HARRIET and the PIPER

by Kathleen Norris

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SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I.—Harriet Field, twenty-eight years old and beautiful, is the social secretary of the flirtatious Mrs. Isabelle Carter, at "Crownlands," Richard Carter's home, and governess of 17-year-old Nina Carter. Ward, twenty-four years old and impressionable, fancies himself in love with his mother's attractive secretary. Mrs. Carter's latest "affair" is with young Anthony Pope, and the youth is taking it very seriously.

CHAPTER II.—Presiding over the tea-cups this summer afternoon, Harriet is profoundly disturbed by the arrival of a visitor, Royal Blondin. Next day, at a tea party in the city, Blondin makes himself agreeable to Nina, and leaves a deep impression on the unsophisticated girl.

CHAPTER III. — Harriet's agitation over the appearance of Blondin at "Crownlands" is explained by the fact that he had been a disturbing element in her life ten years before, and she fears him. The man is an avowed adventurer, living on the gullibility of the idle rich. He frankly announces to Harriet his intention of marrying Nina, who, as the daughter of the wealthy Richard Carter, is a highly desirable "catch," and urges her to aid him. She is in a sense in his power, and after pleading with him to abandon his scheme agrees to follow a policy of neutrality.

CHAPTER IV.—Harriet visits her married sister, Linda Davenport, with whom she had had her home during her unfortunate acquaintance with Blondin, and tells her of his reappearance. The two women, realizing the unscrupulous nature of the man, view the future with apprehension.

CHAPTER V.—Knowing the tender feeling she has inspired in Ward Carter, Harriet is tempted to marry him for the position and wealth he can give her, though realizing she does not love him. Blondin has ingratiated himself with Madame Carter, Richard's mother, and she is whole-heartedly in favor of his marriage with Nina. Ward urges Harriet to marry him at once. She procrastinates.

CHAPTER VI.—Angered at his wife's too open flirtation with young Anthony Pope, Richard Carter markedly shows his resentment. Isabelle, ardently returning her youthful lover's attachment, elopes with him on his yacht, and pursuit is useless. The news of the sensational affair, exaggerated, of course, by gossip, is kept as much as possible from being public property.

CHAPTER VII.—Ward Carter again urges Harriet to marry him, but she cannot bring herself to an alliance with him merely for the sake of self-advancement, and refuses. The fact of Mrs. Carter's elopement becomes public. Harriet's capable managing hand is more than ever needed at "Crownlands," and despite the complications she foresees as inevitable she decides to remain.

CHAPTER VIII.—Blondin puts pressure on Harriet to forward his marriage with Nina, but she makes up her mind to defy him. Richard Carter questions her concerning her knowledge of Blondin's intentions, and she counsels active opposition to the match. The family, with Harriet, move to a summer establishment on Long Island.

CHAPTER IX.—In the new home Harriet, with Madame Carter and Nina, settle down for a vacation. In a frank talk with Nina Harriet endeavors to show her Blondin's unworthiness, but it has little effect on the infatuated girl. On Richard Carter's insistence, Harriet is installed as mistress of the household, but finding her position untenable, declares her intention of leaving. Richard makes an offer of marriage, as a way out of the situation, but Harriet, considering such a thing impossible while Mrs. Carter (though divorced) is still alive, refuses, and leaves the house. To her old-fashioned ideas, the fact that Richard Carter has been granted a divorce from his erring wife does not free him from his marital ties, and marriage with him is impossible.

CHAPTER X.—At her sister's home Harriet helps to bring her small nephew safely through an attack of diphtheria. Linda cordially approves Harriet's stand on the question of marriage with a divorced man. David Davenport, Linda's brother-in-law, warmly presses his suit, and Harriet has about made up her mind to accept him when Richard Carter appears with the announcement that Isabelle is dead and no obstacle to his marriage with Harriet remains. The girl yields, and the marriage is quietly solemnized. Harriet offers to tell Richard the circumstances of her entanglement with Blondin, but he refuses to listen.

CHAPTER XI.

