"FARM AND HOME"

Our Weekly Digest Of Timely Topics Which Will Be Found Interesting And Instructive.

When the sun rises, I go to work;
When the sun goes down, I take my rest;
I dig the well from which I drink;
I farm the soil that yields my food.
I share creation; kings do no more.
—Chinese folk-poem.

Water Needs Vary

Sometimes people worry needlessly because they think they drink too little or too much water. However, there is little cause for alarm as long as no more or no less is taken than the appetite craves. Daily water needs vary with different people; some may use as little as 25 ounces of fluids while others may use 100 ounces or more. Some bodies are constituted so as to get along on very little water inasmuch as 90 per cent of food is water and from 35 to 50 ounces of water is taken into the system daily through the average diet.

Careful Washing For Rayon

Rayon garments can be laundered successfully and repeately by exercise of proper care during the operation. Strength of good quality rayon is retained only by gentle handling while washing. Use a lukewarm solution of mild soap and never rub, wring or hang on the line by a pin. Wrap the garment in a Turkish towel or similar article and draw out the moisture; then dry flat or double it carefully over the line to complete the drying process. Press on the wrong side with a moderaate iron—never a hot one.

Colors Should Harmonize

In order for a room to appear restful and attractive the colors must match or harmonize. Wall and ceiling color is perhaps the most important as the background for the furnishings. In selecting these colors do not hesitate to pick those you like. As a rule it is better to use quiet colors for walls and ceiling and brighter ones for the curtains, cushions and other furnishings. Purchasers of new furniture find the present trend is toward "blond" or light finishes. Mahogany, for instance is likely to be a reddish tan instead of the more familiar dark color.

Bedbugs Ancient Pests

Bedbugs have lived with man through so many ages they have adapted their ways to his habits. They attack him at night and hide away during the day. A house may become infested, even a new home, when one or two attach themselves to the clothing, laundry or traveling bags and trunks. Once established they propagate rapidly unless taken in hand at once. One of the chief difficulties in ridding a house of them is their ability to fast. Young ones have been known to live many weeks without their first meal while an adult can exist a year without sustenance. Where only a few of these paraasites are found they can usually be exterminated quickly and simply by going over the rooms frequently with an oil can or feather and apply coal oil pr turpentine to the bedsteads and to cracks or crevices in the walls. In badly infested houses it may be necessary to fumigate with hydrocyanic acid gas but this treatment must be carried out carefully as the gas and its source, powdered calcium cyanide, are deadly. Four ounces of calcium cyanide are required for each 100 cubic feet of space. Close the house as tight as possible, quickly spread the amount needed for each room on old newspapers and leave home for 18 to 24 hours. In reopening the building first open doors and windows accessible from the outside and let the house air for an hour or more before attempting to enter. The papers bearing the remains of the calcium cyanide should be gathered up and buried in the ground. Additional instructions may be obtained at the drugstore where the poison is purchased.

A Verse From The Bible

Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above, and cometh down from the Father of lights, with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning.—James 1:17.

Three Dresses Enough

How many dresses would you have to have before you considered yourself well-dressed? And how many would you require to believe yourself entitled to be labeled one of the best drssed women in America? Many girls and women are likely to figure on 10, 20, 50, or even 100 outfits. But not so Gladys Swarthout, the practical-minded grand opera and movie queen. She thinks every woman who can afford three simple costumes can dress as well as the best dressed women in America. Given taste, time and care, she says, any woman of moderate means can dress like a princess, and many do.

Outstanding Women Of 1935

Many women have been designated as "outstanding" among their sex in this and other countries. Regardless of how much or how little it may mean new lists of our outstanding womenfolks are always interesting. Mrs. Carrie Chapman, Catt, pioneer woman suffrage leader, has named a list of the 10 most outstanding women in America in the year 1935. Headed by Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, her list includes: Mrs. Ruth Bryan Owen, United States minister to Denmark; Miss Frances Perkins, Secretary of Labor; Mrs. Ogden Reid, New York publisher; Dr. Florence Sabin, anatomist of the Rockefeller Institute; Federal Judge Florence Alen, of Ohio; Anne Morrow Lindbergh, author; Mary Anderson, chief of the Women's Bureau; Amelia Earhart Putnam, aviatrix; and Anne O'Hare McCormick, writer.

Helpful Hints

If the hands are wet with vinegar and let dry before going out they will not get so cold while hanging out the washing on frosty mornings.

To keep your salads from being "mushy" mix with a fork instead of a spoon.

