GOLDEN DAYS By A. B. CHAPIN

MRS. WEST KILLS MOVE TO NAME MRS. HUBBARD

Tells Federation Woman Candidate for Governor Is Not Needed

HONOR PAID SHORE MEMBER

Salisbury, April 18—Maryland wil not have a woman governor for a while

Mrs. Mortimer W. West, of Baltimore, came to the Eastern Shore last night and like a blighting frost, killed all the budding aspirations of those who desired to see Mrs. Wilbur W. Hubbard, Chestertown, succeed Governor Ritchie in 1927.

Last night it was assured that the convention of the Federation of Women's Democratic Clubs, in session here today, would announce allegiance to Mrs. Hubbard. Mrs. West arrived last night, but postponed her activities until this morning. Then, when the editorial of the Chestertown Republican Enterprise was read as new business, Mrs. Hubbard's name was greeted with applause.

Here is where Mrs. West entered. She spoke from the floor and said that with the nationally known Governor Ritchie on the Western Shore and Mr. Gordy on the Eastern Shore as possible cnadidates there was no need for a woman candidate. She suggested that the compliment of the Republican newspaper nominating Mrs. Hubbard be indorsed.

This closed the first attempt to name a woman candidate for governor of Maryland.

Having heard the reports of the different officers of the federation, the following were elected for this year: Mrs. Jessie W. Nicholson, Chevy Chase, chairman; Baltimore City chairman, Mrs. Howard Bryant; Eastern Shore chairman, Mrs. Wilbur W. Hubbard, Chestertown; Western Maryland chairman, Elizabeth R. Menefee, Cumberland; Southern Maryland chairman, Mrs. Robert Moss, Annapolis; Central Maryland, Mrs. Mary E. W. Risteau, Jarrettsville; recording secretary, Mrs. George M. Gotther, of Baltimore; corresponding secretary, Miss Ruth Shoemaker, Bethesda; Mrs. Mary H. Dewall, treasurer, Baltimore; chairman of resolution committe, Mrs. Orlando Harrison, Berlin; chairman of publicity, Mrs. Elliwood Offutt, Rockland; parliamentarian, Mrs. J. Frank Wilson, Kensington; finance committee, Mrs. Rufus Gidlis, Baltimore; legislation committee, Ms. West, Baltimore; auditors, Mrs. Joseph O'Donnell and Mrs. William F. Johnson, Baltimore.

Eph—What is the difference between a' old man, a young man and a worm?

Mose—Nuffin. The chickens get 'em all.

—

He was a tough looking chap, but he bowed courtly to the lady as he offered her his seat in the street car.

"I cannot see you stand, you remind me of my mother."

"Your mother, sir?"

"Yes, with that strap in your hand."

—

Saleswoman—Motoring costume? Yes, ma'am. Any particular shade?

Customer—Show me something in half-mourning, my engine often goes dead.

Sallie's Temptations

By Gladys Baker

Copyright, 1924, by Gladys Baker

WARREN FISHER FLIRTS. AIDED BY POETRY

The Florida East Coast!

As we sped southward, the whole country side, brimming with a tropical beauty, held out fresh, inviting hands. Gay hibiscus flaunted their crimson faces against an ever changing background of palms.

"They're like lovely women," Warren Fisher said as he nodded toward a dense growth of the vivid blooms, "for a brief span they give freely of their matchless beauty and then—you will see as the day grows older, they fold their petals to make room for the new and fresher buds."

"Gruesome thought," I shuddered, "Is one's hey-day of brightness so fleeting?"

"Ah! but in this instance, there's a lesson to be learned."

"Tell me," I encouraged.

"It seems to me that the hibiscus makes the most of it's fullness of youth, it has evidently adopted a 'carpe diem' philosophy of life."

"And the lesson?" I asked.

"I was just wondering if we mortals would not be happier perhaps if we, too, followed some such creed instead of making a sort of endurance test of this existence."

"Here, here, what are you doing, advocating the primrose pathway?" I exclaimed lightly.

