

# The Democratic Advocate.

\$1 PER ANNUM.

WESTMINSTER, MD., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1903.

VOL. XXXVIII.--NO. 19.

## HERING'S DEPARTMENT STORE.

### Women's Suits and Skirts

FOR EARLY SPRING.

Every day sees new arrivals from the centre of fashion, and the sales go on merrily. The very acme of perfection is found in these new Spring Suits and Skirts, because we insist it shall be there before we will receive them. Best fabrics, best cutting, best making and best linings and trimmings; best of everything in the right place and little to pay for all.

### Women's Walking Skirts.

A special lot of twenty-five Skirts—new Spring models, in black and navy blue and the popular snow flake suitings in black and white, blue and white, green and white, with seven gore flare; rows of tailor stitching around the foot. The same as you would pay \$5 elsewhere, at this sale

\$3.98.

### \$10. Tailor-Made Suits. \$10.

The styles of these Suits have been copied from the higher priced ones. Made in navy blue and all wool Cheviot and fancy mixed suitings. Jacket has fly front, or is double-breasted; satin lined; new puff sleeve; seven gore flare skirt; same trimmed, with fancy buttons.

### Mattings! Mattings!

Our Spring line of Mattings have arrived, and we can show you a choice lot of patterns to select from. Prices ranging from 10c to 35c.

CHARLES E. HERING, Westminster, Md.

## If It Rained Opportunities

Some people would stay indoors. But here are some bargains which you should not miss, and "it's up to you."

### BARGAINS IN SHOES.

Ladies' \$2.75 Shoes at \$2.39.	Men's \$3.00 Shoes now \$2.49.
" 2.25 " 1.99.	" 2.75 " 2.30.
" 2.00 " 1.59.	" 2.50 " 1.99.
" 1.50 " 1.25.	" 2.25 " 1.79.
" 1.35 " 1.10.	" 1.50 " 1.29.
" 1.00 " .85.	" .50 Slippers .39.
Misses' 1.50 " 1.19.	Boys' 2.50 Shoes 2.19.
" 1.25 " 1.00.	" 2.25 " 1.99.
Infants' 1.00 " .79.	" 2.00 " 1.79.
" .90 " .69.	" 1.50 " 1.25.
" .50 " .39.	" 1.25 " .99.

### HATS AND CAPS.

We have just received from a large hat house in New York city some up-to-date Hats, and we will be glad to have you call and inspect them. See our line of bargain Hats, which we are closing out at low figures.

### UNDERWEAR MUST GO.

Wright's Health Underwear, worth \$1 per garment, now 75c. Glastonbury Underwear, worth \$1.25, now \$1 per garment. Men's 50c Underwear, 37c. Men's 39c Underwear, 35c. Boys' Glove Fitting Underwear, 19c.

### STATIONERY.

25 good Envelopes for 2c; 5 quires Note Paper for 10c; 8 rolls of Toilet Paper, 25c; lot of 25c Box Paper, 11c per box; 5c Pencil Tablets, now 4c each; 12 Penny Tablets for 1c. See our 25c Umbrellas, 50c Dress Suit Cases and 30c Telescopes.

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AND  
SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY.  
Office near Court House. jan 27

## Get Children Started Right

Measles, scarlet fever, mumps and whooping cough are universally prevalent.

With all these, the disease itself is often trivial, but the after effects are very serious. Close observers say that one-half the people suffer from eye trouble (result of measles), or bronchial, ear, or kidney trouble (result of other diseases of childhood).

Now a child in robust health will throw off these diseases. A weak ailment child will probably suffer all its life.

We have just the medicine for pumy, ailing children. It is Vinol. It is pleasant to take, it is free from dangerous drugs, it is nourishing and gently tonic, it helps the food to digest and gives strength. It has been used in this town with great success when children were slow in getting over whooping cough and measles.

It seems to give them a start, and they become bright and healthy. Used with Vinol, the bowel regulator, it is safe and sure, both for ailing children and burdened mothers. Take home a bottle on our guarantee of money back if it's not good. Don't let your little ones remain weak and ailing.

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### IT'S COMPLETE! WHAT?

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Prices very low on above articles, also on our

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We invite all to visit our store before buying, as we will save you money. Yours to serve,

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sep 6

WHEN YOU ARE IN THE MARKET FOR A

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Low in price. We have a large stock of the best make of Freezers and Refrigerators.

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Our office at Westminster, formerly occupied by Dr. Selby, will always be open. New Windsor office will be closed first Monday of every month; the Taneytown office will open the first Monday and Tuesday of each month. aug 16

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Office—Albough building, Court street, Westminster, Md.  
Can be seen at my residence in New Windsor every evening.

