READ by 10,000 PEOPLE EVERY WEEK
ADVERTISEMENTS bring RESULTS

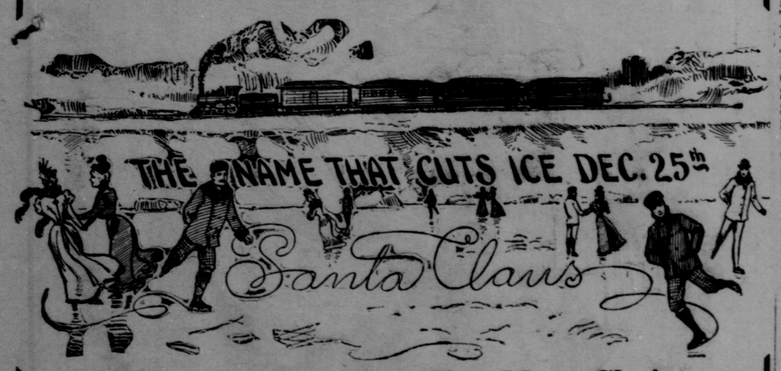
AMERICAN SENTINEL.

Set More Type---Contains More News than any other paper in the County
NO PLATE MATTER

$1 PER ANNUM. WESTMINSTER, MD., FRIDAY AFTERNOON, DECEMBER 4, 1908. VOL. 77--NO. 49.

BABYLON & LIPPY CO.

Headquarters FOR Holiday Goods



A Merry Christmas At The Most Christmas Like Place In Town. Open in Full Glory TO-DAY.

Sad indeed would be the lot of the little man or miss who failed to see our Christmas Toys. Toy-land has given forth its best: The brightest dream of childhood is far surpassed. Never was such a collection seen before. Wonder piles on wonder.

Mechanical marvels surround one on every side. Old favorites greet the eye with welcome, new claimants bid ambitiously for notice, ALADDIN'S WONDERFUL LAMP with all its Magic powers has left no brain picture half so gorgeous, so fantastic so impressive as the REALITIES of our COLLECTION of PLAYTHINGS.

No, dear reader, we are not over stating the case, Truly and without equivocation our Toy Department so far excells anything of its kind in Carroll county that comparison has long since ceased.

To give you an idea of the display, we name you a few items: Automobiles, Banks, Blocks, Chairs, Rifles, Bath Tubs, Doll Carriages, Doll Furniture and Go Carts, Doll Trunks, Dressing Cases, Chiffoniers, China Closets, Drums, Easel Blackboards and Desks, Extension Tables, Express Wagons, Fire Engines, Fish Ponds, Folding Tables, Goat Wagons, Hooks and Ladders, Horns, Horses, Stoves, Magic Lanterns, Mechanical Toys, Mission Tables, Morris Chairs, Paint Boxes, Pianos, Printing Presses, Rocking Horses, Roll Top Desks, Rolly Polly Toys, Sleds, Steel Toys, Tea Sets, Toilet Sets, Tool Chests, Trains, Velocepedes, Wagons, Wheel Barrows, Checkers, Crokinole and Game Boards, Foot Balls, Parcheesi, Dolls galore.

Christmas Suggestions

Linen Table Damask and Napkins, Bureau and Stand Scarfs, Shams, Tray Covers, Lunch Cloths, Doylies and Stamped Linen.

Furs! Elegant Furs!
For All Occasions

Black Lynx, Mink, Alaska Sable, Ermine, Sable, Squirrel, Hudson Seal, Fox, in Muffs and Neck Pieces to match.

Ladies Coats and Suits

Wraps and Coats for all purposes. Many exclusive novelties that cannot be duplicated. $3.75 up.

Christmas Handkerchiefs Ready

Complete stock of dainty Gift Handkerchiefs. All kinds can be found in this section. Lace, Linen, Silk or Initial, some put up in Christmas boxes that add much to the gift.

Christmas Sale of China

Bric-a-brac, Lamps, House furnishings, Enamelware, and Wooden ware. Big Values in Holiday gifts and every day necessities whether it is a 5c ornament or $3.00 piece of china. Our 10c Tables have greater values than heretofore.

Our Japanese display is much larger and cheaper.

Excellent line of cheap vases.

