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PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

Bulletin

FORTY PLAYGROUNDS BY THE SEA

This is seashore time.

The dog days call to the worker in home, office, and mill, and the answer brings up thoughts of the many resorts beside the sea where comfort, recreation, and pleasure alike await the coming of the holiday-maker.

Along the shores of New Jersey from Cape May to Sandy Hook lie forty beaches, each offering delights for outings long or short and each easily accessible by the splendid train service of the Pennsylvania Railroad.

Atlantic City, with its myriad attractions for young and old, needs no introduction, for its charms are known from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

Cape May, for a century the summering place of satisfied thousands of seekers after cool breezes, fine bathing, and the refined amusements of the seaside, is more attractive than ever in its new life.

Ocean City, Wildwood, Sea Isle City, with their smaller neighbors, Anglesea, Holly Beach, Wildwood Crest, Avalon, and Stone Harbor, afford summer pleasure to thousands.

To the north lie Beach Haven, Seaside Park, Island Heights and the other resorts about Barnegat Bay, where the lover of fishing and sailing finds the choicest sport.

Asbury Park, Ocean Grove, Spring Lake, Long Branch, Sea Girt, Point Pleasant, Allenhurst, Elberon, and Belmar on the Upper Coast where the country meets the sea right on the beach, appeal with mighty force to the excursionist.

Any Pennsylvania Railroad Ticket Agent will be glad to give full information regarding excursion rates, time of trains, and arrange your outing, whether it be for a day, a week or the whole summer.

BALTIMORE'S BEST STORE

Hochschild, Kohn & Co.

Howard and Lexington Streets

We Prepay Freight Charges to All Points Within 200 Miles of Baltimore on All Purchases of Amounting to $5.00 or More.

AUGUST IS A MONTH OF WONDERFUL SAVING OPPORTUNITIES AT BALTIMORE'S BEST STORE

Stock-taking has brought to light innumerable small lots of summer goods which we are willing to sell without regard to previous prices—good, dependable, up-to date merchandise, with several months of usefulness before it.

Lots are too small to advertise, but you can depend upon finding practically everything you want.

Come to the store, or write for prices and information on whatever you may need. Either way you will be sure of prompt, courteous attention, and you will be equally sure to save largely and positively on every purchase.

Our Mail Order Department is equipped to give prompt and accurate service.

Samples of Silks, Dress Goods, Wash Fabrics and so on will be cheerfully sent if you will write for them.

Ladies' Home Journal Patterns 10c and 15c. Write for a copy of the Monthly Style Book—it's free.

Hochschild, Kohn & Co.
Howard & Lexington Sts., BALTIMORE

THE DENTON AUTO AND SUPPLY CO.

GARAGE ON FIRST STREET

We announce to our patrons and the public in general that we have engaged an experienced, expert machinist, and Automobile Repairing and Equipping of any character will be promptly and satisfactorily done at the Garage; or, when necessary, at your home.

Work on Gas Engines and Machine Work generally also done in the best manner.

AUTO SUPPLIES OF ALL KINDS.

PUBLIC GARAGE

SALISBURY FAIR

August 17, 18, 19, 20, 1909.

—GREAT INTEREST IS MANIFESTED—
—GET READY—
—THOUSANDS ARE COMING—

Additional Grand Stand Room Provided.
EXHIBITS WANTED! Write for Premium List.

Admission, 25c. Children, 15c.
Nights: Fair Grounds Opened at Night—
Night Admission to Grounds, 10c.

BIG WILD WEST (Robbins') On Grounds

REMEMBER PLACE AND DATES:

Fair Grounds, Salisbury, Md., Aug. 17, 18, 19, 20, '09

—COME—

INSURE YOUR PROPERTY IN HOME COMPANY

We save you from 45 to 50 per cent of your money and give you a broad, straight policy.

We do not attach a three-fourths value clause.

We do not require you to take your own risk by signing a PREMIUM NOTE.

Your money will be INVESTED at home.

We pay our losses within 10 days.

Underwriters rate in Western Maryland is: Dwelling 40 cts., outbuildings 60 cts. on $100. Underwriters rate on Eastern Shore: Dwelling 70 cts., outbuildings $1.25 on $100.

