Simple Simon Went A-Fishing

By VERNON L. CLEMENS

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Did Simple Simon catch the whale? So far as we know there is no reliable information on this point. It is simply stated that he went fishing for one. We are, therefore, offering this story as a sequel. It is the same Simple Simon, but he has aged a little and has changed his fishing ground.

ON ONE of the green wooden benches in the park, sat Rufus Gottlieb Gondeuschlager. His thin bent form and narrow chest, his white hair, and his gray, tobacco-stained whiskers, gave evidence to the fact that the best years of his life had already passed.

Directly in front of him grew luxuriantly a bed of gorgeous tulips. Gondeuschlager's eyes, large, blue-gray, and expressionless, seemed to be fixed on the flowers. Every now and then, as he sat there, he would slowly move his big feet back and forth over the short, soft, green grass, as if trying to decide whether, perhaps, some other spot in the park might not be more adapted to his particular line of business.

Business? Imagine an old, narrow-chested, white-haired, gray-whiskered man using the city park as a place of business, and having as his office stool a green, weather-beaten park bench! Imagine, in fact, this same old man holding in his hand a fishing rod and line, at the end of which a big, sharp, black hook held a little fat brown worm.

As Rufus Gottlieb Gondeuschlager sat there with his fishing pole in hand and his line dangling over a sea of gorgeous color, somebody approached.

It was a young man—tall, perfectly built, perfectly tailored. His name was Herbert Jesse Steinbaucher.

The expression on Steinbaucher's face, when he saw the old man, was a combination of amusement, ridicule and contempt! Could it be possible that this poor old fellow was an escaped lunatic? Or was he simply childish? He did not seem childish. Perhaps, after all, he was insane.

All of this time Gondeuschlager kept his eyes fixed on the very center of the flower bed. As Herbert came up to where he was sitting, he smiled gently, but only as if to himself.

Herbert Jesse Steinbaucher grinned, and sat down on the bench close beside the old fellow.

"Say, uncle, what do you think you are doing?"

Slowly, and with seemingly considerable effort, old Rufus raised his head and looked at Herbert. Then in a voice gravely serious, he said:

"Sir, I am fishing."

Hilarious explosions followed the answer to Herbert's question. He laughed and laughed and laughed. This thing—fishing in a park out of a flower bed—was so ridiculous.

These violent eruptions of Herbert's seemed to have no effect whatever on old man Gondeuschlager. He acted like a person in a stupor. Herbert moved up colse to Gondeuschlager—so close that his face and old Rufus' whiskers almost touched.

"Fishing, eh?" Then, "Say, uncle what's the matter with you and me having a—drink?"

Rufus Gottlieb Gondeuschlager, like a flash of chain lightning across a rain-beaten country road at midnight, came to life. A mischievous sparkle shone from his large, blue-gray eyes. His lips opened and closed oyster fashion. He got to his feet quickly and drew in the fishing tackle from his imaginary pond. Winding the line around the pole, and carefully fastening the big, sharp, black hook so that it could not swing, he put the rod over his shoulder. Together, as rapidly as the stiff rheumatic legs and corn-plastered feet of the old man would permit, the two marched down the street and entered a dazzling, tobacco-perfumed resort. Here the old man regaled himself with a large glass of milk and a good cigar. Herbert, standing beside him, eyed old Rufus with an expression of surprise, wonder and admiration. But Gondeuschlager merely continued to sip and to smoke. Then, suddenly growing extremely curious, Herbert stepped up close to the old man and in almost a whisper, he said:

"So, uncle, you were fishing, were you? And how many have you caught this morning?" He was still vastly amused at the very idea of this thin, narrow-chested, white-haired, gray-whiskered old man trying to get fish out of a bed of flowers.

Rufus Gottlieb Gondeuschlager took another sip from his glass and another draw on his cigar. Then, after blowing a cloud of smoke across the bar, he turned to his questioner. He bowed with prodigious gravity, and his smile was very broad now, as he answered:

"You are the seventh, sir."

Few Musicians Criminals

You have often read, no doubt, that music has an uplifting influence on our lives and that it indubitably helps to make this humdrum existence more beautiful and worth while. That's all well and good, and we believe it in a general way, but here's a new idea for you. Music helps to keep one out of jail. "Statistics show," is a loud and appalling expression, but here are some figures on that subject which will make you believe there is something to the statement after all.

There are about 150,000 professional musicians in the United States and in the nine largest penitentiaries, it is said, there are only 15 of these musicians.

