

THAT SOUND IN THE NIGHT

Nothing So Very Terrible, but at Least Henry Found Out Just What Caused It.

It certainly was a strange sound—even though at midnight all sounds are strange. Mrs. Meekton nudged her husband hard.

"Henry," she whispered, loudly, "wake up at once, and go downstairs! It sounds like burglars!"

"Yes, my dear," replied Henry, nervously. "But I don't—"

"If you don't go at once," stated his better half, "I will go myself!"

"I shall certainly go, Maria," Henry said with dignity; then he added, "If I hear it again."

"No, go now," ordered Maria, "or I shall shriek for the police, and tell them that you made no attempt to capture the thieves!"

"Very well," replied Henry, through trembling lips; "but let me kiss you and the baby before I go, and when he grows up tell him that his brave daddy jumped out of bed one bitter night and boldly attacked several armed burglars and fought with them till he was overpowered and—"

"O-o-o-h, Henry, there it is again! Go at once!" yelled Maria, giving him a mighty push.

And Henry went downstairs, trembling violently. Cautiously opening the kitchen door he turned on the electric light—and found the kitten playing with baby's india-rubber ball.

TO TEACH BLIND TO DRAW

English Idea Is That Art May Help the Sightless to Communicate With Outside World.

One of the many experiments of the Royal Drawing society has been to teach people to draw by touch. The pupil is blindfolded and feels a simple shape, like a hammer or a spade, and draws it with his eyes open. An advanced pupil has drawn the head of a classical bust and the mask of Beethoven.

These experiments fired Mr. O. B. Ablett, the director of the society, with the idea of drawing by the blind. He has devised a medium which looks like the frosted stuff on a matchbox made liquid, by which the draughtsman can follow by touch what he has drawn and correct or add to his work. So far there have been no experiments with a blind pupil.

Mr. Ablett does not claim for it more than that a blind man can draw the plan or a design of something he wishes to record and explain. A blind gardener has been known to go into ecstasies over the unfolding shapes of a plant, and the drawing of these shapes, known to him by touch would undoubtedly give him a form of esthetic pleasure. In any case, it would increase his means of communicating with the outside world.

A great boon, if the method is practicable, would be that it would enable the blind to write and to read writing.—Manchester Guardian.

Airplanes Will Aid Mining.

It is predicted that the airplane and the dirigible will prove a great stimulus to the mining industry in presenting a means of getting material and men to and from locations which are known to be rich with ore and which are at the present time inaccessible. There are many such places known to exist, but the cost of building a roadway to them would be so great as to be prohibitive. Attention to this phase of the subject has been recently attracted by a report made by Doctor Lyon, supervisor of the mining stations for the United States bureau of mines. By this means a regular communication could be maintained with sections which are not to be reached by any ordinary means. It is also suggested that the same means might be of great value for getting rescue apparatus to the scene of mining disasters.

Where Big Industry Began.

The dilapidated old shack, still standing at Eastport, Me., is of interest by reason of its being the starting place of the great American sardine industry.

The experiment of converting the small herring into the canned sardine was tried out in this factory, built for that purpose by Julius Wolff, a Russian, and other New York promoters nearly forty years ago. At that time the picturesque weirs, in which the fish are seized, usually joined the factory property.

From its birth, in this small factory, sardine canning has developed to almost the chief industry on the Maine coast, employing thousands of skilled workers each season, and has placed Eastport on the map as one of the most important fishing ports in the country.

Locomotive Rolled Over.

After a storm that buried the New England coast in snow last March, passengers on a railroad line through Rhode Island were amazed to observe a locomotive standing upright in a swampy brook that runs under the right of way at one point. The engine started out with a snowplow to clear the track, but jumped the rails at the brook trestle, the plow going one way and its motive power the other. Confronted, then, by the problem of removing the new obstruction, and not caring to devote three engines to getting one back on the track, the rail men cut the Gordian knot by rolling the big locomotive down the embankment. Despite the slide and plunge, it finished right side up.—Popular Mechanics Magazine.

Not Always Warned by Instinct.

Many persons are under the impression that the instinct of animals warns them against eating or drinking anything injurious. This may be the case with wild beasts, but it certainly is not true with domestic animals. A chicken will drink paint, and cows have been known to poison themselves by draughts from a pool in which highly poisonous nitrate of soda had been steeped. Give a canary hempseed in quantities and it will very soon kill itself.

On the other hand, there are poisons quickly fatal to man which have comparatively little effect upon a lower form of animal life.

Dogs and horses can take ten times as much morphine in comparison to their body weight as man can. The dove or pigeon can take 500 times as much, while the frog is unhurt by a dose 1,000 times greater, weight for weight, than would kill us.

Cyclone's Awful Destruction.

