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General practice of Law and Collections.

The Little Devil

By LOUISE OLIVER

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"Edith," came Mrs. Merdith's smooth voice over the telephone, "your Uncle Charles' nephew, Stephen Burtner, is coming to dinner tonight and I want you to rest up today, put on your prettiest dress and come over. Be here at six. Dinner isn't until seven, of course, but I want you to have time to talk to him. He's wonderful, as I told you before; captain, you know, in a machine gun company, and home on short leave before he goes to France."

"All right, Aunt Mary, I'll be there, Johnny on the spot, at six."

"Don't use slang, Edith," reproved her aunt. "That's something I want to warn you about. Do try to be proper. You know he's of the Providence Burtners, and they're strong on form."

Edith laughed. "Don't worry, auntie, I'll try not to disgrace you. I just forgot in the exuberance of my joy—that's all. I'll do like the little pig in the poem and get up at two if there were a real live army officer to be seen. But I'm afraid I can't rest, as you suggest. Nora left today, and as mother won't be home until Wednesday, I have all the work to do. But don't let it bother you. I'll try to get Mrs. Stubbs in to help. By-by till tonight."

Leaving the telephone Edith did a little war dance in the hall, of which I am afraid the Providence Burtners

"What'cha Matter, Edy?"

would not at all have approved although it is difficult to imagine anyone, even a Burtner, being quite as beautiful as Edith, even in her all-enveloping work apron.

"Wat'cha matter, Edy?" Four-year-old Harry, sirup jug in hand, pilfered from the breakfast table, stood in the doorway.

Edith grabbed him up. "Sister's going to see a soldier man, Harry, a real big soldier man that goes like this, boom, boom, boom, boom, boom." And Harry on her shoulder, she marched all over the first floor.

"There, look what you've done, Harry, got sirup over everything. Sister's got to get a cloth and wipe it all up. And just look at your clean suit! Come on upstairs, I'll have to hunt out another one."

Upstairs she gave Harry a word of warning. "Now, little bruzzer, sister's going to be awfully busy today and you must be good and not get dirty. Don't go out in that muddy backyard, will you, dear? And if Sammy Brown comes over to play, stay on the back porch. Now do try to keep clean."

"All right, Edy, I will."

But Harry's memory was about as long as his legs. Before Edith had the breakfast dishes done she heard a lusty howl from the yard. Opening the door, she was horrified to see Sammy and Harry pummeling each other in the middle of the garden, Harry's clean suit so completely camouflaged with mud that he looked like an animated potato hill.

"Harry, Harry, come right here. Sammy you go home, and don't come back. Now remember."

It took an hour to scour Harry again. He had to be stripped, bathed, even his head scrubbed, and an entire new outfit applied from the skin out.

"Now you stay in the house, dear, and play with your train. That's a good boy. Sister's so, so busy today."

"All right, Edy, I will."

Dishes done and beds made, it was time to get lunch for the family returning from school.

At 12 o'clock Clara, aged seven, burst in. "Oh, Edith, come quick. Tom Brown's killing Buddy. He said 'Ja' to something and Buddy said he was a German and hit him and Tom's bigger and he's got Buddy down and pounding him awfully. Or, do hurry, sis."

Edith flew for a long coat. Halfway down the street she met a procession supporting Buddy, who was dripping with blood as he progressed.

"Oh, Buddy, you poor lamb." Edith took him comforting in her arms. "Come on home, dear, and I'll wash you up and give you hot pancakes and all the raspberry jam you want."

This reconstruction process took half an hour. By the time lunch was over Edith was rather tired. But she got the troop off to school happy and well fed, and she smiled after them proudly.

"It's a pretty nice family, isn't it, Harry?"

"Umhum," said Harry sleepily.

"Edith's going to let Harry take a nice nap now, then Edith's going to rest, too. Come on, kiddikins."

"Harry doesn't want to sleep."

"Oh, yes, dear, come on. I'll sing The Man in the Moon!"

Thus persuaded, Harry went up obediently.

Edith had time now to think of her own evening, and she grew rosy with anticipation. She laid out all her dainty, filmy lingerie such as girls adore, and last of all her new crepe de chine of faintest rose pink. She was so glad she had it now. Everyone said she had never looked so nice in anything before.

Listen, what was that? Surely not Harry. She had left him sound asleep in the nursery. But looking out of the hall window a dreadful sight met her eyes. Harry, sure enough, and Sammy Brown coming up the street crying. He had evidently wakened and slipped down the back stairs unheard.

"We fell in the run," screamed Harry. "We wuz gettin' crabs and the stone slipped and we fell in."

Edith grabbed him up. "Sammy, I wish you'd let Harry alone. He'd never think of the run if it weren't for you. Now you go home and don't come back again."

"Those awful Browns!" she added to herself, "I could murder them."

Harry was changed for the third time that day.

At last there was peace again, and she could bathe and dress and have a few minutes to herself.

But there! What was that? Another racket on the front porch! Sammy Brown again!

Suddenly Edith flew into a rage. For almost the first time in her life she lost her temper. Her eyes flashed dangerously and her color mounted high.

She flew down the stairs and jerked the street door open viciously. "Get out, you little devil!" she cried. Then she paled, for there, standing six-feet-one in his army boots, stood a most elegantly dressed officer of the United States army.

'Is Miss Edith Wilson at home?" he asked.

Edith gathered up her flurried senses manfully. She courtesied humbly. "Faith no, sir, an' she isn't," she replied, with a broad brogue.

"Will you please give her this note from her aunt when she returns. Her telephone has gone wrong and I've brought a message."

"Sure, sir, an' I will." Edith courtesied again as she took the note.

There isn't room to tell it all. But the note was to say the dinner had been postponed till the next night.