Useful Gifts for Men

Bath Robes, Gloves, Hosiery, Neckwear, Handkerchiefs, Umbrellas, Traveling Bags, and Suit Cases.

Tie Your Gifts With Holiday Ribbon

We have it in Holly Ribbon, others with Red and Green and Stripes, at 2, 3 and 5c yd.

Wider Ribbons, 8, 10, 12½ and 15c yd.

Also Satin and Taffeta Baby Ribbons in all colors.

Full Line Christmas Seals

In Holly, Santa Heads, Christmas bells, etc, in ten varities.

FREE! FREE!! FREE!!!

Beginning Monday 14th, we will give to each and every customer purchasing $1.00 worth of goods or more, a very handsome Embossed Calendar as shown in our windows. COME EARLY and make your purchases. Quantity limited.

RECEIPTS AND DISBURSEMENTS
FOR
PUBLIC SCHOOL PURPOSES IN CARROLL COUNTY, FOR SCHOOL YEAR ENDING JULY 31st, 1908.

RECEIPTS.

Balance on hand July 31st, 1907	$ 56.99
State School Tax	32,291.63
State Free School Fund	1,993.59
County School Tax	31,125.00
Licenses and Fines	8,870.63
Manual Training	1,500.00
Sales	10.00
State Free Book Fund	4,938.00
Tuition Fees from adjoining Counties	1,198.64
	$81,984.48

DISBURSEMENTS.

Rent	$ 318.00
Fuel	6,055.04
Repairs	1,664.41
Furniture	758.95
Teachers' Salaries	54,846.73
New Buildings	2,451.98
Janitors' Fees, Sanitary Cost and Incidentals	1,712.43
Kindergarten and Manual Training	1,353.86
Office Expenses, Postage and Account Books	142.00
Salary of County Superintendent, Treasurer and Secretary	1,800.00
Salary of Clerk	800.00
Salary of School Commissioners	600.00
Permits to adjoining Counties	225.75
Commencement Expenses	10.00
Printing	118.55
Freight	80.4
Hauling	92.88
Expenses of State and County Associations	81.25
Libraries	25.76
Attorney's Fee	100.00
Free Books, etc	4,157.31
Balance on hand, July 31st, 1908	4,589.18
	$81,984.48

nov 27 3t S. SIMPSON, TREASURER.

Sacrifice Sale at Sullivan's.

After being roped in by the Corporation for the past six or seven weeks, owing to improvements being made on the streets in my square, I am compelled to make a sacrifice sale in order to gain what I have lost by said improvements, so I will offer the following

Sacrifice Prices:

6 cts worth Johnny Toilet Soap	5c.	3 lbs 10c Crackers	25c.
6 cts worth Johnny Tar Soap	5c.	3 cans Tomatoes	25c.
6 cts worth Sack Salt	5c.	3 cans Corn	25c.
Granulated Sugar per lb	5c.	2lbs 15c Peaches	25c.
Oatmeal for Chickens per lb	3c.	1 lb 30c Butter	20c.
Oatmeal for Chickens per 100 lbs	$2.50.	25c can Cocoa	15c.
New Currants per lb	10c.	2 lbs 15c Apricots	25c.
New Seeded Raisins per lb	10c.	12c pck Oatmeal	10c.
New Citron per lb	20c.	15c can Chip Beef	10c.
Strictly pure Pepper per lb	20c.	2 lbs 14c Coffee	25c.
Fine Salt per bushel	45c.	Oyster Shells per 100	65c.
Coarse Salt per bushel	40c.	$2.00 Nickle Lamps	$1.35

Yours for Business,

MILTON A. SULLIVAN,
90 West Main St., Westminster.

nov 6 1y

COME HERE FOR YOUR
SHOES, HATS and GENTS' FURNISHINGS.

We have by far the largest stock and greatest variety of
MEN'S, WOMEN'S AND CHILDREN'S SHOES in this city.
Agent for two of the best lines of Shoes in the market for the money—

DOROTHY DODD, for WOMEN, $3.00 and $3.50,
AND
WALK-OVER, for MEN, $3.50 and $4.00 per pair.

If you are looking for something good in WORKING SHOES we have them at the right prices. We are showing all the new shapes and shades in

FALL and WINTER HATS.