The tropical cyclone is a real cyclone. That is, it is the same sort of thing as the ordinary cyclonic air movements which bring most of our storms here in the eastern United States; but in the tropics these movements are smaller in circumference, incomparably greater in strength, and fortunately much less frequent in occurrence. Often in a given region like the West Indies there will be such a storm only once in two or three years. The weather bureau will usually note the storm after it has started and will send warning to ships in its path by wireless. The ships usually make port. Those overtaken by the storm are almost invariably destroyed. The islands that are struck by it suffer most. Ships in the harbors are blown down and banana and coconut groves that have taken years to grow are destroyed in a moment.

Canada's Water Power.

It has been estimated by engineers that the available water power in Canada, both developed and undeveloped, is capable of generating 18,832,000 horsepower, of which 7,398,160 horsepower are available in populated areas.

The utilization of this water power is rapidly increasing. During last year the installation of plants was completed with a total of 64,400 horsepower. Developments now under construction will produce 370,000 horsepower; and projects contemplated for the near future will add 750,000 horsepower. The waterpowers in Canada already developed have a capacity of 2,400,000 horsepower. The "white coal," that for ages had been running to waste, is now being made to turn the wheels of industry and to light Canada's streets and dwellings.

PILGRIM WORTHY OF HONOR

Elder Brewster Gave Up Much When He Abandoned His Home for a Great Principle.

Gone is the ancient pear tree, and no trace remains of the mulberry tree planted by Cardinal Wolsey, under the welcome shade of which Sir Edwin Sandys sat in the long summer days of 1575 at Scrooby manor, but pilgrims in England in 1920 need not neglect to raise their hats to the memory of Elder Brewster at his one-time home, because special arrangements have been made for escorting parties to the haunts of Pilgrim Fathers during the tercentenary year. All the fathers made great sacrifices, but one will be tempted to think that William Brewster made perhaps more than most when one sees the ruins of his palatial home he left. Traces of the moat still exist, and some of the great carved beams can be found in stables and cowsheds nearby. The size of the house can be realized when it is remembered that it was large enough to shelter Margaret Tudor and her entire retinue on her royal procession to Scotland.—Christian Science Monitor.

One Man Is Crew.

Recent naval tests have disclosed the remarkable characteristics of a new form of miniature torpedo boat, so low in the water that it has almost the invisibility of a submarine, according to a recent announcement in Popular Mechanics Magazine, accompanied by several interesting illustrations of the curious craft. It is operated by one man. It is but 40 feet long, and weighs 8,500 pounds with its single torpedo. The entire forward half of the boat is the torpedo chamber, and that part of the hull is U-shaped to conform to the big projectile, while the deck above is hinged along one side to permit the torpedo to be hoisted in. To discharge it, the whole rounded bow plate is lifted up like a gate, flooding the chamber and permitting the torpedo to go forth on the power of its own propeller.

The Noisy Guest.

William Jennings Bryan said at his brother's house in Lincoln:

"It is splendid to see the good order that now prevails at political banquets. There was considerable drunkenness at these banquets in the past. 'At a political banquet one evening the chairman said to a rather noisy guest:

"Excuse me, sir, but may I ask your name?"

"Morgan's me—hic—name," the guest answered.

"I mean your full name," said the chairman.

"The guest hiccupped again.

"It's just the same," he said, 'full or sober.'"

BALKED AT "WASTING LIQUOR"

Action of Chief of Secret Service That Caused Retainer to Resign His Position.

They tell the story of *Jack Bielaski*, head of the United States secret service, and one of his retainers.

In the old days—before the late unpleasantness—the retainer might have been described as a scholarly sipper. He knew the brands, origin, habitat and beading of every first-rate whisky. When he drank he acted like one of the old brandy toppers, who have been statutorily obliterated.

He would eye and sniff and roll the old stuff around in his mouth before the clamorous throat muscles pulled it down. He revered whisky. His sole reading was whisky reading. He was not a drunkard at all, you will understand—merely an enthusiastic connoisseur of liquor.

Bielaski had a room full of whiskies at his Washington headquarters. No one got into that room, either. Every time there was a raid the stuff was placed under lock and key until Bielaski personally superintended its destruction. The connoisseur of booze used to mourn this waste with tears in his eyes. He said it was a crime, no less. He said he is now convinced that this country is barbarous, and that in its heart it yearns to wear beads on its legs and feathers in its hair. He was orating in this strain one bitterly cold day during the big blizzard when he saw Bielaski come out of his office. Bielaski had a couple of quarts of a celebrated brand under his arm.

He stopped talking. Little flecks of foam appeared in the corners of his mouth. He began to dream of Tennessee meads and Kentucky pastures. His eyes softened and his cheek took on a younger flush.

Then Bielaski poured the liquor in the radiator of his automobile, and the enthusiast violently resigned from the federal service.—Herbert Corey, in Kansas City Star.

Great Soldier's Monuments.

Greatest of all monuments of Emperor Napoleon are the two arches of triumph, L'Arc de Triomphe and L'Arc du Carrousel, both of which were erected by the devoted Parisians that all the world might know the military supremacy which was theirs under Napoleon. Equal to these in importance is the tomb of the emperor, Les Invalides, which he decided should be a home for aged and disabled soldiers, but which the Parisians turned into a great museum to house countless trophies of his wars and articles of his personal equipment, as well as the body of the national hero, who wished to be buried on the banks of the Seine amidst his beloved "children."