Our Rate:

Dwelling, 40c, outbld'g 60c on $100

Our rate the same as the one they use in Western Maryland.

AGENCIES:

Oscar Clark & Bro., Denton, Md.
Paul Holsinger, . . Ridgely, Md.
Harry Clark, . Queen Anne, Md.
Charles B. Harrison, Preston, Md.
Frank W. Wagner, Federalsburg, Md.

Maryland Fire Ins. Co.
Easton, Md.

10 per cent. Discount

For the Month of August

P. E. CORKRAN,
DISTRICT AGENT,

PREMIER, REO, and RAPID AUTOMOBILES

The Reo continues the same three models, the Touring Car, the Roadster, and the Runabout, and in addition a 4-cylinder, 30 h.p. shaft-driven car with magneto for $1250. Models for 1910 are now out.

Consult Cochran before purchasing automobiles. Don't forget that the Rapid is the greatest money-maker on the market for hauling passengers, freight.

P. E. CORKRAN,
EASTON, MD.

AGENT WANTED.

Road Notice.

This is to give notice that thirty days from this date the undersigned will petition the County Commissioners to lay town and open a public road from Anthony's Mill, in the Third Election district, to the public road at the Three Bridges, the line being that of the old road now in use.

JOS. P. ANTHONY,
JOHN S. SLAUGHTER,
JONATHAN E. TOWERS,
JESSE P. WARREN.

Denton, Md., July 13, 1909.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD!

PERSONALLY-CONDUCTED EXCURSIONS TO

NIAGARA FALLS!

August 18, September 8 and 22, 1909

Round Trip Rate **$10.25 from Greensboro.**

Tickets good going on regular trains day before excursion to Philadelphia, and SPECIAL TRAIN of Pullman Parlor Cars and Day Coaches leaving Philadelphia at 8.10 A. M. on above dates, running via the

Picturesque Susquehanna Valley Route

Tickets good returning on regular trains within SIXTEEN DAYS, including date of excursion. Stop-off within limit allowed at Buffalo returning.

Illustrated Booklet and full information may be obtained from Ticket Agents.

J. R. WOOD, Passenger Traffic Manager. GEO. W. BOYD, General Passenger Agent.

Notice to Creditors.

This is to give notice that the subscriber, of Caroline county, has obtained from the Orphans' Court of Caroline county, in Maryland, letters testamentary on the personal estate of SAMUEL THOMAS BRATCHER, late of Caroline, county, deceased. All persons having claims against the said deceased are warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated, on or before the 14th day of February, 1910, or they may otherwise, by law, be excluded from all benefit of the said estate.

Given under my hand this 27th day of July, 1909.

COLINIA BRATCHER,
Executrix.

Wanted.

A farm, stocked, for the year 1910. Can give best of reference.

ROBERT BREEDING,
8-7-3t Preston, Md.

Notice to Town Taxpayers.

I am directed by the Commissioners of Denton to give notice that all taxes due and in arrears must be paid by the tenth of August, 1909. The property of those disregarding this notice will be advertised and sold to pay the tax-bills and the costs incident to this method of collecting the same.

7 24 3 T. FRED. GAREY,
Bailiff and Collector.

For Sale.

A Fine Building Lot on Fifth avenue Apply at the JOURNAL office.

A COSMOPOLITE IN A CAFE.

An Incident That Proves All Men Have Patriotism.

By O. HENRY.

[Copyright, 1906, by McClure, Phillips & Co.]

At midnight the cafe was crowded. By some chance the little table at which I sat had escaped the eye of incomers, and two vacant chairs at it extended their arms with venal hospitality to the influx of patrons.

And then a cosmopolite sat in one of them, and I was glad, for I held a theory that since Adam no true citizen of the world has existed. We hear of them, and we see foreign labels on much luggage, but we find travelers instead of cosmopolites.

