

Something New

Every Woman Wants It

Clean your silver like new silver, without rubbing it. A small electrified piece of metal does the work instantly. Just have a basin with water and to each quart of the water put a tablespoonful of salt. Dip your silverware into the solution and take it right out looking NEW—all done instantly without rubbing, without work, with perfect satisfaction. The piece of metal will last you for years and only costs ONE DOLLAR at this store. Your silver will last longer, it will not be scratched, and it will be a pleasure to you.

J. W. VINCENT

Snow Hill, Md.

GARDEN Get Ready For Gardening!

We have the Implements and we have a full line of

Garden Seeds

Including Buist's Tested Seeds.

Main Grown Early Rose Seed Potatoes

as fine as you ever saw and in fact everything for the garden except fertilizer. Prices are lower than for several years. Call and see.

CHERRIX'S

Hardware Store
Snow Hill, Maryland

The Best Investment

The best investment on earth is a Necessary Building

Its life is very great, as compared with the large majority of things which money buys nowadays. Its depreciation is very small by the same comparison. A good **Building** will last a lifetime, and during all that period it offers to mankind and his possessions some or all of the attributes of shelter, protection, safety, comfort, convenience, satisfaction, health, luxury and financial balance.

ONLY GOOD MATERIALS
MAKE GOOD BUILDINGS

These are the kind we specialize in—the good kinds. We have large stocks on hand and good facilities for making up special items. If you are thinking of building, talk it over with us.

THE CORDRY COMPANY

SNOW HILL, MD.

"SERVICE AND SATISFACTION"

For Results In Advertising
USE THE BEST MEDIUM
The Democratic Messenger

Sparing Bill's Girl

By H. LOUIS RAYBOLD

© 1922, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.

Francesca—pretty, scatter-brained, flirtatious Francesca—was honest-to-goodness worried. So worried was she that her usually blithe step lagged as she walked homeward through the bracing, crisp autumn air, and her fair brow was puckered in three fretful wrinkles. How under the sun was she going to get rid of poor old Bill?

You see, Bill Thorpe was the very first one of Francesca's victims—and there had been many—to cause her so much as the tiniest twinge of regret. Perhaps this was because she had known him since kindergarten days, or perhaps it was because she had, figuratively speaking, walked over his prostrate body with a more heartless, roughshod tread even than usual, presuming on his good nature. However that may be, the fact remains that Francesca was experiencing a very real desire to spare Bill the pain she felt she was going to occasion him when he came to see her that night.

"May I run up this evening, Fran?" he had telephoned her. "I have something that's well, something I want to tell you." And even over the coldly impersonal wire his voice had rung strangely vibrant. It had come at last!

Now, between you and me, deep down under her genuine concern for Bill, Francesca harbored a motive other than altruism in breaking definitely with Bill. For how could she expect, as long as he hung around her like a faithful watch-dog, alert to fetch and carry, that Roger Benedict would propose? Roger was not the sort of man to interfere with a rival. And

so sweetly, seating herself remotely in a corner.

"I—I—hang it, Frank, I've got to get it over with," Bill helped himself to a chair opposite and, looking quite miserable, paused in what he was saying. Then he braced himself and plunged. "We've known each other for years and years and years and—"

"Years," completed Francesca. "Yes, Bill." After all, with Roger gone, it might be the sensible thing to hang on to Bill for a while.

"Well, I've always thought, Frank, it would be you and I, but—well, it isn't! I've gone and gotten engaged to another girl and—and, doggone it, I love her!"

Francesca rose slowly, not so much in dismay as in utter perplexity. Bill, her property, engaged to another girl? Good heavens, and she had been worrying about sparing his feelings! And was this the way it felt when somebody turned you down—the way she supposed her victims of the past had felt—yes, as she had expected Bill himself would feel this very evening? Well, she was merely being paid in her own coin. It was up to her to be sporting, as Roger, Betty's Roger, would say.

