At Home and Abroad

By YVONNE LOSH

INDIAN BILL

It is only the fact that he is alive that is keeping Indian Bill from being sung about in ballads and from being made the hero of wild and weird stories such as Jesse James of the West.

Before you get used to the fact that Bill is not a "movie" star dressed up for the part but an honest to goodness Indian, you feel that sooner or later his actions and his ways of speaking must drop back into the commonplace, but no matter how often you meet Indian Bill, he doesn't wear off, but alawys remains a second Buffalo Bill.

Indian Bill is in love with western clothes. He most always wears a regular cowboy hat, leather trousers, trimmed with fringes, shepacks (part moccasin an part shoes) a gay kerchief, and a forty five calibre revolver, besides a knife or two. However, on gala days Indian Bill rigs up in all his best Indian togs—his great grandfather's headdress, handmade beads, a beaded buckskin suit, a blanket robe, and trinkets which were given him by some Mexican Indians. Such imposing, colorful regalia, together with Bill's high coloring make it seem as tho he had just stepped from out a "movie" advertising poster.

The tales of Bill's accomplishments, his talents, and the wild days of his youth have been told and retold many a time in practically every part of Maine—even on the Pacific Coast folks tell of his daring.

In Northern Maine Bill holds the esteem of every canoeist—they say the canoes and paddles he makes are almost magical, they are so light and swift. Bill is so exacting a paddle maker that he even carves the handles according to the individual's hands.

The lumber jacks say that they can work twice as well with the axe handles Bill makes for them. Indeed, some winters Bill is kept so busy making canoes, paddles, and axe handles, that he has scarcely time in which to hunt, guide or trap.

Among the summer folks of Maine, Indian Bill is held in high esteem as a builder or birch bark cabins (log cabins decorated with sheets of birch bark) and also unusual guide.

Bill likes to show off his skill almost as much as he likes to parade about in his Indian togs. Folks from all parts of Maine have told me the following stories of Bill's daring:

One time, standing on the banks of the Penobscot at a place where the water was deep and swift, Indian Bill made the remark that he could upset a loaded canoe, regain all the spilled luggage, right the canoe, and have everything in ship shape before the canoe reached the rapids. No sooner had Bill said this than he was off in a canoe, and in a few minutes he had proven to his amazed friends that he really meant what he said. Some folks say that in his younger days Bill used to jump the waterfalls with his birchbark canoe without upsetting it.

One of the most thrilling stories, however, is of one of Bill's escapades in preprohibition days. Bill had just come home from a visit with the Western Indians. He had brought along a broncho of which he was extremely fond. So one day Bill started to take his broncho into a saloon with him, but somehow the saloon keeper and Bill did not agree upon the matter. A scramble followed—the saloon keeper did not quite succeed in making Bill dismount but merely frightened the horse into stumbling down the steps. Two sheriffs appeared on the scene. They tried to arrest Bill— but they didn't! While they were trying to lay hands on Bill he simply picked up one of them under each arm and rode around with them. Bill didn't give up until he was surrounded by almost the whole population of Bangor. However, not wanting to kill any one, Bill finally surrendered and was duly handcuffed. Bill felt deeply hurt—couldn't they trust him to walk to the "hoosegow" with them after he had surrendered?

"Come on, old man, take off these handcuffs," pleaded Bill. "I'll come along all right!" The sheriff knew that altho fire water sometimes got the best of Bill, his word was as good as gold. He went over to Bill to take off the handcuffs; however, before he had come within five feet of him, he had, with a single twist, burst off the handcuffs. "I'll remember this good turn," remarked Bill and then he silently walked to the "hoosegow."

Several weeks later this same sheriff got into some trouble in the lower end of the town. Fifteen Italians were closing in upon him, some with knives and others with fists. The sheriff thought his last hour had come. Some one knocked him down—he expected to be stabbed at any moment, but was so stunned by blows he had received that he could not move. However, suddenly he heard dull thuds as of strong fists against human bodies. Then he heard his oppressors being knocked down by one's and two's, and suddenly felt himself being lifted up and stood on his feet. Indian Bill had arrived on the scene just in time. Bill picked the sheriff up, carried him over to the broncho and took him immediately to the saloon for first aid treatment. When Bill had seen to it that the sheriff had every possible attention he walked out without a word. "Giddap, Bronc!" and off rode Indian Bill.

