

The SANDMAN STORY

SNOW QUEEN'S ROBE

GOOD morning, Mr. Snowbird," piped Mr. Chickadee, as he caught sight of his neighbor perched on a lower limb of the tree where he had just alighted.

"Good morning," replied Mr. Snowbird in a friendly tone, "but I really should not be called by that name, Chick, as the real snowbirds belong to the finch family and are also called Snow Buntings, Whitebirds and Snow Larks, as well as Snowbirds and Snowflakes.

"So you see I should be called by my real name—Junco. I know you do not often see Snowflakes, they are always in great flocks, you know, and I am telling you this so you will not think I am trying to steal their name."

"Oh, you mean those jolly little fellows that seem to love the big snow-



Yes, and how crazy they get.

storms and whirl about in snowdrifts, sometimes diving beneath it to escape from bad Mr. Hawk," replied Mr. Chickadee.

"Well, as I do not know that family as well as I do yours, I guess I will keep right on calling you Snowbird, and if I am not mistaken, we will have plenty of snow in a day or two and then we will all be snowbirds."

"Whirr, whirr," said the wild wind as it circled about the tree where Mr. Chickadee and Mr. Junco sat, "whirr, whirr, you are quite right, Mr. Chick, we shall have snow in a short time and while the snowflakes seem to dance down from the sky to you, I know it is the Snow Queen who really shakes them from the long white feathery robe she wears."

"What is that you are saying about the Snow Queen?" inquired Mr. Junco. "Whirr, whirr," answered the wild wind, as it tore the dry leaves from the tree and whirled them about like dancing brown elves on the ground below.

"Can't you stop whirring a minute and tell us what you mean?" asked Chickadee. "How do you know so much about this queen?"

Wild wind calmed a little and came nearer to the questioning birds. "How do I know?" he said. "Why shouldn't I know when I always go to meet her. I am getting ready now, that is why I am whirring and circling about, for you can never tell just how the Snow Queen wishes to be escorted from her home away up North.

"Sometimes she comes silently and shakes her feathery robes over the land and then again she chooses to come dancing like a mad Queen, shaking her robe of feathery white until there is not a feather left and she has to hurry home and get another robe.

"So you see I have to be prepared to do her bidding and that is why I whirr and act so wild.

But if I stay here gossiping I shall not be ready to escort the Snow Queen, so I must be off. Good day. You watch out and soon you will see the land covered with feathers from her robe."

Away went the wild wind with a loud whirr, whirr, while the two little birds sat looking at each other and wondering if it were all true.

The next day while they sat on a limb talking it over, little snowflakes came dancing down about the tree. They whirled higher and thither, turning over and over before they touched the ground.

"It is a good thing wild wind was ready for the Snow Queen," said Mr. Junco. "She must be shaking all the feathers from her robe; see how fast the snowflakes are falling?"

"Yes, and how crazy they get," replied Mr. Chickadee. "It will not last long for the Snow Queen will soon shake all the feathers from her robe and have to go home for another."

As Mr. Chickadee flew to the top of the tree to sing a merry song, he called to Mr. Junco, "I have learned two things since yesterday—that you are not the real Snowbird and what snowflakes really are." (Copyright)

SCOTLAND YARD PARADES STOLEN CARS TO FIND RIGHTFUL OWNERS



In the yard of the Westchester guildhall, England, recently there was a great parade of stolen motor cars and of motor owners who thought they might find theirs in the crowd.

Elusive motor thieves have been making large hauls of motor cars recently in London and the outlying districts. Many of the cars have been recovered, but none of the culprits. The police of Scotland Yard took the cars out on parade in the hope that some of the cars would be identified by their owners.

How the Boy Felt.

The parents of a bright boy decided to move to New York City from Florida. This happened when Colonel Roosevelt came back from Africa. He was given a great reception with flowers, parade, and "Three cheers for Roosevelt," on all sides. This impressed the boy very much. When cold weather came he longed for snow to come so that he could see what it looks like. He kept on longing until one morning late in winter, he awakened to find all the house-roofs and trees covered with snow. When his papa came up to his room, his face was bright with joy as he clasped his hands and shouted, "Hurrah for God!"

Some of Washington's Rules

We give a few of the eighteen rules in the Washington family that served to make "George" great, noble and true:

- Be no flatterer; neither play with anyone that delights not to be played with.
- Show not yourself glad at the misfortunes of another, though he be your enemy.
- When a man does all he can, though it succeed not well, blame not him that did it.
- Mock not nor jest at anything of importance.
- Use no reproachful language against anyone, neither curse nor revile.
- Be no flatterer; neither play with ter what happens.
- Always be found in good company.

Wood or Coal?

A correspondent in New York writes, "I know of one farm where if the 'dead and down' wood was cut there would be 1,500 cords of it. The owners will not cut it, neither will they let anyone else cut it on shares. And there are enough such places to supply one town for several years without buying any coal. How many more such places in New York State and Pennsylvania, I am not prepared to state. Why not compel the owners of such woods to let the poor people cut on shares, or sell the wood at a low price, instead of letting it go to waste?"

\$300 in a Boot.

At Saint Mary's, Ohio, Jesse Hudson, while helping to tear down an old house on the P. J. Rice farm, North of St. Mary's, picked up an old boot and was about to throw it into a pile of rubbish to be burned when its weight caused him to investigate. In the boot he found a small box containing \$300 in gold. The money had been hidden by Mr. Rice's father who died some time ago without telling where he had put the money.

Mrs. Flynn: "The neighborhood seems a bit noisy, Mrs. O'Brien." Mrs. O'Brien: "Yes, th' only time it's quiet here is when the trucks go by and down the noise."—The Presbyterian Banner.

