

BERLIN ADVANCE

VOL. XII. NO. 6

BERLIN, WORCESTER COUNTY, MD., FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1915.

\$1.00 PER YEAR

Issued every Friday morning.
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2 CENTS EACH.
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GIVE US A CALL

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DENTIST,
BERLIN, MARYLAND,
Located on Pitts Street,
Office of the late Dr. J. W. Pitts.

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SURVEYOR.
BERLIN, - MD.

Samuel H. Townsend,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
SNOW HILL, MD.
OFFICE OPPOSITE COURT HOUSE.
In Berlin office every Saturday afternoon.

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SNOW HILL, MD.
At Berlin office every Saturday afternoon.

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Of the firm of Upshur & Upshur,
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WELL YOUR OLD FRIEND
J. T. Horsey
is still doing business
at the old stand?
Tie Roofing,
Spotting and all
kinds of Sheet
Metal Work done
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REPAIRS
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Expert Piano and Organ Tuner.
Work Guaranteed. Permanently
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All kinds of bonds furnished.
In Berlin Office every Saturday afternoon. ☎
TELEPHONES Office 92, Residence 110.

INCORPORATED IN THE YEAR 1898
CAPITAL, \$50,000.
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Exchange and Savings
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Our Savings Department pays
3 per cent. interest to
depositors.

We invite you to open an account.
JOHN D. HENRY, CASHIER.
C. W. KEAS, ASST. CASHIER.

Try **ADVANCE** Job Work.

NOTABLES IN THE LIMELIGHT

Claude Kitchin, Who Will Lead
House Majority.



Photo by American Press Association.

When the Sixty-fourth congress assembles for its first session—and that there will be a new Democratic leader on the floor of the house. This will come to pass by reason of the translation of the present floor leader, Representative Oscar W. Underwood of Alabama, to the United States senate. The new leader of the majority will in all probability be Representative Claude Kitchin of the Second North Carolina district. Mr. Kitchin is the second man on the Democratic side of the great ways and means committee and if the usual procedure prevails will become its chairman, which position carries with it the majority leadership.

When Mr. Kitchin first went to congress in 1901 his older brother, William W., was also a member of that body. Later William left congress to become governor of the Tar Heel State. Congressman Kitchin is a native of North Carolina and is forty-six years old. He is a lawyer by profession and has practiced law at Seaford, Del., since his graduation in 1900. He has been a public voter until elected to the Fifty-seventh congress, and he has been regularly returned ever since, steadily rising in the esteem of his colleagues and becoming a powerful member of the Democratic party. Mr. Kitchin is a good speaker, forceful in debate and is considered one of the best parliamentarians on his side of the house.

Would Aid the Unemployed.
Representative David J. Lewis of Maryland, who is preparing a bill for the creation of a federal employment bureau, believes the postoffices should be used to bring the man and job together. "My idea," says Mr. Lewis, "is that state and municipal employment bureaus should be co-ordinated with a national bureau. The federal government already has the machinery to run the federal employment bureau."

Mr. Lewis is a native of Maryland and is a member of the Democratic party. He was elected to congress in 1908 and has since that time been a member of the House of Representatives.

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Our Help in Ages Past.

O God! our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home.

Under the shadow of Thy throne
Still may we dwell secure,
Sufficient in Thy arm alone,
And our defense is sure.

Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting Thou art God,
To endless years the same.

A thousand ages in Thy sight,
Are like an evening gone,
Short as the watch that ends the night,
Before the rising sun.

O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our guide when troubles do us last,
And our perpetual home!

Maryland Briefs.

The new Betterment Methodist Church was dedicated Sunday.

Havre de Grace Fire Department gave its annual banquet to its honorary members and friends last Friday night.

George K. Houck, of Chesapeake City, has announced his candidacy for County Treasurer on the Democratic ticket.

A literary society has been organized at New Bridge, with Arlene Brown, president, and Ruth Coulson, secretary.

The State Roads Commission has awarded R. M. Sprout, of Philadelphia, the contract to build a mile of concrete road through the town of North East.

The thirty-third anniversary of the rectorship of Rev. Adolphus T. Fiddell, of Sherwood Episcopal Church, Cockeysville, was celebrated Monday with a donation party and supper.

The officers of Company No. 1 of Elkton, tendered the members of the company a banquet last evening.

The Ladies Auxiliary of the Elkton Methodist Church, held a social last month for the Havre de Grace Hospital.

The new director of Singery Fire Company, of Elkton, elected Frederick H. L. Miller, president, and C. E. Finck, secretary.

Civil service examinations will be held at Bel Air and Havre de Grace on February 27th for a rural mail carrier from Darlington.

Catching in a whirling shafting, a portion of the hair was torn from the head of Miss Reba Boyd, at the Oxford confectionery plant.

While on a visit to his daughter, Mrs. Frank Guthrie, near Rising Sun, Isaac T. Sidwell, near Slymar, died suddenly Friday, aged 69.

One foot slipping in the way of the st. George Boyd, Chesapeake City, cut several toes and the instep, and had to be taken to Union Hospital.

The new Methodist Church at Beltsville was dedicated Sunday.

In a milk wagon upset, Frank Wishard, Zullinger, broke a leg in four places.

Falling between two cars at Hancock, Charles Little was severely injured.

Mr. and Mrs. George H. Brooks, Hancock, celebrated their fortieth wedding anniversary.

In 12 weeks of revival in Maryland Methodist Church, 136 persons have professed conversion.

William Whitlock, aged 10, son of William Whitlock, of near Town Point, disappeared six weeks ago.

Grover Greenwood, arrested in Kent County for violating the local-option law, has been held for the grand jury.

August Dutch, of New York, aged 18, going to St. Louis in search of work, was run over and killed near Mount Airy.

Charles Delaplane, of Tharmon, was badly burned about the feet and hands by coming in contact with a heavily-charged electric insulator.

Considerable opposition has developed to the plan to buy a site for a public park by the city of Hagerstown, which has been authorized to expend \$25,000.

The body of an unidentified man, supposed to be the victim of the steamer Maryland, was found along the bay shore of the Ringgold farm, in Kent County.

In a fall in the mill, Mrs. Mary Courney, wife of Rev. Ralph T. Courney, a well-known minister formerly of the Wilmington M. E. Conference, injured her lower jaw and suffered serious injuries.

Striking his head against a circular saw while operating a mill, Harry C. Spier, of near Elkton, almost severed three of his fingers.

The \$10,000 fruit and vegetable packing factory, the property of S. J. Cooper & Son, Company, was sold at public sale, and was purchased by W. H. Knowles & Co. \$3,100.

Hanford Female school is closed on account of epidemic of mumps among the pupils.

Albert McKee, of near Beard's Church and four miles from Elkton, was killed by a falling log.

The February term of the Circuit Court for Talbot County was convened at Easton, Monday.

Hannah J. Lewis, colored, of Havre de Grace, died of a street while returning from work.

The Cecil County Grangers' Club has elected John B. Kumble, president, and Elwood Johnston, secretary.

Mrs. Clement P. Smith was elected president of the Frederick City Hospital Guild at its annual meeting.

Knights from the Conowingo Station, William A. Hartman slipped under a moving car and sustained a crushed leg.

The North East Baptist church, standing at the Methodist church Sunday night and heard of the death of Rev. Asbury, of near Elkton.

Former Senator Omar D. Crothers, of Elkton, has submitted his resignation to the State Board of Education.

The official Board of Perryville Methodist Church has invited their pastor, Rev. J. B. Beauchamp to return for another year.

A silver dollar of 1796 was dug from the sands near Cape Henlopen Light, by Elmer Steele, of Lewes.

Of the 2,000 young men who tried to enlist in the United States navy at the Wilmington recruiting station during 1914, only 57 were accepted.

Hotel and saloon men of Wilmington are much agitated over a high-license bill sent to the Legislature by the Law and Order Society of Wilmington.

Detecting the odor of gas about his home in Wilmington, John Prybylsek started to look for the leak with a lighted candle, the subsequent explosion damaging the house.

Dr. William Myers, appointed city physician by Wilmington Board of Health, has been confirmed by City Council.

New Castle County Grangers have sent to Wilmington Council a protest against the pure food law now pending before that body.

A double celebration of the eighty-fifth anniversary of the birth of Mr. and Mrs. Ira Lunt, at New Castle, was observed yesterday.

The keel for a barge to be used in the lumber trade on the Nantuxcoke River has been laid at the shipyard of Sharpstown. It is 150 feet long and with a 30-foot beam.

Wilmington's ancient City Hall was saved from probable destruction by fire, this week, when Councilman W. E. Stover discovered and extinguished a fire in the office of Clerk C. M. Ellison.

A barge from Norfolk, Va., unloaded 100,000 feet of gun logs to be made into berry boxes at Seaford, Saturday.

Henry Slade fell from a scaffold at the Pennsylvania Railroad shops in Wilmington and sustained internal injuries.

While cutting wood on the Haydriek farm, near Seaford, George Sharpe nearly severed a foot when the ax slipped.

John G. Townsend has purchased 733 acres along the railroad near Shockley, and will develop the tract into a factory section.

Farmers who have stands in the Wilmington street markets will ask the Legislature to give Delaware farmers priority in the assignment of spaces.

Frank Schultz, aged 4 years, of Wilmington, was accidentally shot through his left hand by an elder brother, who was playing with a revolver.

When an examination for the postmasterhip of Bethany Beach was held Monday, Mrs. Elmira I. Henderson, the present postmistress, was the only applicant.

The Wakebury Sunday School, between Georgetown and Bridgeville, has been reorganized, with a full force of officers, headed by Roy Hill, of Nantuxcoke Hundred.

George M. Smith became freight trainmaster on the Maryland Division of the Pennsylvania Railroad, succeeding Frank Carlisle, of Wilmington, who retired after 54 years service.

New Castle Levy Court has discovered that the county deficit will exceed \$200,000 next June, and a conference is to be held with officials of the Farmer's Bank relative to a loan to cover the shortage.

Retractions have been filed in the Superior Court, in Wilmington, against the granting of a liquor license to Howard Patton, colored, who seeks to open a saloon, and Nicholas Caruso, who has been prosecuted for selling without a license.

"Say, Judge, give me a new term this time, for I am tired of the law," William Long pleaded when arraigned in the Wilmington City Court for being drunk, his eighth appearance in two years.

The Employees' Relief Association of the Wilmington & Philadelphia Traction Company and the Southern Pennsylvania Traction Company, held its fourth annual entertainment and banquet in Wilmington Tuesday evening.

The Kent Levy Court re-elected Benjamin Donoho, of Dover, president.

After three days' recess from the last term of Court, the February term of Court began in Georgetown Monday.

St. Agnes' Guild of St. Paul's Episcopal Church, La. Georgetown, cleared \$86 for the benefit of the church by a supper.

Albert Johnson and Lida Laws, colored, of Dover, were held in \$300 bail on a charge of selling intoxicants in "dry" territory.

The enrollment at the Wilmington High School for the mid-winter term has reached 1,350 students, the largest in the history of the school.

The Wilmington Home Relief Committee has announced that, if its work is to be continued until April, as planned, additional funds will have to be supplied.

Selby Hitchens, a lumber sawman from Georgetown, who had been employed on a timber tract near Waples Mill, was found dead from heart disease.

A Superior Court jury awarded Frederick Krause \$4,750 damages for injuries sustained when crushed under a falling condenser in the Wilmington Brewing Company's plant.

More than 1,000 Poles attended a mass-meeting in Wilmington Thursday night, when there was inaugurated a campaign to collect money for the relief of the Polish war sufferers in Europe.

W. H. Knowles, P. T. White, E. J. Jones and J. W. Covington, of Seaford, who purchased the fruit and vegetable packing plant of S. J. Cooper & Son, at Sharpstown, for \$3,100, later resold the property to several men representing the growers of the last year's crop, who were made purchasers.

Councilmen Grantland and Kane and Mayor Howell comprise a committee to represent the city at a conference with the Wilmington Building Commission to arrange for the ceremonies incident to the cornerstone laying of the new City Hall this month.