Morning found them half-buried in a bright dazzle of snow, the midwinter miracle that sets the most jaded heart singing and the weariest blood to moving more quickly. Harriet was through with her housekeeping and her luncheon, and meditating a letter to Linda, when Ida Tabor fluttered in. Harriet heard the gay voice at the foot of the stairs: "Oh, sweetheart! Where's my little girl?"

Mrs. Tabor looked a trifle dashed when only Harriet responded, although she immediately assured Miss Field cordially with bright insincerity that she had known of her return, and was "so glad!"

"I've been a sort of big sister here," she said, laughingly, "and, my Lord, these kids have managed things wonderfully! But I suppose sooner or later the machinery would have stalled without your fine Italian hand!"

"Mr. Carter asked me to come back," Harriet stated, simply. She thought the truth her best weapon, but Mrs. Tabor was ready for her.

"Mary Putnam told us that you were just resting and looking about," she said, innocently, "and Dick—generous that he is—couldn't feel comfortable about it, I suppose!"

Richard had telephoned Harriet at three o'clock that the morning papers would have "the news," and that he was coming home to tell his children of their mother's death, tonight. But she must get rid of this woman now, somehow. It would be fatal to have Ida Tarbor here when Richard Carter returned.

"I might run up now and see the old lady!" said Mrs. Tabor, who had flung off her furs, and beautified herself at her hand-bag mirror. She pressed her lips together for the red coloring. "Mr. Carter be here tonight?" she asked, casually.

Bottomley caused an interruption. Harriet turned to him with relief. But fortunately he answered the very question she was trying to evade.

"Mr. Carter had just telephoned 'm, says that 'e'll be 'ere at about six, 'm."

"Oh, thank you, Bottomley!" Harriet turned back to Ida, to see her complacently loosening outer wraps.

"I came in the Warrens' car," said she; "they were to run over to say Merry Christmas to the Bellamys, and then pick me up. But—if I won't be in the way!—perhaps I might stay and see Nina; we've become great chums. I suppose I'd better go to the room I always have? Then I'll run up and get the latest news of the Battle of Shiloh from Madame Carter!"

It was now or never; Harriet's heart began to beat. "Madame Carter has gone driving," she said. "She may be in at any moment, but before she comes, I want to speak to you. We've had terrible news here, Mrs. Tabor. Mr. Carter is coming home to tell the children and his mother tonight. Mr. Pope cabled from Paris on Christmas eve that Mrs. Carter suddenly died that day!"

Ida Tabor never felt anything very deeply, but her emotions were accessible enough, and violent while they lasted. She grew white, gasped, somehow reached a chair, and burst into honest tears. Isabelle—! Why, they had been friends for years! Why, she had been so wonderfully well and strong!

"Nobody knows it," Harriet said. And not quite innocently she added: "The Fordyces, the Bellamys—everyone who knew her—are in total ignorance of it! If you do tell them, Mrs. Tabor—and there is no reason why you shouldn't—"

"Oh, I shall stay here with Nina tonight, anyway!" the visitor said, decidedly. "She'll need me, of course! Poor little thing!"

"It seems too bad to spoil your New Year's plans," Harriet said, smiling, "but you know Nina! She will put those long arms of hers about you—and she won't hear of your leaving her for days! With Nina," Harriet pursued, thoughtfully, "it isn't so much that one can't find a good excuse, as that she won't hear of excuses at all! I remember when Mrs. Carter first went away, there were days of it—weeks of it!—just talk, tears, and talk—my arm used to ache from the weight of Nina's arm! Mr. Carter intends to leave for Chicago tomorrow, Ward will probably go up to the Eatons'—" Harriet rambled on, not unconscious that she was making an impression. "Anyway," she finished, "we shall be fearfully quiet and alone here, and your being here would simply save the day for Nina!"

"Oh, I really couldn't stay over New Year's," Mrs. Tabor, looking slightly discomfited, said slowly. "You see, the Fordyces—" She looked undecided, and bit her under-lip.