Number of horses in New York has decreased 75,000 in the past four years. It sometimes seems as though horse sense has decreased at about the same ratio.—New York American.

TOURING CAR FOR WEEK-ENDS MADE DELIVERY CAR FOR BUSINESS WEEK



At last the small shopkeeper whose wife insists on a pleasure auto while his business affords only the funds for a needed delivery car, can satisfy both wife and business. This new "convertible," sold in England at small cost, is a roomy, sturdy light delivery car during the week. And when Sunday comes the owner lets down the folding seats—as show in the photograph—and has a touring car seating six to take "Arriet and all the little 'Arri's and 'Arri's driving in the country.

STATEWOOD

The Christmas services which were given by the churches here the past week were attended by large crowds and enjoyed by all.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. N. Shauck entertained their children at Xmas dinner on Xmas Day.

Miss Blanch Ward, who recently took up a position in Baltimore, spent the holidays with her mother, Mrs. Annie Ward.

Mrs. A. M. Williams spent Sunday and Monday with H. L. Shipley and family.

Mrs. Collie Hill, who has been ill, is improving slowly.

Mr. Geo. Brothers and daughters, Mary and Mrs. M. Naylor, and son, Frank, of Baltimore, spent Sunday and Monday with Mrs. Minnie Brothers.

Here's wishing the Democratic Advocate and its readers a Happy and Prosperous New Year for 1923.

Woelet Waste.

The following item, taken from a newspaper of large circulation should make us think:

"A company has offered the city of New York \$900,000 for the privilege of removing the city's garbage for five years. Clearly, there is money in what a big city throws away!"

Not only is the city of waste as the above implies, but there is practically the same in the country

if it would be reported. We know of a man who mowed down blackberry bushes with a bushel or more of berries maturing, perhaps because he did not want someone else to have them. Cantaloupes, cabbage, lemons, melons etc., in different parts of the United States are decaying, on account of two things: 1st.—Because there is little or no profit in shipping same on account of the exorbitant freight rates charged. 2nd.—On account of the embargo on freight caused by the railway men, because they do not get the wages they want. "Much wants more and loses all." Perhaps the poor and needy could use some of the produce that is left to decay and go to waste.—St. John, 15:5.

Woman's Leisure Time.

It has been truly said, "Man's work ends with setting sun."

But women's work is never done."

Recently a magazine asked for answers to the following question:

"What is a woman of leisure?" Following are a few of the replies sent in: "A woman of leisure is any woman who hasn't five children."

"There is not, she is extinct, like the dodo."

"The woman who has time to always tell you how busy she is."

"The only one I know is bed-ridden."

"The busiest woman in town, who always finds time to do one thing more, and does it graciously."

Acknowledging A Gift From The Public

With Christmas and the passing of the old year comes the time to forget disappointments and remember only the good, and it is in that spirit that we publish this acknowledgment of a gift from the public.

Our policy of offering the very best obtainable in medicine and merchandise you have endorsed by examining, approving, and buying it. You have given us volume in return for value. Sales in return for service. Business in return for benefits received. And thus you have done more than wish us a Merry Christmas and Happy New Year—you have assured it with the price-less gift of public confidence.

What prosperity has come to us this year, has come through you, and the purpose of this announcement is not to solicit favors but to express our appreciation and

THANK YOU.

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You will find goods at special low prices displayed on our counter each day during this January Sale. It will pay you to call and look these specials over. These specials will be taken from our regular stock.

We wish to thank our many friends for their liberal patronage during the year and solicit a continuance of the same.

We wish you all a PROSPEROUS and HAPPY NEW YEAR.

Store open at night. Phone 141-J BELT & BELT

Strange Inventions.

As there are now more than a million patents, let us for a moment consider some of the strange inventions patented in the past 131 years:

- A thermometer so delicate that it will indicate the heat or cold of a hand brought near to it.
- A clock that will ignite a match and start a fire.
- A machine for taking bones out of fish.
- A locket for holding chewing gum when not in use.
- Artificial eyelashes.
- Elixir to grow hair on a bald head.
- A noiseless alarm clock, which has a hose attached. Fastening the other end to the sleeper's leg, he is sure to get awake when the water begins to flow, without disturbing anyone else.
- A bedstead, when not in use to be drawn to the ceiling. This was a woman's invention.
- Another of women's inventions is a washing machine with a see-saw attachment; while the children are seeing, the washing is being done at the same time. One out of every 125 inventions is credited to women-folks.

The First Invention

The Patent Office is an important factor in the progress of our country. The first American Patent System was established by Congress just 131 years ago. The first patent granted by the Federal Government, was on July 31st, 1790, for a new process of making pot and pearl ashes. From then on to 1840, 998 patents were granted. Twenty-five years later, in 1875, there were 14,837, which number increased to 26,499 by 1900. Up to 1847, 75 years ago, there were only 14,000 patents. People in the Patent Office, thinking everything worth while was patented, began to resign, thinking there was no more to do in that line. In 1872, seventy-five years later, the number of patents increased to 1,000,000. In 1847, there were no telephones, automobiles, bicycles, aeroplanes, or wireless, and people walked ten or more miles to get a glimpse of a railroad train.

Mary E. Smith, aged 87 years, wife of the late Thomas Smith, died at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Joseph E. Santon, in Baltimore, Tuesday. Funeral services were held in Taylorsville Methodist Episcopal Church at 11 a. m. yesterday. Interment was in the adjoining cemetery.

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The County Commissioners of Carroll county will meet at their office, in Westminster, every Monday and Tuesday, for the transaction of business.

By order,
SAMUEL J. STONE, Clerk.

Money To Loan

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