I invoke your consideration of the scene—the marble topped tables, the range of leather upholstered wall seats, the gay company, the ladies dressed in demi-state toilets, speaking in an exquisite visible chorus of taste, economy, opulence or art; the sedulous and largess loving garcons, the music wisely catering to all with its raids upon the composers; the melange of talk and laughter—and, if you will, the Wurzburger in the tall glass cones that bend to your lips as a ripe cherry sways on its branch to the beak of a robber jay. I was told by a sculptor from Mauch Chunk that the scene was truly Parisian.

My cosmopolite was named E. Rushmore Coglan, and he will be heard from next summer at Coney Island. He is to establish a new "attraction" there, he informed me, offering kingly diversion. And then his conversation rang along parallels of latitude and longitude. He took the great round world in his hand, so to speak, familiarly, contemptuously, and it seemed no larger than the seed of a maraschino cherry in a table d'hote grapefruit. He spoke disrespectfully of the equator, he skipped from continent to continent, he derided the zones, he mopped up the high seas with his napkin. With a wave of his hand he would speak of a certain bazaar in Haidarabad. Whiff! He would have you on skees in Lapland. Zip! Now you rode the breakers with the Kanakas at Kealikahiki. Presto! He dragged you through an Arkansas post oak swamp, let you dry for a moment on the alkali plains of his Idaho ranch, then whirled you into the society of Viennese archdukes. Anon he would be telling you of a cold he acquired in a Chicago lake breeze and how old Escamila cured it in Buenos Aires with a hot infusion of the chuchula weed. You would have addressed a letter to "E Rushmore Coglan, Esq., the Earth, Solar System, the Universe," and have mailed it, feeling confident that it would be delivered to him.

I was sure that I had found at last the one true cosmopolite since Adam, and I listened to his worldwide discourse fearful lest I should discover in it the local note of the mere globe trotter. But his opinions never flattered or drooped. He was as impartial to cities, countries and continents as the winds or gravitation.

And as E. Rushmore Coglan prattled of this little planet I thought with glee of a great almost cosmopolite who wrote for the whole world and dedicated himself to Bombay. In a poem he has to say that there are pride and rivalry between the cities of the earth and that "the men that breed from them, they traffic up and down, but cling to their cities' hem as a child to the mother's gown." And whenever they walk "by roaring streets unknown" they remember their native city, "most faithful, foolish, fond, making her mere breathed name their bond upon their bond." And my glee

"EXCUSE ME," SAID HE.

was roused because I had caught Mr. Kipling napping. Here I had found a man not made from dust, one who had no narrow boasts of birthplace or country, one who, if he bragged at all, would brag of his whole round globe against the Martians and the inhabitants of the moon.

Expression on these subjects was precipitated from E. Rushmore Coglan by the third corner to our table. While Coglan was describing to me the topography along the Siberian railway the orchestra glided into a medley. The concluding air was "Dixie," and as the exhilarating notes tumbled forth they were almost overpowered by a great clapping of hands from almost every table.

It is worth a paragraph to say that this remarkable scene can be witnessed every evening in numerous cafes in the city of New York. Tons of brew have been consumed over theories to account for it. Some have conjectured hastily that all southerners in town hie themselves to cafes at nightfall. This applause of the "rebel" air in a northern city does puzzle a little, but it is not insolvable. The war with Spain, many years' generous mint and watermelon crops, a few long shot winners at the New Orleans race track and the brilliant banquets given by the Indiana and Kansas citizens who compose the North Carolina society have made the south rather a "fad" in Manhattan. Your manicure will lisp softly that your left forefinger reminds her so much of a gentleman's in Richmond, Va. Oh, certainly! But many a lady has to work now—the war, you know.

When "Dixie" was being played a dark haired young man sprang up from somewhere with a Mosby guerrilla yell and waved frantically his soft brimmed hat. Then he strayed through the smoke, dropped into the vacant chair at our table and pulled out cigarettes.

The evening was at the period when reserve is thawed. One of us mentioned three Wurzburgers to the waiter. The dark haired young man acknowledged his inclusion in the order by a smile and a nod. I hastened to ask him a question because I wanted to try out a theory I had.

"Would you mind telling me," I began, "whether you are from"—

The fist of E. Rushmore Coglan banged the table, and I was jarred into silence.