"One wonders—?" she said, musingly. "Of course, I shouldn't want to intrude tonight—it would be merely to have them feel that I was here—"

"Mr. Carter has asked me to see that the family is alone tonight," Harriet said, courageously, "but of course he may feel that you are an exception," she added, with the impersonal air of a mere employee. "I only want to be able to tell him that I repeated his request, and told you the reason for it. That's"—and she smiled pleasantly—"that is as far as my authority goes, of course. I shall say simply that you know of his wishes, and if you remain, I know I can say that it was to please Nina!"

And now the two women exchanged an open glance that needed no pretense and no concealment, and it was a glance of enmity.

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your invitation, Miss Field!" said Mrs. Tabor, frankly.

"I am aware of that," Harriet said, simply.

"Will you be so kind as to tell Nina and Madame Carter," the visitor was resuming her wraps, and arranging her handsome hat and veil, "that I will be here tomorrow, and that anything I can do I will be so glad to do!—Is that Mrs. Warren's car, Bottomley? Thank you. Good afternoon, Miss Field!"

"Good afternoon, Mrs. Tabor!" Harriet followed her to the hall door, and heard a Parthian shot, addressed in a cheerfully high voice to kindly old Mrs. Warren, Mrs. Fordyce's mother, who was in the limousine:

"Nobody home! All my trouble for nothing!"

Old Mrs. Warren leaned against the frosted glass; waved from the holly-dressed interior at Harriet, and the girl saw her lips frame "Merry Christmas!" The door slammed; Bottomley came with stately footsteps up to the hall again. Harriet gave a little laugh of triumph. Now the coast was clear!

Thus it was that Richard Carter found only his mother and his children at the dinner table that night, and no guests under his roof. Miss Field, to be sure, was at the head of the table, but then Miss Field was a member of the family. He interrogated her briefly as they went in.

"Ward's gang? That Eaton ass?"

"Oh, they went yesterday!"

"Speak to Bottomley?"

"Yes. He and Pilgrim are quite reconciled to remaining." Harriet buttoned a cuff, to hide a dimple that would come to the corner of her mouth. "And Mrs. Tabor came, and would have stayed," she could not resist the temptation to add, "but I persuaded her that some other time would be better!"

"Scene with Nina about it?" Richard had asked, curiously.

"Nina was not here," Harriet answered. And there was a faint smile in the deep blue eyes that she raised suddenly to his.

"Ah, well, I knew, of course, that you would manage it!" he said, contentedly. "It seems black art to me. I had enough of it!"

She smiled again, and went quietly to her place. But when he summoned Ward and Nina to his mother's room, after dinner, she had disappeared, and the family was quite alone when he broke the news to them.

Harriet, presently needed again, was astonished at the emotion of the old lady, who had been genuinely fond of her daughter-in-law, and had always been loyal to Isabelle, as one of the Carters. Madam Carter was greatly shaken, Nina hysterical, Ward aggrieved, irritated at his own feeling. He had not seen his mother for seven months, she had brought nothing but a certain unpleasant notoriety to her children, yet her death struck both the young creatures forcibly, and they felt shocked and shaken.

"We can't be in the Fordyce tableaux," said Nina in an interval between floods of sobs. "Not that I would want to, now! But I don't know; it seems to me that I am the most unfortunate girl in the world!"

"I think both you and Ward should wear black for a certain period," Richard said to her. He had been walking the floor nervously, stopping now and then beside the great chair where his mother sat silent and stricken, to put his arm about her shoulders, and murmur to her consolingly.

"When my mother died," Madame Carter quavered, with her handkerchief pressed to the tip of her nose, "my sisters and I wore black, and refused all social engagements for one year. We then, I remember distinctly, began to wear white and lavender—"

Nina broke in pettishly: "I don't see why I have to wear black!"

"Why should you?" Ward said with bitter scorn. "It's only your mother!" Nina began to cry.

"You and I will go down to Landmann's early tomorrow, Nina," Harriet suggested, "and we'll have some one show us what is simple and nice—not crape, you know," Harriet said, with a glance at Richard Carter, "but black, for a few months, anyway."

"I think that would be the least, Richard," his mother approved. "I believe I will go with you," she condescended to Harriet, "after all, Isabelle was my daughter-in-law, and the mother of my grandchildren!"