E. O. WEANT,  
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,  
dec 23-29 WESTMINSTER, MD.

### Original Poetry.

LYRICS OF THE OLD STONE MEETINGHOUSE.  
No. 4.

PARABLE OF THE TARES.

Written for the Democratic Advocate,  
BY G. C. SIMPLY.

The lesson had been read, and then  
The little ones sat silently;  
As though it was beyond their ken,  
And knew not what were mystery.

Nature was dressed in living green,  
Outside the sun shone brilliantly;  
Fields of emerald wheat in billowy sheen  
Were all around, and fair to see.

The teacher sat with well-groomed hair,  
Parked in the middle, like unto  
A wild baboon—said he, look there,  
Behold the wheat before your view.

Now, what are tares? A stumper that  
To untutored minds they looked alike;  
The question seemed to have fallen flat,  
To judge by many a puzzled glance.

Up went a hand—'tis that is good,  
The teacher said, now speak out, Ned,  
Show us the lesson's meaning—  
You've had 'em, sir, the wiser one said.

I've had 'em? Pray, what do you mean?  
Quoth the teacher, with thoughtful air:  
Last week, said Ned, I heard Miss Green  
Say you were on another year.

The moral in these feeble rhymes—  
Or at the least, some faint suggestions—  
Is this, that it is well sometimes  
Not to ask too many questions.

### Select Story.

THE STRAW THAT BROKE THE CAMEL'S BACK.

Everybody told John Davidson that he was a most fortunate man, when it was understood that he was going to marry Marcie Foster.

"She's just like her mother, in one way," Aunt Hester granted said. "She's as neat as neat can be. Many's the time I've been to Susan's and found her scrubbing and dusting, when, for the life of me, I couldn't see any need for it. I used to tell her she made herself a good deal more work than there was any need for, but she didn't care what folks said—she'd scrub and dust all the same, and she brought Marcie up to do just as she did."

"I think there's such a thing as going to extremes in being neat, and I always said Susan Foster did it. I've heard it hinted, more than once, by the neighbors, that she made her husband's life a burden by her neatness, but I guess that was some man's story. The men don't give the women proper credit for being good housekeepers, anyway. But I guess if they had some folks I know to keep house for them they would appreciate their wives more. I pity a man that's got a slovenly shrewish wife to look after things. But you needn't worry any over that, John, Marcie ain't one of the slovenly kind," and Aunt Hester nodded her head approvingly, as she passed opinion on the woman he had chosen for a wife.

When they went to housekeeping, it was in a pretty new house, and both of them were proud of it. Especially Marcie. "I'm going to keep it looking just as well, always, as it does now," she said. "Isn't it pretty, John?" and she threw open the parlor door and invited him to look into the room she had just finished arranging.

"Yes, it's pretty," he answered, as he looked it over critically. "But it hasn't got the homelike, comfortable look it will have after we've used it awhile. We've got to get acquainted with it and the things in it before we can enjoy it much. New things are like new friends—some doesn't feel quite at ease with them until the new, new wears off. Don't you think so, little woman?"

"I don't know that I understand just what you mean," answered Marcie. "Of course you don't expect we're going to use this room much, do you? We're not. The things in it cost too much for that. I like to have something that isn't common—something I'm not ashamed of when company comes."

"What's good enough for us is plenty good enough for company," said John. "Home first—the world afterward! That's my idea, every time."

"That's just like a man," responded Marcie, as she proceeded to draw down the shades of the parlor. "If a man had his way about it, he'd use every room in the house."

"That's what they're made for," said John. "For use, not show."

"Just look!" cried Marcie. "You've brought in a lot of dirt on your shoes. Didn't you see the rug I put on the front porch, to wipe your feet on?" She ran to the kitchen and got a cloth, and came back, and fell to rubbing the dining-room floor vigorously.

"I'm so sorry about it," she said. "Everything shows so, on a new floor. I'll have to oil over every place I've touched with a damp cloth. The gloss is all gone, you see. I hope you'll be a little more careful, John. I don't mind the work, but I do hate my nice new floors spoiled."

"One would think some great misfortune had happened, to look at you," said John, with a laugh. "But the laugh had a hint of irritation in it."

"I do believe you are going to be just like father," responded Marcie, rather sharply. "He was always the most careless man! He kept mother at work, half the time, tidying up after him."

"I've heard say he didn't enjoy life said John, dryly, as he went out and shut the door behind him with a little unnecessary force. But by supper time he had got over his annoyance, and was ready to overlook almost anything in his pretty little wife.