So busy is the duPont Powder Company in making explosives and enlarging its plant at Cermey, Point, N. J., that enough workmen cannot be found to fill the numerous positions which are open there.

Colonel E. G. Buckner, vice president of the duPont Powder Company, says the action of Germany in stopping the exportation of potash from that country will in no way affect the business of the duPont Company.

While cutting wood on the Haydriek farm, near Seaford, George Sharpe nearly severed a foot when the ax slipped.

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"Oh, I'm sorry. She was so pretty."
"Have you your mother's picture?"
"I think I'll see."

Katherine went to her trunk and carefully placed her mother's picture face down under some books. She remembered with a big lump of homesickness in her throat, how her mother had had it made especially for her to bring with her; but she looked to old-fashioned and plain beside Margaret's mother.

"Can't you find it?" Margaret's voice interrupted her thoughts.

"No, I—I must have forgotten it." It was not easy for Katherine to tell a falsehood, and it brought the tears to her eyes.

"Don't cry, dear. I know you hate to be without it, but she can send it. I couldn't live without mother's picture, even if I can't remember her." Margaret put her arm around her roommate and kissed her, and from that moment they were fast friends.

Four years passed, and still the picture remained face downward in Katherine's trunk, but now when she came across it there was no pang of homesickness in her heart.

Those who knew the plain, awkward little country girl of four years ago would scarcely have recognized her in the beautiful, cold, accomplished young lady that she had grown to be.

During the four years at Miss Martin's, Katherine had worked hard, and her labors were not without reward, for she was to be graduated with honors; which entitled her to a year's study and travel in Europe. She had wanted this very much, and she had worked hard for it, and won.

It was the day before the last senior reception. Katherine closed the door half impatiently and sank

down on the floor, and she had never had anything but necessities.

Maybe after all Miss Martin knew what she was about when she put the two together, for Margaret was all that she had said; studious, refined and sweet-tempered.

It was the evening before the opening of the fall term at Miss Martin's. Margaret Langly knelt beside a big trunk, removing the contents.

"Oh, dear," she exclaimed, "here is my new pink crepe de chine in the biggest wad, and I can't see why—the rest was lost in the depths of the trunk. In a moment she raised her head.

"She is my mother," she said, handing a photograph to her roommate.

Katherine looked at it for several minutes without speaking. To the little country girl Margaret's mother looked like a queen.

"She looks real young, and I think she is mighty pretty," Katherine said, timidly, at last giving the picture back to Margaret.

"She was just twenty; this was her wedding dress," said Margaret. "I have it at home; it is white satin, and see, this is pearls on the front. Mother—mother died when I was one year old. I can't re-

member her at all."
"Oh, I'm sorry. She was so pretty."
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BERLIN, MD., FEB. 5, 1915.

Money can be sent by P. O. Money Order, Express Money Order, Check, or New York Draft.

INDEPENDENT REFORM.

Importance of Deep Breathing.

Pay attention to the great importance of deep breathing, that is of inflating the lungs to their fullest capacity.

Thoughts for Young People From a Plain Business Man.

Where Are You Going?

A subject that has often come in my mind was repeated again this Sunday morning, and I thought that a great message ought to go from the homes and the many pulpits today to "Watch—be on thy Guard."

There is great need for instruction to young people to watch and "consider thy ways." The worst failure of the day is that they do not consider.

They need to think who they are, what they are, and where they are going—three vital thoughts.

It is a sad fact that in this day of opportunity for culture and refinement and elevation in the principles of morals and Christian character that such a great number of people are so devoid of it, who have before them high individual examples and the best matter from pulpit, platform and press.

This class of society, from natural depravity, from environment, or from lack of good training is pitifully bad. Yet they have a strong influence. They weave their net about those who will yield and destroy them.

Be on thy guard from the thousand foes who would allure you from the lasting pleasures of the higher life. Shun them as you would vipers that would sting you with deadly poison.

"Consider thy ways"—consider these three vital points of your destiny: who you are, what you are going, where you are going.

Wheat went up to \$1.65 in the Baltimore market Tuesday, with more buyers than sellers.

Stock Issue of Rapid Transit Co.

The Peninsula Rapid Transit Company, of Salisbury, has applied to the Public Service Commission for permission to issue a stock to the amount of \$77,000 with which to buy equipment and build garages.

The Rapid Transit Company proposes to operate motorbuses over all the State roads running from Salisbury, which means that all the leading towns of the lower portion of the peninsula will soon be in easy communication with each other at cheap rates of fare, about three miles for five cents being the aim.

Another advantage appreciated by the public is the convenience of boarding the car at any desired point on the State road.

Big Profits For Rapid Transit.

The earnings on the Fairmount-Princess Anne-Salisbury line shows a marvelous profit to the company. After allowing for all expenses and depreciations on the cars of a certain amount per day—enough to replace them when worn—the profits are about 70 per cent.

Rifling The Till—A Business Problem

What would you do if you found your clerk rifling the cash drawer? What would you do if you discovered that your business manager was spending \$7 for every one he added to your business?

Well, your cash drawer is being rifled.

Your business servant is spending \$7 to get one.

John Barleycorn is rifling the cash drawer. He is your servant because he has a written contract signed by your agent—your business manager—Uncle Sam.

And that business manager, good fellow though he is, is playing the dunderhead with your funds. He is making \$330,000,000 a year for you out of the liquor traffic and he is paying out to the liquor traffic a bounty of \$2,300,000,000 a year, not to speak of the fact that John Barleycorn is all the time smashing the windows, overturning the furniture, and messing up the place.

You are a business man, so what are you going to do about it? It's a business problem.—Portland (Me) Evening Express.

Thoughts From the Church.

A Pleasant Impression Received From One Who Took Part in the Services.

Sacred songs are one of the best elements of the services.

In the Methodist Hymnal the compositions are classified. Under the heading "Heaven" are the stanzas of "There is a Land of Pure Delight," composed by Dr. Isaac Watts, set to the music "Varina," by George Frederick Root.

The beautiful thought in these stanzas expressed by the bright, joyous music is soul-animating and inspiring to a high degree.

"Sing it over again to me, Beautiful song of Life," are lines suggested by this sentiment.



The Awakening.

(Continued from page 1.)

in a disconsolate little heap into her favorite easy chair.

"Margaret," she almost wailed, "what shall I do? The expression has just been here, and my dress hasn't come yet and tomorrow night is the reception. Oh, dear, I can't see why mother doesn't send it, if she—"

Margaret interrupted her. "There was a letter for you. Maybe it is from her. On the book case—no, the table—that's it."

"It's from mother," Katherine exclaimed, and tore it open eagerly. Twice she read it through with an ever-increasing expression of cold, selfish pride on her face.

"Well," Margaret laid her book on the table, is it from—"

"Yes," Katherine's voice was low, and colder than it was wont to be; "mother—mother is coming for commencement."

"Oh, Kathie, I'm so glad for you. I have always wanted to meet her. When will she be here?"

"Tomorrow," Katherine's hand closed in a breathless grasp on the letter in her hand.

"Tomorrow! Oh, isn't it hard to wait?"

"Yes; oh, yes!" but there was something in the expression of the girl's face, and the look in her eyes that betokened a different matter.

"Nothing; there is nothing, only I haven't told mother about the trip to Europe, she expects me to be at home; she—that is all."

"Oh, but I'm sure she'll be glad when she knows about it. I'm sure she wouldn't have you stay at home for anything."

"I won't go home!" Katherine exclaimed in sudden white desperation. "I won't, I won't!"

If she could have stood unobserved at that moment in her mother's plain little room at home, she might have seen a sight to melt a colder, harder heart than her own.

Beside a big, old-fashioned trunk the little gray-haired mother knelt; she had just finished packing, and her toil-worn hands trembled a little as she patted the soft folds of Katherine's dress—the beautiful white satin that she had dreamed of so long for Katherine. She would wear it like a queen, she told herself, but Katherine should never know how hard she had worked, and how long she had been saving to buy the dress.

When there was nothing more to be done, she leaned her head on her arm and cried just a little, because she was so happy. So many happy memories kept crowding around her; this was the first time the big old trunk had been used since it brought her trousseau to this same farmhouse more than twenty years ago; and then, too, Katherine was coming home. Only God knew how lonely she had been these four years since Katherine went away to school, and how she had worked and worried and saved to make it possible for her to stay there. The struggle had left its mark on her. The sweet face was more deeply lined, the patient shoulders more stooped, and her hair had grown whiter during these four years.

But what did it matter to her if her hair was white and her face wrinkled; what if her dress was old and rusty, and her bonnet out of style? Katherine was through school, and next year, she told herself, she could have new things.

At last the time had come for the great reception. Mrs. Brown expected to go down with the girls, but Katherine showed her so plainly

dark eyes were brimming with tears, and her arms were stretched out toward the lack-clad figure of Katherine's mother. She had seen the sudden tightening of her sweet trembling lips. In a moment the patient, wrinkled face was pressed, in a sudden pout of tenderness close to the girl's cheek and creamy lace on Margaret's strong, young shoulder. There was a hungering in her heart and a longing for the lovely girl mother whom she had never known.

"Kiss me," she sobbed. "Kiss me, because my mother isn't here."

"Come on, Margaret; I'm going that she was not wanted, that she gave to the idea; and with the same sweet smile that had lightened so many dark places for her, she helped her daughter dress.

Katherine wore the beautiful dress that had cost her mother so many weary hours, without a single word of thanks. She accepted it as a matter of course.

When the toilet was finished, the loving, wet-faced mother stood all forgotten of her child's ingratitude and greed at her in mute adoration.

"Ain't she pretty?" she said simply, turning to Margaret.

"Come, Margaret, we must go down at once, or we shall be late!" Katherine kept past the adoring little mother and opened the door.

"Wait!" Margaret's beautiful face closed the door, and she and the two standing there, heard the tap of her heels on the stairs; and then, somehow, they forgot the gay throng down stairs, and Mrs. Brown found herself telling Margaret how lonely she had been that week.

She had worked to give Katherine an education, and how—and her team fell faster as she told how her heart was almost breaking at the thought of another year of separation.

That night Margaret spoke harshly to Katherine for the first time in her life. It was after they had finished "talking it over," and Mrs. Brown had gone to her room.

"Katherine, you are an ungrateful little wretch; you ought to be ashamed of yourself to even think about going to Europe. If I had a mother like yours, wild horses couldn't drag me away from her."

That night Katherine sat for a long time by the open window looking far out into the dark. It was a hard battle that she fought with herself; pride and ambition, love and duty arose in a fierce struggle in her heart.

For a while it seemed as if ambition must win, and then a great longing for home came over her, and filled her heart.

There was a quick little sob by her side, and she felt Margaret's arm around her.

"Forgive me, Kathie, dear, I was horrid to say what I did, and I'm sorry."

But Katherine moved not nor spoke, but sat looking out into the night.

"Katherine," Margaret sobbed "speak to me. What do you see out there?"

And then Katherine came back to her, but there was a light in her eyes and a smile around her lips that did not belong to her friend.

"It's home," she answered, softly; "I'm going home."—Kind Words.

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WILLARDS.

Mr. and Mrs. Bennie Dennis and son and Miss Madge Wimbrow, of Whaleyville, spent Sunday afternoon with Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Truitt.

Miss Grace Adkins spent a part of last week with Mr. and Mrs. Larry Patey, who were recently married.

Misses Gladys and Agnes Rayne and Olive Patey are recovering after a severe attack of measles.

Mrs. Alice Hadder, of Newell, Md., visited her mother, Mrs. Sallie M. Nicholson, from Saturday until Monday.

Mr. Roger Hearn is very ill with measles this week.

Misses Mattie Hearn and Hattie Twilley spent last Saturday and Sunday with friends at Sharptown.

Miss Price, from Dover Academy, spent last Saturday and Sunday with her schoolmate, Miss Wilkie Truitt, who is visiting her parents at this place. Miss Truitt gave a party, Saturday evening, in honor of her friend.

SELBYVILLE, DEL.