"And I won't go to California or Bermuda or anywhere else unless Ladybird comes!" Nina burst out, with a broken sob.

"Nonsense!" her father began harshly. Harriet said:

"Bermuda? Is there a plan for Bermuda?"

"I suggested it for a few weeks," Richard said, frowning, "but I don't propose to have Nina invite a group of friends. That isn't exactly the idea."

"We could ask Mrs. Tabor," Harriet said, soothingly; "it is right in the middle of the season, and perhaps she will feel she can hardly spare the time. But I'm sure that if she can—"

"If I ask her, she'll go," Nina said, in a sulky, confident undertone.

Harriet had her doubts, but she did not express them. A month at Nassau, in the undiluted company of Nina and her grandmother, was enough to appall even Harriet's stout heart.

The event proved her right, for while Ida Tabor flew at once to her disconsolate little friend, and assured Richard with tears in her eyes that she would do anything in the world to help him, she weakened when the actual test arrived.

"If just you and I and your dear grandmother were going, dearest girl," she said to Nina, "then it would be perfect. But as long as Miss Field, who is perfectly charming and conscientious and all that, feels that she must accompany us, why—you and I would never be a moment alone, sweetheart, you know that! I don't like to think that it's jealousy—"

"Of course it's jealousy," Nina was pleased to decide, gloomily. "Granny says that we don't need her, but Father just sticks to it that she must manage everything!"

Ida Tabor smiled automatically. "I don't suppose your father sees anything in Miss Field?" she submitted, lightly.

"Oh, Heavens, no!" Nina said, studying herself in a handglass. There was a rather steely look in the eyes of her friend Ladybird, but she did not see it. Her smile of pleasure gradually gave place to a pout. "I'm going to ask Father if we need Miss Harriet!" she said.

And that evening she did indeed attack Richard on the subject, although not as decidedly as she had planned. He listened to her interestedly enough, with his evening paper held ready for his next glance.

"Let you roam about the country with Mrs. Tabor," he said, as the girl's faltering accents stopped. "No, my dear, it's out of the question! In the first place, she is not the sort of companion I would chooose for any girl, and in the second place I would never know where you and your grandmother were, or what was happening to you! While Miss Field is in charge I shall feel entirely safe. Of course, if Mrs. Tabor chooses to invite herself, that's her affair!"

"Then I don't want to go!" Nina stormed. But in the end she did go. Madame Carter, Nina and Harriet duly sailed, in the second week of January, and Ward joined them almost a month later, in Nassau. And here Harriet had the brother and sister at their best, free to show the genuine childishness that was in them, to swim and picnic and tramp, and here she indulged Nina in long talks, and encouraged her to associate with the young people she met.

Harriet wrote once a week to Richard, making a general report, and inclosing receipted hotel and miscellaneous bills. His communications usually took the form of cables, although once or twice she received typewritten letters.

In mid-April they all came home again, and Crownlands, in the year's first shy filming of green, looked wonderful to Harriet's homesick eyes.

Richard was to join them at dinner; it had been impossible for him to meet them when the boat arrived, but Fox had been there and attended to the formalities. It had pleased them all to make the occasion formal and to dress accordingly. Nina looked her prettiest in a white silk, and the old lady was magnificent in diamonds and brocade. Harriet deliberately selected her handsomest gown, a severe black satin that wrapped her slender body with one superb and shining sweep, and left her white arms and firm, flawless shoulders bare. The firm young lines of chin and throat, the swelling white breast that met the encasing satin, the slippers with their twinkling buckles—she could not but find every detail pleasing, and her scarlet mouth, firmly shut, was twitched by a sudden dimple.

She glanced at the clock, went slowly to the door, and slowly down the big square stairway. Richard and his children were in the lower hall, and they all glanced up.

Down in the soft glow of light came Harriet, smiling as she slipped her left arm about Nina, and gave the free hand to Nina's father. She was apparently cool and unself-conscious; inwardly she felt feverish, frightened and excited and happy, all at once. Richard was in evening dress, too; he looked his best; his dark hair brushed to a shining crest, and his gray eyes full of pleasure.