"John," she said a day or two later,

"I do wish you'd put on another pair of shoes when you come into meals. Those old shoes mark up the floor so, where you sit. I'll put your other shoes in the hall where they'll be handy."

"I haven't the time"—or the inclination," he came near saying—"to change my shoes every time I come into the house. You can put a rug under my chair, and run a strip of carpet from it to the door, so that I can get to the table without running the risk of damaging the floor."

When he came in to dinner, she had acted on his advice. A brighter color glowed in his cheeks, as he saw what she had done.

"She needn't have taken the trouble," he thought. "I cleaned my shoes well before I came in."

That was only the beginning of the new order of things. It was not long before John was made to feel that a man's mission, in a woman's estimation, is to make work for her. It annoyed and irritated him. He was by no means an untidy man. He had been trained to habits of neatness. For his own sake, let alone his wife's, he took pains to do nothing that would entail unnecessary work. But she seemed to find a great deal to do in following him about and putting to rights the things he had soiled or disarranged. At first he was inclined to remonstrate, but he soon found that it was useless to do so, and by and by he gave up expressing an opinion. Perhaps it was quite as well that he did so, for some of his opinions would not have sounded well if given with the force he would most likely put into the expression of them.

One day he came in to find that the dining-room had been vacated. Dinner was ready in the kitchen.

"What does this mean?" he asked.

"It means that we're going to eat in the kitchen after this, when we're alone," she said. "There's no use in spoiling the dining-room by using it for just ourselves."

"What is a house made for if not to use?" he asked, indignantly. "Do you know how it makes a man feel to have it always held up before him that he is responsible for dirt and dust, and that half a woman's work consists in setting things to rights after he has used them? I believe in taking all the comfort out of what we have, and doing it as we go along. But you don't, it seems."

"I can't take comfort with what we have when I think it's being spoiled," said Marcie.

"I don't call it spoiling things to use them," responded John. "A thing isn't spoiled by being worn out."

"Well, if you don't care to eat in the kitchen—"

"I can take to the woodshed," finished John. "It will come to that, in time, I suppose. It's only the next step."

Very often Marcie would annoy him by picking up his paper, if he laid it down, and folding it, and laying it away, before he was done with it. More than once she came with broom or dusting-brush to clean the floor where he was sitting, as if her sense of neatness would not allow her to defer tidying up until he had left the room. Strips of old carpeting were spread on the sitting-room floor, from door to chair, as if to mark out the path he was to follow. Once in a while he took grim delight in ignoring them, greatly to her annoyance. Once, he even kicked them across the room, as he came near tripping himself up in them.

"If you want a carpet for this room I'll get one," he said. "But for goodness sake, throw these old things out of doors. I wish you hated them as I do."

"If we had a carpet in this room we wouldn't use it as we do. I can tell you that," responded Marcie.

"Then we won't have one," said John. "I want at least one room in the house that I can feel at home in. This comes the nearest to it of any, but I can't feel at ease because the floor's always cluttered up with stuff evidently provided to remind me that I'm trespassing on it plainly, on what ought to be forbidden ground. Do you know what I'm going to do if this goes on? I'm going to fix me up a room in the woodshed, and I'll stay there, if I do. I'll see if there can't be one place about the house where I can dare to make myself comfortable."

"I hardly think you'd go as far as that," laughed Marcie. "Think what the neighbors would say, if they heard of it."

"I don't care what they'd say," said John. "I know what some of them say about how your father's life was made miserable, and I begin to understand how it was done."

"Mother believed in neatness, and so do I," said Marcie, with a show of resentment. "But you men—what do you men care for such things? Father never seemed to think he made mother any work, but he did."

"Perhaps he did," responded John. "It would have been strange if he had not, but there's a wide difference between necessary and unnecessary work—the work others make us and the work we make for ourselves. Neatness is one thing, and—well"—with a little hesitation over the word—"fussiness is quite another. I believe in neatness as much as you do, but I don't believe in a woman's making a household drudge of herself when there's no necessity for it. I didn't marry you for that. I'm willing to get a hired girl—"

"I don't want a hired girl," burst out Marcie indignantly. "I won't have one. I don't interfere with your work and I don't thank you for interfering with mine."

"I haven't anything to say against necessary work," said John. "But you

scrub the floor on Saturday, and again on Monday, and I know that we two can't have dirtied it much over Sunday. And it has to have a mid-week scrubbing, and it's that way with everything. I am getting so I don't dare to do anything when I am in the house, for fear I will throw the household machinery out of gear. Don't you know that a man hates to be followed round with a mop or a dust-pan? He feels as if he had—or ought to have, at any rate—some privileges of his own house."

But Marcie was not there to listen to what her husband said. She had taken an indignant departure, and as he went out he saw her dusting in the sitting-room, which had not been opened for the last three days, to his knowledge.