We are proud of our young men who have lately joined the Brotherhood of Selbyville. They have achieved great success in playing basket ball, this being one of the best teams in the state.

J. H. Timmons has purchased a house and lot, and moved here from Bishopville.

One of our physicians, Dr. H. E. Evans, has one to the mountains, for his health.

Dr. G. E. James has moved here from Roxana.

We are glad that our public school-teachers are patriotic enough to purchase a new flag to hang over our schoolhouse.

The National Bank has exchanged its old vault for one of the latest equipment.

Several of our citizens have been up to Philadelphia to hear Billy Sunday.

Our Fourth Quarterly Conference will be held this (Friday) evening at 7 o'clock.

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The rise in the price of wheat has brought the price of bread up to six cents in Chicago, and may be followed by Eastern cities if wheat continues up.

A joint resolution dividing Texas into three States—North, South and West Texas, has been introduced in the Legislature.

SUNDAY CONSOLE

Lesson VI.—First Quarter, For Feb. 7, 1915.

THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

Text of the Lesson, Ruth 1, 6-15. Memory Verses, 16, 17—Golden Text, Ruth 1, 18—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

We have just one lesson in this beautiful story of Ruth, but we will seek to gather many things from the whole story. The first and last names in the book, Bethlehem and David, are two of the most suggestive in the Bible. No man's name is mentioned so often as David, and his is the first and last name of a more man in the New Testament. Bethlehem, besides all the other interesting facts connected with it, will always be of special interest as the birthplace of the firstborn son of Mary, Jesus Christ our Lord. Ruth is one of the four women mentioned in Matt. 1 among the ancestors of the son of David. Some one has said that the four chapters of this book might be entitled Ruth deciding—gleaning—resting—rewarded.

The devotion of Ruth is an example of the devotion to Jesus Christ, which is expected of all believers. Her patient gleaning in the field of Boaz has in it an example of the patience and faithfulness which should be seen in every Christian. Her quiet expectation of some great result at the suggestion of her mother-in-law makes us think of the assurance that the meek shall inherit the earth. When we see her as the wife of Boaz, the owner of the field in which she had so patiently gleaned, we cannot but think of the time when the church, the body of Christ, the company of all the faithful gleaners of this present age, shall become the bride of our mighty man of wealth, the owner of the field, which is the world, and then we shall inherit all things with Him and reign with Him on the earth (Rev. xxi, 7, 10).

That Naomi and her husband and sons should leave Bethlehem because of a famine and go to sojourn in Moab seems like the misstep which Abram made when he left Canaan because of a famine and went down to Egypt; for he only got into trouble there, and we read of no altar unto the Lord until he returned again to Bethel (Gen. xii, 10; xiii, 1-4). Poor Naomi found trouble enough in Moab in the loss of her husband and two sons, but she seems to acknowledge that the going to Moab was her affair, while it was her gracious Lord who brought her back to Bethlehem. "I went out full and the Lord hath brought me home again empty" (chapter 1, 21). She turned her steps homeward because she heard that the Lord had given bread to Bethlehem (verse 6).

The wandering boy of Luke xv turned homeward when he thought of the bread in his father's house; and if we should be ever telling to the perishing of the bread, and to spare, in our Father's house, for how can they hear unless some one tells? Naomi knew the God of Israel. These women of Moab must have learned of Him through her, and Ruth had learned to know Him well enough to forsake all for Him, to esteem Him more than her own people and her father's house. Orpah had not so learned to know Him. If our testimony is what it should be and our life He will use to gather some to Himself. The devotion of Ruth in the ever memorable words of verses 16, 17, are in a measure repeated by Htal to David in II Sam. xv, 21. The words in verse 19, "So they two went," are found in II Kings ii, 2, 4, 6, 7, 8, 11, and there again we see a steadfast purpose on the part of Elisha which brought to him that which his soul desired. This is the steadfastness which we so greatly need (I Cor. xv, 58).

The friendliness and thoughtful kindness of Boaz in chapter ii are but a faint type of the loving kindness of our Lord Jesus, who can truly say, "I know thy works," etc. (II, 11, 12; Rev. II, 2, 9, 13, 19).

If, as His redeemed ones, we have not recognized many "handfuls of purpose" as we have gleaned in the part of the field He has assigned us, we must be blind indeed (chapter ii, 16). The words of Boaz in Ruth iii, 11, "Fear not, my daughter; I will do to thee all that thou shalt require," made a great impression upon my wife, as we saw them in a motto in the Y. W. C. A. at Cape Town, South Africa, in 1888, and I have often passed them on to others since then. There is also much comfort in the words of Naomi in chapter iii, 18, "Sit still, my daughter, for the man will not be in rest until he have finished the thing this day."

In chapter iv Boaz as the kinsman redeemer, having the right to redeem and accomplishing the same, is wonderfully suggestive of our Redeemer, who not only redeems us, but also our inheritance, the earth, and seals us with the Holy Spirit, the earnest of our inheritance, until the redemption of the purchased possession (Eph. 1, 13, 14). When Naomi became nurse for little Obed (chapter iv, 16, 21) she no doubt forgot in a measure the emptiness of chapter 1, 21. Ruth also forgot the weary days of her poverty when she gleaned in the field of Boaz. So we shall forget all our misery and remember it as waters that pass away (Job 15, 10).

Let us be certain that we are redeemed by the precious blood of Jesus Christ and then patiently and unweariedly fill the place to which He has assigned us, rejoicing in the glory which shall be ours at His appearing.

SERMON,

By

Rev. William Henry Bancroft.

What Kind of a Christian Are You?

I take no specific text for my sermon today. The whole Word of God is my text.

The one message of the Bible is that God requires obedience to Him. How many are heeding that message? Out-and-out sinners, of course, are not. They are living in defiance of God's requirement. But what of those who profess to meet the requirement? Do they all measure up to the standard set? In other words, What kind of a Christian are you?

Do you know what was said by Charles Finney towards the end of his wondrous evangelistic career? Hear what that earnest man of God said at the sunset of his faithful ministry! "Oh, if I had strength of body to go through the churches again, instead of preaching to convert men, I would preach to bring up the churches to the standard of holy living; for the worldliness of the churches and of the professed people of God is the great barrier to the Cross with its salvation. It is a disgrace to religion that it is so."

If Charles Finney were living, and if he were to deliver himself in that way in some church pulpits, the pews of those churches would pronounce him too plain-spoken. Fact!

But Charles Finney was right. The lives of many professors of religion are at utter variance with the profession made.

Charles Finney is dead. But in this our day there has come into publicity an evangelist with Charles Finney's message to the churches. William Sunday strikes sledge hammer blows against the worldliness of many professed Christians. Mere church members who visit any of Sunday's tabernacles can find no comfort in the sermons they hear from Sunday's lips.

Mr. Sunday is not to be imitated. That does not prevent him, however, from being an example to the ministry. We ministers ought not to be afraid to speak the truth. The man who stands in a pulpit simply to make a living, or to be classed with those who are in an honorable calling, ought to step down and out. Pity the man who is going to the seat of Judgment with the stain of blood on his hands!

It is sometimes said that the Church of Christ is not reaching; as many of the unsaved as it should. Why? Splendid machinery in the Church of Christ in these days. Never was the Church of Christ so highly organized as it now is. Almost numberless societies within it for the furtherance of the work of the Lord. Yet, with all its fine equipment for service, the criticism that the Church of Christ is not getting hold of enough unconvered men and women must stand unchallenged. What is the reason for this lamentable fact?

I wish you to know, my friends, that inconsistent Christian lives are very largely responsible for this woeful state of affairs.

In Paul's second Epistle to the Corinthians it is stated that Christians are manifestly declared to be the epistle of Christ. If all Christians were just that, it would not be a great while before the silver light of the Millennium would be upon the horizon. Take out of the Church of Christ all unrighteousness, and it would be a power of more emphasis than an earthquake. It would shake the very foundations of Hell.

It was their righteousness of life that made those old time Christians of Corinth "the epistle of Christ." So is it the lack of such a life that makes many a modern Christian a stumbling-block in the way of unregenerate souls. Only the Day of Judgment will reveal how many men and women were caused to fall into Hell over the worldliness of those belonging to churches.

Who is that man passing through the streets of Jerusalem? It is Simon Peter. But look! What are the people doing? Why, they are bringing their sick out into the highway, and placing them where the shadow of Simon Peter may fall upon the diseased ones, his shadow healing them.

There are many persons whose influence for good in the world is tremendous. They are casting shadows of blessing wherever they go.

What a grand thing it is to have a character like that! I tell you that there is nothing so powerful for good as a righteous life. Such Christians are the Gibralters of the Church of Christ. Or, using Paul's figure, they are "the epistle of Christ." The writing they bear is Divine. That Heavenly writing cannot be gainsaid.

But there are others whose shadow is a curse. There goes forth from them an influence that is evil. What a terrible thing it is for a Christian professor to throw around him a shadow born of Hell! Yet that is exactly what many members of churches are doing. Epistles? Yes! But epistles that set forth Christianity in a false light.

My friend, what kind of a Christian are you? What is the writing on a dishonest professor of religion? What is the writing on an adulterous professor of religion? What is the writing on those who break the Sabbath? What is the writing on those who are untruthful? What is the writing on those who are thoroughly tinctured with the maxims and motives of this present world at enmity with God? What is the writing on those who play the hypocrite? It is the writing on such so-called Christians that leads many to disbelieve in the divinity of the religion of Christianity.

Christians ought to be commensurates of Christianity, explaining it and expounding its principles. Real Christians are such. If one wishes to know what virtue is, what piety is, what sincerity is, what earnestness is, what good citizenship is, what many things are that are connected with Christianity, he should be able to find such things plainly and unmistakably set forth in the lives of those who profess Christianity.

But what of those who do no more than bear the name of Christians? Church membership is not Christianity. One might be written down in the registers of a thousand churches, and yet be as far off from being a Christian as Hell from Hell. Too many profess that church membership is sufficient for salvation. So they hide great heaps of moral rottenness under their connection with a church. It is like covering a barnyard with velvet.

Going through the outward forms of religion is not Christianity. Neither is giving assent to orthodox creeds Christianity. Nothing is Christianity except a life hid with Christ in God. Too many persons make the mistake of thinking that a profession of religion is a sure passport to Heaven. It is nothing of the kind. There is a way to Hell from the doorstep of a church. One may slide into Hell from a church pew, even though it be the best pew in a church, and though its occupant be reputed to be a very pious man or woman. It sometimes happens that desirable pews are set apart for those who carry a long purse, that being their only distinction. So may one land in Hell from a seat in a prayer-meeting. Much more is needed than identification with a church.

Christianity is a life. It is a righteous life. It is a life that centres in the holiness of God. If we are not "the epistle of Christ," then we are the epistle of the Devil. Church membership, religious ceremonials, intellectual belief in a statement of theology, all are nothing, and worse than nothing, without a life that corresponds with what God requires of all men and women. As well gather together a cartload of cobwebs and call them stands of gold. Christianity is a living man or woman or child with a heart that beats true with the heart of God.

Lot was a professor of religion. But what a sorry professor he was! He mingled with Sodomite society. He engaged in Sodomite business. He plunged into Sodomite politics. The record is that Lot had no influence for good in that wicked city. While he kept himself from the grosser forms of Sodomite iniquity, there was not a sufficiently sharp dividing-line between his life and that of the inhabitants of the city. When the angels of God came to destroy the place with fire and brimstone, they could not find any persons worth saving, except Lot himself, and Lot's wife, and his two daughters. And even these

seem to be hardly worth saving. These angels were compelled to lay their hands upon Lot, in order to hurry him away from the impending wrath of God's wrath, as reluctant woe to leave the town. His wife looked longingly back upon Sodom and was turned into a pillar of salt for so doing. His two daughters afterwards proved themselves the very much lacking in the niceties of moral sense.

Lot is representative of many a modern Christian. These twentieth century Lots are utterly devoid of that tells for righteousness. These are the men and women whose written life is at variance with their profession. They are living lives of Christianity.