And when Edith did appear next day in the pale rose pink dress, a vision of beauty, the captain's eyes twinkled as he was presented.

Edith courtesied. "Faith, an' I'm thinking the honorable captain will say I'm a bit of a liar," she said.

Her aunt fanned herself furiously, but the captain said: "I'll save my opinion, if you don't mind, for some future time."

"I'd like it now."

"Very well, Miss Wilson. What would you like to know?"

"Did the honorable captain ever have two small brothers with friends?"

"No."

"It's an experience. You've missed something."

"I'm sure I have. But I was a small brother myself once. They called me the little devil. Naturally I thought you were addressing me."

Even Aunt Mary had to laugh.

But the captain's real opinion we are never to hear. That was for Edith alone. This much we know—they were engaged before he left for Europe.

Cattle Buying for Swift & Company

Swift & Company buys more than 9000 head of cattle, on an average, every market day.

Each one of them is "sized up" by experts.

Both the packer's buyer and the commission salesman must judge what amount of meat each animal will yield, and how fine it will be, the grading of the hide, and the quantity and quality of the fat.

Both must know market conditions for live stock and meat throughout the country. The buyer must know where the different qualities, weights, and kinds of cattle can be best marketed as beef.

If the buyer pays more than the animal is worth, the packer loses money on it. If he offers less, another packer, or a shipper or feeder gets it away from him.

If the seller accepts too little, the livestock raiser gets less than he is entitled to. If he holds out for more than it is worth, he fails to make a sale.

A variation of a few cents in the price per hundred pounds is a matter of vital importance to the packer, because it means the difference between profit and loss.

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SWIFT & COMPANY U.S.A.

War and Sanity.

Evidently a great national struggle makes for mental steadiness. For the last two years there has been a decrease of more than 3,000 in the number of insane persons cared for in England and Wales, says Popular Science Monthly. This fact is thought-provoking, because before the war there was a constantly increasing number of lunatics.

The Goldsboro Bank
Goldsboro, Maryland

Capital	Surplus	Deposits
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Learn To Do Without.

"That's easy," some say today who never thought very hard.

It's hard at times, but it gets you somewhere, when coupled up with Saving.

"Doing without" and "Saving money" are a fine team when handled with a steady hand and a cheery word; they'll pull you right to the top of the hill.

Then you'll make two discoveries; one, that you've left the poor-house and the bread line at the bottom of the hill; ahead of you, opportunities that you can grasp with ready money gathered during the steady pull up.

Turn your seed dollar in your pocket into a growing dollar in bank.

The Goldsboro Bank,
Goldsboro, Md.
ROBERT JARRELL, JR., Cashier

Watch This Space
An Advertisement
By The
Caroline County Bank
will soon appear

Interest in Plaids.

Perhaps it is through the influence of the Scottish kilties which have appeared at various times in our American cities to remind us that the kinsmen of Bruce and Wallace are among our allies, that we have revived our interest in plaids. Perhaps it is just because bright colors are in vogue as a counteractive against the grimness of war, or perhaps it is just time that plaids returned to vogue—they do periodically, do they not? At any rate, some of the most interesting of the new separate skirts are made from Scottish plaid, and some of these skirts are made in plaited designs to carry out the idea of the highlander.

Famous Forth Bridge.

Sir John Fowler and Sir Benjamin Baker, both Englishmen, were the engineers who designed the great Forth bridge in Scotland, and the building was done by several large firms of steel structural workers, under their supervision. The outside length of the bridge is 8,098 feet, the central cantilever occupies 1,620 feet, and the two side cantilevers 1,514¾ feet each. The headway of the bridge at high water is 150 feet. The bridge was 17 years in building and was opened in March, 1890. The Forth bridge is much narrower than the Brooklyn bridge, but it exceeds it 25 feet in span and is considerably longer in its overall length.

Great Sea of Wheat.

A sea of wheat replacing a sea of water, 20,000 acres in one tract bringing forth the cereal of which Uncle Sam and his allies in the world war are in such great need, is a transformation accomplished on what was overflowed land near Sacramento.

The huge tract formerly covered with the flood waters of the Sacramento and the American rivers lies in a fertile basin of some sixty-odd thousand acres, most of which has been reclaimed and turned to agriculture through the efforts of the federal and state government, at a cost of millions of dollars.

Concerning the Sneeze.

Sneezing was considered unlucky in Wales, but in Europe generally it was deemed lucky, unless overdone. If a man sneezed more than three times it was a sign of bad luck. The Welsh belief in ill luck has prevailed and it is a very general custom among Italians when a person sneezes to say, "God be with you."

It is curious that among the older generation of East Prussians and Poles a French word is used when anyone sneezes. It is "assez" (enough), meaning that a continuation of the paroxysm would be a sign of catching cold.

Ladies Shave in Japan.

There are many things the Japanese do differently from ourselves. For instance, ladies sit with their hands folded palms upward in Japan. They all shave. They never brush their hair, but only comb it. For the English "a thimbleful" the Japanese speak of "a sparrow's tear," and instead of talking of putting a thing on the fire to cook, the Japanese speak of putting the fire through it. A man never wishes his wife good morning first—a truly oriental touch. She greets him and he replies. A woman never speaks of her husband as such. She speaks of "the house."

Indians Cannot Be Subdued.

In Venezuela today, as in both the Americas when Columbus made his discoveries, there are thousands of Indians, who are the fear of other men and who constantly refuse to make friends with any other peoples.

In the land bordering on the upper Orinoco river live many of these tribes, the fearless foe of all strangers and the most dangerous savages in all South America. They resist with their lives all attempts of the Venezuelans to take the lands that have been the home of the Indian for centuries. So far they have been successful in their defense and are in nearly as full possession of the lands today as they were before any efforts were made to dislodge or conquer them.

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