"Excuse me," said he, "but that's a question I never like to hear asked. What does it matter where a man is from? Is it fair to judge a man by his postoffice address? Why, I've seen Kentuckians who hated whisky, Virginians who weren't descended from Pocahontas, Indianians who hadn't written a novel, Mexicans who didn't wear velvet trousers with silver dollars sewed along the seams, funny Englishmen, spendthrift Yankees, cold blooded southerners, narrow minded westerners and New Yorkers who were too busy to stop for an hour on the street to watch a one armed grocer's clerk do up cranberries in paper bags. Let a man be a man and don't handicap him with the label of any section."

"Pardon me," I said, "but my curiosity was not altogether an idle one. I know the south, and when the band plays 'Dixie' I like to observe. I have formed the belief that the man who applauds that air with special violence and ostensible sectional loyalty is invariably a native of either Secaucus, N. J., or the district between Murray Hill lyceum and the Harlem river, New York. I was about to put my opinion to the test by inquiring of this gentleman when you interrupted with your own—larger theory, I must confess."

And now the dark haired young man spoke to me, and it became evident that his mind also moved along its own set of grooves.

"I should like to be a periwinkle," said he mysteriously, "on the top of a valley and sing too-ralloo-ralloo."

This was clearly too obscure, so I turned again to Coglan.

"I've been around the world twelve times," said he. "I know an Eskimo in Upernavi who sends to Cincinnati for his neckties, and I saw a goat herder in Uruguay who won a prize in a Battle Creek breakfast food puzzle competition. I pay rent on a room in Cairo, Egypt, and another in Yokohama all the year around. I've got slippers waiting for me in a tea house in Shanghai, and I don't have to tell 'em how to cook my eggs in Rio Janeiro or Seattle. It's a mighty little world. What's the use of bragging about being from the north, or the south, or the old manor house in the dale, or Euclid avenue, Cleveland, or Pike's peak, or Fairfax county, Va., or Hooligan's flats, or any place? It'll be a better world when we quit being fools about some mildewed town or ten acres of swamp land just because we happened to be born there."

"You appear to be a genuine cosmopolite," I said admiringly. "But it also seems that you would decry patriotism."

"A relic of the stone age," declared Coglan warmly. "We are all brothers—Chinamen, Englishmen, Zulus, Patagonians and the people in the bend of the Kaw river. Some day all this petty pride in one's city or state or section or country will be wiped out and we'll all be citizens of the world, as we ought to be."

"But while you are wandering in foreign lands," I persisted, "do not your thoughts revert to some spot—some dear and"—

"Nary a spot," interrupted E. R. Coglan flippantly. "The terrestrial, globular, planetary hunk of matter slightly flattened at the poles and known as the earth is my abode. I've met a good many object bound citizens of this country abroad. I've seen men from Chicago sit in a gondola in Venice on a moonlight night and brag about their drainage canal. I've seen a southerner on being introduced to the king of England hand that monarch, without batting his eyes, the information that his grand-aunt on his mother's side was related by marriage to the Perkinses of Charleston. I knew a New Yorker who was kidnaped for ransom by some Afghanistan bandits. His people sent over the money, and he came back to Kabul with the agent. 'Afghanistan?' the natives said to him through an interpreter. 'Well, not so slow, do you think?' 'Oh, I don't know!' says he, and he begins to tell them about a cab driver at Sixth avenue and Broadway. Those ideas don't suit me. I'm not tied down to anything that isn't 8,000 miles in diameter. Just put me down as E. Rushmore Coglan, citizen of the terrestrial sphere."

My cosmopolite made a large adieu and left me, for he thought he saw some one through the chatter and smoke whom he knew. So I was left with the would be periwinkle, who was reduced to Wurzburger without further ability to voice his aspirations to perch melodious upon the summit of a valley.

I sat reflecting upon my evident cosmopolite and wondering how the poet had managed to miss him. He was my discovery, and I believed in him. How was it? "The men that breed from them they traffic up and down, but cling to their cities' hem as a child to the mother's gown."

