Earleville

All day services, morning, afternoon and evening, will be held at St. Paul's M. E. Church, Sunday, October 4. Sunday School will be excluded on this day. Out of town speakers will occupy the pulpit and the Marshallton choil will be a special feature.

Beginning Sunday, October 4, religious services will be held at the P. E. Chapel in Cecilton. St. Stephens Church was well attended Sunday at the last services of a session for the summer.

Justice William I. Schaffer visited his country estate here, Wednesday.

Rev. and Mrs. Davis will entertain the Willing Workers Society of St. Pauls M. E. Church at the parsonage in Cecilton on Thursday evening, October 8.

Capt. John Wolfe and Miss Evelyn Wolfe were week end guests of Mrs. Evelyn Rhoades, Mr. and Mrs. Elias Rhoades were Sunday guests at "Locust Hill" farm.

Those entertained at dinner Sunday by Mr. and Mrs. Roy C. Carpenter were Mr. and Mrs. Jerry Price, Misses Miriam and Kitty Price and Miss Virginia Foster.

Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Bolton, Jr., and children were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. William Wiltbanks, near Locust Grove.

Mr. and Mrs. William B. Loller and son, Rodney, spent Sunday as guests of Mr. and Mrs. William C. Loller.

Baby Hevlow, infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Olie Hevlow, died Friday of a heart condition, after one day of life. The interment was made at Johntown cemetery.

Mr. William Brown, Sr. and Mr. William Brown, Jr., of Cecilton, and Mr. J. A. Brown motored to Lewes, Del., Sunday.

Mrs. William F. Wooleyhan spent Thursday with Mrs. Mollie Wolleyhan in Chesapeake City.

Mr. and Mrs. William Fears and children, of Perryville, were Friday guests of Mr. J. W. Husfelt. Miss Jean Husfelt accompanied them home over the week end.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Bolton and children, of Cecilton, were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Craig.

Mrs. William H. Bolton is spending several days with Mr. and Mrs. Albert Craig near Cecilton.

Mrs. William Seaman, Mrs. Stricker and Mr. Joseph Heile were Sunday guests of Mrs. Annie Chiffens, who has returned from several weeks' visit with her daughter in Camden, N. J.

Mr. and Mrs. S. R. Emerson entertained on Sunday, Mr. and Mrs. Wilmer Watkins and daughter, of Baltimore.

Messrs. Joseph and Stanley Frazer are attending the West Nottingham Academy.

Mrs. Samuel Blanchfield, Mrs. Alfred White and son, Miss Mildred Loller and Mrs. M. S. Duhamell were Friday Wilmington visitors.

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Gettshall, Mrs. Francis Morgan, of Orchard Beach, Pa., Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Earle Gettshall and Miss Estella Gettshall were Sunday visitors of Mr. and Mrs. William Gettshall, Jr.

Mrs. Mary Stephens, of Pittsfield, Mass., and Mr. Howard Buckworth, of Philadelphia, have been spending a fortnight with Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Wooleyhan.

Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Wooleyhan were Mr. and Mrs. Nowland P. Fillingame and children, of Philadelphia and Dr. and Mrs. F. J. Marshall, of Baltimore.

Mrs. Daniel Fletcher, of Warwick, spent Wednesday with Mrs. J. A. Brown.

After spending a month at Mt. Harmon farm, Miss Rachel Craig returned to her home near Cecilton, Thursday.

Mrs. Leonard Dixon spent Monday afternoon of last week with Mrs. Lawrence Craig.

Zion

Miss Gladys Atkinson has returned home from a visit with her grandmother, Mrs. Peters, of Viola, Del., who is now a guest at the M. E. Parsonage.

Miss Anna M. Crothers returned home Sunday from a visit with her brother, Mr. Alfred Crothers and family, of Greenhurst.

Mr. and Mrs. Leroy Ward were Baltimore visitors Sunday.

Miss Nettie McCormick, of Wilmington, is the guest of her cousins, Dr. and Mrs. C. F. Miller.

Rev. and Mrs. W. R. Mowbray, of Lewes, Del., were Saturday-Sunday guests of Mrs D. L. Gifford.

Mr. Lumson Holt, of Detroit, is visiting his father, Mr. J. L. Holt.

Miss Claire Morris, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Morris was among the number who received their degrees at the University of Delaware on Monday, Sept. 21. Miss Morris received a Bachelor of Science degree.

Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Thompson entertained the Moore's Chapel Aid Society on Friday evening.

Calvert High School cleared $73.00 at their recent supper held on the Church House.

Mrs. John Roberts spent Saturday in Wilmington.

A number from here attended the home coming services in Ebenezer Church on Sunday.

Chesapeake City

The ladies of St. Monica's Guild, Church of the Good Shepherd, will give a card party in the Parish House, on the evening of October 21. Admission will be thirty five cents. Refreshments will be served and attractive prizes will be awarded.

William Cooling is erecting a garage on North George street.

Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Knorr, of New London, Pa., and Town Point, Md., left on Monday morning for Sarasota, Fla., where they will make their home.

Mrs. Walter Dickinson is spending some time with Mrs. Morpheus Lake, in Landsdowne, Pa.

Miss Mary Miller is a patient in Union Hospital, Elkton.

The Chesapeake City Parent-Teacher Association realized about $36 from the card and bingo party held in the school auditorium, last Friday evening.

A miscellaneous shower was given Mr. and Mrs. Walter Cooling at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Cooling, last Thursday evening. Many beautiful and useful gifts were received.

Mrs. Hugh W. Caldwell was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. John Hartnett, Elkton, on Monday and Tuesday.

Mrs. Emma Willis and her daughter, Mrs. Edyth Thomas were town visitors on Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Ginn and family were dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Brown, Elkton, on Sunday.

Miss Mary Smith, who has been living in Chesapeake City for the past year, has returned to her home in Rock Hall.

Mr. Fred Chisel and his daughter in law, Mrs. Fred Chisel, Jr., of Detroit, Mich., have returntd to their respective homes after a visit with Mr. and Mrs. James Adams.

Mrs. Harry Sherman and daughter, Jane, have been visiting Mrs. Sherman's parents, in Baltimore.

W. C. T. U. NOTES

By BERTHA BALDERSTON

"The spirit of the Constitution of the United States is unalterably opposed to the liquor traffic despite the repeal of the 18th amendment," declared Mrs. Ida B. Wise Smith, President, National Woman's Christian Temperance Union, in a statement released from the headquarters of the organization at Evanston, Ill., Monday evening, September 14, on the eve of her departure for Brainerd, Minn., where she will address the first of an extensive series of state meetings of that organization to be held during the next forty days.

"The National W. C. T. U. in common with all friends of the temperance cause joins in sincere tribute to the historic basic law of our great republic. It is at once the charter of our liberties, the prophetic hope of our future.

"But," said Mrs. Smith, "we wish to point out at this time that even though the eighteenth amendment abolished the liquor traffic has been nullified and supplanted for the moment, the Constitution as such, remains a document packed with potential dynamite for the liquor traffic as well as for every other agency of exploitation in our land.

"It would be a shallow interpretation indeed to claim Constitutional sanction for a trade that unevadably and inevitably in every hour of its existence conflicts with those sacred rights and purposes which our Constitution was so marvelously created to conserve.

"No amendment and no subordinate section of that immortal document can limit the plain intent of its preliminary six-fold assertion of federal purpose, and we believe that in the light of a century of bitter experience, the liquor traffic stands indicted as the shameless and continuous contradition of that law.

"We challenge the apologists of beverage alcohol in this hour of homage to the vision of our forefathers enshrined in this great document, to read, phrase by phrase, the matchless preamble and to successfully deny that the liquor traffic today conflicts directly and menacingly with every statement therein found.

"Briefly," Mrs. Smith continued, "we arraign the liquor traffic and its host of related evils as comprising an intolerable obstruction of (1) 'a more perfect union;' being a trade that makes it impossible (2) 'to establish justice;' or (3) to 'insure domestic tranquility;' that forever tends to weaken (4) the 'common defense;' promotes, not (5) 'the general welfare,' but nation-wide disorder and demoralization, and that inevitably, by reason of the social poison it disseminates, today deprives millions of our fellow citizens of, and invades the rights (6) 'of our posterity' to the (7) 'blessings of liberty' to insure which, our Constitution was framed.

"We believe that the time will come, when in response to overwhelming public sentiment, this interpretation of our fundamental law will prevail."