One day he had a headache, and he came in from the field before dinner was ready, and laid down on the sitting-room lounge, thinking a little rest in the cool, shaded room might end the pain. When he went to get his hat, after dinner, he discovered that Marcie had found time to cover the lounge with an old blanket.

His eyes blazed with anger. So he was not to make use of the furniture he had bought for the comfort that could be got out of it without it had a covering to protect it?

"Very well, that settles it," he said, and went out. By and by, Marcie saw him carry boards into the woodshed, and presently she heard the sound of a saw and hammer.

"What are you doing, John?" she asked, going to the kitchen door.

"I'm fitting up my room," he answered. "And I want to tell you, now, that if you bring a mop or dust-pan into it, I will throw them out of doors. I will take care of it myself. I am not doing it to make you more work, but to save you work. I will not intrude on your part of the house, except in so far as I have to, at meal-time. Then I will venture beyond the kitchen. You will only have your own dirt to clean up, and that ought not to make you such a slave to broom, and mop, and dusting-cloth as you have been of late. Maybe you will get time to look into a book or paper." And John went on with his work.

Marcie was terribly angry. But she saw that it was no use to talk to him in his present mood. So she went back to her work, and as she worked, she thought it all over.

After all, was it necessary to make a household drudge of herself? And was she not doing that? The more she thought of it, the more truth she recognized in some of the severe things John had said. She thought of other homes where neatness prevailed without what John had called "fussiness." She began to understand, as she pondered over the matter, that a woman can easily make life very uncomfortable for a man by doing just the things she had done, and excusing her actions to herself as being done in the interest of neatness. And, when she came to think of it, what was a house for if not to enjoy? What was the use of rooms made comfortable by pretty furnishing and good furniture, if they were kept shut up all the time? And was John unreasonable in his ideas about "taking the good of things, as he went along." Wasn't that what ought to be done? Unused things were unnecessary things, and the money that went into them might better be saved. When she came to think of it, wasn't it just as much to one's credit to be miserly as it was to invest money in things that were never made use of?

Marcie did a world of thinking that afternoon. She was a sensible little woman, in spite of her wrong training, and she wanted to do right by John. How kind he had been! She understood now how her ways had vexed him, but he had never scolded her, and had never tried to exert his authority in dictatorial fashion, as some men would.

"He is right," she said, by and by. "I am settling down into just such a household drudge as mother was. It is getting to be a habit—a foolish habit—with me. I haven't looked into a book for a month. I do not know the first thing about what is going on outside the threshold. I am going to turn over a new leaf. I am going to do it now!"

When she called John to supper, the meal was spread in the dining-room. The shades were up. The door was open to the cool breeze. A bowl of roses stood on the table. The room had a look about it that had never been there before—for the strips of old carpet had disappeared, and there was no rug under the chair set for John.

"I didn't know you had company," he said. "Who is he?"

"It is you," she answered. And then she went up to him and put her arms about his neck, and said—

"I've been thinking it all over while you have been at work on your room in the shed, and—I guess you are right about it! I am going to begin over—your way!"

Such a glad light as came into his face. He bent down and kissed her.

"Perhaps I said more than I ought to—more than I meant to," he said. "Forgive me, Marcie, if I hurt your feelings. But when you spread that old blanket over the lounge—why, that was the straw that broke the camel's back, and I made up my mind I would have a place of my own that I could feel at home in. But—I would rather have it here—with you, if I could without feeling that I made too much work—"

"Stop right there, John," she said. "It is not necessary to say anything more. I understand things better than I did. I am glad I put the blanket on the lounge though, for it brought about what might not have happened if I had not done it."

The leaf that was turned over has never been allowed to turn back, and Marcie has learned the wide difference between "neatness and fussiness." And the room John began work on is still unfinished.

### The Balky Horse.

For the benefit of those who have been caused a great deal of anxiety by a balky horse, lost trains as well as tempers and sometimes even ruined the horse, the next time they have the experience to run a balky horse, no matter how bad, let me tell you how to start him nine times out of a hundred.

Of course it may fail one time in a hundred. When a horse balks, no matter how badly he sulks or how ugly he is, do not beat him. Don't throw sand in his ears, don't use a rope on his forelegs or even burn straw under him. Quietly go and pat him on the head a moment. Take a hammer or even pick up a stone in the street tell the driver to sit still, take his lines, hold them quietly while you lift up your front foot, give each nail a light tap and a good smart tap on the frog, drop the foot quickly and then chirp to him to go. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the horse will go right on about his business, but the driver must keep his lines taut and not pull or jerk him back.