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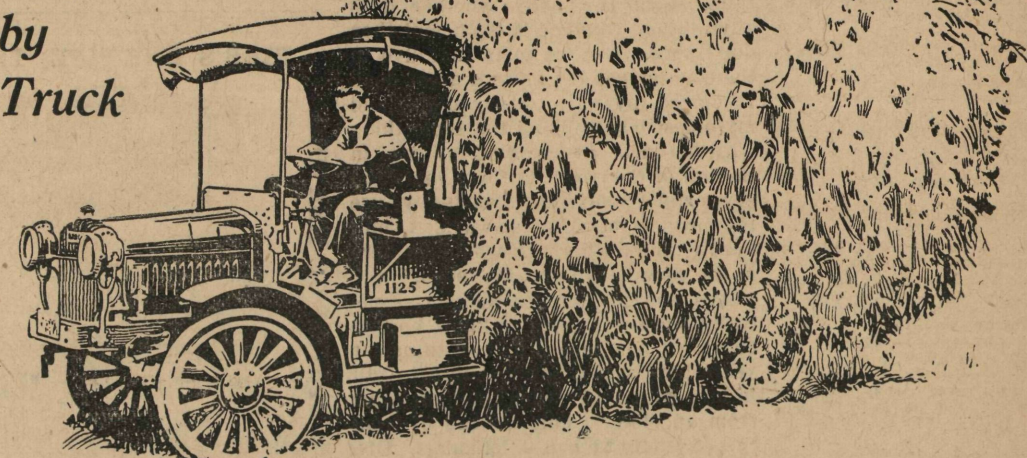
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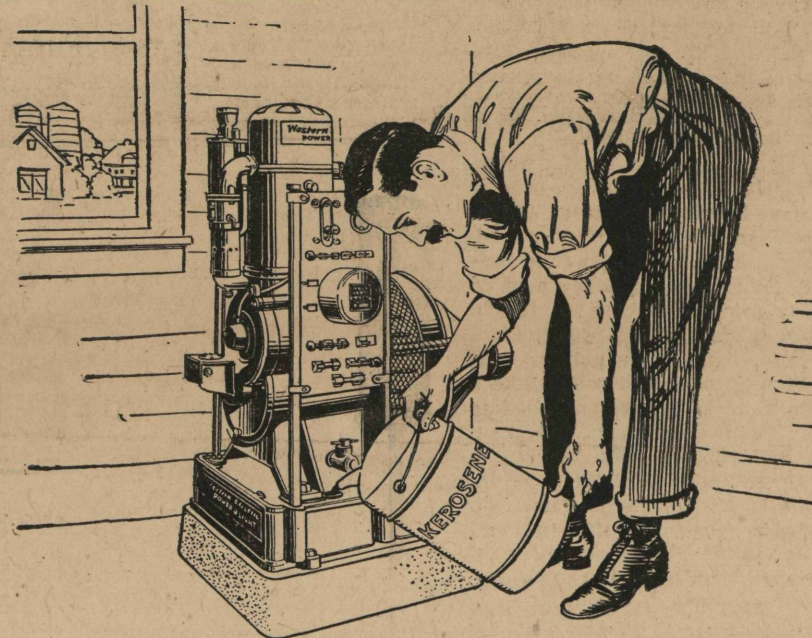
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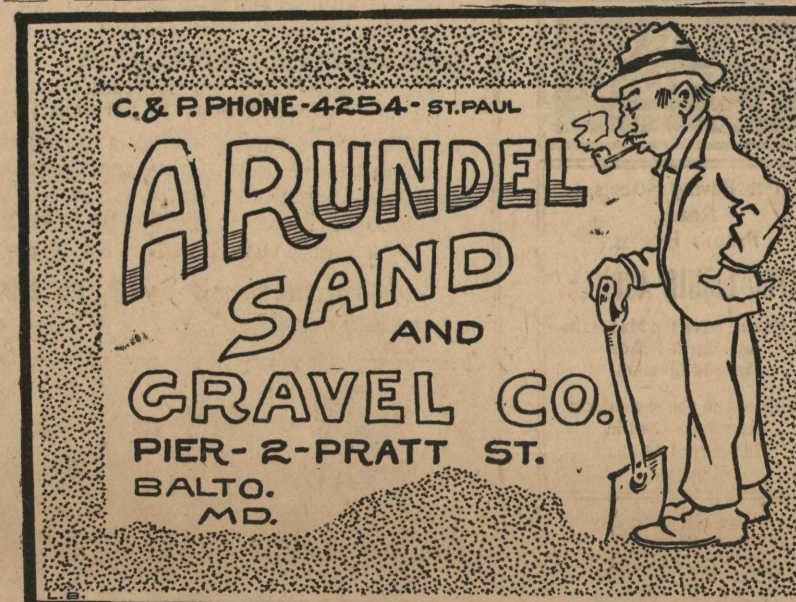


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