ENOCH PRATT
BALTO.
FREE LIBRARY


# AMERICAN UNION

Vol. 59. No. 5 | DENTON, MARYLAND, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1913. | $1.00 Per Year






THE HARVEST of OLD AGE

finds many a happy old couple living in easy circumstances, simply because, in their younger days, they sowed wisely and well the fertile seeds of thrift and economy. Now, in their old age, they are reaping their well-earned reward.

The little savings which were seasonably and carefully planted in that most productive of all sources—THE SAVINGS BANK—were not slow to germinate. and to day these proud old people need no longer work for a living, their capital new being sufficient to support them in comfort and without worry.

EVERY couple can have a golden harvest like this to look forward to, if they will only maintain a systematic method of saving—BEFORE IT GETS TOO LATE. If you don't save when you're young, you will never save. LET US HELP YOU.

**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, . 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.

**Sugar 5½c Per Pound**

We want your trade, and will do right by you. If you are not a regular customer it will pay you to become one. Call in and see us anyhow.

**BRING YOUR EGGS**
for cash or trade and get top market prices. I can use a lot of White Potatoes at market prices. I have

**Three Good Sewing Machines**
for sale cheap.

**CANDIES and FRUIT**
To supply our wholesale trade we carry in stock the very finest line of candies.

**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.


## MOLASSES KILLED SEA FISH

**100,000 Gallons Pumped Into Water of a San Domingo Port Did Immense Damage.**

More than 100,000 gallons of molasses were recently pumped overboard at Macoris, according to officers of the British bark Sunlight, which arrived recently from the San Domingo port with 400,000 gallons of molasses in bulk. The sailors said that at the great quantity of molasses when thrown overboard made the water so thick that the fish were unable to swim in it and died by hundreds.

The square rigger was 16 days coming up from Macoris. The officers said that not enough vessels could be secured to carry the molasses crop away from San Domingo, and in order to make room for this year's crop it was necessary to pump more than 100,000 gallons of perfectly good molasses into the harbor.

The Sunlight was anchored in the harbor when the molasses was pumped over. The water, the sailors said, looked as dark as coal. Several of the seamen were furious and jumped overboard for a swim. They did not expect to find the water sticky, but they did and were glad when hauled out by several companions.

The sweet and sticky stuff must have attracted thousands of fish, for hundreds of large dead fish came to the surface of the molasses water soon after the 100,000 gallons had been pumped into the harbor.

## SHEARED HIS FLOWING LOCKS

**British Statesman Recently the Victim of New Barber and His Own Absentmindedness.**

A few weeks ago the members of the British house of commons gasped with amazement when Premier Asquith, whose hair has always been of a dignified length, entered the chamber basefully from behind the speaker's chair and revealed that his locks had been shorn as closely as those of one of Oliver Cromwell's "Roundheads."

At first it was thought that the premier had adopted a new and more fashionable method of 'doing" his hair, but it now transpires that he did not willingly sacrifice his flowing locks. He, as much as anyone else, was greatly perturbed when he discovered his loss.

The catastrophe was due to two causes—first the engagement of a new barber, and the other the premier's love of books. While the wielder of the shears was operating Mr. Asquith was deeply immersed in a book. He altogether failed to notice the barber's artistic efforts, and the barber, proud of his work, performed so well as to leave his victim monte the well "shaven and shorn."

### TAKEN ON TRUST.

"Are these good cantaloups?"

"Yes m."

"Are you sure?"

"Reasonably so, mum. Of course they ain't guaranteed by no trust company."

### TOUGH LUCK.

"You say this lobbyist has been called 'protean'?"

"Yes but he's a 'quick-change artist' who failed to get the change."

### HOW HE TRAVELS.

Footlighte—Do you consider Hamm travels on the square?

Miss Sue Brette—No; he's traveling on one of the circuits now.

### AND THERE YOU ARE.

Mrs. Bacon—How's the new girl doing?

Mrs. Egbert—Oh, just about as she pleases, thank you.

