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Babylon & Lippy Co.

JANUARY Clearance Sale

BEGAN

TUESDAY, JAN. 3rd, 1911

We intend to make this the greatest bargain giving event in the history of our business.
This Sale means DOLLARS in your pocket the oftener you come the more money you save.
Every odd and end lot in our 4 Rooms must go regardless of price.
Many lots we are closing out at and below cost.
Men's and Boy's Clothing at and below cost.
Ladies' and Children's Suits, Coats and Skirts at ⅓ off.
COMFORTS, BLANKETS and all winter good at prices that will mean a great saving for you.

Ladies' Suits, Coats and Skirts

All our Ladies', Misses and Children's, Suits, Coats and Skirts must go regardless of former prices.
The reductions are as follows:

$25.00	Suits and	Coats	.....	$16.50
20.00	"	"	"	13.50
15.00	"	"	"	11.00
12.50	"	"	"	8.50
10.00	"	"	"	7.50
8.00	"	"	"	6.00
6.00	"	"	"	4.50
5.00	"	"	"	3.50

Furs Furs

All Furs on hand must go. Price cut in twain.
It will pay you to see us before buying.

Shirt Waists and Sacques

Don't miss this counter it is filled with big bargains.
Waists worth $1.25 now 49c
Sacques worth 98c now 49c

Chinaware and Glassware

This department has been very thoroughly gone over and therein you will find 50c pieces on the 25c table, 25c pieces on the 10c table and quantities of 10c pieces on the 5c table.

Sweaters and Fascinators

The greatest of all bargains you will find on this table. Come first and get the choicest of the lot it means dollars for you.

Muslin Underwear

We anticipated this clearance sale many months ago before the advance and offer you all kinds of beautifully made undergarments at less than the cost of manufacturing them.

$1.25 Bed Spreads 98c

Laces and Embroideries

All odds and ends lots in our stock of laces and embroideries formerly sold up to 25c yd., now 9c yard.
8 and 10c qualities 5c yard.

7c Calicoes now 5c

Make your selection of any piece in the store except quilting calicoes 5c yard.

Bleached Muslins

12½c qualities 9c yard.

12½ Flannelette 7½c yard

Your choice of any Flannelette 7½c. Elegant for Wrappers and Comforts.

12½c Bat Cotton 10c lb.

Cotton higher prices the same, how is that? Selling it at a little below cost, that's the answer.

Shoes and Rubbers

Our custom is to make January Clearance Sale a great success. We select from our vast shoe department all small lots regardless of quality and mark them at such prices as to close them out quickly.

Watch the Dolly Madison BARGAINS

Apron Ginghams

Every piece of apron gingham that sold up to 7c yd., now 5c.

7c Unbleached Muslin 5c

1500 yds. full yd. wide Unbleached Muslin for this sale ..... 5c yd.

Dress Goods and Silks

On these tables you will find the best 25c Dress Goods in town. They were selected from our regular stock of 50 and 75c grades. Compare with others and you will be convinced. On our silk table you will find some exceptionally big inducement—like our dress goods, they were selected from our regular stock of Silks.

Blankets and Comforts

In this department you will find we used the knife and cut prices deep. This is a profitable department for you to investigate. We will not name the price but will astonish you when you come and hear them.
Teddy Bear Blankets 47½c.

Men's and Boy's Clothing

This department we intend to reduce for want of space for other merchandise. In order to do so we offer you

$20.00	Suits or	Overcoats	$13.50
18.00	Suits	for	12.50
15.00	"	"	11.00
12.50	"	"	8.50
10.00	"	"	7.00
7.00 and 8.00	"	"	5.00
5.00	"	"	3.75
4.00	"	"	2.75
3.00	"	"	1.98
2.00	"	"	1.50

You will find in this sale the greatest bargains in Men's, Boy's and Children's Clothing in Carroll county. We need the space for other departments and must reduce the clothing stock. Do not hesitate to come in and look at our cut prices on clothing.
If you do not need a Suit or Overcoat perhaps your friend does. Tell him.