"And you? what do you think about it?" he laughingly answered.

"Well, I don't think any of us have been particularly annoyed with what the psycho-analysts call inhibitions."

"You're dealing in generalities, may I ask your personal opinion?" he pressed to the point.

"Some other time, certainly, but right at this moment, the scenery it too perfect to discuss problems of any kind."

I preferred not to answer his question. I knew I was flirting with Warren Fisher, but at least it added a bit of zest after the way I had been ignored by Curtiss Wright before leaving.

Silence for a while and I became absorbed in the roadside vistas. I wonder why someone has not called Florida's east coast "The Glad Land." For its most tangible quality is its exhuberant spirit. Fields of yellow daisies clap their hands and whistle in glee and great golden air plants swing happily from moss-garlanded trees.

Along the sun-kissed Indian river, picture houses nestle far back from the sparkling water. There is an undefinable appeal about these Spanish houses with their drifting rainbow colors. Others, too, built by a colony of artists are modelled coquona; their doorways framed in trailinng morning glories, so blue that they must have borrowed their tint from the first cloud of an April morning.

Later in the afternoon a storm began to break. Through the river's hedge of wild grapes and rattling palm fronds, the lightening streamed the shore line and the rain drops fell softly. But only for a fleeting moment. Soon the sun, blinking mischievously, came from behind the clouds and shone more brightly.

"I picked this up at a collector's the other day," said Warren Fisher, referring to a book of verses he had taken from his suit case, while I was day dreaming. It was exquisitely bound in Florentine leather.

"Don't get alarmed," he laughed, "it isn't 'India Love Lyrics,' or 'The Spell of the Yukon." I wouldn't inflict them on you."

He was openly amusing. It was startling how much he knew of the little devices of wooing.

"And YOUR selection?" I inquired.

"You may judge for yourself, Adoree," he said tenderly. "Here's one I marked for you."

He turned the thin pages.

His voice held lights and shadows and the lines gave out charming newness of feeling:

"We the lovers of life, in unknown places
Shall taste of ancient wine
And put flowers in golden vases,
And open precious books of song
And look upon dreaming Buddahs,
And marble masks of genius.
We shall hear the sound of stringed instruments,
Voicing the dreams of great spirits,
We shall know the rapture of kisses and long embraces
And the sting of folly—"

It was not so much the sentiment of the words as the throbbing timbre of his voice, rising to dramatic heights then falling to a low seductive whisper.

He stopped in the middle of a stanza.

"Do you care for this sort of thing?" he inquired, gazing deep into my eyes.

"Yes, they're so fiery and pagan, who is the poet?"

"Masters, I think. I was sure they would strike a note of sympathy between us."

"You read beautifully," I said irrelevantly.

"Nonsense!" he replied, "if one feels a thing, it is an easy matter to convey it to others. I've always fancied reading. I took part in quite a few plays in college."

"Then your interpretation, in this instance, is due, not entirely to practice?" I said in a teasing manner.

He turned and faced me.

"Don't, please," he said as his gaze met mine, "these are YOUR poems, Adoree, and no one's eyes but yours shall ever see them."

(To be Continued)

Honest man (in Bordentown)—Has anyone dropped a roll of bills with a rubber band around them?

Chorus of voices—Yes, I have.

Honest Man—Well, here's the rubber band.

Tutt's Pills

The first dose astonishes the invalid, giving immediate relief, regulating bowels and digestive organs, inducing

GOOD DIGESTION

Chapin Joins Us

A. B. Chapin, one of the best human-interest cartoonists in the United States, is now drawing cartoons for this newspaper. His cartoons come to us through the Publishers Autocaster Service, of New York, whose franchise we hold exclusively in this territory. Chapin made his great reputation on the Kansas City Star, St. Louis Republic and Star, and with the Curtis Publications in Philadelphia. Look for Chapin's cartoons every week in this paper. We are sure you will enjoy them.

Awaits Chair

Wm. Cavilier, 15, of Pottsville, Pa., convicted of slaying his grandmother and sentenced to be electrocuted this week, is at last remorseful, as this last photo shows.