Not so E. Rushmore Coglan. With the whole world for his—

My meditations were interrupted by a tremendous noise and conflict in another part of the cafe. I saw above the heads of the seated patrons E. Rushmore Coglan and a stranger to me engaged in a terrific battle. They fought between the tables like titans, and glasses crashed, and men caught their hats up and were knocked down, and a brunette screamed, and a blond began to sing "Teasing."

My cosmopolite was sustaining the pride and reputation of the earth when the waiters closed in on both combatants with their famous flying wedge formation and bore them outside, still resisting.

I called McCarthy, one of the French garcons, and asked him the cause of the conflict.

"The man with the red tie," (that was my cosmopolite), said he, "got hot on account of things said about the bum sidewalks and water supply of

MY MEDITATIONS WERE INTERRUPTED.

the place he come from by the other guy."

"Why," said I, bewildered, "that man is a citizen of the world—a cosmopolite! He"—

"Originally from Mattawamkeag, Me., he said," continued McCarthy, "and he wouldn't stand for no knockin' the place."

THE "BREAK" IN THE GAME.

Baseball Almost as Much Psychological as Athletic.

Nearly every baseball game is won and lost on one play—a play that comes at the psychological instant. Among the players who do not study psychology the crucial moment is known as "the break," a phenomenon which no one has analyzed and which the players themselves do not understand. Twenty men on the bench are watching closely and intently every move of the pitcher, every swing of his arm. The tide of battle rises, ebbs, and then suddenly at the start of some inning something happens. What it is no one outside the psychic sphere of influence ever will understand, but the silent, tight lipped, watchful, alert fellows on the bench see something or feel something, and the mysterious "break" has come.

"One ball!" The players on the bench suddenly stiffen and prepare for action.

"Two balls!" Two players jump for bats and begin swinging them; the coachers, who have yelled only because it was their duty, suddenly begin raging, screaming and pawing the dirt, and the manager, who has appeared half asleep, makes a trumpet of his hands and leads his men, bawling loud orders and wild taunts.

The spectators do not understand anything has happened. Other batters have had two balls called many times, and it looks the same to the spectator who is beyond the mysterious "break" sphere. In two more moments the players' bench is a madhouse, with twenty men shouting, screaming, ordering, moving. "Three balls!" and a madman rushes out to the "deck." "Four balls!" and the spectators join the players in the demonstration. The madness is spreading. Crack—a base hit, a bunt, a wild throw; another base hit, screams, shouts, imprecations, a roar of frantic applause, a final long fly. The manager reaches for his glove, spits into it and says quietly, "Four runs—we've got 'em." The "break" is over, and the players' bench is again the quietest part of the grounds. The surge of enthusiasm, confidence and noise subsides, and the game is won.

Baseball is almost as much psychological as athletic. Why one team can beat a stronger one regularly and lose to a weaker with the same regularity, why one batter can hit one pitcher and is helpless before another, why one pitcher is effective against a strong team and at the mercy of another that cannot bat half as hard, are psychological problems.—American Magazine.

TOWN OF GOLD BRICKS.

Wealth Found in the Walls of Mexican Adobe Houses.

There are many remarkable towns in Mexico, but none more interesting than Guanajuato, "the hill of the frog." It might more properly be called the "gold brick town," for the houses have been found to contain much gold.

This is a curious situation, but it came about naturally. Guanajuato—pronounced Wah-nah-wahto—is one of the oldest mining towns in Mexico, but the value of the place as a town was discovered when a railroad company decided to build a station there. It was found necessary to tear down about 300 adobe buildings, which were made of the refuse of various mines after the ore was extracted.

When it became known that the old adobe buildings would be torn down pieces taken at random were assayed. It was found that because of the old methods, which left much gold and silver, they assayed from $3 to $24 a ton. The mean value was estimated to run about $8 gold a ton.

The old buildings have brought about $30,000 Mexican, in gold, and persons who have built since the new machinery has been installed in the mines are demonstrating the fact that the new houses do not contain as much gold as the old.—Scientific American.

USE SIGNALS OF INDIANS.

Army Experts Adopt Many Ideas of the Aborigines.