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draw in the bridge over Mor- ek is out of order and may ed until further notice. greater than six tons ited from using this

G. B. TAYLOR, Roads Engineer.

POULTRY NOTES

Items Will Interest Our Readers Regarding All Hases Of The Industry

There is an old notion among poultry raisers that corn is a good winter feed for poultry, but that it is not advisable to feed it heavily during the warm months because it is too heating. The heating qualities seem to be largely theoretical and the opinion is probably based on the fact that corn contains considerable more fat and a little more carbohydrates than other grains usually used for feeding poultry. Theory has to give way to practical experiences, however, when the two are not in accord. Several years ago, in feeding tests conducted at the Maryland Experiment Station we found that pullets in wheat fed pens laid relatively better in winter, and those in corn fed pens laid better in summer, just the reverse of what we were led to expect by the chemical analysis. A possible explanation may be that the birds needed the exercise of scratching for wheat in winter, but that they reserved energy for laying during the hot weather when they were given corn which could be picked up without much effort.

Do we want too much thrift? When a boy I read about a boy untied a cord on a package and thereby saved the cord for use again. Now if that boy was working in a factory today where lots of packages were handled, he would not make his salt out of the cord he saved. Cord is much cheaper than time. If we get a saving habit, the first thing we know business will stop dead still and we will have a panic. A little more spending on the part of the people is what makes good business.

Do not try and save a few dollars now and go without pullets next fall. June pullets will pay big returns in any poultry yard that handles pullets in an intelligent way.

June apples and June chicks should go together. The June bug is humming this month while the "Whip-o-will" is calling its mate. Roses will bloom and Old Mother Earth will give life to everything that grows. The June bride will take her place in the limelight and all nature will smile.

A satisfactory range is one of the most important factors in developing pullets properly. It supplies green feed, animal feed in the form of insects etc., shade and a sort of retreat where the birds can retire for rest and relaxation. A field of growing corn is an ideal range for growing chicks if it is not too near a woods or other harbor for chicken enemies.

It is a splendid thing that poultry has come to be recognized as one of the big cash crops of the southeast. When poultry can bring in real cash in the spring; just at the time the cotton farmer is shortest in funds, it is certain to attract the attention of the newspapers and business interests throughout Dixie.

Trap all the pullets for the first three months and at the end of that time, market all of those who are not laying standard eggs. What is wanted by productive poultrymen is good, well shaped eggs that will command the top price in market. The way to get those eggs is to set only those that are typical in shape and twenty-two ounces and better to the dozen. You can breed any kind of egg you want.

Red raspberries furnish a dense shade on the poultry range for young stock. When hawks appear, the bushes afford safety for the flock. Raspberries bear quite high on the bush so there will be a fair supply of fruit for table or sale which cannot be reached by the birds.

Fresh fruits and vegetables and milk cost money, vacations also, but they are likely to cost less than doctor bills and ar far more satisfactory.

The first New Jersey Egg Laying Breeding Contest, was established at Vineland, in the heart of the intensive egg production section of the Cumberland County, in 1916. It was established and operated up until the present time as a three-year Egg Laying and Breeding Contest; the pullets being trapnested for one year; trapnested breeders the second year, and the progony taking their place the third year.

It seems as though we have heard not much else but European Fowl Pest for the last few months. The resulting embargoes have worked a good deal of hardship on shippers of live poultry and breeders of fancy stock. For a long time a good many people thought that this Fowl Pest might be only another name for "chicken flu" which has been better known in some parts of the country than others for the last three or four years, and which has been pretty deadly in its affects; until at last it was firmly established that there was such a thing in this country as European Fowl Pest. How did this hitherto unknown disease get started? No one can say definitely, but it is known that a scientific investigator did introduce the virus of European Fowl Pest into this country for experimental purposes in the summer of 1923. This investigator gave out two samples for use in investigations in two other laboratories and the assistant used some of it to inoculate chickens in order to maintain a supply of the virus for continuing investigational work.

Don't get so interested in getting your work done to take an auto ride that you neglect to keep up that fight on lice and mites. The sun is getting warm, the chicks busy scratching and the cracks soon fill with dust that makes an ideal incubator for mites. Keep the brooding quarters, nests and hen houses thoroughly cleaned and and sprayed.

We have got to give our Canadian friends credit for doing many good things for the poultry industry and they have set pace in several ways along poultry lines.

