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FA L SCHEDULE

Week Days

Leave ANNAPOLIS

8 A. M. 5:20 P. M.

Leave CLAIBORNE

10 A. M. 7:15 P. M.

Sundays

Leave CLAIBORNE

5:00 P. M.

In effect Feb. 1, 1921.

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The Voice of The Pack

The murder hunt—a point always quietly reached in the mountain—and the dark, hot fumes in his brain were simply nothing more nor less than the most poisonous, bitter hatred. No other word exists. If his class of degenerate mountain men had no other accomplishment, they could hate. All their lives they practiced the emotion: hatred of their neighbors; hatred of law, hatred of civilization in all its forms. Besides, this kind of hillman habitually fought his duels with rifles. Hands were not deadly enough.

But Dan was past his guard before he had time to raise his gun. The whole attack was one of the most astounding surprises of Cranston's life. Dan's body struck his, his fists flailed, and to protect himself, Cranston was obliged to drop the rifle. They staggered, as if in some weird dance, on the trail; and their arms clasped in a clinch.

For a long instant they stood straining, seemingly motionless. Cranston's powerful body had stood up well under the shock of Dan's leap. It was a hand-to-hand battle now. The rifle had slid on down the hillside, to be caught in a clump of brush twenty feet below. Dan called on every ounce of his strength, because he knew that were he might expect if Cranston mastered him. The battles of the mountains were battles to the death. They lunged back and forth, wrenching shoulders, lashing fists, teeth and feet and fingers. There were no Marquis of Queensberry rules in this battle. Again and again Dan sent home his blows; but they all seemed ineffective. By now, Cranston had completely overcome the momentary advantage the other had obtained by the power of his leap. He hurled Dan from the clinch and lashed at him with hard fists.

It is a very common thing to hear of a silent fight. But it is really a more rare occurrence than most people believe. It is true that serpents will often fight in the strangest, most eerie silence; but human beings are not serpents. They partake more of the qualities of the ment-eaters—the wolves and felines. After the first instant, the noise of the fight aroused the whole hillside. The sound of blows was in itself notable, and besides, both of the men were howling the primordial battle cries of hatred and vengeance.

For two long minutes Dan fought with the strength of desperation, summoning at last all that mysterious reserve force with which all men are born. But he was playing a losing game. The malady with which he had suffered had taken too much of his vigor. Even as he struggled, it seemed to him that the vista about him, the dark pines, the colored leaves of the perennial shrubbery, the yellow path were all obscured in a strange, white mist. A great wail roared in his ears—and his heart was evidently about to shiver to pieces.

But still he fought on, not daring to yield. He could no longer parry Cranston's blows. The latter's arms went around him in one of those deadly holds that wrestlers know; and Dan struggled in vain to free himself. Cranston's face itself seemed hideous and unreal in the mist that was creeping over him. He did not recognize the curious thumping sound as Cranston's feet on his flesh. And now Cranston had hurled him off his feet. Nothing mattered further. He had fought the best he could. This cruel beast could pounce on him at will and hammer away his life. But still he struggled. Except for the constant play of his muscles, his almost unconscious effort to free himself that kept one of Cranston's arms busy holding him down, that fight on the mountain path might have come to a sudden end. Human bodies can stand a terrific punishment; but Dan's was weakened from the ravages of his disease. Besides, Cranston would soon have both hands and both feet free for the work, and when these four terrible weapons are used at once, the issue—soon or late—can never be in doubt.

But even now, consciousness still lingered. Dan could hear his enemy's curses—and far up the trail, he heard another, stranger sound. It sounded like some one running.

And then he dimly knew that Cranston was climbing from his body. Voices were speaking—quick, commanding voices just over him. Above Cranston's savage curses another voice rang clear, and to Dan's ears, glorious beyond all human utterance. He opened his tortured eyes. The mist lifted from in front of them, and the whole drama was revealed. It had not been sudden mercy that had driven Cranston from his body, just when his victim's falling unconsciousness would have put him completely in his power. Rather it was something black and ominous that even now was pointed squarely at Cranston's breast.

None too soon, a ranger of the hill had heard the sounds of the struggle, and had left the resting place at the spring to come to Dan's aid. It was Snowbird, very pale but wholly self-sufficient and determined and intent. Her pistol was cocked and ready.

CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

One Recipe for Success.
All a man has to do to make a real success in life is to spend 25 or 30 years learning to do some simple thing better than anybody else can do it, and then 25 or 30 years doing it every day, so as to give one a chance to find out about it.—Ohio State Journal.