How the world reads Christians! You and your friends, are being more closely read than we may think. What is being read in a life whose principle is the enjoyment of life, but whose practice is the enjoyment of self? Here is one, for instance, who puts the affairs of the world against the affairs of the Kingdom to which he says he belongs. That man gives himself untemporarily to the furtherance of his temporal business. He is a glowing example of devotedness to worldly concerns. His diligence in that direction is a subject of remark. He is wearing himself away in his efforts to succeed. But what about advancing the Cause of Christ? Well, it is known what the man is there. What he gives to missions would not buy an apron for a Hottentot! The slightest excuse will detain him from the sanctuary. On the religious side of life, as a citizen has to do with the cultivation of a righteous heart, he is waiting in everything that makes such life count. What is the conclusion from what is written upon the character of such a man?

So with my friends, I need no more illustrations. But when you read the world read in great religions, what does it say? It says, "I am bound to acknowledge the Christianity of the man." So back to the statement of the Bible, and declare your responsibility for the mark that is set upon your name.

Need I prolong the discussion? I close with the question with which I began. What kind of a Christian, my friend, are you?

Be it for you and me to love God and keep His commandments. This is our whole duty. This is the sum and substance of all the teaching of the Scriptures. Having been to the Cross of Jesus Christ, let us walk in the light of that Cross, our path the path of the just, and that path shining more and more to the perfect day.

In his wonderful vision of Hell, as He pictures it in his poem, Dante saw written over the frowning gates of that abode of the lost the inscription, "Leave every hope behind, ye who enter here." But over the gates of the City of God, those gates of solid pearls, there is a different leaving. Read it, you who would go into what is within those gates. "Holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord."

By keeping always in the company of Christ, walking with Him in business, in the home, in recreation, in the exercise of citizenship, in all things, we shall reach those gates, and be allowed to pass through the shining passage that they close. Otherwise, we must go downward. What kind of a Christian are you?

"Follow Me, And."

By Rev. S. E. Wishard, D. D.

The command was given to the apostles and the promise followed. It was laid upon them while busy with their fishing nets; for God calls busy men. He has no use for idlers. The call was couched in simple, but far-reaching language: "Follow me and I will make you fishers of men." Although the words were spoken specifically to the fishermen, and had reference to their apostolic work as leaders of the church, let us apply them, by accommodation, to all believers.

They must grip all who through faith know the gospel. The fishermen were to follow Christ in His journeyings, yet there was a higher sense in which they were to follow Him. There was an added meaning, a higher purpose in the command, "Follow Me." In that en-

larged thought the Church of Christ must hear the command and claim the promise coupled with it. For it is the business of the Church to carry forward the work inaugurated by the fishermen. Believers are as definitely called to service, to witness for the gospel of salvation, as were the apostles; not as leaders, but as followers. It was to the Church that the last command of our Lord was given: "Go ye therefore and teach all nations." And that can be done only as we follow Him. As ministers and members of our churches, have we measured up to the high calling with which we have been called? A review of the work and power of the apostolic Church answers that question, with convicting force.

It is time, humbly and more deeply, to study the life and the power of the life of Christ. Let us follow Him in the life of faith that He lived, until the power of the gospel through us witnesses to all the world about us that we have been with Christ and have learned of Him: He never faltered in His confidence in the Father. His was such a life of prayer, so calmly resting on the certainty of prophecy and promise, that He never hesitated nor was taken unaware. We're in danger of forgetting that He lived a human life. He was God, yet was one of us. His faith was so strong, unwavering and settled that He could say at the grave of Lazarus, "Father, I thank Thee that Thou hast heard Me, and I know that Thou hearest Me always." That was not a sudden discovery. He knew it. His faith made it a present conscious experience, as real as any experience of His life, as real as His own personal existence.

God's promises are as certain to every believer as they were to His Son. They were made to be fulfilled; they mean as much to God's children, as they did to His only begotten Son. It is our faith that only grasps all that is embodied in these promises. We are authorized to accept them and rest in them, to follow Him in faith. The promises were made in view of the necessities of a lost world, and are so encompassing that we have not yet reached their limit. It remains, therefore, for us to follow Christ in His unmeasured faith in His Father, that marked His way and work.

We are also called to follow Him in the obedience which He yielded to His Father. We may not reach the perfect pattern of obedient self-surrender to the Father's will that Jesus has set before us. But we can follow Him in our measure and learn of Him Who could say to His Father, "I have finished the work Thou gavest me to do."

In the dark hour of Gethsemane's gloom His obedient will so absolutely surrendered that He could say, "Not as I will, but as Thou wilt." He knew the agony of the cross before Him, and the hiding of the Father's face. But He obediently accepted the cup of sorrow, that we might not drink it in endless woe. He became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross, that we might learn obedience. This unspeakable love rises before us, challenging our obedience and voicing the declaration and question: "This have I done for Thee; What hast thou done for Me?"

It is the pleading from Gethsemane and from the cross, crying, "Follow Me!" It is the all-persuasive plea for that full surrender to God's holy and loving will that can obediently say, "Not as I will, but as Thou wilt."

Thus submitting and receiving all that His finished work has provided for us, the Christ Himself, we shall be able to follow Him in His love for souls. There is perhaps no quality of the very highest life in which the mass of Christian professors are so deficient as in that love for souls which moved our Lord to suffer and die that we might live. Daniel's confession ought appropriately to break from the heart of all professing Christians, from pulpit and pew: "O Lord, righteousness belongeth unto Thee, but unto us confusion of faces, as at this day." There is the dying Saviour on the cross, and here, all

GERATY'S FROST-PROOF FREE CABBAGE PLANTS

Everyone who has a garden wants Cabbages. They need little space—a foot or so apart—and a garden as "big as a handkerchief" has room for at least fifty plants. We have just made an arrangement with the biggest Cabbage Plant growers in the country—Wm. C. Geraty Co., Youngs Island, S. C., to furnish us with extra-choice "Frost-Proof" plants, which we are going to give away free. These plants are grown on an island just off the coast, where the brist, cold breezes of the Atlantic make them hardy and healthy. The big advantage is that you can plant them in the field a month or six weeks earlier than home-grown plants, which means a head three or four weeks earlier. These "Frost-Proof" plants are guaranteed to stand a temperature of ten degrees above zero without injury. Geraty's "Frost-Proof" Cabbage plants are harder, better, and worth more than the ordinary plants. We are so sure of this that we agree to refund the full value of the plants—25 cents for fifty—if they are not satisfactory and do not produce earlier and better heads than you grow from other plants—you to be the judge. Geraty's "Frost-Proof" Cabbage plants will be shipped direct to you from Youngs Island at the proper time for planting in your territory. Send us the coupon with the price of the subscription; we will order the plants. Fill out the coupon below and get fifty or more plants free.

All new or old subscribers who fill out the following blank, will receive 50 CABBAGE PLANTS FREE, for each dollar they pay for a year's subscription to the Advance.

Send in your order early to get choice plants. Plants will be shipped any date you desire.

Early Jersey Wakefield. Charleston Large Type Wakefield. Date to ship. Name. R. D. No. Box. Town. State. Amount \$.

Property Owners.

There is no time like the present. Why not, as a matter of safety and economy, have that old worn out, leaky roof replaced by a new one? Every rain on a leaky roof means more damage to the interior of a house, thereby causing an unnecessary expense which, in time, will create more damage than a new roof will cost. See us at once and have us figure 4th you on a new roof. We are now in a position to give you a good Fire-proof, Acid-proof and Water-proof roof at figures that will astound you. Remember this for a Day—New Roof, Fire, Acid, and Water proof. To make you safe, you also receive a thirty-days' trial free, and a ten-years' guarantee. A demonstration by request. Don't forget we do sheet metal repairs, spouting and slag roofing.

BERLIN ART METAL CO., OPPOSITE NEW GARAGE.

TO BUYERS OF PRINTING

Full printing equipment, including a Campbell Oscillator cylinder press, three of the latest job presses, large paper cutter, a card cutter, a wire stapler and a complete assortment of type and other printing material, has placed us among the leaders in the printing business in the State. Complete equipment—such as we have—naturally enables us to print more and better work. And we not only have the equipment for turning out a great amount of high-grade printing, but do the work promptly.

Before placing your next order, write us and get our prices—they will surprise you. But while our work is low in price, the quality has not been sacrificed, as is usually the case when prices are low. We always maintain our high standard of quality, no matter what the price may be.

Get in touch with us—it will pay you.

OUR JOB DEPARTMENT IS UP TO DATE. IN ALL RESPECTS.

Berlin Advance, PRODUCER OF HIGH-GRADE PRINTING. PLANT LOCATED AT Berlin, Maryland.

JOB WORK Advance Office.

(Continued on page 6.)

MONEY IN POULTRY, BUT NOT A FORTUNE.

Experiment Station Poultrymen Counsel Against Great Expectations in the Poultry Business.

ROY H. WAITE, Maryland Agricultural Experiment Station.

I wish it were possible for every poultry raiser to make \$7.16 per hen per year...



IN THE WORLD OF SPORT

Charles Deal, Who Helped Braves Win Pennant.



Photo by American Press Association.

Among baseball players and fans Charles Deal, who played third base for the Boston Braves in the world's pennant series...

A PROFIT YIELDER.

On second thought, I am not so sure though that I do want to see poultry raisers make so much...

SPRAYING ESSENTIAL TO SUCCESSFUL ORCHARDING TODAY.

S. B. SHAW, Maryland Agricultural College Extension Service.

After the trees have been pruned and the brush taken away and burned the orchard is in shape for spraying.

Yanks' Business Manager.

Harry Sparrow, a long time friend of Manager McGraw of the Giants and Captain Huston, has been appointed business manager of the Yankees.

Browns Have Tall Pitchers.

The St. Louis American league pitcher staff for next season will include seventeen pitchers, whose combined height is 102 feet...

The Final Punctuation.

"You treated the accusations with silent contempt, of course?" "I did."

Very Clever.

They tell a story in London of a certain peer who had never before shown the slightest interest in horse racing...

POPULAR MECHANICS

Canadian Feldspar.

During the past four years the exports of Canadian feldspar to the United States have become prominent.

Uses of Tungsten.

Tungsten is used principally as an alloy of high speed steel—that is, steel used in making tools used in metal turning lathes running at high speed...

Assembling Piston Rings Properly.

Faulty compression on a gasoline engine is due in many cases to the fitting up of the piston rings—that is, all rings are located so that they are in line with the length of the piston.

Where Our Nickel Comes From.

Although the United States refines more nickel than any other country, practically all the ore used comes from Ontario and New Caledonia, Australia.

Danger of Unclean Sod Pan.

Do not neglect to clean the machine carefully. In one instance what might have been a disastrous fire was caused by not keeping the sod pan clean.

Many Spring Wheels Invented.

An average of thirty-five patents on spring wheels for motorcars and trucks have been granted per month since early last year.

Restoring Color of White Shellac.

If you get in this case white shellac will often lose its color and turn a rusty brown. It can be restored in the following manner:

Alaskan Survey Finished.

The work of surveying and marking the boundary between Alaska and the Yukon territory, which was begun in 1904, has been finished.

New Paint For Ships.

Red oxide of mercury is now being incorporated in marine paints for coating ships' bottoms.

Cheap Tubes Are Poor Economy.

It is false economy to purchase cheap hose tubes, for they will quickly put an expensive casing in the scrap pile.

Sleeping on the Ground.

To sleep on the ground in the ordinary way without the aid of a cinder South African trick which the English learned from the Zulus is so painful as to be almost impossible.

HELPFUL HINTS FOR HOUSEWIVES

Combined Stove Brush and Blacking Container.



A combined stove brush and blacking magazine relieves the task of blacking the stove of much of its tedium.

Household Hints.

When peeling eggs always put a little vinegar in the water. Oranges and lemons keep well if hung in a wire net in a cool, airy place.

Buying Kitchens.

Avoid buying ware which has "seams" cracked joints where food particles can accumulate. They are harder to wash and likely to become insanitary sooner.

Omelet, Southern Style.

Separate the whites and yolks of three eggs, beat the whites stiff and dry, beat the yolks until light, then beat into them eight teaspoonfuls of thick white sauce and a speck of cayenne and salt.