Come in and look them over before buying. Remember, we have all the new things in Neckwear, Hosiery, Shirts, Underwear, Suspenders and Collars. Give us a call.

WM. C. DEVILBISS, 22 W. Main St., Westminster, Md.
dec 14 07

GEORGE R. GRUMBINE,
DEALER IN ALL KINDS OF
FRESH MEATS,
BACON AND PURE LARD.
All Meats Home Killed.
An Inspection Invited.

OUR GROCERY AND CONFECTIONERY LINE IS ALWAYS COMPLETE.

at the Old Reliable Merchant's **GEO. R. GRUMBINE,** at forks of road, Westminster.

C. & P. 'Phone 79k.

NO WONDER YOU LOSE YOUR COOK

Why don't you give her COAL that will burn right, heat right and bake right?

Give her good, clean COAL; COAL that's all COAL—the the kind we sell.

THAT'S THE WAY TO KEEP HER

USE "ELK GARDEN" and our high grades of screened ANTHRACITE.

Smith & Reifsnider,
Westminster, Md.
nov 13 2t

CHARLES E. FINK,
Attorney-at-Law
and Solicitor in Chancery.
Office—Court Street, Westminster
All business promptly attended to
in 12 tf

J. Milton Reifsnider,
Attorney-at-Law and Solicitor in Chancery.
Office—Albaugh Block, Court Street, Westminster Md. dec 18 tf

FOR SALE.

One 15 H. P. Stationery Engine, A No. 1 condition.

One 6 H. P. Portable Engine, good as new.

One 5 H. P. Engine, with Wood Saw, all mounted on same Truck.

One Small Grain Thresher, suitable for H. P., Steam or Gasoline.

The W. H. Davis Co.
Cor. Main and John streets,
WESTMINSTER, MD.
jy 17 08

Hotel Main-Court,
Formerly Westminster City Hotel,
Respectfully solicits your patronage.
Special Rates for Winter.
Cafe and Raw Bar Attached.
Also Livery and Garage.
F. L. H. GLENDMEYER,
oct 31 tf

Lap Robes and Horse Blankets.

In order to close out our remaining stock of LAP ROBES AND HORSE BLANKETS, we will sell them at less than cost while they last.

DOYLE & MAGEE,
28 and 30 West Main street,
Both Phones. Westminster, Md
mar 6 tf

FOR SALE.
The Desirable Home of

the late Nicholas D. Norris, at Eldersburg, this county, 3 miles from Sykesville. About 20 Acres of Land fronting on the Liberty road and improvements. All in good condition. Apply on the premises, or address

N. DORSEY NORRIS,
jy 31 tf Roland Park, Md.

In The Shadow Of The Cross
The Poor of France Suffer.
Yoked Like Oxen Women Work.

The Daily Wage of Men from Fifteen to Twenty-five cents —Women Receive from Ten to Fifteen cents--- Personal Experiences in the By-ways of Normandy.

(By W. B. Seabrook.)

Special to the American Sentinel.

Paris, France.

My entry into Nerduit was dramatic, if not triumphant, and resembled in more than one respect the legendary progress of the Pied Piper of Hamlin. Having spent the night in a village two or three miles further north, I reached the foot of the wooded knoll on which Nerduit rests, just as the school-house bells were ringing, and a moment afterward overtook on the road a group of youthful scholars, garbed like miniature monks in loose black robes, or blouses, belted at the waist. A little girl first spied me and, nudging a companion in the ribs to attract his undivided attention, shrilly cried:

"Voila un Anglais!"

After staring and whispering and veering to the extreme edge of the roadway like a covy of frightened partridges, they fell in behind and followed me at a respectful distance, commenting the while as if they had discovered some rare animal.

"But regard his long legs and the heavy club he carries," piped a timid youngster, "il doit etre dangereux."

Curiosity, however, was stronger than timidity and they trudged along at my heels until we overtook another party, schoolward bound. This second group joined the first and, some paces further on, was augmented by a third, not to speak of numerous dogs and other ragtag and bob-tail picked up along the village street, and, when we finally reached the public square, I was marching at the head of a small army. The bells had long ceased ringing, and it was the irate schoolmaster, birch in hand, come in search of his tardy pupils, who finally delivered me from the young Philistines.

