AMERICAN SENTINEL.

$1.00 PER ANNUM [redacted] TMINSTER, MD., FRIDAY AFTERNOON, JANUARY 5, 1912. VOL. 81—NO. 1

Babylo[redacted]py Co.

JANUA[redacted]RANCE SALE OF ALL WINTER MERCHANDISE

Ladies' Coats, Suits, Skirts, Millinery, Underwear, Comforts, Blankets, Men's and Boys' Clothing, Hats, Caps and Shoes, Dress Goods, Flannels, &c. ∴

Never in the history of our January Clearance Sales have we slaughtered the prices on dependable merchandise as in this great sale.

In this sale prices will be of vital importance to you to buy for future use. Money saved is well earned.

Ladies' Suits, Coats and Skirts

All our Suits, Coats and Skirts are included in this great clearance sale. Alterations free of charge.

$25.00	Suits or Coats		$17.50.
20.00	"	"	14.50.
16.50	"	"	11.50.
12.50	"	"	8.75.
10.00	"	"	7.75.

Children's Coats

$8.00	Coats	$6.00.
6.00	"	4.50.
5.00	"	3.50.
3.50	"	1.95

Furs

All Furs must go regardless of their former prices. Come see them. Every piece marked in plain figures.

Ready to Wear Hats

This department will show you some very surprisingly big bargains. Don't miss this department. It will pay you to visit it.

Shirtwaists and Sacques

Don't miss this counter. Shirtwaists and Sacques at ½ price.

Wool Dress Skirts

$7.00 to $8.00 all wool Dress Skirts $4.95.
5.00 to 6.00 " " " " 3.65.
Only a limited quantity left.
Satteen Skirts - - 69c.

DOMESTICS

This includes all kinds of staple Cotton goods.

7c yd. wide Unbleached Muslin	5c.
8c " " "	6½c.
Best Calicoes	5c.
10c Outings	7½c.
10c Dress Ginghams	7½c.
10 and 12½c Flannelette	8c.
35c Table Damask, white, red or grey,	21c.
12½c India Linon	9c.
12½c Waistings	9c.
12½c Long Cloth	9c.
12½c Bleached Muslin	9c.
10c " "	8c.
Good " "	7c.
" Cotton Crash	5c.
15c 40 in. Kilarney Linen	12½c.
10-4 Bleached Sheeting	28c.
9-4 " "	28c.
10-4 Unbleached Sheeting	25c.
9-4 " "	22c.
9-4 Bleached Sheets	69c.
45x36 Pillow Cases	12½c.
10c Canton Flannels	8c.
12½ Towels	10c.
8c Shaker Flannel	6½c.
7c Apron Ginghams	5c.
12½ Bat Cotton	10c.
$1.25 Bed Spreads	98c.

Muslin Underwear

We have been looking forward to this clearance sale many months ago and have for your consideration one of the greatest sales on Muslin Underwear in the record of our store. Don't miss this opportunity. Prices are less than the cost of manufacturing them.

Sweater and Aviation Caps

All odds and ends in these departments must go. Prices cut in twain. First come, first served.

Blankets and Comforts

Just at the season when you need comforts and blankets we cut the prices. What a saving for you? Our stock is not so large hence the lot will not last long, with prices down down. We advise you to be among the first shoppers.

Laces and Embroideries

Here we are again offering you the clean up of the season on the choicest patterns and qualities of Laces and Embroideries. Look for our 5 and 9c tables.

Ladies' Handkerchiefs 2 1-2c up

Dress Goods and Silks

Look for our Dress Goods and Silk bargains on tables No. 1 and 2 where you will find them in all shades and qualities. Prices 25 to 50c per yd.

In Our Men's Store

You will find in this sale the greatest bargains in men's, boys' and children's Clothing in Carroll county.

Men's Suits	$5.00	and up.
Boys' "	1.98	" "
Men's Overcoats	5.00	" "
Boys' "	1.98	" "
Men's Shirts	.39	" "
" Caps	.19	" "
" Underwear	.39	" "
" Hose	.05	" "

Shoe Bargains

Our custom is to clear our large stock of shoes twice a year of all odd and end lots and discontinued lines to make room for new ones. In order to get rid of them quickly we mark them down to cost and sometimes below cost. Now is the opportune time. About 50 pairs of Dolly Madison Shoes to go at $2.29, regular price $3.00 to $3.50.

Babylon & Lippy Company

[redacted]minster, - [redacted]d.