Babylon & Lippy Company

Westminster, ∴ ∴ ∴ ∴ Maryland

IN THE GILDED CIRCLE

Two Mothers In High Life Show a Touch of Nature.

By CORA HATHORNE SYKES

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Abnormal conditions produce abnormal results. It is the middle classes and the wageworkers who have incomes sufficient to enable them to live in a way suited to their sphere that are the most virtuous and the happiest. Abject poverty leads to crime of one kind and a superabundance of wealth to crime of another kind.

What is called the "diamond horseshoe" in New York is the first tier of boxes at the Metropolitan Opera House. They are taken for the season, and usually for many seasons, by the same family. Their owners' incomes are counted not by thousands, but by hundreds of thousands and in some cases by millions.

One evening Mrs Montague Smythe—before wealth came it was Mrs. Smith—who had subscribed for her box while abroad and did not know who were to be her near neighbors, took her seat at the opera. Her dress was cut very low, on her head was a crescent of gems worth $100,000, around her neck was a necklace worth another $100,000, while her costume she had recently paid several thousand dollars for abroad. She was a blond about thirty years of age, but had already called in a massage operator to rub out the few webltke wrinkles that were coming in the corner of her eyes.

Mrs. Smythe had but got comfortably settled when another scintillating beauty entered the next box to hers and, throwing off her wraps, took a seat facing the stage, her back being toward Mrs. Smythe. But, the newcomer's husband, Mr. Oliver DeLano—it was formerly Delano—come in, his eyes met those of Mrs. Smythe. There was a slight involuntary start on the part of both. At that moment Mrs. DeLano turned, and Mr. Smythe entered. There was another meeting of eyes, a momentary drawing together

WILL JONES

"WHAT WOULD LAVINA SAY TO THAT?"

of Mr. Smythe's brows. As for Mrs. DeLano, she had always been accustomed to the restraint practiced by the gilded world, and the causes that moved the others produced no marked effect upon her.

These four had all been twice married. Oliver DeLano had been the husband of Lavinia, now wife of Montague Smythe. Montague Smythe had been the husband of Mildred, now wife of Oliver DeLano. Both couples had been divorced. DeLano had married the first Mrs. Smythe, and Smythe had married the first Mrs. DeLano.

It was the former union and subsequent swapping of partners that produced a momentary embarrassment among three of the number. Mrs. DeLano's long training in the highest circles enabled her to maintain a perfect equanimity. She gave society's stereotyped smile to her former husband and went so far as to extend her hand cordially to the lady who had taken her place with him. Then, as in high life no husband is expected in public places or at social functions to chat with his own wife, Mr. DeLano went into Mrs. Smythe's box, and Mr. Smythe went into Mrs. DeLano's box, each couple chatting when occasion permitted.

At the end of the first act the gentlemen went out for a whiff of a cigarette, leaving the ladies to entertain each other during the intermission.

Now, there being two sets of children in these two families when the first divorce was obtained, it was settled that the children should go with the father, he holding the purse strings and on this account being able to have his own way in the matter. When he was married again, having one set of children in the family already, it was further settled that his new wife's children should remain with their father. Therefore when the two ladies met at the opera neither had seen her own children in several years.

If there is one thing in nature that always remains the same it is a mother's heart. No sooner had the men left the women than Mrs. Smythe began hasty questions about her children, and as soon as Mrs. DeLano got an opportunity she did the same with respect to her own little ones. These people, strange to say, were all human beings, and even in the lower animals parental, and especially maternal, affections are paramount. Their friends at the opera, seeing them engaged in earnest conversation, refrained from visiting them in their boxes, and when the two men returned, finding the conditions the same as when they left, they felt obliged—in sight as they were of the whole audience—each to take position beside the other's (present) wife.