The older citizens regarded me with somewhat the same curiosity, and the keeper of the tavern where I stopped for breakfast shamelessly sent his young son forth to announce throughout the neighborhood that by purchasing a cup of coffee at his father's auberge, one might have the privilege of seeing a real live "Angiais." Among those who took advantage of this exceptional opportunity was a carpenter, who proudly announced, in French, that he could speak English, and invited me to converse in the latter language. The conversation, opened by me, was exactly as follows:

"Where did you learn English, my friend?"

"Do hi spike Ingles? Yes! Oh Hell!"

"But are you able to understand what I say to you?"

"Do hi spike Ingles? Yes! Oh Hell!"

"I am inclined to think your grandfather was a pig." I ventured very politely; and smiling sweetly the carpenter responded,

"Do hi spike Ingles? Yes! Oh Hell!

Then we reverted to French and made better progress. So far as I can learn, there is no distinctive patois in this part of Normandy, and the only difficulty in comprehending the peasants lies in their tendency to speak with a rapidity that jumbles or at best elides the words. Take, for example, a very common phrase. Nearly always when a Frenchman is thanked for some trifling favor, he responds,

"Il n'y a pas de quoi.'

But if he is a countryman, he telescopes the words and says "Pakwa."

In using the simplest phrase of all, "n' est-ce pas?" the same class of people pronounce it "Spa?"

In these little out of-the-way places, off from the direct line of tourist travel, the people are simple minded, friendly, honest, and intensely interesting, because they preserve the customs and manners of the real Normandy. The women cultivate their little fields of "ble noir" sometimes with a donkey or ox, sometimes with their own shoulders beneath the yoke. I have seen a Norman peasant plowing with his wife and daughter hitched like oxen to the heavy wooden beam. Readers, who have traveled in Normandy, may exclaim that these things no longer exist. Let them turn aside from railroads and grandes routes, let them throw away their guidebook, travel the unmarked paths, and see for themselves. They will see twelve-year-old girls with drooping shoulders and hollow chests, bending beneath burdens fit only for strong men, they will see girls who rise in the grey dawn to go afield and cease their work only when night falls. They will see children and toothless old women at work side by side, and if they choose to follow these unfortunates homeward some dusk of evening, they will see low stone houses, straw thatched and often windowless, with beds of straw spread out upon the earthen floor within. These unhappy souls work in other people's fields, and earn from ten to fifteen cents a day. Americans, outside of the great cities, do not know the meaning of real misery.

Of course this is only one side of the picture, and the blackest side. More frequently the Norman peasant owns a tiny farm, fertile and beautiful as a flower garden, cultivated inch by inch, and blossoming like the rose. His stable holds a donkey, and perhaps a cow. His house has one or two windows and a wooden or cement floor. He labors long but he and his family are comfortably housed, well fed and happy.

For those who own no property, life as a general rule is hard and their remuneration barely sufficient to keep them alive from day to day. While walking from village to village in the cantons between Vologues and Contances, I made repeated inquiries concerning the daily wages of the various classes of laborers.

Among the field hands, the women receive from ten to fifteen cents per day and the men from twenty to twenty-five cents. The purchasing power of this money is perhaps one-third greater than in the United States. Therefore, the laborer here is, at best, on a par with the American who earns thirty-three cents per day, if there be any American so unfortunate. One evening on the highway, I fell in with a vendor of shrimp, carrying a basket of his wares and after traveling with him for several miles, invited him to join me in a mug of cider. He asked me if I would mind giving him instead the price of the cider, one copper sous. The day's trade had been bad, he said, and there was a paralytic father to support, in addition to his wife and baby. How much had he earned that day? Seventeen cents. How much did he usually make? Anywhere from thirty to forty cents when trade was brisk. What labor did he perform to earn this sum? Oh, that was more difficult to estimate, and, in answering, he dropped into the almost unintelligible fisherman's argot, but by many questions I gathered in a hazy sort of way that he waded half naked into the water every morning, sometimes before dawn, sometimes after, according to the tides and after two or three hours work with the net, shouldered his basket and tramped ten miles to find a market. This was but one of many instances.

