AMERICAN UNION

Vol. 59. No. 15 — DENTON, MARYLAND, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1913. — $1.00 Per Year

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Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

FOR CUPID'S VICTIMS

"Agony Editor" Gives Advice but Fails to Live Up to His Own Principles.

By H. M. EGBERT.

Miss Alice Kent was the brightest newspaper woman on any of the metropolitan dailies. Everybody admitted that, and besides, McLaughlin, who was on the copy desk, told her that he had heard the city editor say so. Perhaps he was prejudiced in her favor, but his words came to her spirit as balm and nectar at a period when life seemed like a black tunnel stretching away and away until Miss Mayhew came back.

It was not that Miss Kent had become distrustful of her powers, or blase. No, there was a deeper reason. Miss Agnes Mayhew, who gave advice to distracted lovers in two half-columns every afternoon, had been called home to Ohio on account of her mother's illness, and the worst of it was that she had just got to the bottom of her basket. Those lovers who had, presumably, been waiting through many dreary days to find the answers which should solve their own peculiar and unparalleled problems, had all been answered.

"I'm sorry, my dear," Miss Mayhew said to Miss Kent. She had grown so accustomed to the use of endearments to her newspaper correspondents that she used these forms of address in daily life also. "I'm sorry, my dear, but I guess you'll know how to fix it. You'll find a bunch of forms to meet all ordinary cases in the top left-hand drawer. And if any unusually delicate problem arises, use your common sense or wait till I get home. Good-bye, my dearest child, and if you need my help badly send me a special delivery letter to Hicksville."

That was why Miss Kent felt disconsolate. She had been taken off her reporter's job and set to answering the imbecilities of Cupid's victims. She let the letters accumulate, and by the third day she had quite a



Bit Her Pencil and Reflected.

batch of them. The first that she took in hand ran as follows:

"Dear Miss Mayhew:

"I want your advice about the young gentleman that I am engaged to marry. He is a model young fellow in all respects, goes to church regular, and neither drinks, smokes or chews, but sometimes he uses slang. Ought I to give him back his solitaire? It is a beauty and I love him dearly."

Miss Kent read through this communication with gathering disgust. Then she penciled at the bottom:

"Don't marry him until you have cured him of his unpleasant habit. No gentleman ever uses slang, especially in the presence of a lady."

The next letter read like this:

"I am a young lady, twenty-two years of age. I have a very nice gentleman friend in a good position and have been going with him two months. We love each other dearly. But my friends tell me it is wrong to go with a gentleman unless you have been properly introduced, and I met Frank at a clam-bake. What shall I do?"

Miss Kent bit her pencil and reflected. The forms which Miss Mayhew had left her did not quite cover this case. "Can you not find some mutual friend to introduce you?" she wrote at last. 'I hope that is what Miss Mayhew would have advised," she reflected, and brought up a letter haphazard from the pile.

The third letter ran like this:

"My Dear Miss Mayhew:

"You have given so much good advice to others that perhaps you will help me. A young gentleman is very fond of me, like I am of him. We love each other dearly. There is only one vice he has. After he takes me to the theater he wants me to kiss him good-by after he takes me home. My friends tell me that I ought not to let him kiss me as we are not engaged. What ought I to do?"

This time Miss Kent could not go wrong, for one of her predecessor's forms exactly covered this common situation. Miss Mayhew was adamantine where propriety was concerned.

"No lady," she wrote, "will ever offer her lips to a man under any circumstances, unless she is engaged to him. You must tell your friend firmly but politely that you cannot permit such conduct."

After she had put this letter aside Miss Kent was quite thoughtful for a long time. The paper was crowded that day and there was only room for one more answer. The last letter was a long one.

"Dear Miss Mayhew:

"I am a blonde and I have been going with a young gentleman for a year. We love each other dearly. He calls to see me every Wednesday and on Saturday nights we go to the theater. He has told me that he is not going with any other young ladies at present but he has never asked me to marry him. Would it be wrong for me to tell him I love him? I am nineteen and am considered rather good-looking."

Something of Miss Mayhew's adamantine resolution nerved Miss Kent's right hand.

"No woman ever tells a man that she loves him until he has asked her to marry him," she wrote. "That is exclusively a gentleman's prerogative. You can only be patient and suffer in silence. Can you not encourage him to make a declaration by not confining your attentions to him exclusively?"