Beaten Biscuit.

Add a tablespoonful of salt and a tablespoonful of butter to a quart of flour. Rub them together, then add a cupful of milk and, if necessary, a little water to make a stiff dough.

Chicken Pie.

Line sides of a baking dish with a biscuit dough. Cook chicken until tender, season with salt and pepper and a little sage if desired.

Fresh Fish Balls.

With a silver fork pick some remnants of cooked fish and sprinkle with salt and pepper. Pass through a vegetable ricer a few hot boiled potatoes; to these add a little fish stock or sauce or cream also salt, pepper, and beat for mashed potatoes.

Cleaning Windows.

The easiest way to wash windows during cold weather is to wipe them with a soft cloth or sponge which has been dipped in kerosene; then in a few minutes go over them with tissue paper or soft newspaper and rub off most of the oil and dirt.

All the Difference.

The youngster was reading a newspaper. Looking up, he said: "Alchemists are called city fathers, aren't they, pa?" "Yes, my son."

YOUNG FOLKS' CORNER

Six Foot "Pocket" Knives.

A knife sharpener for the biggest giant of the fairy tales was recently finished, after four years of labor, by a New England mechanic, says Popular Mechanics.

Transpositions.

Express by the same letters a rich fruit and how we would like to buy it. Peach cheap. Transpose six and it will show what every man says his lady love does.

Building a Campfire.

There are two ways of building a camp fire. An old Indian saying runs: "White man heap; make him big fire—can't get near. Injun make little fire—get close. Ugh! Good!"

A Story of Washington.

Abraham Lincoln was not the only president who wished to abolish slavery. George Washington disapproved of slavery and said about the subject, "I wish from my soul that my state might be persuaded to abolish slavery."

Maxims of Washington.

Labor to keep alive in your breast that little spark of celestial fire called conscience. Speak not ill of the absent. It is unjust.

Boy Scouts' Game.

First aid for spelling down is a good game for boy scouts. Two leaders are selected, and they choose sides. Nobody is in it. Sides line up. Scoutmaster announces the first aid subject, and one leader gives first aid symptom and second leader next point.

The Study of Astronomy.

A sharp schoolboy game for the holidays, wishing to inspire his little brother with awe for his learning, pointed to a star and said: "Do you see that small luminary? It's bigger than this wide world."

An Apt Answer.

"Where did Washington live after he retired from public life?" asked the teacher after reading the story of Washington to her class.

Girl's Name Puzzle.

My name, of course, you've often heard; A name to many a man's word. Read carefully and scan each word. You'll find it plainly here.

ENVY.

Envy is about the most silly and useless of all the vices. The envious person is the most miserable of all human beings. He nourishes vipers which sting and devour him; is the enemy of all and inflicts mortal wounds on charity, courage, nature, which produces only that which is good, and peace, which cannot act in concert of ally with any evil.

THE MOTH AND THE STAR

The Story of an Automobile Accident That Was Not Wholly Disastrous.

By MARVIN DANA

Copyright by Frank A. Munsey Co.

"One never sees you alone," I complained. "Always," I persisted. "You are in haste, occupied with a thousand things, with everything except me. To me you are unattainable as a star."

"Yes," she said musingly, "I am a star. And, to tell you the truth, I like it. There is something about the center of the stage."

"But I interrupted rudely. "You must understand that I require an opportunity."

"In all this time I have had no opportunity. Your life is one wild whirl!"

"Elsa sat up straight and stared at me with all the ravishing beauty of the loveliest eyes in the world."

"No opportunity?" she repeated incredulously. "Now, what can you mean? Here you are alone with me in my drawing room while we are waiting for sunny to get her hat on. Here we are alone, I say. And you declare you have no opportunity! Opportunity for what?"

"Why, to declare my love," I answered indignantly. "Always, indeed! That's it—we're always waiting for her. She's pervasively present. I know she has planned deliberately to make me propose in her presence."

"What shall I do, then?" she questioned naively as I paused.

"Just wait it all and be engaged," I suggested triumphantly. "Will you?"

"Yes, I think I will," Elsa said softly. "At that I had her in my arms and my lips met hers. My heart leaped with a joy new, dominant, complete. Beneath the mask of light words I had offered her my very soul."

Aunt entered the room. I went to her, gathered her up in my arms and kissed her with my heart.

"We had been engaged three months when the inevitable serpent ostriched himself into our Eden."

I was in the orchestra the first night Elsa appeared in the role of Juliet. I was carried away by the simplicity and passion of her interpretation, its girlish purity, its womanly abandonment to love's dominion. Then, quite without warning, a pang of anguish pierced my heart.

The Romeo was an actor new to me, handsome, young, an ideal lover to the sight, and as Elsa, looked adoringly into his eyes the red of jealousy entered my heart and remained.

"That night after the play, at the gay supper party where I was with her, I remained sad and distraught. I forced myself to utter congratulations on the success she had achieved, but there was little heartiness in my words. She rallied me on my dull spirits, laughing at first, then with kindly seriousness. But I could not shake off the gloom of my mood, which I explained by alleging an indigestion. Neither then nor after could I bring myself to confess my trouble."

A law play was put on, but it brought me no relief. On the contrary, my torture was increased. In the climax of the play the hero, he who had played Romeo, saved the heroine, Elsa, from great peril. She, in an ecstasy of gratitude threw herself on his breast in complete abandonment of love. As she lay yielding in his arms, her head thrown back, her eyes burned into his with such fires of love I groaned aloud. The sight maddened me. I left my seat and the theater and did not see Elsa again that night."

I could not decide on my course, but in the morning I was calmer, and I set out with a fair amount of composure to fulfill an engagement with my fiancée."

I had promised Elsa to take her in the auto out to Bronx park. I found her ready when I reached her house, and very soon we were rolling swiftly up Fifth avenue."

It was a perfect morning. The air was crisp with the chill of dawning winter, but not too cold. It set the blood coursing with new vigors and drove out sorrow from the heart. There, in the glory of the morning, in the pleasure of our smooth movement, with Elsa nestled close to my side, I forgot despair and revelled for the moment in the delight of it all."

"I love automobiling," Elsa said irrelevantly. "It is the lightest, divinest movement, so—oh, subtle and, yes, aerial. I feel like a bird."

As we came to the open beauty of the Plaza I turned from the avenue into the park, and we went rolling along the gently undulating and winding driveway, charmed by the landscape on either hand."

As I ran the machine out of the park into Seventh avenue a carriage was passing, and I attempted to check our speed. To my dismay I found that there was no response to my effort. It was only by skillful guiding of the automobile that I escaped a collision."

Once free of that danger, I set myself to regain control of the apparatus. But my work was vain. Somehow, the mechanism had gone wrong. I could only guide the automobile and pray for a safe issue. Unfortunately in the last stretch of the park I had increased the speed, and we were running fast."

"You are reckless this morning," Elsa said, with a laugh of pleasure, as we shot swiftly between two carriages, perilously close."

I made no answer, only prayed for a clear course. We were at One hundred and Thirty-fifth street now. In a few moments we should reach the bridge."

And then the worst happened. As we rolled toward the bridge Elsa clapped her hands gaily, like a child. "Oh, see!" she cried. "We shall be able to stop. The bridge is going to open!"

Horror closed in on me. I cast one searching glance about us, but there came no place to turn; in every direction

the way was blocked. There was no choice possible. I must let the machine run straight on.

I knew then that I could no longer conceal the truth from Elsa. She must know the fate that threatened, looming ghastly, inevitable.

I turned and spoke to her softly, pitiingly, a prayer for forgiveness in my voice.

"Elsa, dearest, I cannot stop the auto!"

In the one glance I gave her I saw the pallid agony of her face, and my heart was near broken with despair. One cry came from her lips, a sound, half sob, half moan, breathed and was broken. She had fainted, lying inert against me.

We were on the bridge now. The seconds of our time were numbered. Leaving the machine to run straight, with tense rapidity I threw myself over its back and rudely dragged Elsa to a place beside me on the box that contained the power. There I knelt, facing forward. Then, still kneeling, I gathered up my love in my arms, holding her close to my bosom."

There were shouts of wonder and alarm from others on the bridge. The time that now remained before the crash could be only seconds. I straightened myself on my knees, then leaned back abruptly. Elsa still in my arms. In an instant I was falling backward; then my feet touched the flooring of the bridge."

I fell heavily on my side. My last thought was that at all costs she must not suffer harm. Then blackness closed in on me, and I was lost in nothingness."

They told me afterward that the crash of the motorcar against the rail and its headlong rush into the river below were wonderful and terrifying. As for Elsa and me, we knew nothing of it all. When I regained consciousness, however, Elsa was kneeling by me, her eyes beaming tenderness and pity.

Clumsily I rose to my feet. I was aching in every bone, but I was not seriously harmed."

I was soiled with the dirt of the street, a little bloody from bruises here and there, very weak and trembling, but after a moment my brain cleared, and I was able to climb into a hansom. As I handed my weary and the cushions Elsa's hand, stood to mine and clasped it gently. She turned her face to me, and I saw that her eyes were filled with tears."

"Thank you," she said.

There was a beautiful kindness in her voice, a soft, womanly appreciation of the service I had rendered, a restrained emotion of tenderness. But, weak, suffering, dazed, I yet perceived that here there was no passionate fervor."

I made a formal answer, then rested silent. Elsa, in sympathy for my mood, said no more."

The next morning I went to her. She met me with eager solicitude as to my condition after the accident. I answered briefly."

"Elsa, I come to release you from your engagement to me."

"The color faded from her face, and she stared at me in amazement."

"Yes," I continued; "I believe you thought you loved me. You have seen, you are my friend, but I have seen the passion you can feel, the dependence of your heart, and I know your love is not for me. So I release you."

"You have seen? Where? When?" she stammered wonderingly.

"I have seen you on the stage, in Ansted's arms, his Juliet, his Margaret, in the new play. Oh, and it has broken my heart to see you lying so willingly in his embrace, your eyes blazing love into his! Yes, Elsa; it is death to give you up, but I know I have no choice, for your heart is not mine, but his."

Elsa laughed. I recoiled in mingled indignation and sorrow."

"You are amused by this?" I cried.

"Forgive me," she said very seriously. "But you are so foolish, dear! Let me tell you something. You have given me the greatest compliment I have ever received as an actress. And you were really jealous! Oh, you darling! Almost I am glad of it. Hear me. On the stage I play my part; my part, do you understand? Nothing more. Off the stage, with you, I am not artificial; I am only natural. To my lover on the stage I am his heroine, still, passionate, weeping, mad, anything the part demands—a thousand things. With you I am only one thing, natural, simple—a woman who loves, who loves—yes! Are you content? With you I show only what I feel. Isn't that enough?"

Somehow, as she spoke, the scales fell from my eyes. I saw there in her gentle tenderness the profounder passion of sincerity, of abiding love. I drew her to me, my heart beating a revivelle of joy."

"As to Ansted, I have asked our manager to discharge him. He leaves this week. Oh, such a man! I'd rather rant to a stick! And you, sweetheart! Oh, I love you too much to be untrue to you! Besides, really you ought to be content, for—well, just for this—I love you."

And then my kiss silenced her."

Convinced.

"What do you know about the constitution? I'll bet you can't repeat the opening clause."

"I can bet! 'We, the people of the United States, being of sound mind and disposing will!'"

"That will do," interrupted the other man. "I didn't think you knew it, old top."—Puck.

Short Circuit.

"I owe no man a cent." "Gee, your credit must be rotten!"—Philadelphia Ledger.

Liberal Doses.

Subbubs—How often is this medicine to be taken? Doctor—Between cooks—New York Times.

FAME.

Fame is a revenue payable only to our ghosts, and to deny ourselves all present satisfaction for this reward were as great madness as to starve ourselves and fight desperately for food to be laid on our tombs after death.—McKenzie.

Special Attention To Farmers.....

The above columns are devoted to the interest of the farmers, and the care and protection of fruit trees, also treats on the different diseases of them; and on the care of the hog.