One Sunday morning, after enduring for several hours a shoe whose torn seam had rubbed a painful blister on my heel, I came to an humble hut, in the window of which hung the sign "Cordonnier." The little dwelling was built against a stony hillside, just below a neglected shrine; in his doorway sat the shoemaker, a grey haired old man, whose furrowed face, though not of a type indicating high intelligence, was frank and kindly as that of a child. On hearing my request, he shook his head. He was sorry, but his shop was shut; he was a good Catholic, and it was sinful to labor on the Sabbath day.

I remonstrated; he reiterated. I argued; he still shook his head. Finally, pointing to the tall stone crucifix on the hilltop, he exclaimed,

"The blessed Saviour would withdraw His protection if I profaned the Sabbath."

Taking advantage of the opening, I called to his mind as best I could the story of the ox in the pit, and concluded by showing him my badly blistered heel.

Then, still with some misgiving, he consented to mend the shoe, but declared he would have to do it as an act of Christian charity and could accept no money for the work. Fifteen minutes of hammering and stitching remedied the trouble, and after expressing proper gratitude, I made ready to depart.

With gravity and hesitation, almost with trembling appeal in his voice, the old shoemaker laid his hand on my arm and said,

"Monsieur, the incident of the shoe is closed, is it not?"

He evidently expected an assent, so I answered "Yes."

"Monsieur, I am very poor, and have not eaten anything this morning. Do you think it would be wrong for me to accept a little gift?"

I assured him that it would not be wrong and offered him a silver coin worth ten cents.

"But I have no change," he said, drawing back his hand without touching the silver, "Perhaps it is better so.....I have gone without breakfast other mornings.....I was wrong to ask it .....No.....To take so much money for a few moments work would be dishonest."

Afterward I recalled the words of a philosopher, who wrote, "Le pauvre qui reste honnete au millieu des plus cruelles privations est doublement noble; souffrir la misere et la fain plutot que de voles, cest avoir du coeur et de l'honneur."

For many a night thereafter, I was puzzled by the vision of a towering crucifix of stone and in its shadow a white-haired old man who lacked daily bread.

William's Business.

"What are you driving at now, William?" asked the village patriarch of the young man with the near-linen collar and fancy-banded straw hat. William's answer and the story which the old man's subsequent questions brought out are so true to a certain kind of human nature that they deserve wide quotation.

"I ain't doing anything exactly right now," was the youth's reply, says a writer in the Chicago News.

"I've sold my plating outfit, an' I'm looking around a spell. Maybe I'll take the agency for a bicycle house. There's a firm has wrote me an' offered me a pretty good layout. I don't see but I might make some money at it."

"It does look as if you might," agreed the patriarch. "But if I was you I'd get after the road supervisor an' get them to make a few roads for the wheels to run on afore I sunk much capital in it. Do they want you to put up fifty dollars as a guar'ntee?"

"Shucks, no!" answered William. "I don't hafter put up anything. All there is, I get the order and they ship the wheel down. Then, after the feller's seen it' I c'lect the money an' take out my c'mission. The only thing is that I've got to ride one of the wheels m'self; but then, they let me have it at cost, so that part of it wouldn't be so much. But there's another firm in Portland, Maine, is offering me a good thing."

"What's that, William?" inquired the patriarch.

"It's a photo-enlarging and coloring business. They've got a patent process for enlarging pictures an' making them look jest like they was oil-painted. You couldn't tell it from a picture that cost one hundred dollars. They claim that agents is making as high as ten dollars or fifteen dollars a day on an average. Ten dollars a day would be good enough for me. I'd be pretty well satisfied with that. I've sent off for samples, but you bet I ain't going to send them money for the reg'lar outfit until I see what the pictures look like. I got bit on that 'Lives o'Self Made Men' year afore last that way. You don't ketch me twice."

"I thought mabbe you was going to take orders for suits o'clo'es again," said the patriarch. "You must have made good money at that."

"I didn't make anything," said the youth. "I only sold three suits; an' Hen Waters wouldn't pay for his when he seen it, an' they wouldn't pay me what I'd made on the other two. They claimed I was owing them, an' they wanted to sue me. I told 'em to go ahead an' sue, confound 'em!"

"How about that patent washing machine?"

"Couldn't do anything with that. I guess the women would have bought 'em all right of they'd have the say-so, but the men-folks diidn't see but what the regular old tub an wash b'iler was good enough. There's too many mossbacks around here."