"I wonder," she reflected, as she laid her pen aside, "whether Miss Mayhew was writing from experience when she penned Form 4."

Her task was over at last and she rose up and went to the wardrobe for her hat. She hoped Miss Mayhew's mother would make an amazingly rapid recovery. The agony column exhausted every atom of her vitality.

"It is good discipline to be sponsor for all the love-struck idiots in town," she reflected.

"I beg your pardon?" inquired Mr. McLaughlin.

"I beg your pardon?" he repeated. "Did you say something, Miss Kent?"

"O, dear no, I was just soliloquizing," she answered, giving her hat a final pat to straighten it.

McLaughlin paused irresolutely. "You look quite fagged," he said. "Say, Miss Kent, won't you—I mean would you mind having dinner with me tonight, somewhere? I haven't a thing to do and I have found the finest little place where you can get a Scandinavian dinner and imported beer. It's just opening, so it's bound to be good. And then maybe we can take in a show afterward—yes?"

"I don't know that I ought to," Miss Kent answered, but her smile was distinctly affirmative. So they set out together and soon they had left the grimy working life far behind and were riding on a street car through the city. And then they got off and turned down a little side street of which Miss Kent had never even heard, and he was piloting her into a real Scandinavian restaurant. They sat down at a table which had been made for two exclusively, and there the lights and the music and the merry conversation of the other diners made Miss Kent forget all about Miss Mayhew and her miserable correspondents.

As she watched McLaughlin she could not help thinking that he was the nicest young fellow she knew. He carried himself so well and looked so frank and kind, and he had always treated her with such courtesy. And McLaughlin, looking at her until their eyes met and each turned away in embarrassment, was thinking something that had often disturbed him when he was seated at the copy desk—that Alice Kent was different from any girl he had ever known, and what luck it was that nobody had come along and snapped her up while he was idly dreaming about her.

He bent over the table toward her. "Do you know," he said, "I feel as if I had known you all my life instead of barely a couple of months. How did we ever get to speak to each other? Why, I don't believe that we have even been introduced to each other, and now I feel as though we ought to be sitting next to each other at dinner every night. Gee, that would be some dinner, wouldn't it!"

"I guess it would," answered Miss Kent happily.

And then they fell to chatting and lingered over the meal so long that neither knew whether the fish had been served or whether it was the salad they were waiting for. Indeed, when at last they looked up they found that everybody in the restaurant had left, and the band was going home, and they two were alone together there with the proprietor and the waiters, who were standing round and looking at them with smiles that betrayed an admixture of impatience. So they went out and strolled through a paradise of dirty streets until they came to a clean little park, and they sat down on a bench and their conversation became quite personal and absorbing.

When at last McLaughlin left Miss Kent at the door of her apartment he hesitated, and, as he looked back over his shoulder at her, fumbling with the key which somehow would not fit the lock of the door, he suddenly came back again and took her in his arms and kissed her.

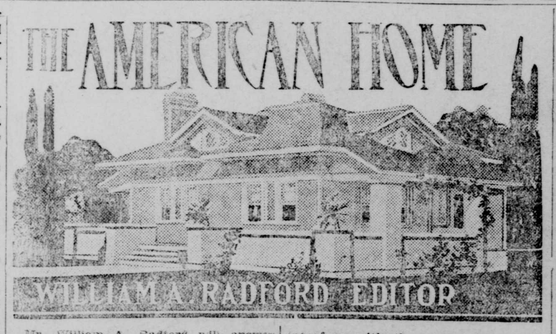
Miss Kent had often dreamed of such a possibility and of the just reprimand that she would impose upon the criminal who took such a liberty. It had ranged all the way from a box on the ear to a mild rebuke, according to the way she happened to be feeling. But now, to her subsequent amazement, all she did was to put her arms round his neck and say:

"O, Richard, I love you with all my heart."

And then, grinning, out of its corner a shadowy remembrance crept into fully fledged life.

"O, Richard!" she cried hysterically, "can't you do one thing for me? Ask Mr. Kemp to take me off the agony column. I can't live up to Miss Mayhew's principles."

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Most people like large rooms; but large rooms call for a large house. This plan is 31 feet 6 inches by 36 feet in size and is built on the square order, severely plain in design and general treatment. Instead of crowding in as many rooms as possible, they are made larger than is customary at the present time; but it gives to the house an air of old-fashioned comfort that is quite luxurious.