Area of a Triangle.
Where the altitude and base of a triangle is known, the area of the triangle is found by multiplying one-half of the base by the altitude. Where the lengths of the three sides of the triangle are known, the area of the triangle can be found by the following rule: From half the sum of the three sides subtract each side separately. Multiply together continually the half sum and the three remainders and extract the square root of the product which will be the area of the triangle.

CONGRESS HEARS DRAMATIC PLEA FROM FILIPINO



Philippine Resident Commissioner Isuro Gabaldon

Washington. — "Must the heart of America beat only for the freedom of Ireland, of Poland and of the Czechoslovakia, and not for the independence of the Philippine Islands?" This was the question Resident Commissioner Isuro Gabaldon addressed directly to the membership of the House of Representatives in a speech which was given very close attention and was frequently applauded.

"At one time," said Commissioner Gabaldon, "Congress had before it no less than thirty resolutions expressing sympathy with the aspirations of the Irish people, if not actually urging England to grant independence to Ireland. At that time, also the Philippines were knocking at your door. Out of the womb of war, many European republics were born, and America has refused to uphold the same. And yet the claim of the Filipinos is still unheeded. Must there be exceptions, then, in international justice?"

"My plea, gentlemen of the American Congress, is that you ignore no longer the repeated requests of a deserving people for an independence that rightfully belongs to them. The granting of independence now affords the United States a golden opportunity to give to the world unanswerable proof of its sincerity, its consistency and its altruism. It will be the greatest example of square dealing in the history of the ages.

"Do not think we are not appreciative of all you have done for us. We are. America has truly treated the Filipino people as no other nation has ever treated an alien race in all history. The high policy of the American policy in the Philippines have been consistently inspired by altruism. We know that you were actuated in your labors by the desire to contribute to our own welfare.

"And we love you perhaps most of all for your solemn promise to grant us that which we hold dearer than life itself—our freedom. Independence is our national ideal. It is our all-absorbing aim. It grows stronger every hour. For the spirit of nationalism never dies. Much less can it be subdued. We believe that we can never hope to be a sturdy nation if we are to rely forever on the magnanimity of the United States.

"America's task in the Philippine Islands is finished. What you have assumed as your sacred obligation in that part of the world has been fulfilled. A people with a medieval system of institutions has been transformed into a conscious nation, imbued with all that is modern in the activities of nations. And if you give us independence our gratitude to you will increase a thousand fold; it will last forever if you keep faith with us.

"There is but one issue in the Philippine question, and that is: Is there today a stable government on the islands? In the Jones law you promised independence upon the establishment of such a stable government. Your own Governor-General has officially reported that there is a stable government in existence today, and we also have submitted plenty of evidence to substantiate its existence. Therefore, we hope and expect America will now carry out its pledge."

FINE HAT MAKING A PHILIPPINE ART



This Filipina is making a Philippine hat, which is becoming quite popular with both men and women in the United States, and is usually a source of great pride to the wearer.

FILIPINO INDEPENDENCE, BUT NO GUARANTEE

(Chicago Tribune.)
We do not blame the Filipino people for wanting their complete freedom. It is the natural aspiration of mankind.

Albert J. Reeder

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BLACKIE BLACK BEAR.

"I am shy," said Blackie, the Black Bear, "and for that reason I am not found often. I keep to myself. I don't care to talk to people, and as I don't imagine they're so anxious to talk to me, I keep very much to myself."

"It is a way we all do, we black bears. "We love the quietness of the woods, the stillness and the peace of our own society. We like to eat berries, but we don't want to do our berry picking along with a whole lot of other creatures."

"That's so," said Mrs. Blackie. "But there are places we will do our marketing where other creatures wouldn't care to trade!"

"We eat yellow-jackets and wasps and bees, and we go to yellow-jackets' nests and have a fine old time getting goodies. Other creatures would be stung and miss the goodies!"

"Yes, we know more about marketing than many creatures do, for we know what is good, and a lot of others don't. They don't think yellow-



All Growing Up.

Jackets are nice to eat. My, but they're foolish."

"But let us not worry," said Blackie, "for it will mean that there are all the more for us."

"Well, Mrs. Blackie, you did as all the Mrs. or Miss Black Bears did this spring. You slept later than any of the Mr. Black Bears did. You like to sleep even more than we do, for you always go to bed earlier, too."

"I got up in time to have some shunk chops, leaves in the very early spring, or was late winter, for it was still very cold."

"And too, I had a little meal when I swallowed some of the quills of the porcupine leader and they didn't bother me. That is where a black bear is superior to other animals."

"He can eat things like that which would be very bad for the digestion of most folks."

"We make ourselves strong by sleeping so soundly, rolled up in big balls."