"Congratulations, Bill," she managed with a brave smile and held out her hand. "Is it some one I know?"

"Know? Why who should it be but Betty Lane?" Bill's tone was rapturous.

"But—but—" the girl's heart was pounding.

"She told me a little while ago that she almost let the cat out of the bag this afternoon and would have only—well, she knew I was coming tonight to tell you myself!"

"You're in luck and she's a darling!" and there was no doubting the enthusiasm in Francesca's voice.

But several nights later, as, in the arms of Roger, Francesca told the whole story, she finished with a vow that was solemn if brief. "Never again for me, Roger! I'm through with flirting."

"Thank heaven," said Roger fervently. "It's a promise I'll see you keep!"

REQUIRES TIME AND SKILL

Working of Tortoise Shell into Marketable Material Calls for Great Care and Attention.

A tortoise shell is harder and more brittle than ordinary horn. Heat and pressure are practically the only means which can be employed in working it, and it is impossible to work tortoise shell at a great heat, since the coloring pigment easily liquefies and absorbs the shell, thereby greatly lessening its value. Heavy pressure is also impossible, owing to its brittle character. The plates of carapace, or black shell, are first separated from the skeleton by the application of gentle heat, and then flattened by a similar process. The superficial irregularities are next rasped off, and the material is polished ready for molding into any desired shape. Larger or thicker plates are produced by a process which requires great care and attention. Two surfaces are first rasped and cleaned, and are gently heated and pressed together. The heat liquefies them, making an invisible joint. Tortoise shell combs are cut by highly ingenious turning machine, so-called; two combs are cut from the same plate, so that the teeth of one dovetail into the spaces of the other.

Extracting a Cork.

One of the most puzzling things in the world is to get a cork out of a bottle. Nevertheless, it can be done easily enough, if you know how. Immerse the bottle in cold water for a few minutes, without allowing any of the fluid to enter. Then take a hat-pin and poke with it until you have succeeded in impaling the smaller end of the cork. This accomplished, you can pull the cork up into the lower part of the bottle neck, though you cannot get it out. Now immerse the bottle in hot water and presently the cork will fly out of its own accord, forced out by the expansion of the air inside. The way it works is quite surprising and affords an interesting lesson in physics. The performance may be facilitated somewhat by greasing the inside of the bottle neck.

Word Blindness.

Word blindness has been discovered by school clinics. Two cases have lately been noted in one district. A boy of nearly thirteen years of age, healthy of body and normal of mind in all ordinary respects, can only now, after nine years' regular attendance, just read words of two letters. "Of" he comprehends instantly; "offer" floors him. Oddly enough, though in mental arithmetic equal to any boy of his age, this "word blindness" extends to the reading of numbers. He will, for instance, read "2" and is dumfounded at "122." The difficulty appears to be wholly in a failure to recognize written or printed words or numbers.

Jews Did Not Invent Harp.

Those in the habit of answering quickly will probably give the Jews credit for having invented the harp, for did not David play on it in 1063 B. C.? But the birth of this musical instrument takes us much further back into antiquity, until we cross the path of the Roman Jubal, who actually made the invention in the year 3875 B. C. The harp has ever played a great part in legend and history. That of the Irish monarch, Brian Boroinne, is now in the College museum at Dublin, where it was placed in 1785. Ten years later an instrument maker named Erard improved and patented the harp much in the

MAROONED NEAR SAFETY BY STORM

Policeman on Vacation Is Held Prisoner on Island Close to Detroit, Mich.

Detroit, Mich.—Marooned six weeks on an island within 38 miles of Detroit, Mich., in the Detroit river, without food, fuel or adequate protection from the worst winter Michigan has known in 20 years, was the experience of Isaac White, a former policeman of Detroit.

White had two weeks' vacation and decided to visit Sears Island and fish and hunt. He took a little more than a week's supply of food and fuel, expecting that he could walk across the ice or hail a passing boat. Seven days



A Blizzard Set In.

after he reached the island a blizzard, the worst in years, set in, and the heaving cakes of ice caused all navigation to halt and shut White off from the outside world.