Experience will prove that a fish will scale easier if you begin at the tail.

"The trouble with most of those short lived marriages," says Reno Ritzi, "is that the only suit that he or she worries about scraping up the cash first for is the divorce suit."

HANDS ACROSS THE TABLE

Adapted by Wallace West

from the **Paramount Picture** of the same title, based on Vina Delmar's story.

SYNOPSIS

Regi Allen, a manicurist in the barber shop of a swanky New York hotel has ambitions to marry a millionaire. Although Allen Macklyn young millionaire paralyzed from the waist down in a motor crash is intrigued by her Regi has eyes only for Theodore Drew III society playboy. Drew plans to marry Vivian Snowden a wealthy society girl after a short vacation trip to Bermuda. He misses the boat however when he gets drunk at dinner with Regi and the latter has to put him up in her apartment for the night. Later she discovers that he hasn't a cent his father losing everything in the crash. Ted leaves the apartment in bewilderment when Regi refuses his advances. Meanwhile Macklyn is making plans to marry Regi.

CHAPTER VIII

REGI wearing a robe over her nightgown was sitting on her bed, smoking and thinking when there was a timid knock at the door.

"Aren't you going to come tuck me in?" asked a plaintive voice.

With a little hopeless gesture, she rose and opened the door. A few moments later Ted was tucked securely onto the couch. Regi pushed the chair to its usual position against the bed and turned to go.

"That's the last time you'll do that," Ted said softly.

"Uh huh." She looked down at him, her eyes wet.

"Just this once Regi . . . please, for going away," he pleaded.

"That's a good reason." Her voice was even. She bent down and kissed him on the mouth. It was only intended to be casual but it lingered. Ted slipped his arm around her shoulders. For a second Regi hesitated, then her true emotion got the better of her and she pressed her lips tightly to his.

"Good night," said the girl huskily after a long moment.

"Good night."

She got up to turn out the light. Ted took her hand but she drew it away and pulled out the light.

"Regi," whispered Ted.

She did not answer, but hurried into the other room and closed the door. He sat up in bed and stared after her miserably.

"Ted!"

"Yes?" His heart was thumping.

"I forgot about that boat. You'd better look in the paper."

"Oh!" He tried to hide his disappointment. "Thanks, Regi."

He picked up the paper. The first thing to meet his eyes was a picture of Vivian Snowden, with the caption: Bride of Near Future." Torn between Vivian and Regi, he lit a cigarette, puffed then put it out abruptly. Finally he got out of bed, threw the paper to the floor and walked over to Regi's door.

"Won't you come out?" he called. "I want to talk to you."

"Not tonight. I'm very sleepy."

"Are you in bed?"

"Yes," she lied with only a hint of hesitation.

"Please come out. I won't sleep. I warn you I won't sleep."

"Of course you will. Get to bed now. You have to be up early in the morning."

At her words, his eyes lowered speculatively to the door knob and his hand reached out. Then he checked himself.

"Well . . . good night," he said at length.

"Good night." Regi tried to make her voice sound sleepy. As she heard the squeak of the couch tears came to her eyes. She took up a cigarette, lit it and went to the window where she sat down, looking out. She stayed there for hours, smoking cigarette after cigarette.

Ted also spent the hours in darkness, thinking and smoking. Unable to stand it any longer he finally got up and stepped through the window onto the roof. In the moonlight he caught sight of Regi at her window.

"I . . . I wasn't sleeping very much," apologized the girl.

"Neither was I. I've been awake all night. This is . . . swell, isn't it?" He looked up at the moon riding the clouds.

"It's . . . it's lovely."

He turned and looked down at her. She was exquisite standing there, her lips parted, her eyes reflecting the gleam of the moon. His hand reached out, touched her chin and turned her face so that their eyes met and held. His arms went round her.

"We can't." She shook her head slightly, her voice low and husky. "There's a hundred million miles between us. We're not for each other."

"I think we are," he said quietly.

"In six months you'd hate me," she answered, meeting his gaze. "Year in and year out, for the rest of your life, you'd have to scratch for a living . . . in a world you know nothing about. It's too late, Ted. You couldn't fit yourself to being poor."

"Other people have done it."

"Yes. And there's no greater tragedy. With you it would be a thousand times worse. Marry the rich one, Ted," she finished as she pulled away slowly. "Believe me, from the bottom of my heart . . . if I were you . . . that's what I'd do. Good night, Ted."

"Good night," he answered dully as she went to the window and climbed into her room.