Learning the Anthem

"Say, will you play this solo part over for me?" asked the tenor, as he hastily threw off his hat and overcoat and placed his music in front of the organist. "Just give me my pitch, please."

"I'm sorry, but I can't play it now," replied the organist. "You're nearly half an hour late and we've got to get through all these hymns, besides the anthem. You should have come earlier." He closed the music in front of him.

"Grouch!" muttered the tenor, as he took the music and sat down with the rest of the choir.

"Say," he whispered to the soprano, "if we don't get a new organist pretty soon they'll have to get a new tenor. I'm tired of being sat upon by that fellow."

"Well, but you know, we do have to practice the anthem," said the soprano, "and what's the use of our sitting here, listening to your solo, when we might as well be getting real practice done?"

The tenor moved over nearer the bass and muttered his grievance.

"Yes," agreed the bass, "he sure is the limit. Why, I called him up the other night and asked him to come out and play over some of my songs—just a little social call, you know. Well, he snapped out that he charged $5 an hour for accompanying people." The bass relapsed into bitter thoughts.

"Well, what did you expect?" asked the soprano. "Did you think he would go out simply to practice with you, for the mere pleasure of it? I'd have charged ten, I assure you."

"Come on, now, if you're going to practice," ordered the organist, belligerently. "Now, follow your music, and all come in on the first beat." He played the opening chords.

"What on earth's the matter?" he exclaimed, disgustedly. "Why don't you come in? There are four beats, and on the fifth every one of you come in. Now, try again, and see if you can count four." Again he played the chords.

"Oh, just a minute," interrupted the soprano. "What is my note? I never can get the right pitch. Hit my note when you play the opening chord louder than the rest, will you?" She beamed upon the organist.

"Now, see here!" exclaimed the organist. "I gave every one of you a copy of this thing to practice at home. You all ought to know it like your own names. I can't play one note louder than another in the first chord! Do you suppose my playing doesn't matter at all, just so you people do just as little work as you can?" and he turned to the organ.

"Oh, well, if you don't want to be obliging!" The soprano's voice was scornful.

The bass and the tenor laughed. "Serves her right," said the tenor, sotto voce, "for siding with him in the first place.

"Now, one, two, three, four, sing!" counted the organist at the top of his lungs, as he played the chords once more.

An awful crash of voices rent the air. The organist flung out his hands in dismay. "Now, what is the matter?" he thundered.

"I believe that was my fault," murmured the little contralto. "I was thinking this was another anthem that I know by heart, and I started to sing that! I don't believe I know this one. I wasn't here last Sunday. Yes, you mailed me a copy, but I didn't have time to go over it. Won't you please play my part over a couple of times? Then I'll know it, and we'll get along all right. All the others know their parts." She stepped up to the organ confidently.

"It is now ten minutes of 9," said the organist, looking at his wtach. "Just fifty minutes of our hour are up, and at 9:15 I have an engagement. Do you suppose that I can waste the remaining ten minutes on you, when we've got this whole anthem to learn? You sit down and listen and the rest of you get busy now!"

He straightened out the music and lifted his hands to strike the first chord.

"Oh, say, we'll never learn this one," said the bass. "Let's try over one of the old ones, and take this one up for next week. The people won't know the difference, and we'll murder this one if we try to sing it."

"Let's!" eagerly assented the contralto.

"Oh, yes, let's!" said the soprano and the bass, in one voice.

"All right," agreed the organist. "Pick out what you please. I've got to go now. Let me know what you're going to sing." He jumped into his overcoat and departed.

"Bear!" hissed the soprano as the door slammed.

Different Viewpoints.

Old Lady—There is one thing I notice particularly about that young man who calls to see you. He seems to have an inborn instinctive respect for woman. He treats every woman as though she were a being from a higher sphere, to be approached only with the utmost delicacy and deference.

[redacted]ghter (sweet 18) — Yes, bashful. — Four

LADY PAGET, AMERICAN BORN, SOCIAL LEADER IN DUBLIN.

ENGLAND has become almost Americanized socially by the introduction of American beauties through marriage with British noblemen. Ireland also has several ladies from this side of the water who have won prominence by the same route. There is, for instance, Lady Paget, wife of General Sir Arthur Paget, just appointed to succeed General Sir Neville Lyttleton in the Irish military command. Hereafter the social position of Lady Paget will be second only to that of the Countess of Aberdeen in all Ireland. She will reside in Dublin, the Irish capital. Lady Paget is a daughter of the late Paran Stevens of New York. While she has been a great success as a hostess, it is said that she has never been strictly popular, and her friends are wondering how she will succeed in her new dignity.

