

Saint Mary's Beacon

LEONARDTOWN, MD.

Thursday Morning, Oct. 2, 1919.

WHEN A MAN IS 40.

Prizefighting, as has often been pointed out, is too strenuous a game for elderly gentlemen approaching the age of 40. However, men of the maturity of Mr. Willard would do well to take their relaxation in playing golf. Men under 25 make the best soldiers. Thirty is the dead line for those who do the work in polar expeditions. Once in a great while a man in the 20s is able to play tournament tennis. But most of the champions are around 20. Just why this is nobody knows. Under the microscope it can be seen that the arteries of a person over 30 are beginning to show their age, says Kansas City Star. That is about all. Presumably, other changes are going on that have not yet been observed. When a person approaches 40 he might as well recognize the inevitable and adjust himself to natural conditions. He has no business trying for championships in the prize ring or fancying himself an athlete. But there are compensations. His brain doesn't go into the discard along with his biceps. He can go on improving that to the end.

The sweep of the damage throughout the continent was too wide and too complete to expect all repairs to be made within a year or so, but Hoover's information that Europe soon will be standing on its own feet with comparative firmness supported by the early activity of the vigorous neutrals is assuring. The thrifty, energetic spirit has reasserted itself and according to Mr. Hoover only awaits further opportunity which will appear with the ratification of peace terms that will make plain just what part each nation will be expected to play in the reconstruction. The main fact is that the period of food shortage has passed away not to return except in the event of some form of disaster to agricultural production, says Indianapolis News. The Hoover outlook should lead to an easing of the strain upon the American producers and consumers, to whom phenomenal crops meant nothing but the liberal feeding of Europe.

"Fifty years through a desert! That's what the treaty means to us Germans," said Herr von Haase, president of the German parliament. "Fifty years through a desert," after four and a half years through Belgium and northern France, says Cincinnati Times-Star. How wonderful must be the mirage that lured a militarism lustful of empire through such a path of devastation! But, after all, are fifty years of reformation a heavy sentence for four and a half years of international crime?

When the farmer's wife went "to the store" in 1918 she paid 178 per cent more for sheeting than she did in 1914, 176 per cent for brooms, 257 per cent for calico, 121 per cent for dinner plates, 150 per cent for dish pans, 40 per cent for fruit jars, 94 per cent for kitchen chairs, 77 per cent for lamps, 210 per cent for muslin, 108 per cent for stoves, and 99 per cent more for wooden wash tubs.

Just as booze was blamed for all the ills of the world, so we may as well prepare to have the lack of it given as the cause of new conditions. For instance, the sugar shortage is attributed to increased consumption of soft drinks and candies following prohibition. Anyhow, there's always an explanation, whether it satisfies or not.

A veteran of the Franco-Prussian war has just had his beard cut, which he vowed to allow to grow until Alsace-Lorraine was free. This sort of vow is not an uncommon one, though no human intelligence nor penetration has ever been able to discover what good it has accomplished.

Federal authorities counsel the people to eat more beef lest the stock-raising industry become discouraged. When some way is devised to force the retailer to sell at a reasonable ratio of profit the people will eat more beef.

The British foreign office has discovered that 23 wars are now in progress in the world—enough, it would seem to insure the capture of Petrograd at least once a week during the remainder of the summer.

A Montana man has invented an apparatus that drops a spot of paint on a hen's back to show when she laid an egg. Is that necessary? Most of the hens we know make no secret of the fact that they have laid.

Despair has seized the Turks as the result of the reply of Clemenceau to the Turkish mission. It is well something has occurred to make the Turk in Europe realize that at last he has met his master.

Nicola Tesla says that flying will be done at the height of eight miles. So don't change seats in the machine.

It is never too hot to dance, if you are that young.

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CLOTHING FOR THE KIDDIES

Cotton Wash Dresses Are Favored in Preference to Linen, Which is Expensive This Year.

For children's wash dresses cotton ruffle, chambray, gingham, cross-bar batiste, voile, dotted swiss and organdy are all to be found, and there are some linens, but linens are expensive this year. At the best they are an expensive fabric for a child, because the little frocks and smocks and suits "miss up" so quickly.