When she was gone, a set, resolute expression crept over his face. He went through the window of the sitting room and began putting on his clothes. This done, he found his shoes, slipped one on, then stamped sharply to set it right.

Regi heard the stamp of his foot. It jerked her out of her misery. Turning off the light she slipped to the door and opened it a slit. Through it she saw that Ted had finished with his dressing. He crossed to the outer door, then noticed the cat following at his heels.

"No . . . No, Kitty, you can't go," he whispered as, with a final glance at Regi's door, he slipped out into the hall.

Deflated, spiritless, the girl entered the empty room and looked out of the front window. A milkman, wagon and horse were the only occupants of the street. Then Ted came out from the apartment vestibule, walking quickly.

"Oh, you coward," sobbed the girl, her forehead pressed to the glass.

"Me-ow! The cat was rubbing against her in the cold grey dawn.

To be continued

"In six months you'd hate me," she said. . . . "It's too late, Ted. You couldn't fit yourself to being poor."

"Little Stories for Bedtime"

by Thornton W. Burgess

LIGHTFOOT FINDS A FRIEND

AS LIGHTFOOT the Deer stood resting and trying to recover his breath out there on the little sandbar in the Big River, his great, soft, beautiful eyes watched first one bank and then the other. On the bank he had left he could see two black-and-white specks moving about, and across the water came the barking of dogs. Those two specks were the hounds who had driven him into the Big River. They were barking now instead of baying.

It is Doubtful Which Was the More Surprised, Lightfoot or the Man.

Presently a brown form joined the black-and-white specks. It was a hunter drawn there by the barking of the dogs. He was too far away to be dangerous, but the mere sight of him filled Lightfoot with terror again. He watched the hunter walk along the bank and disappear in the bushes.

Presently out of the bushes came a boat, and in it was the hunter. He headed straight toward Lightfoot, and then Lightfoot knew that his brief rest was at an end. He must once more swim or be shot by the hunter in the boat. So Lightfoot again struck out for the shore. His rest had given him new strength, but still he was very, very tired, and swimming was hard work.

Slowly, oh, so slowly, he drew nearer to the bank. What new dangers there might be there he did not know. He had never been on that side of the Big River. He knew nothing of the country on that side. But the uncertainty was better than the certainty behind him. He could hear the sound of the oars as the hunter in the boat did his best to get to him before he should reach the shore.

On Lightfoot struggled. At last he felt bottom beneath his feet. He staggered up through some bushes along the bank, and then for an instant it seemed to him his heart stopped beating. Right in front of him stood a man. He had come out into the back yard of the home of that man. It is doubtful which was the more surprised, Lightfoot or that man. Right then and there Lightfoot gave up in despair. He couldn't run. It was all he could do to walk. The long chase by the hounds on the other side of the Big River, and the long swim across the Big River had taken all his strength.

Not a spark of hope remained to Lightfoot. He simply stood still and trembled, partly with fear and partly with weariness. Then a surprising thing happened. The man spoke softly. He advanced, not threateningly, but slowly and in a friendly way. He walked around back of Lightfoot, and then straight toward him. Lightfoot walked on a few steps, the man followed, still talking softly. Little by little he urged Lightfoot on, driving him toward an open shed in which was a pile of hay. Without understanding just how, Lightfoot knew that he had found a friend. So he entered the open shed, and with a long sigh lay down in the soft hay.

© T. W. Burgess.—WNU Service.

PUBLIC SALE of AUTOMOBILE

Under and by virtue of a lien for storage, as set forth in Sections 54 to 58 inclusive, of Article 63 of the Annotated Code of Maryland, entitled, "Mechanics Liens," I will sell at public sale on

Saturday, Jan. 11, 1936

at 11 o'clock, A. M.

One (1) Plymouth, 2-door Sedan, 1934 Model, Serial No. 1869707, Engine No. PF12497.

The sale will be held at "Coslett Chevrolet Sales" garage, located in North East, on Cecil Avenue, U. S. Route No. 40, in Cecil County, Maryland.

Terms of Sale: CASH.

HARRY S. COSLETT
Trading as "Coslett's Chevrolet Sales"
J. A. Roney, Auctioneer.