If ever you go up to Maine, do not fail to look up Indian Bill. You will see a living Buffalo Bill, and a genuine Jesse James in the making.

SUNDAY SERVICE and Lodge Meetings

CHURCHES

Henderson Methodist Episcopal
Henderson
Rev. S. L. Hanby, Pastor
10:00 a. m.—Sunday school
11:00 a. m.—Preaching
7:45 p. m.—Epworth League
8:00 p. m.—Preaching
8:00 p. m.—Thursday, prayer service.

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Prospect Methodist Episcopal
Near Vernon
Harry Bailey, Pastor
10:00 a. m.—Sunday school
8:00 p. m.—Epworth League
Preaching every other Sunday evening.

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Methodist Episcopal
Farmington
Harry Bailey, Pastor

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Ebenezer Methodist
Hillsboro
W. T. McGuire, Pastor
9:30 a. m.—Sunday school
10:30 a. m.—Preaching
7:00 p. m.—Junior League
7:30 p. m.—Preaching
7:30 p. m.—Wednesday, Prayer service.

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St. Paul's Protestant Episcopal
Hillsboro
Rev. I. A. McGrew, Pastor
2:00 p. m.—Sunday school
3:00 p. m.—Preaching

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Thawley's Methodist Protestant
Denton
C. F. Cummins, Pastor
10:00 a. m.—Sunday school
11:00 a. m.—Preaching—every other Sunday
8:00 p. m.—Christian Endeavor

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Pilgrim Holiness
Denton
Rev. G. L. Helsby, Pastor
11:00 a. m.—Preaching
2:00 p. m.—Sunday school
7:30 p. m.—Preaching
8:00 p. m.—Tuesday and Friday evenings, prayer service

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Baptist Church
Greensboro
Rev. Melvin G. Morris, Pastor
Rev. J. E. Berkstresser, Associate
10 a. m.—Bible school
11 a. m.—Morning worship
7 p. m.—Jr. and inter. and Sr. B Y. P. Vs.
7.45 p. m.—Musical program by orchestra and chimes
8 p. m.—Evangelistic service.
Mid-week service, Wednesday 8 p m.

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St. Paul's Reformed Church
Reformed Church of the United States
Ridgely
Rev. George Fitz, Pastor
9:30 a. m.—Sunday school
10:30 a. m.—Preaching
7:30 p. m.—Preaching

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Cordova—Denton—Greensboro Parish
St. Paul's Lutheran
Cordova
Rev. H. Drews, Pastor
9:30 a. m.—10:30 a. m. — Sunday school, German and English
10:30 a. m.—Preaching, German and English, alternative
Note: Ladies Aid every 4th Wednesday in the month, 2:00 p. m. in the respective homes. Services every other Sunday at the home of Drew's Manor at 2:30 p. m. These services are German.

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Methodist Church South
Goldsboro
Rev. J. H. Schooley, Pastor
10:45 a. m.—preaching
7:30 p. m.—preaching
2:30 a. m.—Sunday School
7:00 p. m.—League
7:30 p. m.—Prayer service, Wednesday.

Methodist Episcopal
Denton
Rev. C. N. Jones, Pastor
9:45 a. m.—Sunday school
11:00 a. m.—Preaching
6:30 p. m.—Epworth League
8:00 p. m.—Preaching
8:00 p. m.—Wednesday, prayer service.

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Church of the Brethren
Denton
Rev. S. I. Arnold, Pastor
10:00 a. m.—Sunday school
11:00 a. m.—Preaching
7:00 p. m.—Christian Workers
7:45 p. m.—Preaching

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Methodist Protestant
Denton
Rev. G. J. Hooker, Pastor
9:45 a. m.—Sunday school
11:00 a. m.—Preaching
6:30 p. m.—Christian Endeavor
7:30 p. m.—Preaching
8:00 p. m.— Wednesday evening, Prayer service.

