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General practice of Law and Collections.

Candy Girl

By E. RAY BAKER

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The Mutual Consolation club was in session. The members, four in number, were dejected.

Mattie Melvoude was the reason for the Mutual Consolation club. Mattie was the "candy girl" of Abonvale and the most sought swimmer in the matrimonial sea. She was the "candy girl" in two respects. She was declared to be the sweetest and the neatest, but also the most elusive, belle that ever wrung the heart of a man.

Her abode was on Turnip Hill, but Mattie spent little time there. She was not a social idler. She believed in work, and she did it before a high desk and a proportionately high stool in the business office of the Bon Ton Candy factory.

Mattie had rejected the four most desirable young men in the village. They were desirable by their own admission and they had bank books to prove it. The bank book, however, had proved of no more avail in the wooing of Mattie than so much waste paper.

Each member of the club had spent money like sand in the desert in his campaign to make Mattie his wife. She accepted all the attentions until they wearied her, and then she calmly and

Suddenly Pointed Out the Window at a Lanky Figure.

scornfully rejected the quartet of admirers. The collective rejection was as follows:

"You go about trying to win a girl's affections just as a boilermaker would operate a typewriter. Think I'll marry a man with no more initiative than you? I should say not, emphatically. I want a husband who gets an idea now and then. The fellow who thinks up something new in the way of courting a girl is the one that catches me. See?"

Then the Mutual Consolation club came into being. Each of the four discovered simultaneously that the others were after the fair Mattie. It happened that they came together just outside the Melvoude residence at the top of Turnip Hill.

Tom Grayson was peering over a long box of roses. Fred Hooper was lugging a chafing dish he had procured from a Chicago mail order house. Sam Upkins puffed under the weight of a table lamp, while Albert Terry looked sheepish because all he had to offer to the god of love was tickets to the county fair, and they didn't make much of a showing in his vest pocket.

They compared notes and were about to draw lots or flip a coin to decide which of them should have the honor of keeping his engagement for the evening with the idol of their hearts when the idol in question appeared on the porch and delivered the extemporaneous address quoted above.

Thereupon the brideseekers adjourned to the insurance office of Sam Upkins, at the foot of Turnip Hill, and the roses were put to repose in the garbage can, while the chafing dish came into use as an ash tray; the lamp fulfilled its mission by dispelling the gloom which was fast gathering in the office and in their breasts, and the fair tickets were utilized to carry fire from the one match which the quartet possessed to the cigars which furnished the ashes which were deposited in the chafing dish.

By mutual consent each of the four desirables detailed his journey along the brink of matrimony in quest of a place to plunge in. Each had undergone the same experiences, invested in the same presents for the elusive Mattie, and met with the same rebuffs.

Under the self-constituted presidency of Mr. Terry the club thereupon took upon itself the task of discovering a key to the padlock on Mattie Melvoude's heart.

"She wants some one who has inventive genius—some one who has an idea," said Terry, addressing his fellow members. "Therefore, it behooves us to collaborate and find some novel way to her affections. When we have come upon a scheme that looks feasible, we will hold a lottery and the lucky man will be allowed to try, without interference from the rest, to win the prize on Turnip Hill. If the scheme fails, we will try another, using the lottery again. In that way none of us will encroach on the preserve of the other, and one of us ought to make our dream of happiness come true. Collaboration—that's it."

The club adjourned to the next day, when each of the members was to submit his plan for the capitulation of Mattie Melvoude.

Promptly at two o'clock in the afternoon Messrs. Grayson, Hooper, Upkins and Terry assembled in the insurance office. Each of them looked expectant, for, having failed to evolve an idea of his own, each expected there would be three other plans submitted.

When the session was called to order and the deplorable situation became known, four bright smiles turned to four dejected frowns, and four pipes were lighted and eight feet deposited on the mahogany table.

"What's to be done?" inquired President Terry. "Have none of us any initiative? Are we going to let this girl escape marriage with one of us four most desirable men in the village? Are we going to let her wear her life away, her beauty and charms unappreciated, in that sordid candy factory?"

The other three drew long and gurglingly on their pipes and wreathed themselves in smoke and said nothing.

Finally Grayson reached out and plucked the Abonvale Weekly Times from the table.

"I tell you, I'm about ready to give up," he announced, and to prove he had lost interest in love, he opened the paper and began scrutinizing it with an air of absolute interest.