"Well, Miss Field—!" he said, a little breathlessly. "Well! Your vacation hasn't done you any harm!"

"We had to make an occasion of our coming home!" Harriet said, with a nervous laugh, trying not to see the admiration in his eyes.

"You look wonderful!" Nina said.

"Why, you saw this gown at Nassau," Harriet protested.

"Louise—or whoever she was of Prussia, or whatever you call it, turned in the family vault when you walked down those stairs!" Ward said. "Oo-oo—caught you under the mistletoe—oo-oo, you would!" he added, with an effort to envelop her in his embrace.

"Ward, behave yourself!" Harriet said, evading him, and walking toward the dining room with his grandmother, who came downstairs in her turn, and joined them.

Richard Carter watched her, the incarnation of young and beautiful womanhood. Clever he knew her to be, capable and conscientious, but tonight she was in a new role. He liked to see her there at the other end of the table; he realized that she was the center of things, here in his house, and that he had missed her.

After dinner it chanced that Bottomley called her to the telephone, and that a moment later she passed the call on to Richard.

"It's Mr. Gardiner, Mr. Carter. He didn't know that you were here, but he would rather speak to you," Harriet said. Richard went to the telephone, and as she moved to make room for him, and gave him the receiver, he had a sudden breath of the sweetness and freshness of her, of hair and young firm skin, of the rustling satin gown, and the little handkerchief that she dropped, and that he picked up for her. He smiled as he gave it, and flushed inexplicably, and his first few words to the bewildered Gardiner were a little shaken and breathless. But Richard was quite himself again an hour or two later, when he sent for Miss Field, and she came into the library.

"I needn't say that I'm entirely pleased with the way matters have gone, Harriet," said Richard, when she had seated herself on the opposite side of his big, flat desk, and locking her white hands on the shining surface, had fixed her magnificent eyes on him. "Nina seems in fine shape, and I have never seen my mother better. You seem to have a genius for managing the Carters. I'm seriously considering an offer from Gardiner; he's got to take his boy out to Nevada for his health. Ward wants to go, and would very probably like it when he got there. I hope he will try it anyhow! So that leaves Nina, who is safe enough with you, and my mother, who seems perfectly well and happy. Meanwhile, while you've been gone, we've gotten the Brazilian company well started, so that I shall have a little more freedom than I've had for years.

"You look as if you needed it," Harriet observed.

"You look wonderful," Richard returned, simply. "Wonderful! Is that a new gown?"

"Well, I had it made last November just before I went away. Mrs. Carter gave me the material a year ago." Harriet glanced down at herself and smiled.

"You might wear pearls—or something—with it," Richard said. "Do you like pearls?"

It was astonishing to see the color come up in her dusky skin; her eyes met his almost pleadingly.

"Why—I never thought!" she said, in some confusion.

"I suppose a man may ask his wife if she likes pearls?" Richard said, impelled by some feeling he did not define. He had leaned back in his chair, and half-closed his eyes, as he studied her.

"Oh—please!" Harriet said in an agony. She gave a horrified glance about, but the library was closed and silent. "Some one might hear you!" she whispered. And a moment later she rose to her feet, and eyed him quietly. "Was that all, Mr. Carter?" she asked. It was Richard's turn to look a trifle confused.

"That's all—my dear!" he said obediently. The term made her flush

"That's All—My Dear!" He Said Obediently.

again. He was still smiling when she closed the door.

(To be continued.)

REPORT OF THE

Chestertown Water Department

FOR THE YEAR 1921.

SUPERINTENDENT'S BOOKS

Rents uncollected for 1920	$1,077.45
Assessments for 1921	11,144.65
	$12,222.10
Rents collected for 1921	$10,948.04
Rents, delinquent and uncollected, 1921	1,274.06
	$12,222.10

TREASURER'S BOOKS.

RECEIPTS.