Luxury means in many cases something that is difficult to secure. Since the advance in prices of labor, wages of skilled mechanics, prices of hardware and most building materials the tendency has been to build smaller houses and smaller rooms. Probably the after maintenance has as much to do with the general trend towards smaller houses as any other consideration, because it is almost impossible to obtain help of the right kind to keep a large house in order after you get it. Then the extra cost of heating a large house is a serious objection to some people; but the improvements in hot-air furnaces and in hot-water and steam heaters have gone a long way to reduce cost in this respect.

The shape of the house also has a great deal to do with the cost of heating. A house built after this design is very compact. There are no side rooms to carry the heat to at a disadvantage; so with a modern heater in the basement this house may be kept comfortable for less money than the heating of a much smaller house would have cost ten or fifteen years ago.

These are the days of large living rooms. People have found that at least one room in the house should be as large, as light, and as airy as it is possible to make it. Across the front of this house, 14 by 35 feet inside measurement, is practically one great room with a fireplace in one end and with plenty of large windows that are in keeping with the general character of the house.

This large living room is intended to be one of the main decorative features, the furnishings of which will require a great deal of studying and planning to bring out all its splendid possibilities. Such rooms nowadays are seldom or never carpeted. The floor is hard wood with a finish that shows the grain to advantage. The floor is nice enough to leave without any covering whatever; but no one likes a bare floor because of the noise and from the further fact that no room has a properly furnished appearance unless the floor has been carefully provided with rugs that harmonize with the wall and ceiling decorations.

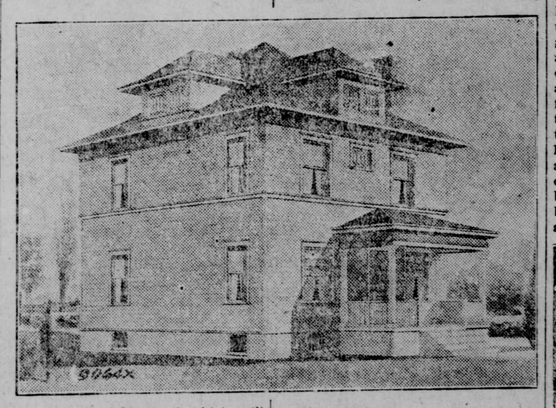
There is a good deal in proportioning rugs to the size of the room. This large living room should have two rugs large enough to reduce the outside margin to about ten inches. The space between the rugs in the center should be about the same, but this space directly in the center of the archway should be filled in with another rug to avoid stepping on the polished floor. It needs this little rug for looks and it needs it to prevent a bad spot by wearing away the floor polish.

The rugs, wall paper and curtains must of course harmonize in colors. Turkish rugs are quite fashionable, and the genuine Turkish rug is a prize, but they have their disadvantages. Most of them are too soft to keep their place on the floor, and if the floor is highly polished they are so slippery as to be positively unsafe, especially for old people. A first-class machine-made American rug is good enough for any room if it corresponds with the surroundings.

The dining room offers another splendid opportunity for decorative ability. The room is well calculated to show furniture to advantage. It is 12 feet 6 inches by 16 feet in size and there are no projections or corners to interfere with the proper placing of handsome dining-room decorations.

Another feature of this house that is well worth consideration is the pantry. It is seldom you get such a pantry in any house. The extension of the back porch to inclose one end of the pantry has been taken advantage of to lay out an arrangement that will appeal to most women. It is large enough to hold considerable china and the sink so conveniently situated is a great satisfaction at dish-washing time. I often wonder why sinks are not demanded nearer to the shelves where dishes are kept. If you watch a woman doing up the work after meal time you will notice that she is constantly walking back and forth between the dining table, the sink and the pantry shelves and the china cupboard. This combination pantry is a sort of cross between the modern store room pantry and an old-fashioned butler's pantry.

There are other interesting features about this house indicated by the plans, such as the combination stair way going up from the kitchen and from the front room, the hall coat closet and the convenient cellarway with shelves for jelly glasses and other storage, all of which require a house about this size if you expect to work them all in. You can have some of the modern improvements in a small house. If you want them all you must build larger.



HAS NOVEL SUMMER PASTIME

English Actor Finds Profit and Amusement in Ridding Farmers of Pest of Moles.