"THE TEXAS RANGERS"

SYNOPSIS

Jeff Hawkins and Wahoo Jones, outlaws, join the Texas Rangers to procure inside information on payrolls and gold shipments to send to their bandit pal Polka Dot McGee. Invited to dinner at the home of their commanding officer Major Bailey the men meet Amanda the Major's beautiful daughter. A budding romance between Amanda and the tall and handsome Hawkins is interrupted by word that Indians all over Texas are going on the warpath.

CHAPTER V

As the Major had expected, the Indian war which followed was bloody to the extreme. Resenting the continued encroachment of the white man into their hunting grounds, the redskins stopped at nothing to exterminate their enemies. In the melée the Rangers fought against terrific odds at all times, spent unbroken days and nights in the saddle and performed superhuman feats of daring.

But exhausted men cannot remain forever on the alert. The Indians realized this and stalked the whites like wolves. And finally they were rewarded. Worn out by a long day's riding, Major Bailey and "D" Company rode listlessly into a narrow canyon—and found themselves facing 200 Comanche braves drawn up in battle array.

"Rush them . . . it's our only chance!" The Major shook off his exhaustion as if by magic as he drew his gun. "We've got about five seconds!"

At his words the Rangers charged forward as one man. Unprepared for such a maneuver, the Indians nevertheless did not give way. Soon the twenty white men were surrounded by a mob of yelling, snarling, painted warriors who were prevented by their very numbers from exterminating their enemies.

Captain Stafford and six men broke through and ran for some sheltering boulders. But two of them were shot down before they reached this comparative safety.

Major Bailey protected the Captain's retreat, then, shouting to his men to follow, scrambled up a narrow ledge on the canyon side and managed to reach a large cave which he had discerned twenty feet above the trail. Only five of his original company of twenty men managed to escape the Indians and follow him into this retreat. Among them were Jeff and Wahoo, a Mexican named Rodriguez, Charley Buckner and a lean old fellow with handlebar mustaches known to his companions only as "Whiskers."

Disheveled, begrimed, sweating, their clothes torn to ribbons, many of them, including Wahoo, badly wounded by arrows, the little company lay prone at the edge of their retreat and pumped lead into the Indians who were climbing after them. The withering fire was too much for the warriors. They retreated pell-mell. Then two of their number chose another path up the cliff, plainly intent upon rolling huge stones down upon the two groups of beleaguered white men.

Sitting with his back against a rock, Wahoo groaned and grunted with pain as he tried to pull out an arrow which had imbedded itself deep in his shoulder.

"Wait a minute, you crazy darn fool," cried Jeff as he crawled over to him. "That thing's gone plumb through you an its got barbs onto it." A little roughly he pulled his friend around, caught the shaft of the arrow and snapped it in two. Then, as Wahoo yelped in agony, he pulled the missle cleanly out of the wound.

"Tell me if it hurts," he remarked in his best bedside manner.

"They've got all of Stafford's men," Whiskers reported at that moment as he peered out of the mouth of the cave. "They've . . ." He ducked back just in time to avoid a huge boulder as it shot over the edge of the canyon and crashed into the ravine with a noise like thunder.

"Boys . . . save your last bullets for yourselves," said Major Bailey tensely. "A few more boulders like that will smash the overhanging ledge and we'll be trapped."

"I go up after them, compadre. Adios!" responded Rodriguez. Before anyone could stop him he clambered out of the shelter and started crawling up the sheer side of the canyon. Hardly had he ascended ten feet when another rock crashed down, pinning him beneath it.

"Un gran hombre," whispered the Major. "May he rest in peace."

"Every man stay where you are!" commanded the officer as the rest of the Rangers started to follow Rodriguez's heroic example.

"We'll be battered to pieces in no time," protested Whiskers, as he twisted savagely at his handlebars. "I'd like to get to them babies before I die."

"My orders are straight—we all stay here! Buckner! Come back, man. You're married and have children."

"Maybe I've lived too long," said Jeff suddenly. His eyes were aglow with pride at these men. For the first time in his life he felt the greatness of comradeship . . . of one man's friendship for another . . . a friendship that was willing to sacrifice life itself. Wahoo glanced at him with perfect understanding and crawled as near to the entrance of the cave as he possibly could. There he braced his wounded shoulder against a rock, then nodded slowly to his pal.

"Hawkins!" shouted Major Bailey as the former leaped out into the open.

"Go to it, baby," laughed Wahoo proudly. "I'll cover you."