In the metropolis after the opera one finds the social magnates all at one of the prominent hotels or restaurants, where at supper they form their own parties. These four people when the curtain fell on the last act found themselves passing out together, and what was more natural than that they should sup together? So they all got into the Smythes' carriage and drove down to the A. There the women went into the robing room to lay aside their wraps, and their husbands waited half an hour for them before they came out. When they appeared they had laid a scheme. Chats about their children had tempted their mothers' hearts. Their love for their own flesh and blood had burst the bonds that held them, and they had laid a scheme for seeing the little ones in their cribs before going to bed themselves.

When the supper was over Mrs. DeLano bade Mrs. Smythe a cordial good night and said that she would go home in her own carriage, at the same time looking to Mr. Smythe as much as to say she expected him to be her cavalier until she reached the house. He conducted her to her carriage and entered it with her, Mr. DeLano doing the same with Mrs. Smythe.

Since both women passed through the same experience it is only essential to give that of one. Arrived at the Smythe residence, Mr. Smythe left his lady in the vestibule, entered the house, ordered the butler and the maid to bed that they should not start a scandal, and Mrs. DeLano went upstairs.

Little Ollie, aged seven, had kicked off the covers and was lying flat on his back, his little round legs and arms besides so much of his stomach as lay between his upper and lower pajamas exposed. He was sleeping as soundly as if he had never known a sorrow. Little Louise was on her side, her flaxen hair falling over her eyes, innocent as a cherub. The mother dared not kiss either of them for fear of awakening them and giving them the pain of parting. She left them untouched and, going to the door, gave them a last look. Then she burst into a torrent of tears. Mr. Smythe led her downstairs, put her into her carriage and got in beside her.

"Mont," she said as soon as she had regained something of her equanimity, "I can't stand this any longer."

"I think my home would be more comfortable with the mother of my children in it," replied Smythe.

"What do you say to us all going back to the position from which we started?"

"What would Lavinia say to that?"

"She and I agreed to such a plan this evening."

"You don't mean it!"

"I assure you it is a fact."

"How about DeLano?"

"I don't see how he can help himself if Lavinia insists."

"Very well; I'll not object to a change of partners if the others are agreed. We'll swap seats and let the game go on."

The next day at the end of a long interview between the two women it was decided that if both husbands could be brought to their views they would take legal steps to return to their own homes. It took some time to bring about a conversion of DeLano, but he was a man of the world and more devoted to other men's wives than his own, so, after all, it didn't make much difference to him with what wife he lived, and he preferred the mother of his own children for his own home.

An experienced divorce lawyer was called in to superintend the restoration. He nominally put the case in the hands of other firms, one for each of the contestants. It was at first decided that the wives should go to reside for a season in a state where divorces are made easy. But they would not consent to leave the world of fashion for so long a time. After much consultation it was found that the way considered most appropriate by the upper circles of the metropolis should be adopted. Mr. DeLano took up with an actress and was seen driving with her in Central park. Mr. Smythe appeared in his wife's box at the opera after drinking half a dozen quarts of champagne and waved his handkerchief to a woman in one of the upper boxes who had been hired to take a position there for the purpose.

This method was found to accord admirably with the condition of the gilded circle. The actions of the two husbands were considered by the judges to be ample cause for a decree on the part of the two greatly injured and scandalized wives and did not at all affect the position of the men in society. A few days after the last decree was obtained the original couples were remarried.

There were those who had their comfort, of which they had been deprived, restored to them by this method of procedure. The innocent children were thereafter occasionally petted by their own mothers. True, the exigencies of the fashionable world demanded their relegation to the care of nurses, but there were times when a mother's affection rose to the surface, and the little ones got the benefit.

But this case is one in a thousand or, more likely, ten thousand. When such people procure a decree of divorce they usually celebrate it by a big ball, and the separation lasts forever.

SHE CURED HIS SPRAINS

The Second One Was Higher Up Than the First

By CLARISSA MACKIE

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"Goodby, goodby!" called Leonard as the three cars rolled down the drive, tossing back a rainbow color of flying veils and waving hands. When they had disappeared he limped up the steps to the veranda and threw himself in a wide hammock with a groan of relief.