The others smoked on in silence, which was broken suddenly by Grayson, whose feet hit the floor with a resounding bang, and who rose clutching the newspaper with one hand and his hair with the other.

"Listen to this, would you?" he fairly shouted. They withdrew their feet from the table and pushed back their chairs, all with due deliberation, for the Mutual Consolation club was a more or less deliberative body. Nevertheless they were startled and somewhat apprehensive as to Mr. Grayson's mental condition, considering the probability of Grayson's having become mentally deranged through grief.

"Just listen to this," the excited Grayson repeated: "Mr. and Mrs. George Melvoude of Turnip Hill announce the engagement of their daughter Mattie to Mr. Hiram Slocum of Green Creek. Here it is, right in the society column."

The quartet joined in a prolonged groan, which was followed by another excited action on the part of Mr. Grayson, who suddenly pointed out the window at a lanky figure, carrying a small package under his arm, sauntering up the hill.

"There goes Hiram Slocum now!" announced Grayson. "Quick, drag him in here and make him tell how he did it."

The fortunate Hiram was forthwith pounced upon and conducted, protesting, to Updike's office, where he was surrounded and made the target for a barrage of interrogations. He looked in vain for an avenue of escape. The Mutual Consolation club had him hemmed in. So, discerning that flight was out of the question, he waited until the hubbub of their voices had abated somewhat, then asked in a drawling voice:

"As I understand it, gentlemen, you wish me to tell you how I came to win the heart and hand of Miss Mattie Melvoude?"

"You understand rightly," the club assured him.

"Well," he repeated, "I didn't exert myself to any great extent. I simply began calling on her a month ago, and when I asked her, night before last, if she didn't want to be Mrs. Slocum, she allowed that she did. She confided to me last night, though, that it wasn't my good looks that decided her. She told me the way I made a hit with her was by taking her a box of candy every time I called on her.

"You see, she works all day long, six days a week, in that candy factory, and has to smell the fumes of the candy continuously, but there's a rule in the factory against any employee eating any of it while on duty. She says she has a principle against buying it for herself when she had so many male admirers who might get it for her, but who, instead, take her flowers and everything else under the sun except the sweets she craves. It's been three years since she tasted a piece of candy, she told me. 'Course, I didn't really intend to do anything smart when I invested in those chocolates every time I called, but she says it was a great idea and showed inventive genius, or somethin'."

Breathing an Anesthetic.

Scientists of Europe have been conducting experiments in the art of breathing, and as a result have arrived at some interesting conclusions.

The theory is advanced that by abnormal control of the breathing powers, the breath being held for an unusually long time, a person may "ascend into the astral realm" and commune with things higher up.

One of the scientists claims to have demonstrated that rapid breathing of pure air acts as an anesthetic and renders a person immune to pain as long as it is maintained. Of course, after the rapid inhalations cease the pain will be felt.

By a little training a person may induce sound sleep by deep and rapid breathing for a few minutes.

DR. GREENWOOD.

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Hours: 10.30 a. m. to 5 p. m.
also again at the above places two weeks from above dates.

BAKER PRAISES ALL "Y" WORKERS

Represented "Heart of America," Says War Secretary.

TELLS OF THE HERO DEAD.

Defines Women Canteen Workers as "Honest-to-God American Girls."

PAYING a high tribute to the work of the various war welfare agencies serving with A. E. F., Secretary of War Newton D. Baker, who returned recently from a tour of inspection and investigation of our army in France and the occupied portion of Germany, has made a public statement with reference to the magnitude and accomplishments of the Young Men's Christian Association overseas, which, in the words of the secretary of war, "by reason of its longer establishment, its larger experiences and its larger facilities, had the greater part of this work to do, especially abroad."

This statement was made by Secretary Baker in connection with the awarding of the Croix de Guerre to three Y. M. C. A. workers who served in France. At the request of Dr. John R. Mott, general secretary of the National War Work Council, Y. M. C. A., made recently to the war department, there is an official investigation and survey of the Red Triangle work with the A. E. F. overseas now under way. Secretary Baker gave high praise to its work from his own personal observation during the war and since the signing of the armistice.

"The Y. M. C. A. has represented the heart of America and has carried to soldiers abroad our affections and our ideals for them," said Secretary Baker. "I do not know if I can convey to those who have not had the opportunity to see what went on there any adequate idea of the character of that service, and the appreciation which the war department and the army of the United States feel for the service rendered by the Y. M. C. A., both at home and overseas."

