring on half pay.—Michigan Gargoyle.

LITERARY ITEM.

"Of all Dickens' characters," declared the landlady, as she helped Mr. Eatalot to meat for the third time, "I particularly detest Oliver Twist!"—Puck.

A WOMAN'S WORK

sometimes reduces her strength to the depths of weakness—her devotion to household cares prevents sufficient rest and recreation. Thousands of women in this condition find Scott's Emulsion exactly what they need; it is predigested body-food so medically perfected that every drop yields direct returns in strengthening the organs and tissues and in making healthy, life-sustaining blood. Scott's Emulsion is devoid of alcohol or any harmful drugs, and overcomes tiredness and nervousness in a marvelous way.

Advertising Talks

PUBLIC OBJECTS TO ADS IN CIRCULARS

Wide Feeling Against Handbills Which Litter Up Streets and Porches.

There is not wanting evidence that there is a growing public feeling against the abuse of advertising by circulars, whether these are sent by mail or are delivered by hand, locally. Recently a correspondent of the New York Herald wrote that paper:

"For years I have been steadfast in refusing to deal with anybody who puts advertising in my letter box. If every tradesman pursued this absurd method advertising my trousers would always be baggy, my carpets would remain forever uncleaned and I would do my marketing in New Jersey."

Doubtless there are many other men who feel as this correspondent does, for advertising of this sort is an unmitigated nuisance. When the advertising circular is sent by mail, with the proper postage prepaid, it is bad enough, and in so far as it helps to swell the postal revenue and so helps to bear the burden of carrying the regular and important mails is not altogether to be condemned. But there is no excuse for the tradesmen who employ agents to fill private letter boxes, intended for the reception of the regular mail, with their useless literature.

And on one other ground we believe that the private citizen has a right to protest against the advertising circular. One of the chief trades that often offends in this regard is the patent medicine vender. His circulars are thrust into letter boxes, scattered over lawns that, in any case, are hard enough to keep clean and neat, and even jammed under the front door. Many of these circulars are atrocious in their frank discussion of the numerous ills "to which flesh is heir," and to add to the horror of the letterpress they are often eked out with gaudy colored pictures of various parts of the human anatomy. It is more than a little task to keep this grewsome and unwholesome literature out of the hands of children, for when the advertiser gets busy such circulars are on every hand.

So much of this sort of circular advertising is to be seen cluttering up the streets and alleys, filling the garbage cans and littering the front porches that it should seem that advertisers must realize what a wasteful and useless form of advertising this is. Probably there is no form of printed literature in so low repute as the circular. It has nothing back of it; it is an unwelcome visitor; usually its objectionable features are recognized at a glance as it goes into the waste paper basket unopened.

The public that purchases looks to the reputable newspaper for the advertisements of the goods it wants, for behind such advertising there is character. Against the characterless advertising circular, that is a public and a private nuisance, there should be an ordinance enacted that would check the industry and which would certainly go a long way toward helping keep the city clean.

Dead!

Breathes there a man with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said:
"My trade of late is getting bad;
I'll try another eight-inch ad."
If such there be, go mark him well
For him no bank account shall swell,
No angels watch the golden stair
To welcome home the millionaire,
The man who never asks for trade
By local line or ad. displayed,
Cares more for rest than worldly gain
And patronage but gives him pain.
Tread lightly, friends; let no rude sound
Disturb his solitude profound;
Here let him live in calm repose
Unsought except by men he owes,
And when he dies, go, plant him deep,
That naught may break his dreamless sleep—
Where no rude clamor may dispel
The quiet that he loved so well.
And when the world may know its loss,
Place on his grave a wreath of moss
And on the stone above, "Here lies
A chump who wouldn't advertise."

Advertising an Asset.

"Advertising as an Indestructible Asset" was the subject of the address given by Robert Frothingham before the members of the Buffalo (N. Y.) Ad. club the other day. Human demand demands are created by some form of publicity, he said, and the one and only way to secure this publicity is through advertising. Another fact that the captains of industry have just discovered is that advertising forms a bond of sympathy between the advertiser and the public, according to Mr. Frothingham, and this bond of sympathy is becoming more and more essential in the business of the present day. Where there is ample and friendly advertising, there will never be an awakening of public distrust, concluded Mr. Frothingham.

©Maryland State Archives, msa_sc2929_scm3540-0210.jpg