The Indians saw Jeff climbing upward and opened fire with guns and arrows. Those on top of the cliff struggled frantically to roll more boulders down but were unable to do so because of Wahoo's steady fire.

Panting and sweating the Ranger finally reached the top. As the two Indians there lunged forward to grapple with him he jerked his revolver from its holster and fired again and again. The braves screamed, clawed at their breasts and tottered over the edge to their deaths.

Spurred on by desperation, Jeff glanced over the other side of the ledge and almost shouted with joy as he saw a number of the Rangers' horses tethered to rocks with no one guarding them. At the risk of life and limb he plunged downward once more, taking care to avoid the eyes of the Indians which were, of course, still watching the cave.

He made it undetected. Vaulting into a saddle, he tore loose the bridle reins. Half an hour's wild riding brought him to the end of Needle Canyon and out onto the open plain.

Back at the shelter the Rangers stirred uneasily as the rain of arrows and bullets ceased abruptly. Could it mean the Indians had been frightened by Jeff's escape? That seemed hardly possible. Or did it mean that the Indians had given up their direct attack and were crawling, unseen, among the boulders toward the mouth of the cave?

Hawkins starts up the cliff

"Save your ammunition" directed the Major. "Don't fire till you see them. And remember . . . every man save his last bullet for himself."

The other three men nodded grimly and waited. Soon they could see faint glints of feathered headdresses and red skins among the boulders. The Indians were spreading out fanwise and keeping under cover. There was no hope now. Death was stalking them and could not be avoided . . .

Then, when their enemies were almost upon them, a company of fifty Rangers from Company "B" charged into the top of the canyon. Completely unprepared for this sudden attack and unable to judge the number of horsemen, the Indians fled wildly down the canyon until they brought up facing another band of white horsemen. Jeff had done his work well.

Realizing that they were trapped in their turn the Indians concentrated their fire upon Jeff, who was in the forefront of the battle and was recognized by the redskins as the man who had climbed the cliff and brought reinforcements.

"He'll never come out of that mess alive," groaned Major Bailey as he watched the hand-to-hand struggle going on below him.

"He will unless I topple over from loss of blood," gritted Wahoo as he braced his wounded shoulder more firmly against its rock and continued to fire steadily and with precision into the mass of fanatical warriors who were striving to tear his friend to pieces on the floor of the gorge.

(To be continued)

NOTABLES OF BALTIMORE

By Paul E. Livingstone

Dr. Barenburg's Eye Clinics

Whenever any individual accomplishes distinctive achievement within his chosen profession or business it is always a pleasure to include him in this special series of Notables of Baltimore. Dr. Barenburg truly answers this description, for during the time that he has practiced within Baltimore he has made definite and rapid strides forward. Formerly located at 205 North Liberty Street, which address is very familiar to local countians, he has just opened what is without a question the last word ineye clinics within Maryland at Park Ave. & Fayette Street, occupying the floor formerly used by the banking institution which for years was located there. Dr. Barenburg also maintains his Clinic at 3316 Eastern Avenue. Dr. Barenburg has won his eminence principally because his institutions offer MORE than any other Optical establishment. He is an Eye Physician (M. D.) and offers as a consequence a superior service for no higher prices than we pay for ordinary optical service. Besides your credit is good for both Glasses and Treatment. Consultation is available to people throughout this section entirely without obligation and out of town people visiting Baltimore owe it to themselves and their children to see Baltimore's newest and finest eye clinic. At this season of the year it is particularly necessary to have your children's eyes attended to so that they may have their eyes in the best condition for the current school season, and that their eyesight may be rightfully guarded and preserved for later life as well.

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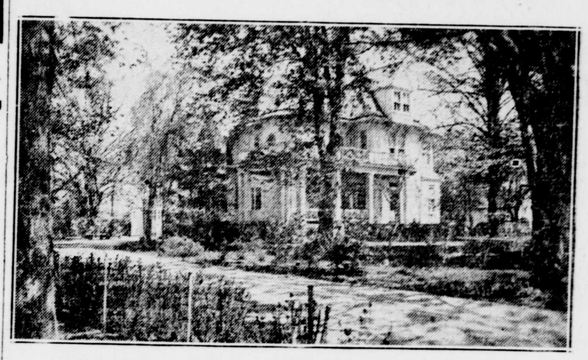

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