Ribbons play a peculiarly interesting part in a child's wardrobe, at all times for there is never anything more distinctive in her costume than the last ribbon she wears.

This season ribbons are used as an embellishment for dresses, as a trimming, and an exclusively made-to-order appearance is produced in certain simple ready-to-wear dresses by good taste touches of smocking, hemstitching and embroidery.

Wool embroideries on silk is a very effective trimming, both for dresses and hats.

Valenciennes lace is, of course, just coming into popular favor again and is much in evidence on little girls' clothes. Fillet lace is also seen, and here and there one finds baby Irish crochet that, like valenciennes, is, like the clock pendulum, swinging the other way, coming back from obscurity and disuse.

USE FOR DISCARDED BLOUSES

Crepe de Chine and Georgette Garments May Easily Be Converted Into Camisoles.

When the crepe de chine and georgette blouses have outlived their original usefulness they are not always ready for the refuse heap, says one practical girl who always finds other purposes to which they are adapted. Quite often she converts them into camisoles, sometimes so skillfully that she can make two out of a single blouse. By opening the sleeves and using broad insertion of shadow lace or ribbon, ribbon shoulder straps and a row of beading at the top, she so completely transforms the material that it would never realize that it had been of previous service. Old scraps can be utilized as linings for dainty hats, as coverings for dress shields which are to be worn under other sheer blouses, or to mend or strengthen a part of the blouse which shows wear, as often occurs in the back at the belt line.

MODES OF THE MOMENT

Many little children appear charming in pure yellow frocks. Sweaters have adopted the Eiel openwork design in silk or wool. A knitted sweater dress with a knitted hat is correct for tennis. The more elaborate evening gown is often deeply fringed with jet. Narrow patent leather belts hold in the front fullness of the cape.

Cretonne Garden Apron.

All enveloping aprons made of slow-creed cretonne are shown for girls of six to ten years for garden or play wear. They are very well worth while, protecting the dress and giving it a longer lease of life. These are often accompanied by matching sunbonnets or hats, and occasionally by bugs as well, although the bug is rather unnecessary.

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Country Urged to Keep Benefits Gained Through Lesson of Saving Learned Last Year.

Fellowship in the fastest growing society in the United States is open to everybody. In every state in the union it is gaining members daily, since it is a society in which the good of the country is served as well as that of the individual.

From all walks of life its millions of ever increasing members come. No one can be a member and keep the pledge he takes without receiving lasting benefits and aiding the United States of America to maintain the proud place it has already attained—the peer of any nation that has ever existed.

When the treasury department of the United States began the attempt to solve the financial problems that beset the country as it was entering the war, the United States was a debtor nation. Only an understanding that it is the greatest creditor nation in the world today can one realize what an achievement has been won. Without a direct tax on the people money has been raised to pay for the successful termination of the war, and this cost more than \$20,000,000,000. Beside this enormous amount of money there is now more money in the banks than before.

This, of course, was done through the Liberty Loans, principally. But these loans have ceased, and those at the head of the nation's finances are seeking to clinch the lesson already learned, and are urging the permanent establishment of War Savings Societies.

The Treasury Department is doing a service for the small investor in accepting so small an amount as twenty-five cents and giving the same security that the holder of a \$10,000 Liberty Bond enjoys—the entire resources of the United States of America. Could anything be more safe?

CAN CHOP OVER HEAD

We joined with glee to celebrate the birthday anniversary of Washington, who when a boy chopped down his father's cherry tree, and later, though still a youth, surveyed the trackless forest waste, and always practiced simple truth in every project he embraced. Then when the Revolution broke out George stepped bravely to the fore and threw aside our foreign yoke, and saw us safely through the war. No adjectival flourish here could tell in full his epic life, but this we know and hold it dear, he won our nation's primal strife; he fought, he built, he sagely taught, he loved this land of liberty, and what his sacrifice then bought is handed on to you and me. To him we owe nothing, but to keep our nation's honor bright, and emulate him so that yet we travel holding Freedom's light; we cannot all chop cherry bark, but we can chop the "overhead," and cutting out some costly lark, buy W. S. S. instead.

WORLD'S GREATEST POWER.