BERLIN ADVANCE.

BERLIN, MD., FEB. 5, 1915.

THE ADVANCE for sound doctrine, honesty and cheapness. Only \$1 per year. Subscribe now.

Anniversary "In Memoriams" will be charged at 5 cents per line.

Locals.

Eggs 28c per dozen.
Wood and white oak posts for sale. A. F. Powell.

J. Earl Morrie, of Princess Anne, spent Sunday in Berlin.

Miss Etta Powell is spending some time in Philadelphia.

Harold Dirickson, of New York, is visiting his relatives here.

Mrs. Frank Purnell left Tuesday for a visit to Philadelphia.

E. G. Kenley came home from Annapolis Wednesday to visit his family.

For Sale—house and lot on Purnell Alley. Apply at the ADVANCE Office.

Wanted—Two good reliable men to collect. Apply to Box 207, Salisbury, Md.

William J. Massey, who has been very ill the past few weeks, is improving slowly.

Mrs. John Farlow returned Thursday from Philadelphia, where she has been spending a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Matthews went to Baltimore, Wednesday, to take their little daughter to a specialist.

For Rent—House on south side of Purnell Alley, Berlin. George W. Purnell.

The Neighborhood Sunday School will hold a Valentine party Saturday (tomorrow) afternoon at 1.30. All are invited.

Mrs. John Hastings has returned from the hospital in Philadelphia, where she has been under treatment for her eyes.

Joshua T. Hamblin, who is employed in Virginia, is visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Joshua Hamblin, this week.

Don't fail to hear Hon. M. J. Fanning's lecture next Monday evening at the Methodist Church. Everybody welcome.

50 conversions were reported at the M. P. Church at Salisbury last Sunday morning. A revival is also in progress at the M. E. Church.

The three day rainstorm at Wilmington did great damage in the lower part of the city, which was flooded from Brandywine Creek.

C. W. Hanley, on the Libertytown road, reported on Thursday that he had nine young lambs from four ewes, all doing nicely so far.

Clayton Richardson and family, of Wilmington, visited at the home of Mrs. Richardson's aunt, Mrs. Asher Collins, Saturday and Sunday.

For Sale—Registered Holstein Friesian bull, coming three years old. Atlantic Stock Farm, near Ocean City, or C. P. Cullen, Berlin, Maryland.

Mr. and Mrs. Jenkins Bowen left this morning for a ten-day visit with her sister in Philadelphia. They expect to hear Billy Sunday while there.

Home-Grown Irish Cobbler Seed Potatoes for sale. This is fine seed free from disease. Leave your orders for spring planting. PETERS FARM BUREAU, Berlin, Md.

Alonzo Gardner, of Preston, and his brother, Horace Gardner, of Springfield, Mass., are missing from their partly-burned camp in Florida, and believed to be murdered.

Mrs. Nellie Schermer has purchased of Horace Davis the house on Grace Avenue formerly occupied by Henry Adams, and, with her father, moved there last Saturday.

There will be a Valentine Social at the hall in Newark on Saturday night, Feb. 13th, under the auspices of the Y. P. S. C. E. of Trinity M. P. Church. Everybody invited.

Mr. Davis, of Easton, and another member of the State Board of Health, who are making a tour of the state inspecting the water supply, were in Berlin Thursday. They were very much pleased with the cleanliness and good order at the power plant.

Unless you are a regular correspondent, always sign your name when sending in news. We cannot print it otherwise, unless we are able to verify its correctness some other way.

Sidney Truitt has moved to one of the new houses on Burley Street belonging to J. W. Humphreys, and Elmer Shockley will go to the house he vacated, near the Adkins Company's Mill.

If the date on the label of your paper is 1913 you owe us at least a dollar on your subscription and we would appreciate a prompt settlement, either of cash or produce, as best suits your convenience.

For Sale—The dwelling on Main Street formerly owned by the late Mrs. John R. Purnell, and now occupied by Mrs. Baird. For terms apply to Mrs. Mary E. Padgett, 1601 Main Street, Frederickburg, Va.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Young, of Pocomoke City, spent Sunday with Mrs. Young's parents, making the trip in their automobile. They were accompanied on their return by her sister, Miss Catherine Hammond.

The Loyal Temperance Legion elected officers last Monday to serve for the next three months. Those chosen were, Lillie Hollins, president; Whelton Holland, vice president; Lee Burbage, secretary; Mildred Holston, treasurer.

The Woman's Christian Temperance Union will meet next Wednesday evening at half-past seven with Mrs. Harvey Hastings, on Powelltown Avenue. A good attendance is desired to attend to the unusual amount of business for the month.

It is reported that there will soon be a "Jitney" service between Snow Hill and Berlin in addition to the other means of travel. It has an unfamiliar sound, but when once it starts up we'll get used to it, along with Baltimore and the other progressive towns.

Look on the label of your paper and see if your subscription has expired; and if so, kindly send us the dollar you owe. We need it to help pay our own bills. The profit in newspaper publishing is so small in these days when prices of supplies are high, that we cannot afford to let the bills become overdue.

Lee Justice, of Ocean City, was brought before Justice Benson last Saturday and fined \$50 and costs (\$61 in all) for selling liquor, 30 quarts being found in his possession. Ocean City is to be congratulated on having at least one citizen with sufficient courage to make a complaint against a known violator of the law. Has Berlin one?

The Berlin Transit Company, beginning Feb. 2nd, is making an afternoon trip on Tuesdays, Wednesdays and Thursdays, leaving Berlin at 3.05 and returning leaving Snow Hill at 4.30. This is in addition to the daily (except Sunday) morning trip, leaving Berlin at 9 and Snow Hill at 11 o'clock. Round trip, good for the day only, \$1.

The ground hog has played an exceedingly shabby trick on us and we think it time he was deposed from the time-honored position of weather-prophet. Warm, spring-like weather on Monday. Not a hint of sunshine on Tuesday, his majesty's own day, and none since then, either. Instead, a carpet of snow, and bleak north-east wind.

The Young People's Society of the Presbyterian Church will celebrate the anniversary of the Christian Endeavor next Sunday evening. The service will be held in connection with the regular church service, and will begin at seven o'clock. There will be a program that will interest all, with special music. A cordial welcome is assured.

Read the liberal offer on page 3 of 50 free cabbage plants for each \$1 paid on subscriptions to the Advance. This is the same kind of cabbage plants we have handled for years and we know you will be pleased with them. Write your name and address, with the date for shipping very plainly and bring or send the coupon to this office, with the amount of money required, and we will do the rest.

The suffrage constitutional amendment in the Pennsylvania Legislature is expected to pass the House next Monday night and the Senate by the end of the month. The prohibition amendment was introduced in the House Tuesday.

"Everybody-Go-To-Church Day" For Berlin and Vicinity.

The first day of this sort was held in Joliet, about three years ago. It was started by Henry Weeks a young business man of Joliet, Ill. Other cities and towns took up the movement, and Berlin and vicinity will have its first Go-To-Church Sunday in the near future.

The date will be decided by the joint committee appointed by the churches of the town, to arrange for "Everybody-Go-To-Church Day." It is believed that the members of the churches and the people of this community will help make it a success. It matters not what church one attends, if only he goes to some church somewhere.

The day gives every one a chance to show his or her appreciation of the uses of the church, and in some degree to extend a helping hand.

Teacher-Training Class For Berlin District.

All those in Berlin Sunday School District who wish to study teacher training or to inquire about Sunday School teacher-training are requested to meet on Saturday afternoon, February 13th, at 2 o'clock, at the manse. A class for the district is to be formed under the leadership of the County Superintendent of teacher-training, Miss Rozelle Handy. Each school in Berlin District is asked to send at least one member to this meeting, as it may result in much good to the school.

The following schools belong to Berlin District:

- Stevenson M. E., Berlin.
- Buckingham Presbyterian, Berlin.
- St. Paul's Episcopal, Berlin.
- Bishopville M. E.
- Bishopville M. E., South.
- Campbelltown M. E., South.
- Ebenezer M. E.
- Friendship M. E.
- Ironshire M. E.
- Neighborhood Sunday School.
- Ocean City Presbyterian.
- St. Paul's-by-the-Sea, Episcopal, Ocean City.
- Rehoboth M. P.
- Whaleyville M. P.
- Showell M. E.
- St. Martin's M. E.
- St. Martin's M. E., South.
- Synepuxent M. E.
- Taylorville M. E., South.

Lighthouse Undermined

The lighthouse at Cape Henlopen, Delaware, badly undermined by several storms during the last four months, is now ready to topple in the sea. Its dangerous situation was learned last Wednesday, when a survey and report on its condition and on the cost of protecting it was ordered by the Bureau of Light-houses. The problem will be solved, it is said, by constructing a new lighthouse further inland and either abandoning the present structure or razing it.

The lighthouse is now standing upon a foundation only 30 feet in depth in the sand. The seas have made such inroads on the beach that the building is but 114 feet from the ocean. Over 20 feet of the beach front washed away in six hours. During the last two years a total of 166 feet of land between the ocean and the lighthouse have disappeared. It was said that with another severe easterly storm the building will fall into the sea. The safety of the keepers is at stake.

Hon. M. J. Fanning Coming to Berlin.

Hon. M. J. Fanning, the noted Irish orator, has been secured by the Berlin W. C. T. U. to deliver his famous lecture, "Render unto Caesar," which he will give in Stevenson M. E. Church next Monday evening.

For many years Mr. Fanning has been recognized as one of the ablest temperance advocates in the field. Many Berlin people will remember his week of great lectures, stereopticon views and music (the Meick family's first appearance in this locality) fifteen years or more ago, and will be glad to renew their acquaintance.

Everyone is cordially invited. No admission charged, but a free-will offering will be taken.

YOUR MONEY

deposited in the Calvin B Taylor Banking Co., is absolutely secure. Resources of \$400,000.00, capital, surplus and undivided profits of \$100,000.00 makes this bank the strongest in the City.

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Methodist Notes.

The first report from the mile-of-pennies campaign, Tuesday evening, was a gratifying one, over \$30 having been received. It that time, representing 511 "pennies." Reports will be made each Tuesday evening before prayer-meeting.

The Brotherhood celebrated their anniversary on Thursday evening with interesting exercises.

An Epworth League Social will be given at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Pruitt this evening, February 5th, to which all the members and friends are cordially invited.

The topic for the Epworth League, Sunday evening, will be, "The Promise of Forgiveness." Leader, Miss Emma Phillips.

Rev. W. Ernest Greenfield will continue the series of sermons on "Hindrances and Helps in Church Work." Sunday morning, when the subject of the sermon will be, "My Position." The subject of the evening sermon, to parents, will be, "Is the Young Man Safe?"

Hon. M. J. Fanning, of Philadelphia, will give a temperance address Monday evening in this church, under the auspices of the W. C. T. U. Mr. Fanning is well known as a pulpit orator, and his lecture is worth hearing. Everybody is invited.

The annual meeting of the Laymen's Association of the Wilmington Conference will be held at Laurel, Del., March 24th.

Berlin Library Association Elects Officers.

The Annual Meeting of the Berlin Library Association was held at the Library, Feb. 2nd, 1915. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: president, Miss Rozelle P. Handy; treasurer, Mrs. John T. Keas; secretary, Miss Margaret Morris; librarian, Miss Margaretta E. Purnell; assistant librarians, Mrs. Harry Patey, Miss Laura Maddox, Mrs. John T. Keas and Mrs. Bishop. A vote of thanks was given the many persons who have helped the library in various ways during the year 1914.

Mrs. John V. Dennis.

Mrs. John V. Dennis, of St. Martin's, died last Saturday at the home of her son, Charles Dennis, at a ripe old age. The funeral service was held Monday afternoon at St. Martin's Church by the pastor, Rev. P. M. Bell, and was very largely attended. The interment was at Buckingham Cemetery beside her husband, who went before her about two years ago after half a century of happy married life. Several sons and daughters survive.