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:

When there is no head-waiter to find a table for a couple, should the lady of gentleman precede? (2) Is it ever permissible for the gentleman to follow the head-waiter, the lady immediately following the gentleman? Thank you. F. R.

—

When there is no head-waiter the gentleman should go first, in order to locate the table. (2) There are occasions when the gentleman prefers to follow immediately after the head-waiter, in order to consult with him regarding the desirability of the table. This is quite permissible, but not so customary as the other order.

Dear Miss Flo:

Is stationery in tablet form considered correct, or should the double page sheet be used? (2) Is the ink I have used for this letter correct? D. E.

* * *

Linen stationery in tablet form is correct. However, the double page sheet is preferred. The single sheet gives an impression of being very gusiness like. Your ink is all rikht.

Dear Miss Flo:

Is it necessary to wear anything in the hair with a formal evening gown? Thank you. C. D.

Very few women wear to advantage a head-dress. It depends entirely upon the woman's wishes whether or not she should wear it. If a head-dress is becoming to you, by all means wear it. If it is not, do not wear it.

Dear Miss Flo:

When a gentleman thanks a lady for a dance, what does the lady say? (2) Does the lady seek her partner for the next dance, if she promised it to any one or does she wait until he comes to claim the dance? (3) At the conclusion of the dance, should the gentleman leave the lady immediately or see to it that she is comfortably seated or at least back with her friends? L. K.

* * *

Whe a gentleman thanks a lady for a dance she may say, "I am glad you enjoyed it," or "I also enjoyed it." (2) The lady does not seek her partner for the next dance. She should wait until he comes to claim the dance. (3) A gentleman should never leave his dancing partner standing alone on the dance floor. If he is her escort, he must see that she has a partner for the next dance. If he is not her escort he should see that she is comfortably seated with others before leaving her.

Professor—Can anyone in the class tell me what steel wool is?

Students—Sure! Steel wool is shearings from hydraulic rams.

"The evening wore on," said the Peninsular Club story teller, continuing his narrative to the after lunch group.

"Excuse me," said the joker, "but can you tell us what the evening wore on that occasion?"

"I don't believe it is important," said the story teller, "but if you must know, it was the close of a summer day."

Mix your own paint—at a third of the cost!

Just add a gallon of linseed oil to a gallon of Stag Semi-Paste Paint and you have, all ready for use, two gallons of the finest, most durable and brilliant paint made. No guess work—no trouble and you save *one-third the cost!* Five minutes mixing will save $15.00 on $45.00 paint bill! Anybody can mix Stag Paint correctly. Because fresh-mixed it flows freely and covers more surface. There's a "Stag" dealer near you—see him—or write us for literature and name of dealer.

STAG semi-paste PAINT

One gallon makes Two

Hirshberg Paint Co., Baltimore, Md.

8 Incomparable Comics

"The Pick of Them All"

1 "The Nebbs"
2 "The Man in the Brown Derby"
3 "The Gumps"
4 "Gasoline Alley"
5 "Reg'lar Fellers"
6 "Moon Mullins"
7 "Winnie Winkle"
8 "Mutt & Jeff"

A New 20-Page, Handy-Size Magazine
(Including 4 pages of BLACK MAGIC)

A Beautiful Photogravure Section
(No other Baltimore Paper carries Photogravure)

Every Sunday Now
in The
BALTIMORE SUNDAY SUN

Arrange with the local newsdealer TODAY for a copy of the big Sunday Sunpaper regularly.

For One Dollar!

You can have THIS PAPER and THE SOUTHERN PLANTER sent to you for one year.

THE SOUTHERN PLANTER

is the oldest agricultural journal in America and contains many articles of value to both men and women.

THE AMERICAN UNION

gives you all the local news, so a better combination cannot be found.

SUBSCRIBE NOW

$1.00 a year in This County or $1.50 Elsewhere

©Maryland State Archives, msa_sc2929_scm3548-0145.jpg