I am the World's Greatest Power. I am the difference between success and failure. I am little in size. I am little in cost. But— I am mighty big when the time comes to use me. I am always ready for use. I am the best friend in need you can have. I am always worth all that you pay for me. And— I increase in value every month you keep me. I am the safest investment you can make. I am for sale everywhere. I am wisdom, thrift and safety combined. I am worth money at any time. Because— I am issued by the United States Government. I am cradled upon ten days' notice at any postoffice. I AM A WAR SAVINGS STAMP.

Woods and thriftless habits take the same treatment. Thrift Stamps are the tools which will mow down the latter.

War Savings Stamps—a loan to Uncle Sam, who returns your money at the end of five years plus four per cent interest compounded quarterly.

A thrifty man is safe from worry. Buy wisely, save intelligently, and invest in Thrift and War Savings Stamps.

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War Savings Stamps—a loan to Uncle Sam, who returns your money at the end of five years plus four per cent interest compounded quarterly.

THE IMPOSTOR

By FRANK L. PACKARD

(Copyright.)

(Continued From Sixth Page.)

There was an echoing creak of chairs as they were shoved back all over the room, the scuffle of heavy boots as men rose to their feet. Wallen, suddenly hard-faced, taken by surprise, hastily pushed his own chair back and stood up.

Marie was laughing brutally now, but in a strangely hysterical way, in which relief again was dominant. It puzzled Wallen—but there was little time to think of that. The men from the nearest table were pushing forward.

"What do you chaps say to that?" Marie bawled out, pointing toward Wallen. "This 'ere cove says he's Wallen, the first mate of the Upolo, the bark you've all read about as being picked up by the Phyllis!"

A chorus of derisive jeers, oaths and guffaws greeted the announcement. Wallen's hand slipped into his coat pocket and closed over his automatic. They were crowding now, and by the barroom door, and by the light in the hall, Wallen saw that the men were closing in around him now.

He glanced quickly over his shoulder to locate precisely the position of the rear door, should it come to a row—and instinctively stepped back a pace as a hulking, rawboned fellow, half drunk and carrying his liquor bottle, lurched forward.

"Hi! He says that, wot we says is that 'e's a bloody impostor!" An announced the man truculently. "An' wot's more, we doesn't like the looks of 'im when he comes in 'ere, does we mates? An' wot's more—'tis that!" He made a sudden, wicked pass at Wallen's face.

A yell of applause greeted the act. But the blow never reached its mark—Wallen had dealt too long and too intimately with the forecastle not to recognize the broad around him that was the forecastle's curse and the curse of the better men who honored it. With a quick sidestep he evaded the blow, whipped his left in a lightning drive to the other's chin, and, as the man staggered backward into the crowd Wallen leaped for the rear door behind him.

He reached it, but not before they were upon him like a pack of wolves, snarling at him, tearing at him, their breaths in his face, pounding at him, trying to trip him up, to throw him to the floor.

The place was now in pandemonium. Again and again Wallen's clubbed revolver rose and fell, again and again his fist shot in and out and still he kept his feet; but he could not free himself long enough to get the door open—and then something seemed to lend him added passion, added strength.

The face of Drink-House Sam! It was just out of reach—just out of reach. He flung two men from him and lunged forward. If he could only mark that face! A bellows of delight from Marie greeted the savage onslaught—and Wallen's fist had smashed straight between the red little blinking eyes. The suddenness of the attack brought an instant pause—and in that instant he had reached the door and this time wrenched it open.

And then Wallen laughed, not pleasantly, and his revolver, not clubbed

now, swept the crowd. "It'll be out here somewhere in the darkness," he told them grimly as he backed away. "And the first man that steps across the threshold I'll drop the way I'd drop a mad dog!"

They stared at him, dazed, sullen, but without a word—until they could no longer see him—and then they answered him with catcalls, hoots, profanity and brave defiance. But no man crossed the threshold.

He moved backward cautiously, making no sound, edging along in a side-wise direction—and suddenly, to his own surprise and relief, where he had expected to encounter a fence or some other obstruction, found instead that the rear of Drink-House Sam's gave evidently onto only vacant ground, for he had now come out onto what was either a street or a lane.