Balance on hand Dec., 1920	$2,561.56
Received from Supt. 1921	10,948.04
Transferred from Savings account	1,500.00
	$15,009.60

DISBURSEMENTS

System	$2,259.01
Pumping House	4,238.71
Office	224.22
Interest	2,450.00
Bond	1,500.00
Miscellaneous	713.72
Balance on hand Dec. 31, 1921	3,623.94
	$15,009.60

SAVINGS ACCOUNT

Balance on hand Dec. 31 1920	$2,894.49
Interest	105.57
From Active Account	700.00
	$3,700.06
Transf'ed to active Account	$1,500.00
Balance on hand Dec. 31, 1921	2,200.06
	$3,700.06

The books of the Superintendent and Treasurer have been examined and found correct as per the above statement. Vouchers for all disbursements in the report are on file at the office of the Water Board, and they and the books are open to inspection.

J. H. SIDES, President.
C. C. Jones, Treasurer.
WM. ROBT. HUEY, Secretary.
CHAS. S. SMITH, Supt.
CHAS. F. WHEATLEY, Auditor.
HARRY C. COLEMAN, Auditor.

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SPORTS

ST. JOHN'S AND WASHINGTON COLLEGE LAST NIGHT—THE LEGION TEAM NO MATCH FOR WASHINGTON COLLEGE—OTHER NOTES

Washington College and St. John's met in the second basketball battle of the year in Annapolis last night, Friday. The other game resulted in a victory for Washington College by the narrow margin of one point. St. John's expects to win from Washington in this game, but we doubt if they will put it over. In fact, we predict W. C. the winner by about seven points. The local Collegians had a mighty close call at a time when they expected an easy victory. They played away below form, perhaps the worst form of the season. The game last night perhaps showed them in a far different form.

The fact that Derringer failed to appear in Saturday night's game was a keen disappointment to the many fans who attended the Legion-Washington game expressly for the purpose of seeing Derringer in action. Had he been in the game, the team's score would, without doubt, been many points closer but even his appearance in the Legion lineup could not make up for the vast difference in the two teams.

Washington College's great scoring combination, Carroll-Gordy-Dumschott, held high carnival for a time at W. C. Saturday night, and, for a time, it appeared that the Legion team would be swamped in the fourth game of the season, which ended with a Washington victory, 32-13. But the second half witnessed the Legion playing a much better game and giving the Collegians a hard battle to hold them in check.

The Legion team, composed of H. Usilton, center; Kibler and Jarman, forwards; C. Usilton, Bartley and H. Rouse, guards, were in poor shape for the game, taken as a whole, because of lack of practice, and they were outplayed considerably during the first period, when Washington made 19 points while they were making three points by foul shots. In this period Washington's scoring ace, Carroll, was in great form, the Legion boys being literally swamped by his repeated goals from around the circle. In his work he was ably assisted by his running mate, Dumschott, while Captain Gordy's strong defensive work was as good as we have seen this season. The fact that the Legion in this half failed to score a goal showed that the W. C. guards, Johnston and Lohran, were on the job.

While the spectators thought that the Legion team was about through in the first half and would be more completely outplayed in the second, they were fooled when the Legion boys unloosened an attack that soon placed them much nearer than opponents and set a pace that kills the men off who are unable to stand the grilling.

Washington's well-trained team, however, struck back sharply and met "fire with fire," with the result that a whirlwind game took place for the last fifteen minutes of the contest.

The floor work of H. Usilton was perhaps the feature of the game from the Legion standpoint, while Kibler's long shot from near the center of the floor was the best individual shot of the game. Jarman was exceptionally fast on the floor and made repeated flashes to the basket, but was "off" in shooting and unable to cage the ball as frequently as in days gone by. Barber Bartley and Johnston guarded perhaps stronger than the other pair of guards, Johnston hanging to Kibler like a leach. Usilton, usually a star guard, was a little out of form, while Lohran is fast developing into as good a guard as he was a forward, although he will, perhaps, never attain as high a state of efficiency as a guard as he would as a forward, the latter being more his natural position.

The game Saturday evening was the last of the four-game series between Washington and the Legion and resulted in the fourth straight defeat for the Legion boys.