To Aid The Unemployed

34 emergency shops are in operation in New York, affording relief to 3,500 men and women by giving them 5 hours employment a day at 15 cents an hour and lunch for 3 cents. Vincent Astor, William M. Childs, Averill Harriman and Mortimer L. Schiff have recently been added to the committee, of which Elbert H. Gary is chairman.

Dr. Clinton Brotemarkle

Diseases of the EYE, EAR, NOSE AND THROAT. Park St., SALISBURY, MD.

Every character has an inward spring; let Christ be that spring. Henry Drummond.

Dr. Clinton Brotemarkle

Diseases of the EYE, EAR, NOSE AND THROAT. Park St., SALISBURY, MD.

Every character has an inward spring; let Christ be that spring. Henry Drummond.

Special Prices
ON
"Rogers' 1847" Silverware
For a few days.
E. H. BENSON,
ENGRAVING FREE. Jeweler.

SHOWELL. FRIENDSHIP.

The monthly business meeting and social of the Epworth League was held at the home of Mr. J. W. Mumford, Tuesday evening, a large number attending. After all business was transacted, games were engaged in. All were then invited to the dining-room, where refreshments were served.

The Epworth League will have an illustrated sermon on "The Life of Joseph," at the church on Wednesday evening, Feb. 10th, at 7 p. m. There will be some illustrated hymns and a great many stereopticon views of the life of this Bible character. No admission will be charged, and all are invited.

Mr. Howard Williams, now of Sanford, Del., visited his parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Williams, Sunday.

Mrs. Laura Dale, of Whaleyville, is spending some time with Mrs. A. E. Collins.

Mrs. J. W. Mumford, Miss Ryda Mumford and Mrs. O. M. Shockey motored to Snow Hill, Monday, with Mr. Frank Moore, of Bishopville.

There will be Sunday School at 9.30 a. m., preaching at 10.30 a. m., and Epworth League at 7 p. m., this Sunday. Rev. G. E. Sterling will have for his theme, "Self-Mastery."

Mrs. Elizabeth Bishop will lead the League. The topic is, "The Promise of Forgiveness." Everyone invited.

Mrs. Kate Purnell has been several days and is still no better.

WHALEYVILLE.

Mrs. John McCabe, of Kennedyville, spent a few days last week with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Hall.

Miss Wilkie Truitt and friend, who are attending school at Dover, visited friends here Saturday.

Miss Lillie Wells, of Pittsville, spent a few days this week with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Wells.

Mr. Charles Cooper attended the funeral of Mrs. Dennis, at St. Martin's.

Mr. Ernest Jones, of Powellville, accepted a position in the garage.

"The Voice of Authority," an interesting play, will be given by the young people of Whaleyville on the evening of Feb. 20th, in the town hall Whaleyville. General admission fifteen cents. Ice cream will be served.

SYNEPUXENT.

Miss Edith Adkins, of Snow Hill, spent part of the week with her friend, Miss Edith Gray.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Jarman are visiting her mother, Mrs. T. C. Coffin, this week.

The Church Improvement Club will hold a Measuring Social at the home of Miss Clara Cropper Saturday evening, Feb. 6th. Both young and old are invited. Proceeds for the benefit of the church.

Mr. and Mrs. Calvin Palmer spent Sunday at the home of her brother, Mr. John K. Davis.

Mr. and Mrs. George Brittingham spent Thursday with Mr. and Mrs. William Massey.

We are glad to report Mr. John Quillin better at this writing.

There will be service this Sunday as usual. All are invited.

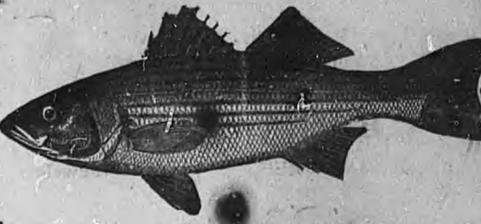
One Tree Brings Nearly \$100.

The government has received \$99.40 in settlement for a single sugar pine tree which was cut in trespass in the Stanislaus National Forest, in California, and which yielded more than enough actual lumber to build a good-sized suburban frame house. The tree measured 18,933 board feet, and was valued at \$5.25 per thousand feet.

Not many trees contain enough lumber to build a two-foot board walk nearly two miles long, and this is believed to be the first case on record in which a single tree felled in a National Forest was valued at almost \$100 on the stump, although National Forest timber is frequently sold at considerably higher rates.

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Syrup White Pine and Tar
COUGH SYRUP
While they last, 2 Gold Fish and Aquarium.
Farlow's Pharmacy,
BERLIN, MARYLAND.

The Mystery of the Pelican
A Story of the Sea During Wartime.
By F. A. MITCHEL

On the 3d of October, 1914, the ship Julia Gowan sailed from New York for Genoa, Italy. She was an English boat, owned by Americans and converted after the Great European war broke out to a United States vessel. She carried a cargo of copper. Whether it was intended for Italy or to be forwarded to a country engaged in war I never knew, but I did know that copper was in great demand for the manufacture of ammunition. And I further knew that, although we were sailing under the stars and stripes, our captain was constantly on the lookout for war vessels, though I am not sure whether at that time copper had been declared contraband of war.

We steered a course south of that usually taken by ships bound for the Mediterranean in order to take as little risk as possible. There are few vessels to be met with on that part of the world's waters, and we did not speak a ship till we were in longitude 32 degrees 40 minutes west, latitude 28 degrees 20 minutes north, and then we spoke a vessel we came upon because she had been abandoned.

She was a small steamer of about 800 tons. Our captain, after satisfying himself that he could get no reply to signals sent me aboard her with a dozen men to examine her and report. I found her in good order, but the only living thing aboard was a dog. He was dying of hunger, but I considered that he could not have been left there very long or he would doubtless have died. For I could not find any indications that food had been left for him.

I went below to have a look at the cargo and found the hold full of rifles. The machinery seemed to be in good working order, and there was a trace of fire left in the furnace. The only thing wanting was the lifeboats. I saw no reason why she should not be taken into port as a prize. I signaled the captain, telling him what I had found, and he came aboard to have a look at the ship and cargo himself.

We concluded that the vessel had sighted a man of war and that the crew, expecting capture, had concluded to get away themselves. There were several ways by which they might have escaped—in a fog or by boarding a faster vessel than the pursuer. The absence of the ship's boats tended to confirm this theory.

The captain concluded to try to get the vessel into port as a prize. If she could be taken to Europe her cargo would be very valuable, but of course there was danger of capture by war vessels, for there was no doubt that a cargo of rifles was contraband of war. Anyway, the captain directed me to remain aboard with the men I had with me, including an engineer that he would send me, and ordered me to try to get the ship to either a Spanish or a Portuguese port. If I could get far enough north to reach the western

coast of France, better still, but he advised me not to try for France unless I was chased and saw a chance to escape in that direction.

Since there was fuel for power and food for a prize crew there was nothing to be sent me except the engineer. Soon after his arrival the fires were relighted, and steam having been generated, we parted with the Gowan, because I took a more northern course, and the next morning she was out of sight.

I found that our prize—her name was the Pelican—was a faster ship than might have been expected from her size. She could do fifteen knots an hour. There were flags of all nations aboard, which was not surprising, considering that she was carrying a contraband cargo. Indeed, there was every indication that she had been taking big risks.

One unexpected discovery was made—there had been a woman aboard. We found in a stateroom we supposed to have been intended for the captain a lot of feminine paraphernalia. Thinking that in this room I might find something that would throw light on the case, I made a careful search. I found nothing except a crumpled bit of writing paper on which had been written in a woman's hand:

"Father—Why am I locked in my room? I am frantically worried about you. Some thing must have happened. I will try to get this to you, but I don't know how."
HELEN.

There was just enough in this to be tantalizing. Who was "father"? And who was Helen? She had evidently not been able to send her message and had crumpled it and thrown it into one of the drawers.

I would have proceeded at once to look for further evidence, but at that time I discovered this message I was called on deck by the watch, who had sighted a line of smoke on the starboard quarter. I kept on the same course till the steamer came near enough for me to see with a glass that she was a cruiser though she displayed no flag; then I put the ship due north, which would place the cruiser astern. She was evidently coming for me, for she increased rapidly in size. I put on all steam, but the cruiser must have been making from three to six knots more than I, since she drew up on me rapidly. It did not matter much what was her nationality, for if she caught us she would take our cargo. If she were a neutral and we could prove ourselves neutral we would not be liable to seizure, but unfortunately for us we had no papers at all.

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Baltimore, Maryland.

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to be right, or no money. Prices are in the reach of every auto owner. Let us give you estimate.

We do all kinds of Cast-Iron, Steel and Aluminum welding with the new process Acetylene and Oxygen Gas. It will pay you to save your old castings.

W. G. MURPHY,
PROPRIETOR.

It was about 5 o'clock in the evening when we discovered the cruiser, and by the time it fell dark she had approached within five or six miles of us. I ordered every light put out, but she brought a searchlight to bear on us and immediately after fired a gun after us. Then a friendly fog came along and threw a mantle about us that not even a searchlight could penetrate. The cruiser lost us and did not find us again.

The next day one of the crew came to me and reported that the men were in great fear that the ship was haunted. Moans had been heard. I sent for the man who had heard them and ordered him to take me to the part of the ship from whence they seemed to have emanated. He led me on to a lower deck, where there were a few staterooms. I opened several of them, but found nothing. Then suddenly a sound of some one crying came from one of the others. I opened two doors before I located the sound. Then, trying a third, I found it locked.

I knocked, but my doing so only seemed to increase the sobbing within. "We are friends," I said, "and wish to serve you."

"Then why have you locked me in here and left me without food or drink?"

The voice was that of a woman. I told her that if she would open the door I would explain certain matters to her of which she might be ignorant. She replied that she could not open the door and that she had the key, whereupon I decided that if she could not open it I would.

"Look out!" I cried. "I'm going to break down the door!" Then, drawing back, I put my heel against it and it flew open.

Inside was a girl about nineteen years old. She was dressed, but had got into a berth to avoid the opening door. Crying bitterly, she was evidently uncertain whether we were friends or coming to do her harm. She was very pale and weak, and I saw at once that she was starving. Before questioning her I sent for food, of which I gave her sparingly. Then I carried her up to the stateroom where I had found women's clothing.

She told me that this had been her room and she had been taken from it by several members of the crew to the one in which I had found her.

As soon as the girl was able to talk, fully expecting that the mystery of the Pelican was about to be solved, I asked her for her story. I was doomed to disappointment. She knew very little more than I did. Her father was or had been master of the Pelican. He had sailed from a small port in the States. He had told his daughter before sailing that she might go on a trip with him, but nothing more. One morning when she had tried to leave her stateroom she found the door locked. The same evening she had been taken to the room in which I found her and was confined there. A supper had been given her and the next morning a breakfast. That was all she knew. She was much surprised to learn that the ship had been deserted and greatly feared for her father's safety, for she was sure that, if free to act, he would not have left her in peril.

I cross questioned Miss Bradford—Helen Bradford was her name—hoping to get some clue that would enable me at least to form a theory which would solve the mystery. I got nothing. She did not even know that the cargo consisted of rifles. She was aware that a great war was being fought, and her father had told her that the ship was liable to be overhauled by a cruiser and searched, but whatever happened she would be in no danger. The only incident she mentioned bearing on the case was that the porthole in her stateroom had been darkened at night.

Our voyage proved an exciting one, chased as we were on several occasions by cruisers. We always showed a neutral flag and at the same time a clean pair of heels. The worst of it was that we were driven off our course several times, and thus kept wandering about in the Atlantic ocean. On one occasion, being chased by a gunboat, we would have been taken were it not for the fact that we could do about a knot more than she.

I spent whatever time I could spare in trying to comfort Helen Bradford, and since pity is akin to love, I may have been in love without knowing it. I certainly had enough on my mind to keep me from anything sentimental. I found out afterward the nature of my feelings for the girl I had been instrumental in rescuing.