But while his escape was now assured, Wallen was in no happy frame of mind. He had yet to square accounts with Drink-House Sam. He had accomplished not only no part of the purpose for which he had come, but had, worse still, probably put the man thoroughly on his guard. But the night was still young and Drink-House Sam was still there!

He was not through with Drink-House Sam yet; the ill luck of his first attempt changed matters not at all; he would never be through with Drink-House Sam until—that murderous sweep of passion was on him again—until he had not only forced the secret out of the other but had paid the score between them as well! And this time he would see to it that the privacy of the interview was of his own making.

Wallen made a wide circuit of the place, which, owing to his ignorance of the neighborhood, in which he lost himself several times, consumed fully half an hour.

But at the expiration of that time he was stealing along the opposite side of the street in front of Drink-House Sam's again; and, grateful now for the dimness of the surroundings and the absence of lights, slipped into a narrow alleyway, or more properly a space some three feet wide between two buildings facing Drink-House Sam's, and lay down upon the ground.

By and by Drink-House Sam would go to bed, by and by that light in the barroom would go out, and by the hangers-on would be dispersed, and by and by somewhere in that house he would get Drink-House Sam alone.

Wallen lay there, his eyes on the barroom door, waiting for an opportunity someone straggled in, occasionally someone straggled out; but it was many hours, while he grew stiff and cramped, before the place began to empty out—before Drink-House Sam himself at the doorway was ejecting, with some force and more profanity, what appeared to be the last of his guests.

And then the light in the barroom was extinguished. It was very late; but precisely what time it was Wallen did not know, only that he had lain there for an interminable space. Well, he waited all long he could afford to wait still another hour—until Drink-House Sam and whoever else was in the place had got to bed and got to sleep. This time he would leave nothing to chance.

A light appeared suddenly in the end room on the veranda over the barroom—and Wallen's lips parted in a twisted smile. Luck again! That was Drink-House Sam's room! The man, dishonest against the light, was opening the veranda door, for, as probably, the room obviously then had two doors, for Marie had entered it from the interior of the house. Wallen smiled again. He would enter from the veranda. Luck was coming now in greater measure than he had dared to hope.

The light in the room went out. The minutes passed, a quarter of an hour, a half, three-quarters—and then Wallen set up, unlaced his boots and, tying them together with their straps, slung them around his neck.

Like a shadow, a little blacker than the surrounding blackness, he was across the street, and quickly, agilely, silently, was swarming up one of the veranda posts.

He paused as he reached the rail to listen—the rail was old and it had creaked a little, not loudly, but—who knew—it might have been heard.

There was not a sound. He swung over onto the veranda and moved cautiously forward. In a moment he was at Marie's door. Again he listened. Nothing—not a sound!

Only darkness within, pitch blackness—and he could see nothing. His face was set now, his jaws hard-clamped. His plan was simple—to choke this human devil into submission before the other could make a sound, to get his fingers first of all upon the ruffian's throat.

He was stealing into the room, feeling before him. He touched the foot of the bed and guided himself along the side of it.

Stealthily, inch by inch, he crept toward the head of the bed, reached it, his hands shot forward, lunging swiftly with the body weight behind them, closed on the man's throat—and the next instant he was staggering backward, a low cry of horror on his lips. His hands were wet—wet with warm blood!

He could not see, but he knew it was blood. Unnerved, shaken to the soul, a panic upon him, he stood there for a moment, his mind in riot. Then, fighting desperately for self-control, he took a match from his pocket and lighted it. He closed his eyes on the sight.

Some one had done the horrible work only too well—the man's throat was only a gaping wound.

The match in Wallen's fingers still burned, forgotten. He must get out of Drink-House Sam's mouth was closed forever.

He could have laughed aloud, hysterically, at the ghastly irony of that. He must get away unseen before—what was that?

There was some one else in the room. Some one moved. The match in its dying flame, sputtered up. A tall, gaunt form loomed before him. That face!

Where had he seen that face? The match dropped from his fingers. That face! It seemed to be associated with—dreams—of long ago. And then a voice spoke: "Sahib, come quickly." And then he knew. It was Gunga.

(CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.)

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