After two weeks his food and fuel gave out, and for four more weeks he was obliged to live on fish he could spear through the ice and what game he could shoot. He was without light of any kind, and most of the time he had no fire, as matches were scarce and he did not dare to "waste" any.

At the end of six weeks a boat ventured to the island in answer to distress signals, found White more dead than alive and took him to Detroit. He says he intends to return to the island for the rest of the winter, but will take enough provisions to last until spring. White asserts he can make more money trapping and hunting than he can in the city. Six years ago he lost his left leg when, as a policeman, he attempted to stop a speeding motorist and the machine ran over him.

DOPE CHICKENS, STEAL 'EM

Fowls are Carried Off by Hundreds When Stuffed by Sulphur Fumes.

New York.—Chicken thievery has advanced as a fine art along with other modes of robbery. Thousands of chickens have been stolen in Atlantic, Burlington and Cape May counties of New Jersey in recent weeks, after first having been "doped" into silence with sulphur fumes.

Richard Hilton and Blain Wheeler, two draymen of Atlantic City, were held for the grand jury there when they were found in possession of several hundred fowls loaded on a motor truck in bags. The chickens were all stupefied and smelled of sulphur.

In the draymen's homes were found several small lamps, alleged to have been used for burning sulphur. These, the police say, were lighted in picked henhouses until all the chickens were too senseless to make a noise.

WIFE, 15, JAILS HUSBAND, 16

Accused of Nonsupport, Kansas City Man Declares He Can't Find Work.

Kansas City, Mo.—Teddy Butterfield, sixteen, sat in a cell at the police station and contemplated the woes of married life. He was arrested on complaint of his fifteen-year-old wife, who charged he had failed to support her. "I haven't been able to get a job since we were married, two months ago," the boy told the police.

All-Day Trombone Player Freed When Court Hears

Pittsburgh.—Leonard Berdine began playing "Home Sweet Home" on the trombone at 6 o'clock in the morning in his home, in 2915 Bank street. At dusk he was still playing "Home Sweet Home," and the neighbors had him arrested. He didn't know how to play, said the neighbors, but Berdine played "Home Sweet Home" for Magistrate Sullivan, and the magistrate was so affected he discharged him.

"Strength"

It is with a great deal of pride that we regularly call your attention to our membership in the Federal Reserve System of Banking.



assures you that Uncle Sam has an ever watchful eye upon your money deposited here and guarantees its security.

In other words, it insures our being able to meet all proper demands of BOTH depositors and borrowers.

... THE ...

First National Bank

SNOW HILL



Have Your Car Overhauled

An overhauling during the winter months—new piston rings—valves ground—ignition tuned—carbon removed—all oil cases cleaned and refilled—fender dents ironed out—and when Spring breaks, the old engine will be humming as of yore and you'll be all ready for another summer of pleasure.

We have workmen who are MACHINISTS—and we give you a strict accounting of time consumed. The charge for time has been reduced to 70 cents an hour, also the pieces of material has been greatly reduced.

Mr. Walter Williams lately in business for himself with many friends and customers, is now with us in charge of our Repair Department, and we will be pleased to have all of his old customers become our customers. All of our workmen understand their business, and we will give you a good job.

O. W. Wilson Sales Co.

WASHINGTON ST.

SNOW HILL, MD.

Want to Buy a Farm? See Me.

ARE YOU SURE

That you have enough fire insurance on dwelling and household effects?

It has often been demonstrated how easy it is to put of taking out that additional insurance,—the consequence being that when the fire comes, you are no where near being protected. It is much cheaper to let the insurance companies carry the risk.

Consult with me about your insurance requirements. I represent only good standard companies.

JAS. B. WHALEY

SNOW HILL, MD.

Want to Sell a Farm? See Me.

Try a "Want" Ad. in The Messenger