"And we're good fighters when we have to be. We know how to defend ourselves and our own."

"And you know how to train the cubs."

"Ah, yes," said Mrs. Blackie, "they are all growing up now, but I have watched them since they came, poor little blind things, with little hair and oh, such tiny cubs as they were at first."

"How I did look after them! And I taught them never to let anyone know the sort of hole they would sleep in when the winter came. I taught them they must never let any one know the sort of home we make and the kind. To die rather than give up the secret is the thing!"

"And one must tell the young bears this for they do not know so well as the older bears that this is most important."

"They have to be taught. And they have to be told that they must so hide themselves that no one will wake them up in the winter time because no one will have found them."

"I've looked after them since they were little brown things. Now their coats are fine and black."

"I've shown them, too, how we leave messages and directions and rules for each other on trees, making all sorts of signs on the trees which a bear can understand."

"Yes, we must all do things in the Black Bear fashion, for our fashions have been tried out by black bears for years and years, and they've been found to be very good."

"Creatures who change their fashions and their ways from year to year, waste a great deal of time, so we black bears think. For when they could be marketing and getting good things to eat they are thinking of what they shall wear this spring or this summer, or this fall."

"And they don't have so much time for sleeping. They can never give up a whole winter to resting as we can. They haven't the time, poor dears."

"Ah, the ways of the black bears are best. They are the ways which have been tried out and found to be good. At any rate they've been found that way by all black bears."

"Yes," said Blackie, "and they always will be thought the best ways that there are, though people mightn't agree with us. They haven't even the good taste to like eating yellow-jackets, delicious, tempting, appetizing wasps!"

"Poor dears," said Mrs. Blackie, "poor dears."

Hunting Gazelles From Autos.
The speed of the gazelle has always made it exceedingly difficult to hunt them, but now it is a common thing to see gazelle hunters in automobiles darting across the desert of Morocco in chase of these speedy animals. The results of the hunt are invariably greater than when horses are used because the animals become tired out before overtaking the gazelles.

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PASSENGER SCHEDULE.

Between Washington & Leonardtown

Leave Washington

8 05 am. 12 noon 4 pm.

Arrive Leonardtown

11 05 am. 3 00 pm. 7 00 pm.

Lv. Leonardtown... 7 45 am. 3 40 pm.

Ar. Washington... 10 45 am. 6 40 pm.

Between Leonardtown and Scotland

Leave Leonardtown... 7 05 pm.

Arrive Scotland... 8 30 pm.

Leave Scotland... 6 15 am.

Arrive Leonardtown... 7 40 am.

Between Washington and Rock Point

Leave Washington... 4 00 pm.

Arrive Rock Point... 7 00 pm.

Leave Rock Point... 1 45 am.

Arrive Washington... 10 45 am.

Between Washington and Indian Head

Leave Washington... 8 05 am.

Arrive Indian Head... 10 50 am.

Leave Indian Head... 4 00 pm.

Arrive Washington... 6 40 pm.

Between Washington and Brandywine

Lv. Washington... 7 30 am. 4 45 pm.

Arrive Brandywine 8 45 am. 6 00 pm.

Leave Brandywine 6 45 am. 3 45 pm.

Arrive Washington 8 00 am. 5 00 pm.

SUNDAYS

Leave Washington 8 30 am. 10 00 am. 4 45 pm.

Arrive Brandywine 9 45 am. 11 15 am. 6 00 pm.

Lv. Brandywine... 7 45 am. 4 45 pm.

Ar. Washington... 6 00 am. 6 00 pm.

FREIGHT SERVICE.

DAILY EXCEPT SATURDAY AND SUNDAY.

Between Washington & Leonardtown

Leave Washington... 1 00 pm.

Arrive Leonardtown... 3 00 pm.

Leave Leonardtown... 11 00 am.

Arrive Washington... 1 00 pm.

Between Leonardtown and Scotland

Leave Leonardtown... 3 00 pm.

Arrive Scotland... 5 00 pm.

Leave Scotland... 7 00 pm.

Arrive Leonardtown... 9 00 pm.

Between Washington and Rock Point

Leave Washington... 8 00 am.

Arrive Rock Point... 10 00 am.

Leave Rock Point... 2 00 pm.

Arrive Washington... 4 00 pm.

Between Washington and Indian Head

Leave Washington... 1 00 pm.

Arrive Indian Head... 3 00 pm.

Leave Indian Head... 5 15 pm.

Arrive Washington... 7 00 pm.

Between Washington and Brandywine

Leave Washington... 1 00 pm.

Arrive Brandywine... 3 00 pm.

Leave Brandywine... 5 20 pm.

Arrive Washington... 10 50 am.

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