### CONTINUOUS PERFORMANCE.

"That fake musician is stringing his harp."

"Not half as energetically as he is stringing his audience."

### IN DOUBT.

She—Do you intend to go abroad on your wedding trip when you get married?

He—I certainly do if I succeed in marrying the right girl.—Puck.

### HER ATTITUDE.

Mrs. Jipes (looking at proofs of her latest photograph)—I won't stand for any such portrait as that!

Mr. Jipes—O, I think I would; you sat for it.

## GETTING THE FACTS STRAIGHT

**Statesman's Correction of Statement That Credited Him With Wrestling With the Bear.**

"Cy" Cummins, the biggest, tallest and heftiest member of the Maryland legislature, was a guest one night at a "bear supper" given at a club in his county. Bear meat was served and on the stage at the end of the banquet hall there was a tremendous live bear.

Nobody could figure out why the live bear should be there. Speech after speech was made, and joke after joke was sprung. But nobody referred to the large and ferocious animal. At last the toastmaster arose and made these few remarks:

"I now introduce to you Mr. Cy Cummins, a member of our state legislature. He is the man who wrestled with the bear which you see now on the platform. He will tell you how he did it."

"Gentlemen," said Cy, lifting his six feet six inches to their ultimate destination, "to say that I wrestled with that bear is to state a sordid and sinister untruth. I never wrestled with a bear in my life. Whenever I turn my attention to one of those things, I step nimbly up behind him, grab him by the ears and kick him to death."—Popular Magazine.

## TRY NOT TO SEE THE BLOTS

**Good Lesson for All of Us in Small Girl's Plea for the Overlooking of Fault.**

A father, on coming home one evening, tired and somewhat dispirited, was approached by his little daughter with her copy-book, which she had just finished writing. It being her first, her young face reddened with a beautiful and honest flush, as she was sure of receiving some word of praise and cheer for her hard attempt.

The pages were indeed neatly written, and her father told her how well pleased he was to see how careful she had been. Presently, coming to one page which had two small blots, the little girl laid her hands upon them, and artlessly looking up into her father's face, said: "Papa, don't see blots." Of course he did not, but bent down and planted a kiss on the little forehead and felt thankful for the lesson he had learned.

How precious it would be if, amid all the nameless strifes and discords which so fret and chafe us, we would just lay a finger on the sullied page of human lives and not see the blots. When littleness and meanness and petty oppositions annoy and vex us, if we could only look away from these to some brighter pages.—Selected.

### ABUNDANCE OF COMPANY.

"A critic," sneered the artist, "is a person who blames others for not doing what he would not dare attempt."

"Well," replied the humble chronicler, "so is a baseball fan."

### NOT KNOCKING SLATTERY.

Mrs. Googan—An' the little thing is the divil's own image of his father.

Mrs. Slattery—Yis, but I don't mind that so much so long as he kapes hilthy.—Puck.

### ALWAYS MAD AT HIMSELF.

"Young Jorkins wanted to kill himself because Miss Bilkins wouldn't have him."

"Yes, and he'd want later on to kick himself if she did."

### HIS VIEW.

"Do you believe that woman ought to vote?"

"Sure. And what's more I think men ought to, too."—Detroit Free Press.

### ON THE QUIET.

"George is leading rather a gay life, don't you think?"

"Oh, not to speak about!"

"All right, I won't mention it."—Yale Record.

### HARD ORDER.

"Waiter bring me an infinitesimal portion of cheese."

"Ain't got any of that kind in the house, sir. Only cream cheese."

### FOILED.

Barber—Shall I go over it again?

Victim—No, thank you. I heard every word you said!—New York Mail.

## NEWEST IDEA IN EDUCATION

**Alabama School, Now Six Years Old, Chiefly Remarkable for What It Does Not Do.**

Down in the little town of Fairhope, in southern Alabama, there is a new kind of public school, says the American Magazine. It is known as the School of Organic Education. During this, its sixth year, it numbers 150 pupils, two-thirds of the entire population. Upon first inspection the school is mainly remarkable for getting along without certain things which schools generally deem indispensable. During the first six years there are no promotions, no grades, no examinations, no marks either for conduct or for lessons, no home work and no requirements of any kind.