During a spell of bad weather we lost our reckoning, and one still morning, enveloped in a fog, we went ashore on the coast of Morocco. We had various visitors, among them an Italian trader, to whom I confided the secret of my cargo. He proved wealthy enough to buy it and paid me in gold. I went ashore with Miss Bradford and the crew, and the next night a strange landing wood of the Pelican. I married Miss Bradford, and we returned to America. I constituted myself a court of admiralty and divided the price for the Pelican's cargo as I considered just, my wife getting the principal part. We have not as yet heard from her father, and the mystery of the Pelican is still unsolved. My theory is that the crew mutinied; that, being chased by a cruiser, they left the ship in the ship's boats, taking the captain prisoner with them. His daughter may have been left in the hurry of departure.

A Sharpshooter's Duel
By SAMUEL E. BRAND

At the close of the Spanish-American war Edward Cunningham, who had been through the Santiago campaign as a private in a sharpshooter regiment, was considered an expert in that line of warfare. He knew all the dodges in an enemy's fire to an innumerable extent, in causing him to show himself and had the ability to put a bullet just where he pleased at almost any distance.

Cunningham went to college in the war, and when he came out of it, being much run down by the climate of Cuba, he decided to go abroad to recover his strength.

In Paris he met a couple of young Americans who had been in the Spanish war, and the three set about seeing Paris. One evening at a cafe they ran up against a party of French army officers, who, recognizing them for Americans, began to make invidious remarks against the United States. They said nothing calling for resentment, however, but Ned took a little silk United States flag out of his pocket and waved it in their faces.

"Put that dirty rag up!" said one of the officers.

"You call that a dirty rag, do you?" said Ned, his eye lighting with anger. "I'll give you colored dirt." And he threw some from his glass in the officer's face and on his bosom. The man thus addressed calmly wiped away the wine with his napkin, then said a few words to some of the others, who came to the table of the Americans and demanded satisfaction under the code. Cunningham assented, but, being the challenged party and thus having the choice of terms under which the duel should take place, chose for the meeting grounds a farm some twenty miles from Paris and for weapons rifles. The principals were to take position in a field, and each, after each conducting the campaign according to his own secret will.

This did not suit the Frenchman at all. There were but two ways of fighting a duel to which he was accustomed—the one with a foil, the other with a pistol, the former being the ordinary French method. He objected to any except one of these methods. Cunningham, however, thought the Frenchman would apologize for speaking disrespectfully of the American flag he would apologize for throwing wine over him. But the officer, being in the army, could not permit such an insult to pass without a fight. He was therefore obliged to accept Cunningham's terms.

On morning bright and early the two parties started by separate conveyances to the farm on which they were to fight. They had succeeded in keeping the affair from the public, but it was known among army officers, and they flocked to the ground in order to witness this singular fight. They have since been their stories about the sharpshooter's duel.

It is a question if there is the free fighting, the ingenious methods practiced among Americans, whose expedients come down from the Indians.

The two principals were placed, the one on the north, the other on the south side of the farm. The interval between them was made up of fields partly and thinly wooded. Unless they purposely covered themselves by taking position here and there behind a tree the duelists could see each other all the way. The distance, so far as the fight was concerned, was not so great as would appear, for the carrying range of the rifles was considerable.

They had scarcely left their positions before Cunningham fired several shots. Whether he hit or not got some idea from the rattle of his enemy's rifle was not known. His first shot was made behind a fence thickly lined with bushes. At the same time his enemy took position behind a stone wall. They were in long range.

The American resorted to the common device of raising his hat above his screen. Getting a bullet in it, he was not killed in this kind of warfare. When he saw the Frenchman change his position, passing a gateway, Cunningham's aim was confirmed. He could have shot the man during the few seconds he was exposed.

Cunningham had no wish to kill his enemy. During the maneuver he could have shot the Frenchman several times, but he was trying to win him, he vented a shout that would permit him to get in easy shot. Tearing a loose piece of railing from the fence, he picked up a stick about three feet long and with his handkerchief fastened it across the longer piece about a foot from one end. Taking off his coat, he put the stick in the end, as he usually made. Having finished his work, he held his figure against the top of the fence so that it would look as if his enemy as if he were sitting on it.

Two shots came in rapid succession, one of them striking the dummy over the head. The Frenchman saw it fall and, concluding he had shot his enemy, came forward and advanced leisurely across the field. Cunningham watched for an opportunity to wing him without any injury to himself and put a bullet through the calf of his leg.

Without the drawing of blood the affair might have gone on indefinitely. Nothing more was required. Mutual apologies were exchanged, and Cunningham and his friends were entertained at the mess of the French.

Patience and Flamingo.

The book of the pelican's bill is red, and undoubtably the young with blood from its own beak, but the bird's breast is more easily empty when the red tip might be mistaken for blood. Another explanation is that the pelican became confused with the young, which discharges into the beak of its young a secretion which resembles blood.

Increasing use of the national forests by local farmers and settlers to supply their needs for timber is shown in the fact that small timber sales on the forests numbered 8,208 in 1914, against 6,182 the previous year.

Bacon: "And does your son show any signs of his college training?"

Egbert: "Oh, yes; he's quite lame from an injury he received on the football team."

JAMES J. ROSS, PRESIDENT. WM. DENNEY, Sec'y and Treas.

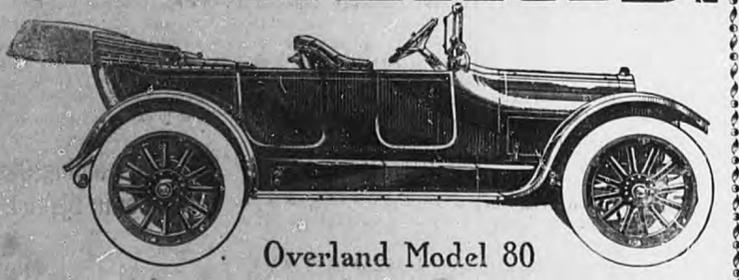
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35 H. P. 114 in wheel base, 34 by 4 in. tires, electric-lights and starter, full stream line body, heavy crown fenders, classy built wind shield. PRICE \$1,075.

30 H. P. Full 5-passenger touring car, 106 in. wheel base, stream line body, electric-lights and starter, 33 by 4 in. tires, demountable rims, a beautiful well-made car for \$850.

30 H. P. Roadster, electric-lights and starter, \$795.

45 H. P. 6 cylinder, 7 passenger \$1,475. ALL PRICES F. O. B. FACTORY.

A Full Line of These Cars Can Be Seen at Our Garage at Selbyville, Del.

Ask for demonstration.

WILLIAMS & SCOTT, SELBYVILLE, DELAWARE.

Try Advance Job Printing.

TRAILED BY THE RUSSIAN POLICE
Man Takes Desperate Chances to Evade Capture.

Having received an education in practical chemistry and served as superintendent in a steel works, I was offered a large salary to take charge of a factory in Russia. Three years were all I could endure in that country, and I made up my mind to quit.

Just as the train on which I left pulled out of the station a man came running from the outside, jumped on the footboard and was helped by the guard into one of the compartments. Opposite me sat a man, evidently in a humble walk of life, who watched eagerly the one who boarded the train and leaned out of the window when he was helped into the compartment.

"Dangerous attempt," I remarked. "The fellow might have been killed."

"My vis-a-vis made no reply for some time. Then, pulling himself together, he said:

"You do not recognize me, superintendent?"

"I do not."

"I am one of the workmen in the factory. I am Ivan Sviatshki."

"One of the men who got up the recent petition to the czar?"

"Yes. They are after me. That man who boarded the train is one of the police. As soon as the train stops he will arrest me. They are waiting for me the horrors of Siberia."

He had known that I sympathized with the Russian workmen—indeed, that sympathy was one of the reasons for my leaving Russia—and had confided in me for this reason. I wished I could help him, but saw no way. I would have given him my passport, but he told me he was known to the police and could not pass as another man. His plan was to risk death by jumping from the train as soon as it was dark. I did not think there was any chance in a hundred for him in this course and told him so, but failed to move him. He said he would rather die than suffer in Siberia and would make a leap which he knew would be almost surely fatal. He gave me the address of his family and begged me to communicate what I knew about him to them.

As soon as it was dark he climbed out of the window and, standing on the footboard, bade me goodbye and walked away from the window. I sat and thought about him till the train made the first stop.

There it was surrounded by the police, who had doubtless been telegraphed, and every passenger was examined critically. The man they looked for was not to be found. The police, concluding that he had jumped from the train, gave up the search, permitted us to proceed, and I suppose went back over the road to discover the result. I knew that all the time the train

had speeded so fast that the man must have been killed, and on the way kept thinking of his mangled body lying by the track. I could not sleep and was glad when morning came and we reached the border.

At the station there I was going into a dining room to get breakfast when I was stopped by a railroad hand whom I took for a locomotive fireman.

"Are you the American superintendent?" he asked.

"I suppose so," I replied, puzzled.

"Come with me."

In a twinkling it occurred to me that he might have news of the man I was interested in, and I followed him, his keeping some distance ahead of me. He took me a few hundred yards up the road, where stood a locomotive. The engineer was cleaning his engine, and one or two killers were gazing at the machine. The man I had followed glanced at them meaningly, and I knew we must wait for them. So we waited. When the last one had gone the fireman—for such he was—came up into the tender and whispered something to some one, I could not tell whom, for there was nothing there, so far as I could see, but coal. Then he beckoned me to climb up and, removing a tupe of coal, exposed a man's face, the face of Ivan Sviatshki.

It was plain to me that Sviatshki had walked along the footboard to the tender, climbed over it and, finding sympathetic laborers in the engineer and fireman, they had concealed him under the coal. He had sent for me, hoping that I would furnish him with means to go to America and find employment for him when he arrived there. I placed some money in the hands of the engineer for him and appointed a place of meeting provided he could get safely out of Russian territory. I left him still in an uncomfortable position under the coal—for the time had not come when he could be released without too great a risk—and after getting a breakfast I proceeded on my journey.

I waited at the rendezvous, and as he did not appear I feared that after all he had been captured. I made up my mind to write what I knew about him to his family and proceed on my way when I was told that there was an old man at the door of the hotel who wished to see me. I went out, thinking that he might be my man disguised, but on seeing him could see not the slightest resemblance. He fooled me for several minutes before telling me that he was Sviatshki.

I brought him home with me, secured work for him, and in a couple of years he sent for his family to join him.

The Elastic Touch.

"Funny the crows should have such a terrible aversion to borrowing, isn't it?"

"Yes, how much did he induce you to force upon him?"—Philadelphia Ledger.

Great Match Users.

More matches are used in Great Britain than in any other country in the world.

"Follow Me, And..."
(Continued from page 3.)

about us, are aying sinners. There is the remedy at hand, and here is the sweeping, malady of sin, and we are silent! Not every one is dumb. But the multitudes of those professing to be Christ's, having eyes, see not, having ears, hear not the call from Calvary, nor the echo from a dying world.

Paul declares that the greatest of all the graces is love. The greatest need of the perishing multitudes is love, a love for souls that will start the whole Church to enter the business of persuading men to be reconciled to God. The Friend of sinners has paid the price. He has sent the Holy Spirit to convict the world of sin, and now calls upon His own, "Follow me," in the blessed life of faith, obedience, and love for souls, that will equip us for the toll He has left us.—The Herald and Presbyter.

Weak, Weary Women
Learn the Cause of Daily Woes and End Them.

When the back aches and throbs, When housework is torture, When night brings no rest nor sleep, When urinary disorders set in, Women's lot is a weary one.

Doan's Kidney Pills are for weak kidneys.

Have proved their worth in Berlin. This is one Berlin woman's testimony.

Mrs. W. J. Massey, William St., Berlin, Md., says: "For years, disordered kidneys caused me much suffering. I had rheumatic twinges in my joints and shoulders, and other symptoms of kidney complaint. Backache also bothered me. During the four years I have used Doan's Kidney Pills, they have kept my kidneys in fine condition. I am only too glad to give this recommendation."

Price 50c at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mrs. Massey had. Foster-Milburn Co., Props., Buffalo, N. Y.

"When you wake in the morning tell yourself that this new day has been given you that you may put into it some high aspiration, some brave effort, some act of kindness. The day is an empty goblet, left for you to fill, as you please."