For the 11,229 Y. M. C. A. women and men workers sent overseas up to April 10, Secretary Baker has only words of praise. "Honest-to-God" Americans, he calls them, using the language of our soldiers. Seventy-five of these volunteer, non-combatant workers are buried "over there," in their army khaki. Fourteen were killed by shell fire in action, two of whom were "Y" canteen workers—American women.

Of the part the Y. M. C. A. played in aiding morale and keeping healthy and happy our two millions of soldiers overseas, he said: "When we survey this superb army which is now coming home, with its broadened shoulders, bronzed cheeks, robust health, splendid nerve, and high spirit that comes with great accomplishment we must remember that among the formative influences that went into it and made it possible was this social spirit which was carried from home to the front line trenches, which shared the privations and dangers, was an integral part of the army; for in 'No Man's Land,' where the shells fell thick and fast, there are the graves of American soldiers and the graves of the 'Y' workers, side by side, not separated in their work, not separated in their faith, not separated in spirit, not separated in their sacrifices, finally united in their last resting place.

"They were at the front in the very front line trenches, over which shrapnel burst and over which aeroplanes hovered. Under machine-gun fire one could find the American doughboy at his listening post and very often alongside of him the Y. M. C. A. man with his books, magazines, papers and his little aids and comforts, which were carried to the very edge of 'No Man's Land.'"

There were 2,891 American women Y. M. C. A. canteen workers and theatrical entertainers sent overseas up to April 10, and Secretary Baker glorifies these self-sacrificing workers, declaring they have the love and full respect of our American soldier manhood.

"In the huts the Y. M. C. A. man and woman were found—that extraordinary beautiful thing which the Y. M. C. A. sent over and which the doughboy learned to call an 'Honest-to-God American Girl.'

"Sometimes her hair was streaked with gray, and there was the relationship of mother and son, but ordinarily the relationship was the tender relationship of brother and sister. I have had these fine girls say, 'Mr. Secretary, I live with a regiment of soldiers fifteen miles from any other woman who can speak English, and although I have been with that regiment a month, I have never heard one man swear in my presence.'

"I asked, 'But do you always feel safe in such a desolate place?'

"She replied, with a laugh, 'When I lie down at night the doughboys voluntarily post a guard around my tent, and I am never disturbed until reveille in the morning.'"

"Of the work of the Y. M. C. A. on troopships, in the overseas training camps and in evacuating the wounded Secretary Baker says: "As I crossed the Atlantic during the war, through the danger zone, I found the Y. M. C. A. worker on the ship taking his place beside the soldier. When that hour was over on all these ships coming and going, these agents of the high social purpose of America ministered to the sick and wounded with their amusements, magazines, books, etc., comforted entertained and advised the well.

"In the long periods of training over there the Y. M. C. A. workers were constantly found organizing amusements, aiding men in corresponding with their families and friends at home, giving counsel and advice in the embarrassments that arose in the daily life of the soldier, ministering to them by distribution of such things as could be provided by the generous funds of the people of America, welcoming the incoming soldier and giving the outgoing soldier Godspeed."

"To the splendid work of these various war welfare agencies is very largely due the fact, said Secretary Baker, that "no army of any size or nationality, including our own, ever before in the history of mankind has had such a record of health, cleanliness and high idealism of purpose. There were assembled about these soldiers not only influences of home and of neighborhood, but the great organized agencies for dealing with life of the young."

The Goldsboro Bank
Goldsboro, Maryland

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

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

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Glacier Climbing in U. S.

Thanks to the "See-America-first" movement and the difficulties of European travel due to the war, many Americans are finding out that they can have all the thrills of seeing and climbing glaciers without paying the Swiss innkeepers and guides a stiff toll. Right here in the United States easily accessible but little known glaciers show the awe-inspiring crevasses and wonderful changing colors that one who has ever had first-hand experience with these slow moving rivers of ice can never forget.

Among the national parks easily accessible by railroad, that furnish the sport of glacier climbing, are Glacier park and Rainier national park. It is Alaska, however, that offers the de luxe glacier sightseeing. This little known land not only has the largest glaciers—big enough to make Switzerland's pride look insignificant—but also the most easily accessible. In fact, during the summer season the excursion steamers run right up to the face of the glaciers that descend to salt water, and thread their way in among the bergs that have broken off. One of the sights along the seacoast is that of the iceman hitching his gasoline launch to a baby berg and towing it to a convenient place to cut out his supply.

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