Just as the fighting men of the United States army many years ago took lessons from the Indians and from their methods of warfare devised and perfected the system of extended order or skirmish drills which have proved so effective, so the signal corps of the army has followed to a large extent the red men's methods of conveying information from point to point where there is not time to string telegraph or telephone lines or where wireless telegraph is unavailable.

As the Indians since prehistoric times have used columns of smoke in various combinations to signal the approach of an enemy or to transmit other messages, so the army signalmen have found most effective what are known as smoke bombs or smoke rockets. The former are fired from a small mortar, the latter in the same way as Fourth of July fireworks. Each when reaching a desired height, regulated by a fuse, bursts and liberates a picric acid compound, which ignites and burns colored fires, one after the other, so arranged in the cartridge as to convey a message to those who may be watching for it. These cartridges are made in sections, each containing its own different colored fire, and threaded to screw together in a fraction of a minute.

These military fireworks, as they might aptly be called, are packed in hermetically sealed cans, much in the same manner as tinned meats, with the same sort of thumbscrew attachment for opening them quickly. In this way they keep indefinitely in any climate and have been found particularly effective in the campaigns in the Philippines.

While the navy does not employ so complicated a system of rocket and bomb signaling as does the army, every warship carries a supply of powerful rockets, which liberate on bursting a series of brilliant white stars for the purpose of calling attention to other signals which are transmitted by a system of combinations of colored electric lights strung from a masthead and operated from a switchboard much on the plan of a typewriter, called the Ardois system. But both branches of the service employ an odd sort of pistol, the invention of a naval officer, which shoots from cartridges "stars" similar to those of a roman candle of any color. The combinations which can be made in this manner practically are numberless.—Popular Mechanics.

FATE OF THE BRAAKE.

A Treasure Ship That Lies Buried Off Cape Henlopen.

Somewhere in deep water off Cape Henlopen lies over half a million in British gold, and how much more in gold and silver bars and plate and other treasures can only be guessed at. In 1798 the British privateer Braake sailed for the west Atlantic bearing enough gold to pay off all the English troops stationed in various parts of the new world. As the soldiers had not been paid in many months the sum was a large one.

Whether the captain of the Braake decided to turn pirate or whether he merely was showing excessive zeal in making war on all the enemies of England that he met on the high seas and intended to turn over his loot to the crown on his return will never be known, but the fact that the Braake took no prisoners and sank every prize goes a long way toward proving the piracy theory. The Braake captured a Spanish merchantman coming up from South American ports laden with rich tribute from the Spanish colonies there, transferred the precious cargo to her own hold and burned the vessel. Another Spanish ship bringing a church service of richly jeweled gold plate to a new world cathedral encountered the privateer and suffered the same fate. The next to fall a victim to the Braake's rapacity was a Frenchman carrying silks, spices, brandy and bars of silver. That, too, was sent to the bottom after it was despoiled.

The Braake was overtaken by a hurricane when nearing the American coast, was blown far out of her course and sank off Cape Henlopen. Several of the crew escaped in a small boat and reached land. Their tales of the treasure on the sunken ship caused several expeditions to be fitted out the following year, but nothing was brought up save pieces of the anchor chains and a cannon or two. During the last hundred years every effort to raise any part of the treasure has failed.

The last attempt was made by Captain Charles Adams, who fitted out a ship under the auspices of the navy department, but was unable to locate the wreck, which is probably by this time deeply submerged in the ooze and mud of the ocean bed.—New York Press.

Clothes and the Man.

Man is in some sort a slave to his clothes, and there are many men who dislike wearing the same clothes on two consecutive days, more particularly the necktie. For the first two or three things you look at when you meet a man are his eyes and his necktie. And there is a sort of underlying consciousness as you face the morning world that your tie must be straight and clean and new. But to this end you must buy the cheap tie and throw it away with your sins before going to bed.—London Chronicle.

A Curiosity.

"What in the world have you got that bill framed up there for?" we asked.

"Oh, that," sighed the billionaire, "is the only dollar I ever earned!"

We understood.—Puck.

All Had Been Used.

"So Plunksville's exposition is off?"

"Yep."

"And why?"

"We couldn't think up no new name for a midway."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Most people live poor to die rich. It is much wiser to live rich and to die poor.—Houssaye.