The principal, founder and moving spirit of the school is Mrs. Marietta L. Johnson. Mrs. Johnson explains the singular program, or lack of program, by stating that she is growing boys and girls as a farmer grows corn. A farmer collects all the available lore concerning corn growing and supplies what he believes to be the best conditions for growth. If the corn does not grow he does not blame it, nor scold it, nor give it a bad mark, nor call it stupid, but hastens to change conditions until his corn responds.

## PUT MEN IN SECOND PLACE

**Sociologist Found That the Girls Had a More Important Subject for Their Attention.**

Five girls were waiting to board an eastbound car. Two men who had been discussing sociology in the usual impracticable manner saw them through a car window, according to the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"Here's a chance for an illustration," said one of the men hastily. "The first subject that engrosses the minds of those five girls will be dress."

"It will be men," said the other man. In came the girls. It was a side-seat car and they sat together.

"Mary got a lovely waist at th' sale," said the first one.

"Did she?" said the second. "I couldn't afford anything after I got my silk skirt."

"Ain't it awful about the slashes?" giggled the third.

"How are you goin' to have your summer suit made up?" queried the fourth.

"I seen Charlie yesterday," said the fifth.

The second sociologist nudged the first one.

"I lose," he muttered. "Man isn't in the same class."

### ORIGINALITY.

Mabel—Is she such an original girl?

Marie—Oh, very! She let the dressmaker write her graduation essay while she made the dress herself;"—Puck.

### LIKE A WOMAN—AND A MAN.

Husband—My love, we must get rid of that cook. Did you ever see a worse-looking chop than the one I've just put on my plate?

Wife—Yes, dear; the one you've put on mine!—Judge.

### WE DON'T DOUBT IT.

"Why have you saved these Christmas cigars so long?"

"Mother wants them to sprinkle among the clothes. She says they are better than camphor for keeping away moths."

### ON THE LINKS.

Sympathetic Voice (in the distance)—How are you getting on, old man?

Sanguine Beginner—First rate. Just made three perfect putts on the last green.—London Punch.

### ONE ACCOMPLISHMENT.

"Your mother baked the best bread in this town. Can you say as much?"

"Maybe not, dad. But I play a pretty fair game of bridge."

### DEEPLY SMITTEN.

Knicker—Is he deeply in love?

Bocker—Yes, he thinks all the girls on the magazine covers look like Her.—New York Sun.

### CORRECTION.

"Is your Jagsby really worth a million?"

"No. He has a million, but he isn't worth a cent."

## BOUND TO WIN IN THE END

**Inez Milholland Confident of Victory for British Suffragists, and Points Moral With Story.**

"You think the militants won't win in England? You think governmental repression will put them down? Well, then, you haven't digested the story of the satrap."

The speaker was Miss Inez Milholland, the beautiful suffragist of New York. She continued:

"A certain satrap had a favorite wife. She went walking in the palace gardens one day, and had not been long gone when a servant entered, crying:

"'O, master, your wife is drowned. She was walking, as usual, beside the swift stream that flows through the hazel copse, and, stumbling over an exposed root, she fell into the water. Not once did she rise. We have not yet recovered her body.'

"The satrap, a man of few words, quickly ordered that a strong horse be saddled, and, mounting the animal, he proceeded to ford his way upstream.

"He had not gone more than a mile beyond his own domain when an official respectfully asked him his errand.

"'My wife,' the satrap replied, 'was drowned in this river, and I am searching for her body.'

"'But, sire,' cried the official, 'you are going against the stream. You'll never find her that way!'

"'Ah,' said the satrap, 'you didn't know my wife.'"

### INGRATITUDE



"I wouldn't mind him laffin' cep'n dat I give him dat banana.