"Confound these shoes!" he muttered wrathfully, surveying the trim tan oxfords at the end of the hammock with an evil glance. "Eights he said they were, and when I tried them on they felt just right. By Jove, I believe he tricked me with a pair of sevens! The next time I buy shoes in haste I suppose I'll repent, as I'm doing now. Why in thunder I didn't bring another pair along—wow!" Mr. Leonard had untied the perky brown ribbon bow and painfully withdrawn a gorgeously clad foot from the tight shoe.

A churring whiz on the bluestone drive made him aware of the fact that some one had arrived.

He dived down after the shoes, thrust them behind his back, brought down his toes and tucked them under a hastily snatched cushion.

His back was to the drive, but he heard a low murmur of voices and a man's quick step, then a lighter step and the rustle of skirts.

"Goodby, Laura. Thanks, Phil. You haven't a moment to lose if you're going to catch that train. Yes, it looks deserted, but I'll find some one about. Goodby."

The motor whizzed away, and then the clicking of high heeled shoes approached the door and the bell rang insistently. Leonard craned his neck to peep, and the hammock creaked betrayal of his presence.

"Oh!" said the girl's voice sweetly. "I wondered if the place was quite deserted. Mrs. Blake expected me, I believe."

Leonard thrust an embarrassed face above the hammock's edge. "Pardon

WILL JONES

"LIES," SAID JACK.

my not getting up—er—but the fact is—er—I'm suffering from a sprain. I'm Mrs. Blake's brother, and I'm sorry to say that the whole push have gone off for the day—a picnic at the beach, I believe—and every servant has either gone along or taken her afternoon off. If you will sit down"— He indicated a comfortable rocker at some distance from his hammock, but the girl ignored it and sank down into a deep wicker seat at the foot of his couch.

"And you had to remain behind because of the sprain?" she asked sympathetically. "What a pity!"

"They left a lunch for me in the dining room, you know," explained Leonard, trying not to stare at the lovely face framed in the soft dark hat. He loved bronze tinted hair and deep blue eyes shaded with golden brown lashes and creamy skin tinged with pink and a perfect nose and a—

The lips parted in a little smile, showing just the sort of pearly teeth that Leonard admired. "I'm Marion West. Mrs. Blake asked me for the week. I was coming yesterday, but was prevented, so I wired her this morning I would arrive tonight on the 6:30."

"I'm Jack Leonard," said that young man, mentally anathematizing the ill fate that made him appear at such disadvantage when this delightful visitor was to be entertained. "My sister has gone for the day—er—I don't suppose she expected you till 6:30. I might take you out in my car—perhaps we could catch them up. I know the road." He made a tentative movement, remembered his predicament and sank back. His ribs encountered the sharp soles of the shoes, and he uttered a slight groan.

"Oh, dear, you have hurt yourself," cried Miss West compassionately. "Don't stir, please. I shall get along famously until they return. Perhaps I'll knock around the links—my clubs are here.

"I'll caddy for you," volunteered Leonard eagerly, and then again he recollected. "Darn the luck," he muttered under his breath.

"Never mind; it is rather warm for golf. I shall go in the farthest corner and read awhile, Mr. Leonard," she said, stripping off her white gloves and removing the hat from her pretty hair and fluffing it up with ringless fingers. "You are to take a good long nap. I believe you were asleep when we drove up."

"Don't go," pleaded Leonard. "I couldn't sleep a wink, you know." Then slyly and with a strong effort to turn pale he added, "It pains like the dickens, you know, and when I'm talking to you I don't mind it a particle."

"Really?" she asked incredulously. "When did you sprain it and how?"

"Yesterday—er—I should say immediately after my people went out this morning. Slipped, you know, and twisted it. Funny things, sprains, eh?"

"Very," agreed Miss West demurely. Bringing forth a dainty workbag, she produced a piece of embroidery and busied herself with intricate stitches. "Haven't you done anything to reduce the inflammation—applied a cold compress or anything like that?"