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Christ Church Protestant Episcopal
Denton
Rev. Irving A. McGrew, Pastor
10:00 a. m.—Sunday school
11:00 a. m.—Preaching

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Ridgely Baptist
Ridgely
Rev. Melvin G. Morris, Pastor
2:00 p. m.—Sunday school
3:00 p. m.—Preaching

* * *

Methodist Episcopal
Ridgely
Rev. Melvin E. Wheatley, Pastor
9:30 a. m.—Sunday school
10:30 a. m.—Preaching
6:30 p. m.—Preaching
8:00 p. m.—Wednesday, prayer service

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Dunkard Church
Ridgely
Rev. L. R. Brumbaugh, Pastor
9:30 a. m.—Sunday school
10:30 a. m.—Preaching
7:15 p. m.—Preaching

St. Elizabeth's Roman Catholic
Denton
Fr. Eugene Kreamer, Rector
10:30 a. m., 9:30 a. m.—Preaching alternative Sundays.

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St. Benedict's Catholic
Ridgely
Fr. Eugene Kreamer, Rector
9:00 a. m.—Service 1st and 3d Sundays.
10.00 a. m.—other Sundays.

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LODGES

Caroline Chapter No. 62 O. E. S.
Masonic Hall
7:30—First and third Thursday evenings of each month.

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Caroline Council No. 175 J. O. U. A. M.
Carter Building
8: p. m.—Monday evening.

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Temple Lodge No. 128 A. F. and A. M.
Denton
Masonic Building
2nd and 4th Tuesdays of each month
Note: Closed July and August

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Patriotic Order Sons of America
Henderson
Eden Hall
Wednesday, 8:00 p. m.

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Thawley's Farm Bureau
Thawley's Hall, Tuckahoe Neck
8:00 p. m. on the second Monday evening of each month.

Thawley's Ladies' Community Club
Thawley's Hall, Tuckahoe Neck
8:00 p. m. on the second Monday evening of each month.

Any churches or lodges in Caroline county not shown here, we will appreciate if some officer will furnish us the information, so that we may have a complete record.

ETIQUETTE by Flo

Readers desiring personal points of Etiquette or heart affairs may write Flo, care of this newspaper, enclosing a self addressed and stamped envelope.

Dear Miss Flo: Can you give me a list of the wedding anniversaries that are usually celebrated? I should appreciate it very much. E. K.

* * *

The wedding anniversaries usually celebrated are:
First year, Paper
Fifth year, Wooden
Tenth year, Tin
Fifteenth year, Crystal
Twenty-fifth year, Silver
Thirtieth year, Ivory
Fortieth year, Woolen
Fiftieth year, Golden
Seventy-fifth year, Diamond

Dear Miss Flo: Is it good form for a husband and wife to have joint calling cards? May it be used to announce the lady's day at home? On what other occasions may it be used? Thank you. S. B.

* * *

The married woman who finds many occasions upon which to use a card with her husband's name may do so. However, it is never used to announce the lady's day at home unless he receives with her. It may be used when calling, when sending gifts, for calls of inquiry, condolence, and congratulations.

Sallie's Temptations

SALLIE GIVES A TOAST TO THE YOUNGER SET

"Let's have a lil' game of stripped poker!" Judith continued. "I saw the girls play it in a show on Broadway the other evening. Com' on, great sport. I bet you're game, aren't you, Sallie?" she appealed to me, edging over to the table where I stood, regarding Warren Fisher's orchids which I was wearing.

My thoughts were away. Anne and Curtiss * * *at church together, when he might have stayed with me that morning * * * Sunday night again the two of them together * *

I didn't know why, but I felt like I would get even with Curtiss Wright if I did something wild and devilish of which he would disapprove if he were present.

"Right, O Judy!" I cheered her on, "I'll help you get them started!"

I leaped to the table.

"Who wants to stay up all night 'til the teeny-weeny hours and play STRIPPED poker?" I challenged.

"I do."

"Count me in."

"Now yo're talking.." and similar remarks of approval came from all parts of the room and then a cute little aviator in uniform fairly shouted:

"Suits me, I wanna win Sallie's lil' red heels!" remembering my dancing slippers.

"Shucks, I wanna win Sallie," declared Peter McMillan, "and have been tryin' to ever since I saw her in her cradle."