### FOLLOWING INSTRUCTIONS.

When nine-year-old Teddy displayed the shining new quarter which Mr. Brown had given him down at the corner store, mother very naturally asked if her little boy had said, "Thank you," to father's friend.

No answer.

"Surely you thanked Mr. Brown," she persisted.

Still no answer. Trouble showed on the little face.

"Teddy, listen. You ought to have said, 'Thank you, sir.' Did you?"

No answer yet.

"Come here, dear little son. Tell mamma, now. Did you thank Mr. Brown for the quarter?"

"I told him, 'Thank you,' an' he said not to mention it, an' I tried not to."

### INCREDIBLE.

"Now a man has decided that pretzels are not food."

"You don't mean to tell me that anyone ever thought they were food!"

### AS USUAL.

"How do you like this chowder, Mr. Starboarder?" asked the landlady.

"It is cold, but not clammy," replied Mr. Starboarder.

### HEAVY HANDICAP.

"Grace won the admiration of the guides, all right."

"As to how?"

"She climbed Mont Blanc in a hobble."

### PUZZLING PREDICAMENT.

"Why is Jiggers always in hot water with his wife?"

"Because they can't keep the pot boiling."

### WORSE AND WORSE.

"Gracious! Isn't that bathing suit shocking!"

"You may think it is, but wait till you see her in her tube skirt."

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

## MAN HAS ABNORMAL MEMORY

**Illiterate English Laborer Whose Feats Have Recently Been Causing Much Astonishment.**

George Harbottle, a laborer at a Northumberland quarry, possesses a memory which retains an indelible impression of every word which he hears or reads, says the Northwestern Gazette. After once hearing read, or reading himself, half a dozen book pages of any kind of matter, he can repeat them without omitting a single word.

One one occasion a man who knew Harbottle bought a pamphlet of songs from a street singer, and wagered him that he could not, within 20 minutes, learn and correctly repeat all the songs. Harbottle repeated every song without a mistake in 17 minutes. The names of all the licensed houses in Glasgow were read out to him three times and he repeated them correctly in the reverse order in which they were read out. Two men read two different paragraphs from two newspapers simultaneously and Harbottle repeated one paragraph correctly and made only two mistakes in the other—a remarkable feat. His foreman one day showed him a book containing the record of his seven workmates for eight months. It was at the dinner hour and the men were all sitting in a group. In ten minutes, from memory, Harbottle told each man what he had done and the wages he had earned during each week of the previous eight months.

Being an illiterate man, he can do nothing with figures, but otherwise his abnormal power seems to triumph over the most severe tests to which it can be put.

### BAD ONE



Doyle—Do yez get th' flavor of thot cigar, Boyle?

Boyle—Sure, I could smell th' weed wid me eyes shut.

### HARSH JUDGMENT.

"In eastern countries men buy their wives."

"I've seen some in this country that looked as if they were acquired at a remnant sale."—Courier Journal.

### A TURN OF PHRASE.

Cigar Smoker (facetiously)—Still studying the sea, professor? You must know it upside down by now.

The Professor (feelingly)—Say, rather, inside out!—London Sketch.

### NOT SO FAR WRONG.

"This booby has been telling me about an aviary meeting he attended lately."

"Well, it was a meeting of birdmen, wasn't it?"

### NO CASH NEEDED.

"You can have that property for a song."

"You don't mean that literally."

"Yes, I do. I'll take your notes."

### POOR KIND OF SPORT.

"Rogers is a bit of a sportsman, isn't he?"

"If going off on wild goose chases makes a fellow one, he is."

### SWEET.

Mollie—How many lumps of sugar shall I put in your coffee?

Chollie—Oh, have your own sweet way, as usual, dear.

### WHY SHE ENJOYS GOLF.

"Do you enjoy golf?"

"Very much. It keeps my husband out of my way most of the time."

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

©Maryland State Archives, msa_sc2929_scm3540-0235.jpg