"Nary thing," returned Mr. Leonard cheerfully. "Pained me so I couldn't think what to do, so I went to sleep, lulled by pain, you know. Ever had the toothache?"

"Never."

"Well, this is like a toothache in the ankle," went on Mr. Leonard, elaborating his story with much care and quite reckless of consequences, "if you can imagine such a thing."

"I cannot. Fancy a toothache in one's ankle!" Miss West laughed more heartily than the occasion seemed to warrant, and Leonard, chilled by dark suspicion, wriggled his rascally toes still farther under the protecting cushion until that ruffly protection came very near dropping over the edge of the hammock.

"You seem awfully uncomfortable," volunteered Miss West. "Cannot I do something for you—fetch a drink of water, turn your pillow—anything?"

"Thank you, no. I'm doing famously," said Leonard eagerly. "My back's a bit strained too. Makes me restless. I'm afraid I'm bad company."

"Indeed no! You are most entertaining," assured the girl sweetly. "And here is relief in sight. Surely this motherly looking creature can be no other than your absent cook!"

"Maggie—ah, yes," murmured Leonard helplessly, craning his neck to observe the approach of the squat form of the O'Brady who once had been his nurse and was now his sister's cook. "She will go immediately to the kitchen," he continued as if by the power of suggestion he could sidetrack the oncoming disaster.

But she didn't go immediately to the kitchen. She paused in the path beyond the veranda and caught Leonard's eye with her own keen blue orb.

"Aha, Master Jack! And is this the way ye go to the city fer attending to important bizness? Shame on ye for a lazybones—a-staying home in the hammick when ye might be courtin' most anny wan of them swate girls at the picnic!"

"Mr. Leonard has met with an accident," explained Miss West, suddenly appearing before Maggie O'Brady's astonished eyes. "He sprained his ankle, and it has not yet been attended. You might bring some ice water and bandages.

With murmured exclamations of distress at her favorite's disaster and a bewildered wonderment at the vision of beauty on the veranda, Mrs. O'Brady pounded around the path to the kitchen.

"Oh, by Jove!" groaned Mr. Leonard helplessly. "I don't need Maggie, you know. My foot feels much better; I shall be able to walk before luncheon. Just head her off, won't you, please?"

Miss West's pretty brows went up in puzzled inquiry. "I should think you would want it attended to, Mr. Leonard. You are suffering, and just a compress of ice water on your ankle will reduce the inflammation. Surely you will let her bandage it for you."

"Never!" cried Mr. Leonard wretchedly.

Miss West laughed merrily—peal after peal of laughter that rippled from her pretty throat so contagiously that Jack Leonard joined in, although he did not understand in the least what it was all about.

The girl bent over her workbag a moment and then turned to him with dancing eyes. "I have here a cure for your indisposition, Mr. Leonard," she said demurely. "While you apply it I shall run and tell Mrs. Maggie you are cured." She held out between her dainty fingers a long embroidery needle threaded with purple silk, the very color of the socks between the pillow.

"Upon—my—word!" gasped Jack, blushing furiously. "You knew all the time, Miss West?" He nodded toward his feet.

"Yes, indeed, from the very first—they show so plainly from beneath the pillow. And the yellow shoes—you have had one under each arm, and you have been so uncomfortable! I've been dying to tell you, but it was so funny, and you fairly fascinated me with the multiplicity of your—fabrications, shall I say?"

"Lies," said Jack, "plain, everyday lies." And then he told the story of the tight shoes and the inquisitive toes and the brother-in-law, who inconsiderately wore nines. "What would you do if you wanted to get around and take somebody motoring across country?"

"While Maggie is conducting me to my room I advise you to put your offending shoes on Mr. Blake's big boot trees and let them stretch. Then you can find a pair of tennis shoes somewhere, and, presto, we shall go motoring—if you meant me."

"There is nobody else," said Jack fervently.

"And the sprain—it is better?" laughed Miss West.