Miscl. Claims In Office Treas. Dec. 31, 1935

Stanley D. Jeffers, coroner	$ 68.05
Md. Workshop for the Blind, board and tuition	300.00
Farmers & Mechanics Mutual Ins., Insurance Board of Election Supervisors	2.63
Howard S. Vincent, repaid work court house	2.60
David J. Randolph, official service for sheriff Racine	15.00
J. Frank Frazer, supplies for Ct. Ct. Stenographer	35.06
John H. Terrell & Son, insurance	67.56
Collins Machine & Foundry Co., repair work county jail	32.65
Malin Motor Co., repair work county jail	66.09
O. C. Giles, lunches for jurors	6.00
Ireen Pearce, stenographic services	31.00
Cecil County Star, printing	25.00
Cecil Democrat, printing	180.90
James E. Pierson, supplies for Reg. of Wills Office	306.14
Elkton Gas Co., gas for the jail	21.40
Clayton L. Ellison, special officer	35.00
J. Earl Tyson, pauper burial	105.00
Richard Mann, one day work for supervisors of election	3.00
Walter W. Aiken, constable	22.45
W. W. Moore, constable	5.00
C. W. Purner, ploting wood land for State	60.00
Department of Health, board of health	333.33
C. & P. Telephone Co., service	91.00
Conowingo Power Co., service	74.07
J. Howard Pugh, justice of the peace	13.65
Md. School for the Blind, board and tuition	50.00
Omar D. Crothers, Jr., rent for school board office	60.00
Mac's Laundry, service	2.00
Edward D. E. Rollins, expenses of State's Atty. office	43.34
Elkton Supply Co., oil for Court House	69.00
Elkton Supply Co., coal school board office	78.68
Gulf Refining Co., oil for county jail	80.93
Lucas Bros., supplies for court house	48.22
A. Victor Davis, supplies for court house	1.75
Victor Lynn Transportation Co., supplies for Court House	.50
Remington Store, supplies for court house	3.50
Remington Rand Inc., supplies for court house	24.50
Keys & Miller Lumber Co., supplies court house	17.91
Dr. James F. Magraw, exam. to sanity of Mary E. Smeltzer	5.00
Dr. V. H. McKnight, exam to sanity of Elvie Woodrow, Harry Krastel, Margaret Brady and Lulu Nuble	25.00
Dr. V. H. McKnight, jail physician	147.00
Dr. R. C. Dodson, coroner inquest	5.00
James W. Hughes, Ct. Ct. counsel fees	25.00
E. Kirk Brown, Ct. Ct. counsel fees	50.00
James Weinroth, Ct. Ct. counsel fees	60.00
Henry L. Constable, Ct. Ct. counsel fees	50.00
Philip R. Bond, Ct. Ct. counsel fees	35.00
G. Reynolds Ash, Ct. Ct. counsel fees	5.00
John S. Keithley, supplies for jail	3.90
Wm. Schumm, supplies for jail	30.24
Osborne Mackie, supplies for jail	11.00
Robert M. Trimble, supplies for jail	4.17
Thomas C. Major, supplies for jail	54.16
O. E. Frazier, supplies for jail	5.40
Geo. E. Foster, supplies for jail	14.97
Elkton Bakery, supplies for jail	27.98
Ralph W. Pearce, supplies for jail	49.47
Eugene Racine, supplies for jail	1.159
W. S. Coppage, supplies for jail	66.50
Cecil Democrat, supplies for jail	.50
Davis Supply Co., supplies for jail	2.70
Lyon's Pharmacy, supplies for jail	5.49
George Schirling, supplies for jail	7..44
W. S. Darley & Co., supplies for jail	16.88
H. S. Andrew, supplies for jail	1.98
Bullen Chemical Co., supplies for jail	5.50
J. J. Smith, supplies for jail	9.27
Walter L. Everitt, guarding prisoner at hospital	21.00
Total amount of claims	**$3,140.05**

The above claims will be acted upon by the County Commissioners on January 14, 1936.

W. HERBERT BAKER,
Asst. Treasurer.

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Mrs. Doc Blankenship, Stamford, Texas

I have used your Anti-Pain Pills only a short time, but they have given me prompt relief. They did for me in a week more than any other medicine I had taken for a year. Phil Goller, Milwaukee, Wisconsin

I am never without Anti-Pain Pills. I think they are much better than anything else I have ever used. Sometimes when I am tired and nervous, and feel like I would go under, I take two Anti-Pain Pills and in a sort time I feel like a different person. Mrs. S. Tidabach, Stroudsburg, Pennsylvania

Your Anti-Pain Pills have been used in my home with wonderful results. I recommend them.
Maggie Belle Dudley, Vanceboro, N. C.

Your Anti-Pain Pills helped me a great deal. I have used them for years. I carry them everywhere in my purse and always keep them in the house. They have saved me a great many sick headaches.
Mrs. Jennie Neill, Coronado, Calif.

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