Peter was a dear and so faithful as were they all. I took in the room at a glance. It was a jolly crowd. Every one was in good humor. A Victrola was playing a popular jazz song, "What'll I do When You Are Gone Away—What'll I do?" drawled by Elsie Baker.

"Aw, 'can' the singin'. We'd rather hear Sallie. Give us a toast," and all eyes turned in my direction. Instantly the room was quiet. A compliment—from a crowd in high spirits. They liked me and I liked them. They were MY kind of people. We spoke the same language, and I could FEEL their approval. They depended on me to whoop things up for them, and, by Jove, I wouldn' fail them. I'd help them have a good time. The kind of good time they wanted.

"A toast, Sallie!" they clamored.

I raised my glass.

"I give you * * * the Younger Set!

"We believe the one unpardonable sin is—being bored.

"We forgive anything in each other except being stupid.

"We promise that whatever happens to-night we will never speak of it, and also promise to forget everything in the morning."

"Bravo, Sallie! Encore!" There was a din of applause and then silence.

"Here's to Life, Love and Laughter," I continued. "Let us hereby dedicate our lives to pleasure!"

I had tried to throw my whole self into the toast I was making and yet, during the entire time, I had the feeling that alien eyes were watching. Following my impulse, I glanced toward the far end of the room and saw a man standing in the doorway. Catching my gaze he started walking across the room in my direction. I knew the walk—my heart was leaping. I recognized the swing of his arms and shoulders. It was Curtiss Wright. I felt a sense of joy and at the same time a flood of confusion.

He reached my side and offered his hand to assist me from the table.

"Did you like my toast?" I asked.

"Is there some place we could go and talk quietly together?" he ignored my question.

"First tell me how you got here and do you know everybody? Why didn't you tell me you were invited to the party?"

"I was not," he replied. "I came for a purpose," he added.

"Wait, Sallie," yelled someone across the room, "you've made us hold our glasses so long the stuff is ageing. How 'bout the signal?"

That meant for me to finish what I started.

"Oh, yes, Mr. Wright—this is the gang." He bowed courteously. "We were just about to partake of a lil' liquid refreshment. Won't you join us?"

He was offered glasses from everywhere, but I noticed he placed his on the table.

Once more I lifted my glass.

"Here's hoping this prohibition stuff we're drinking from the Mitchell's cellar won't result in anything worse than headaches in the morning."

With that, I turned and followed Mr. Wright, who was apparently eager for my attention.

Outside on the terrace, I jumped up and sat on the railing. He stood silently beside me for a moment. Then taking both my hands in his, he said in a voice that was grave and tender:

"I've come to take you home, Sallie."

"I don't see why that's necessary. Isn't Anne sufficiently entertaining?"

"Please don't," he pleaded. "She has nothing to do with this."

"Oh, doesn't she?" I laughed scornfully. "Then why did you take her to church, and why did you go to her house Sunday night for supper?" I flung at him, the words that had been burning in my brain all evening.

He looked puzzled. He held my hands closer and his grasp was sure and gentle. I liked the firm pressure of his cool fingers.

"You don't understand, Sallie. This isn't frivolous. It is NECESSARY for you to come home. Don't be alarmed when I tell you—

Dear Miss Flo: Should a woman continue to wear her wedding ring after her husband is dead? If not, how long after his death should she wear it? A. E.

* * *

A widow should wear her wedding ring all her life, unless she marries again, as it is symbolic of her spiritual marriage.

Dear Miss Flo: When a gentleman takes a lady out for luncheon or dinner, who should do the ordering? Thank you. L. M.

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The lady selects what she wishes to have and gives her order to her host, and he gives it to the waiter.

Chick—I never knew such a fussy man in my life.

Clack—What's he done now?

Click—He sold his plot in the cemetery because they buied a man who died of a contagious disease too near it.

TCB

Who will be Elected November 4th?

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REAL ESTATE MORTGAGE GUARANTEE COMPANIES ARE RECOGNIZED BY CONSERVATIVE INVESTORS. BUSINESS MEN AND BANKERS AS ONE OF THE SAFEST BUSINESSES IN EXISTENCE AND ALSO ONE OFFERING UNUSUAL PROFIT POSSIBILITIES.

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