"Worse—it is higher up, cardiac region, and very serious," answered Mr. Leonard, placing his hand on his heart.

In the course of time Miss West found a cure for that sprain also.

SIXTEEN KILLED BY EXPLOSION

Many Others Injured in Accident at Ice House.

MANY WERE SEEKING WORK

Boiler at Plant Near Pittsfield, Mass., Blows Up, Hurling Bodies and Debris Through the Air.

Fourteen men were instantly killed and two have since died from injuries received in the explosion of a tubular boiler in the engine house of the Morewood Lake company, the largest ice plant in Berkshire county, near Pittsfield, Mass.

More than twenty-five men were injured in the explosion, fourteen of whom were taken to the House of Mercy hospital immediately following the accident. A police investigation is now under way to determine the cause of the explosion.

The police theory of the explosion is that a new safety valve which had been installed by a Pittsfield firm was choked in the pipe leading from the boiler to the valve, and that whereas the gauge was set for only forty pounds the boiler may have been carrying 200 pounds of steam when it blew up.

A special meeting of the city council was held. This meeting voted authority to the mayor to furnish immediate relief to the families of the killed and injured, the amount used to be paid out of the fund for the relief of the poor.

Senator Crane, of Dalton, on hearing the news of the accident, drove to Pittsfield and conferred with Mayor McKinnes in regard to the relief arrangements for the dead and injured. Members of the Crane family in Dalton immediately subscribed $1650 and prominent citizens of Pittsfield a sum which reaches nearly $3000.

The property loss to the ice company is $5000. The Morewood Lake company, according to one of the members of the firm, claim that but two of the men killed and injured were on their payroll. The remainder had gathered at the ice house for employment, which was to begin with the operation of the engine for hoisting ice into the stack, for which the wrecked boiler was to furnish the steam.

The dead are: William Dunn, Edgar D. Allen, John Raymond, Leo Fernandez, George Albert Bence, Wyatt Moore, Elmer E. Eldridge, Fred Bouthier, Arthur Pepoon, James McMalus, Abeline Gallego, George Houghtaling, Joseph Gallego, George Ward, Martin F. Smith, one unidentified body.

The boiler house was demolished in a second, and pieces of the boiler, timbers and human bodies were hurled through the air.

One body was blown a distance of 200 feet and another 150 feet. The cylinder of the boiler was found in a tree on the edge of the lake more than 100 feet away, while a large piece of iron was picked up 200 yards from where the boiler house stood.

BULLET IN HIS BRAIN

Boy Is Said to Have an Even Chance of Recovery.

Semi-conscious and with a bullet embedded three inches deep in his brain, Le Roy Hackner, twelve years old, a negro boy, is furnishing a remarkable example of vitality and reversal of the accepted rules of medicine to physicians of Evansville, Ind.

The boy was shot by his cousin, Herbert Hackner, who accidentally discharged a flobert rifle, a Christmas gift, last Sunday. Dr. Thomas Macer says the boy has an even chance for recovery. One side of his body is partially paralyzed.

Twenty Life Prisoners Freed.

The doors of Alabama's prisons were thrown open to more than 100 convicts pardoned and paroled by Governor Comer for Christmas. Among them are twenty life prisoners and fully forty convicts imprisoned for homicide.

Spiritualistic Book.

"Secrets of Grave Yards and Crematoriums Revealed." 185 Pages, 24 Illustrations. Tells you more of the future than Mediums, Clairvoyants or Palmists know. Messages from the Spirit world. Communications from your loved ones. Tells the meaning of Dreams. How one buried alive was saved by Mental Telepathy. Key to Ruling Planets. Lucky dates for Marriage or Business Transactions. Know what is the future for you. Only Book of its kind ever published. Sent to any address. Price $1.00. Money refunded if not satisfactory. Write plainly. Book will be sent in plain wrapper confidential.

DOBBIN BOOK COMPANY, MADISON AND MOORE STS, Baltimore, Md.

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