The week of September twenty-first has been set for the first annual National Poultry Congress, to be held at the Edgewater Beach Hotel, Chicago.

Do not be afraid of hatching chicks in the fall. If they are timed to come out about the first of September, they will come when the days begin to be pleasantly cool, or at least cooler than the torrid days of July and August, and at a good time for insects and other dainties such as weed seeds and the litter of the grain fields. Chicks hatched in the autumn usually grow very rapidly, as if nature were preparing them for the cold days soon to come. They feather out almost at once and by the last of November are ready to endure the growing cold of the early winter comfortably. Such chicks will make a fairly good growth during the winter if well fed and comfortably housed and the pullets will begin to lay about the first of February and continue to lay until late in the summer. They lay in the late summer, when the older hens or pullets hatched earlier have come to the end of their productive period until after molting time.

The good layer, as a rule has a high tail, and one that is generally pinched on way or the other.

This has been a great growing spring especially for chicks. Hatcheries have reported a good business and poultry raisers that we have heard from are well pleased with hatches and quality of chicks.

A chicken with angles does not look good to yours truly—and that goes for any kind of a chicken. The good looking chicken is a bird of curves whether they are long sweeping and graceful, or short, round and full.

MASSEY ITEMS

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Everett and family, of Wilmington, visited Mr. and Mrs. Dudlep Everett of Massey.

Mr. and Mrs. Shockley and family of Massey have returned home after a vacation.

Miss Evelyn Spencer of Kennedyville is spending some time with her cousin Miss Evelyn Palmatory.

Mr. Hicks and family have moved to Galena where thep have opened a store.

Mrs. Maslin and daughter have opened the ice cream parlor which was held by Mrs. Hicks.

Sunday School at St. Clements Church Sunday at 9.30 a. m. preaching at 10.30 by their pastor Rev. J. L. Saunders.

Miss Anna Roe has returned home after spending some time with relatives of Chestertown.

Mr. Elwood Starkey and family of Wilmington have returned home after spending some time with his parents.

Miss Virginia Roe of Massep is spending some time with friends of Sudlersvile.

Miss Katherine Palmatory is spending some time at Deemers Beach Del.

HERBERT E. PERKINS, Attorney

ORDER NISI

In the Circuit Court for Kent County
In equity No. 2293.

George W. McWhorter, Assignee vs. Isaac R. Leaverton.

ORDERED this 25th day of June, 1925, by the Circuit Court for Kent County in Equity, that the sale of the mortgaged Real Estate mentioned in these proceedings, made and reported by George W. McWhorter, Assignee, under and by virtue of the Power of Sale contained in mortgage from Isaac R. Leaverton to Ida V. Crow, dated Sept 2, 1919, and duly assigned to George W. McWhorter, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 29th day of August next; —Provided, a copy of this Order be inserted in some newspaper printed and published in Kent county, once in each of four successive weeks before the 27th day of July next.

The Report states the amount of Sales to be $5375.00.

True Copy, ROBERT R. AYRES, Clerk
Test: ROBERT R. AYRES, Clerk.

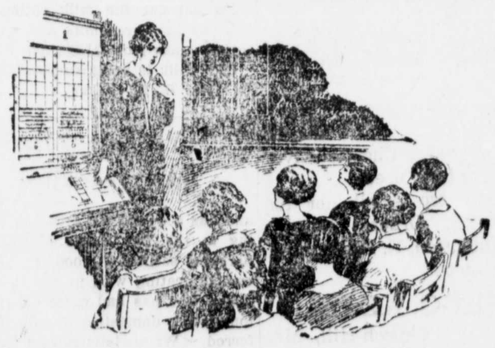
Farmers, List Your Repair Needs

It would be hard to find a farmer who at some time or another had not lost valuable time waiting for necessary repair parts. Take this territory and total up the time lost in this way and it will astonish you. And all because repairs are not ordered as early as they should be.

There is no better time than right now—just before the busiest season on the farm—to go over your machines carefully, make a list of repairs you are likely to need and send it to us. With this list in our hands, we can order our stock so as to be prepared to meet every call promptly.

Repair part service is a necessary part of our business. We realize what it means to you in time and money to get what you need at once. Help us to help you by making up your list now and sending it in to us.

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Millington, Maryland



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NASH

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Mr. Clark Davis of Chestertown, West Cross St.

Mr. Frank C. Miller, of Millington.

Mr. Mason Shaw, of Cenville.

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