A curious way of spending a holiday has been invented by a well known actor and his wife. They are in Radnorshire, Wales, and they are obtaining amusement and profit by hunting moles with the object of obtaining a moleskin coat for the lady.

The actor in question is Stewart Quartermayne, who in private life is W. F. James. Mr. and Mrs. James have already killed 400 moles. It was during a visit to a friend at Builth Wells that they began their curious hobby of mole catching. They undertook during their stay to destroy all the moles on their friend's land. So successful were they that their fame spread among the local farmers and land-owners, who asked them to extend their operations.

Mr. James decided to accept such invitations, at any rate until he had procured enough skins to make a long coat for his wife.

A newspaper correspondent recently accompanied them to their hunting ground, where thirty traps had been laid. Fifteen moles had all been killed instantaneously in their little tunnels. Then came the work of resetting the traps in the center of a line of molehills. A spring trap was placed between the two openings of the tunnel after carefully rubbing the trap and openings with a dead mole.

This was done for two reasons—first, because the mole would instantly smell human hands and would avoid the trap; and, secondly, because moles are great fighters. When the master of a tunnel smells what he takes to be an intruder he rushes off instantly to do battle, but actually meets sudden death.

Mr. James said it would be quite easy to make at least $10 a week by catching moles for skins, which can be sold at from five to ten cents each. He now has 400 of the 600 required to make a coat for his wife.—Baltimore Sun.

Another Confession.

"So you are a lobbyist?" said Senator Sorghum.

"I am."

"But you never took the slightest chance in trying to influence my vote. Your frequent conversations with me have been of the most harmless and common place nature."

"Quite true. But the people who are paying me a large salary to lobby don't know that."

Curious Formation of Ears of Owl.

One of the most curious things about the owl is the formation of the ear. This, remarks a writer in Harper's Weekly, is truly a most remarkable organ. The tufts of feathers that distinguish the long-eared and short-eared owl are no more ears than they are horns, the writer further states.

The facial disk of feathers that gives the owl its characteristic appearance serves as a kind of sounding board or ear trumpet to concentrate the slightest sounds and to transmit them to the orifice of the true ear concealed in the small feathers behind the eye.

Even in the barn owl, which possesses the least complicated arrangement of this kind, the orifice of the ear is covered by a remarkable flap of the skin, while in the other species there are striking differences in the size and shape of this orifice and its covering flap on the two sides of the head.

The exact way in which owls utilize this elaborately specialized apparatus has still to be discovered.

He's Not One of the Highbrow Set.

Occasionally two persons marry who are of such widely divergent tastes that their friends gasp at the incongruity and wonder how on earth they will ever manage to live together peaceably under the same roof. Such a couple married recently and the plain, plodding, matter-of-fact husband seemed to have made up his mind from the first that he would not have any of his wife's ambitious highbrow tastes thrust upon him.

One night at dinner in their apartment a guest mentioned the name of a new play by George Bernard Shaw, to which the wife replied enthusiastically that she had seen it and had also read some of his books lately.

Quickly her husband looked up with a scowl and holding his knife up in his right hand very much like a scepter, he admonished her abruptly:

"No books now, Emily, no books, mind you; I don't want to hear about no books."

Testing His Voice.

"Please get my thimble from the table upstairs, dear," said Tiny Tim's mother, "but go quietly, for grandma's asleep. If you can't find it, call me softly, so you won't wake her." The small boy tiptoed obediently up the stairs. Pausing at the top, he called his mother in guarded but distinct accent, and explained as she came into the lower hall. "I just wanted to know in case I had to call you whether this voice would be loud enough to wake grandma."—Woman's Home Companion.

Ostend's Picturesque Celebration.

One of the most picturesque ceremonies which have come down from the ages is the blessing of the sea, which takes place in Ostend on the first Sunday in July every year. Early on the day a procession forms outside the church of St. Peter and St. Paul, and walks slowly to the Digue de Mer, where a temporary altar is previously erected. A young girl in a white shepherdess dress, and carrying an effigy of the paschal lamb, generally leads the way, and behind her, on the shoulders of four fisherwomen dressed as brides, the figures of the Virgin Mary, with the infant Jesus, is born aloft. Behind the women come several boys attired as fishermen and carrying sea charts, anchors, fishing nets, and baskets. The procession is completed by lads supporting a large model of a ship.



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