"Wouldn't buy them self-adjusting bachelors' buttons, either, would they? I s'pose they 'lowed that the kind sewed on with a needle and thread was good enough to hook their suspenders on. Well, well! Wasn't the mushroom-growing a success either?"

"I lost clost onto seventy-five dollars," said William, sadly. "An' all my time," he added.

"Sho!" said the village patriarch sympathetically. "That was too bad. But then, a man who's all the time taking up business enterprises has to expec' to lose once in a while. I'll tell ye, William, I seen an ad in the paper yestiddy about a patent incubator that the man who owns it wants to get introduced around. He says that ther's liberal terms to agents an' you can get exclusive territory."

"I seen the ad," said William." I thought some of writing the feller. I don't know but what I will, anyway. If that photo-enlarging business don't turn out the way I think it's going to I'll hafter take up something else. I guess it ain't too late for fruit-trees. If it is, there's a candy-making machine that offers inducements."

"An' if that don't pan out, an' the worst comes to the worst, you're young an' husky, an' you can always go to work," said the patriarch.

DEFERRED LOCALS.

Northern Carroll Items.

Milton J. Study has erected a wind mill and also has added a number of other improvements about his property.

Mrs. Lydia Frounfelter, of Littlestown, spent Saturday in this vicinity.

School closed Wednesday evening and Miss Pansy Routzahn, the teacher of Pleasant Grove, spent Thursday at home and attended the meting of the Teachers' Asseociation at Westminster on Friday. School will reopen on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Brown attended the funeral of their nephew, Geo. Mering, of near Taneytown, Tuesday.

Miller's Items.

The Miller S. S. is busy getting ready for the Christmas entertainment to be held on Christmas eve, Dec. 24, at which time the school will be treated.

Mrs. Isabella Bortner and niece, Mrs. Howard Hare, are visiting friends and relatives at Hanover, Pa.

Mrs. Luther Wentz spent Friday the guest of Miss Elsie Brown, near Westminster.

Mr. and Mrs. John Rabenstine, of Hanover, Pa., spent Saturday and Sunday visiting their daughter, Mrs. Harvey Frank, and other relatives near here.

Mr. and Mrs. John K. Miller spent last Sunday visiting Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Smith, near Old Fort.

Mrs. Lewis Seipp and son Chas. have moved some of their household goods to Baltimore, where they intend to make their future home.

Mr. Clinton Bortner is visiting his brother Horatio and wife, at Hanover, Pa.

Miss Belle Frank spent Saturday and Sunday visiting her sister, Mrs. James Harris, at Hampstead.

Mrs. Wm. Bender, who is making her home at Jersey City, N. J., and who left here about two months ago, returned last week and packed up quite a lot of articles which she is shipping to her future home. She was accompanied here by her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Wm. Bender, Jr.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry M. Miller and children spent from Saturday until Monday visiting the latter's sisters and brothers at Glenville, Pa.

Orphans' Court.

Monday, November 23rd, 1908.—Jennie Arnold, administratrix of Emanuel M. Arnold, deceased, settled her first and final account.

John F. Ware, administrator d. b. n. c. t. a. of Rebecca J. Fite, deceased, settled his second and final account.

William B. Crapster, administrator of William Woods Crapster, deceased, received order to transfer mortgage.

Letters of administration on the estate of Louis F. Hood, deceased, granted unto Byard E. Dorsey, who received warrant to appraise, also order to notify creditors.

Tuesday November 24th, 1908.—The last will and testament of Sarah R. Lambert, deceased, admitted to probate, and letters testamentary thereon granted unto Isaiah A. Lambert, who received warrant to appraise stock and who returned inventories of debts and stocks, received order to transfer notes, etc., and settled his first and final account.

George C. Fowble, administrator of Nettie P. Fowble, deceased, returned inventories of personal property and money and received order to sell personal property.

Joshua W. Hering, executor of William Struth, deceased, returned inventories of money and debts.

Michael S. Brilhart, one of administrators of John T. Kelbaugh, deceased, returned report of sale of personal property.

Fannie E. Jones, administratrix of Thomas B. Jones, deceased, settled her first and final account.

©Maryland State Archives, msa_sc2900_scm2303-0443