FAMOUS SONS OF COLUMBUS

One Rose to Distinction as an Admiral and the Other Was a Great Scholar.

How often do we hear of the sons of Columbus? Yet the great discoverer had two sons, one of whom, Don Diego, rose to distinction as an admiral, and the other, Fernando, as a scholar.

Fernando was a great traveler. He not only thrice visited America, but subsequently traversed the whole of Europe and almost every accessible portion of Asia and Africa. In his will he stipulated that his library, containing 20,000 volumes, which he gave to the cathedral of Seville, should be free to the people, and it is so to this day. From books in his collection Washington Irving obtained a considerable portion of the information on which his "Life of Columbus" was founded. The following quaint epitaph, almost obliterated by time, appears upon the site of his tomb:

"What does it profit me to have sprinkled the whole world with my sweat, to have three times crossed to the new world discovered by my father, to have embellished the shores of the tranquil Guadalquiver and preferred my simple tastes rather than riches, or that I have assembled round thee divinities from the source of Castalia and offered to thee the riches gathered by Ptolemy, if, 'passing in silence over this stone, thou shouldst fail to address a single salutation to my father's memory, or to myself a slight remembrance?'"

March of Infantry and Cavalry.

The military march must be taken as the best index of the horse capacity, conditioned by the needs of remaining effective. Under fair to good conditions cavalry are expected to accomplish from thirty to thirty-eight miles a day for several days in succession, but taking the campaign as a whole, the daily average is not expected to exceed fourteen to fifteen miles. This is the practical limit of infantry on the march; thus the two arms of the service remain together on the route.

Explanation of Colors of Leaves.

In extremely moist atmosphere the color of the leaves are not usually very bright, as in England. And in very dry climates the leaves dry up suddenly, and their skin, which is very thick to prevent the escape of moisture, is not sufficiently transparent to allow the color to be seen beneath. In regions where the autumn foliage is most vivid we find that an average season produces the most exquisite colors. Neither a very dry nor a very wet summer will result in much brilliancy.

Nailed.

Housekeeper—Here, drop that coat and clear out! Burglar—You be quiet, or I'll wake your wife and give her [redacted] letter I found in your pocket.

VERY ANGRY WAS MR. JENKS

Laundry Had Not Come Home and He Proceeded to Explode via Telephone.

It was Sunday morning and Mr. Jenks' laundry had not come home. Angry is no name for the condition in which Mr. Jenks found himself! Giving utterance to language which would be entirely unfit for Sunday reading, he rushed to the telephone and hastily looked up in the directory the number of the laundry. "Give me 41144 Baxter!" he shouted fiercely to central.

"Hello!' came the response a little later

"This is Mr. Jenks and I want my shirts," he replied wrathfully.

"Your shirts?" questioned the voice.

"Yes, my shirts," shouted Mr. Jenks emphatically. "I won't be trifled with any longer. Let me have those shirts within half an hour—do you hear!"

"But I haven't got your shirts," answered the voice with exasperating calmness. "Why do you think I have?"

"Why do I think you have! Great Scott!" cried Jenks furiously. "You haven't sent them home. Where are they, if you haven't got them?"

"I really don't know and I—really don't care," replied the voice.

"You—" began Mr. Jenks fiercely, and then bethought himself. "Isn't this the Washup laundry?" he inquired more mildly.

"No," responded the voice, "this is a private apartment."

Marriage Made Easy.

Gretna Green, Scotland, became famous for its celebration of irregular marriages. For many years the average number was five hundred. The ceremony consisted only of an admission, before witnesses, by the couple that they were husband and wife, this being sufficient to constitute a valid marriage. After this the officiating functionary (for many years a blacksmith), together with two witnesses, signed the marriage certificate.

Heavy Annual Rainfall.

The rainfall of a village among the hills of Assam, during the ten weeks from May 1 to July 9 this year, was 250 inches. The village is Cherrapunji, the rainiest spot in Asia and presumably in the world. Its annual rainfall is something over 450 inches—say, fifteen times as much as London. Cherrapunji stands on a plateau, overlooking the plain of Sylhea, and it is 4,455 feet above sea level.—Westminster Gazette.

Praise for United States Army.