St. Mary's College will never meet Washington College upon the basketball floor again this season. Make no mistake, about that. The Mountaineers victory over the Washington five—with Dumschott not yet added to the team and with Carroll seassick from the trip across the Chesapeake—was so fortunate a one for them that never again this year will they take any chances with such an outfit as the W. C. boys. In one way we don't blame them. They realize that nothing but a bad beating would be their portion, so why take chances of losing the championship of the state? Certainly not. Washington's string of unbroken victories against such teams as Loyola, St. John's, Penn Military, Univ. of Penn Jr. Varsity and Marietta, to say nothing of Blue Ridge, the Legion and several other teams, has a sort of chilling effect to teams of this state when they talk of stacking up against her. You're right, Mt. St. Mary's, keep on the home lot and don't play Washington College any more this year.

Though short in statue, Johnson, the Washington College guard, has developed into a guard that ranks with the best ever at the institution. Johnson goes into a game to win cleanly and seldom fouls. Nevertheless, he sticks to his man so close that it makes it hard for him to reach the basket. He is strong and sturdy and has been able to hold his own against any man who has faced him this year. A guard has not the chance to distinguish himself that a forward has, but Johnson can be ranked with the best guards that ever played the game here.

DECLINE IN HOG CHOLERA

Material Progress Made During Past Year In Controlling Disease

That well-defined progress is being made in the control of hog cholera in the State of Maryland is indicated in the annual report of Dr. I. K. Atherton, Federal Inspector in charge of the work. This report covering the year 1921, shows that there was a reduction of 25 per cent in the number of hog cholera outbreaks under the previous year or 458 cases as compared to 614 in 1920.

There has been a steady decrease in the losses from this disease since hog cholera control work was inaugurated in the state five years ago by the U. S. Bureau of Animal Industry in co-operation with the State Board of Agriculture. Since losses have been reduced from 79 per thousand prior to 1917 to 45 per thousand in 1921, resulting in an annual saving of 17,175 head. With an average value of $16 per head for the five year period, the total saving in dollars and cents has been $274,805.00 per annum. In contrast to the saving effected, the approximate cost of the work has been $14,000 a year, borne equally by the federal government and the state.

It is also worthy of note that during the above period, Maryland has advanced from ninth to seventh place in the number of hogs per square mile, being exceeded only by Iowa, Indiana, Ohio, Illinois, Missouri and Georgia. This shows that Maryland farmers are raising more hogs as the menace of hog cholera is gradually eliminated.

Four veterinarians assigned by the Bureau of Animal Industry devote their entire time to the work, the state being divided into four districts, the headquarters of which are located respectively at College Park, Hagerstown, Elkton and Salisbury.

The work of controlling the disease is conducted under the "Maryland Plan for Hog Cholera Control," this plan being founded on the principle of preventing the introduction, harboring and spread of the infection. The success of this method rests with the individual farmer and depends upon the extent of the co-operation obtained from him. No compulsory regulations are maintained and his compliance with the provisions of the plan must necessarily be entirely voluntary. In general it may be said that the farmers are giving their fullest co-operation and approval of the work.

However, the greatest difficulty encountered has been in obtaining early reports of sick hogs and in numerous instances widespread outbreaks have occurred with resultant heavy losses before the authorities were aware of the presence of the infection. On the other hand, when an outbreak has been promptly reported, not the slightest difficulty has been experienced in stopping the spread of the infection.

The co-operation of all farmers and hog raisers is therefore requested in reporting all cases of sick hogs. Reports should be made to your county agricultural agent or to the federal veterinarian in this district, who is Dr. W. H. Wright, Elkton, Md. Prompt investigation will be made of these cases and thus material assistance will be given to the work of controlling one of the most serious of livestock diseases.

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ANNOUNCEMENT TO THE PUBLIC

Mr. John Wethered Barroll, Counsellor-at-Law, announces that he has opened his office in the frame law office on Court Street, adjoining the Lyceum Theatre. All kinds of legal business will receive his prompt and close attention. When not in the office, a message can be left with his father, Hope H. Barroll, Esq., whose assistance is always at his command.

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