There is less caddishness in the United States army than is to be found in military forces elsewhere in the world. In England the reservists and the yeomanry are rather snubbed at the instruction camps and the maneuvers by the regulars; at San Antonio I saw no sight of this.—Columbian Magasine.

Taking a Chance

"It's little less than outrageous, Leslie, for you to squander your hard-earned money on a worthless lottery ticket," said Leslie's wife in a burst of indignation. "I haven't heard of anyone being so shallow-brained in years."

"Never mind, if 51178 wins you'll be able to buy all the luxuries your little heart craves for and I've always desired you to have. Don't be too skeptical but—wait—" replied Leslie.

"I'd prefer any day to have the two dollars you've wasted for some real necessities instead of imaginary luxuries. A pair of gloves, a rug for the hall, silk for a waist, and a thousand and one things."

"Let's not quarrel over the money until we get it," broke in her husband.

After the above conversation Mrs. Leslie tried to forget all about the lottery ticket, but impossible.

Meanwhile her husband, occupied with the cares of business, had forgotten completely about the little blue ticket. Matters of much greater import occupied his mind.

"Belinda," he said one night, "the bills for the last month are simply enormous. My income does not warrant these expenditures. There's more money going out than coming in. I'm neither parsimonious, miserly nor stingy, but there's a limit to all extravagance."

For once Mrs. Leslie was silent; she simply smiled and kept on sewing. When she looked up she was startled to notice the silvery tinge to her husband's hair, how tired and old he looked, while she seemed to grow more youthful in appearance every day.

"Don't you feel well," she questioned, anxiously.

"Can a man feel well and happy," was his curt answer, "when he's continually harassed with financial troubles?"

The wife, wishing to end the discussion, proposed that they go to the "nickel show."

"Astonishing that you did not suggest a box at the opera," grumbled her husband as he assented.

Mrs. Leslie finally threw all caution to the winds. She seemed to have been bewitched by the "demon of buy." The old portieres in the little parlor were replaced by elegant new ones, which made the parlor carpet appear so shabby in contrast that it was not long before a new rug adorned the floor.

The comments of their friends were numerous. When they noticed the mahogany bookcases and the piano which had been purchased on the installment plan and Mrs. Leslie expected to pay for when the lottery money was distributed. "Mr. Leslie must have made a great deal of money," they said.

After three months of apprehension and anxiety Mr. Leslie gave vent to his pent-up feelings. Opening the new-fangled desk to look for a pencil, he burst forth in a voice of anger, dismay and exasperation, "Bills, bills, bills, that's the only kind of correspondence in this house nowadays. None of them receipted either. I'll have to borrow money on my life insurance if this continues."

"Yes," answered Mrs. Leslie with tears in her eyes. But I figure it will be all right if we only have a little patience."

"What do you mean?"

"It's rather inconvenient just now, but I fancy it will be all right when your lottery ticket comes due. Didn't you maintain vociferously that the lottery money would eventually pay for everything. Maybe then you can take a vacation and rest up a little."

"What coinage of your brain are these vivid imaginations?" said Mr. Leslie as he sprang to his feet, giving his wife one long look as if he had never seen her before. After a tense silence which seemed aged to his wife, he exclaimed, "The lottery money! What do you mean? I suppose it's a woman's prerogative to change her mind, but didn't you distinctly assert that you wouldn't touch one penny of that money?"

"Yes, but—"

"That's the reason why I never took the trouble to inform you that the drawing was weeks ago and our number was not among the lucky ones.

Mrs Leslie turned pale. "What a foolish woman I've been," she said. "I thought so much about it that I didn't realize we could lose."

"Mother," called a sweet, young voice, "where are you? I've some wonderful, glorious news to tell you."

"What is it, dear?" she asked, as a young girl entered the room.

"Don't look so gloomy, mother mine," she replied, as she wound her arms around her mother's neck. "Bill Thorsch is coming tomorrow to ask father's consent to our wedding. Oh, I'm deliciously happy."

"I was not prepared for this great surprise, my dear, I didn't know he was even courting you," said her father.

"Oh, he's been coming here all winter. He said the parlor was so comfortable he simply couldn't stay away."

"Leslie," said Mrs. Leslie, taking her husband's hand, "it was a good investment nevertheless. Of evil good has come. If Bill, who is my ideal of perfection in a young man, hadn't enjoyed our pretty parlor and felt the atmosphere of affluence around he might never have proposed to our daughter."

©Maryland State Archives, msa_sc2900_scm2305-0004