SILENCE

From The New Statesmen

Let us be still. There is nothing that we can do
As excellent as silence. All the night
You did not answer, when I cried to you
For impossible consolations. You were right.

Like soft black snow, the darkness through the air
Fell in long flakes, that heaping in the past,
Hushed all the vocies that had echoed there,
And even your voice was quiet at the last.

I was afraid lest, sinking in the snow,
A final peace might seal my tired eyes,
And I should dream that I was loved, and so
Awake in hell to find the dream was lies.

Fool! for who knows if a feeling like the spring
Back into winter, silence may not sir
The broken husks of love that blossoming
Are in their resurrection lovelier?

Who knows if silence may not be the line
In which our patterns their intent renew,
And with the imperfect music that is mine,
Restores the perfect cadence that is you?

o knows what silence is, who knows if we,
That out of tumult into silence move,
May not be passing unbelievably
Out of love's earthbound shadow o love? .... itn...
into love?

SPORTS OF WEEK

WASHINGTON'S FOOTBALL TEAM PRACTICING—OTHER SPORTS NOTES

Coach Kibler and his assistant are giving the football squad its preliminary practice. The team's development will be watched with interest by local fans.

The Dempsey-Tunney championship fight, September 23, is drawing the attention of the lovers of the sport the world over. Many fans will be present from Chestertown.

Jake Flowers, former Washington star, will probably take part in the World's series. Flowers is with the St. Louis National League team. The three-cornered war in the National League probably will find at least two survivors up to the last week of the race, possibly up to the last day or two. For each leader in turn has had a tough job opening up any wide gap. Last week Pittsburgh, St. Louis and Cincinnati each fought its way to the top in turn, being unable at that time to keep up steam as a front runner.

A great trouble with football, they used to say, is that it is a game for only the select few. Within the next ten days or two weeks over 300,000 high school and college players will be in uniform, accepting the training, the discipline and the drudgery of the hardest of all competitive sports. Any game that affects at least 300,000 boys and young men between the ages of 12 and 22 is not for the few. And this is an underestimate. In some colleges or universities there are as many as 500 students playing football on various teams or at least working in practice.

The average football player has a pretty hard time of it. It has its moments of thrill and drama, but the general average is mainly hard work drudgery and discipline—plus considerable battering of fiber, flesh and bone. But it is at least a great barrier against the encroachment of luxury, the motor car, the tea dance and the alcoholic whirl. Life happens to be full of hard spots, and there must be some hard play in the way of preliminary training. The fact that football isn't always a ripple of fun is nothing against it. There are still a few serious things worth while.

The football prospects at Washington College are not exceptionally bright this year, in spite of the fact that a special coach has been brought here in the person of Philip C. Brown, former Indiana University star. It has become known that a number of last season's stars will not report at all this year and that others will not make their appearance until after the first several games are played.

With the first setto of the season less than three weeks away, the training period is being retarded by the absence of a large part of the squad who were supposed to report last week. Yesterday there were but week. Yesterday there were but eight men on the field, including Conant, last year's tackle. Added to five letter men who graduated in June several of last season's stars, it is discovered have decided not to reenter the Shore college. Smoot, star tackle, will not be available for the first two games, though the big fellow will report later in the season.

Mandrell, who recently underwent a major operation, will not be seen on the local gridiron, nor will Bunard, who will enter Hopkins for further study. Captain Dumschott has two bad knees, the result of injuries last year, that may retard him somewhat.

According to the present outlook the following letter men and veterans will appear in the first game with University of Maryland: Conant, Carroll, Dumschott, Cavanaugh and Fitzpatrick.

The first two games of baseball's 1926 blue ribbon event, the World Series, will be fought in the city capturing American League pernant Saturday and Sunday, October 2 and 3. The third fourth and fifth contests will be played in the city that wins the National League bunting. The sixth and seventh games, if necessary, will be played in the American League city. All games wil start at 1.30 o'clock standard time, Eastern or Central. The conferees agreed that if a scheduled game is called off because of rain or other inclement weather before the regulation four and a half innings have been played, it will be contested on the ground of its original schedule. Provision was made that in case of a legal tie the game would be played after the seventn contest. Prices that prevailed during the 1925 series will be in vogue this year.



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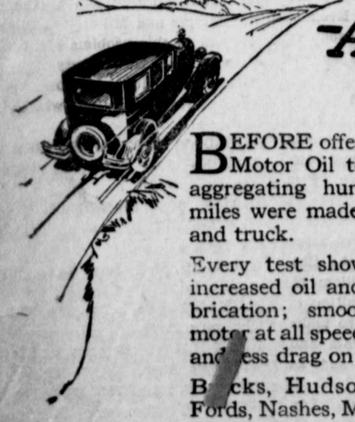


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WHY PAY-DAY WAS LATE

By IRVING WILLIAMS

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"I WAS a fool to try it," the man muttered as he dragged himself to his feet, glanced over his dripping clothes, and then grimly at the whirling torrent from which he had escaped.

Suddenly, with nervous fingers, he fumbled about his waist. An expression of relief followed the inspection, and he began to walk rapidly down the stream, keeping as close as possible to the banks which confined the yellow turmoil, and pushing his way through the brush and undergrowth with a sturdy disregard for scratches.

At brief intervals he stepped down to the water's edge and peered out into the tumbling flood. His solicitude, it could be seen, was for a small brown object that bobbed bravely along in the water, constantly approaching. As the man stopped to look he would whistle cheerily, a call evidently intelligible to the brown object, which would then bob higher above the water and make better progress.

At a sharp bend in the stream a large stretch of quiet water circled slowly just inside the swift current which hugged the farther bank. Into this quieter body of water the brown object was fortunate enough to struggle, and then good headway was made towards the shore. The man stationed himself at the spot where the landing would be made, and soon his companion in peril, a strong bay mare, splashed wearily ashore and joined her master with a little "whicker" of recognition and sympathy.

Wet and mud-stained, the pair made their way through the undergrowth until they reached more open ground, when the man vaulted into the saddle and a brisk canter brought them to the road by which they had been traveling until they reached the flood-swollen creek and their overthrow.

Accepting the impracticability of continuing his journey, the man turned his horse's head on the back track. The road was a lonely mud trail through unfenced woods, such as is common to lumber regions in the South. No tracks showed on its rain-washed surface but those of his own horse, made a short time before on the journey out.

Although darkness closed in rapidly, the horse jogged along with the surety of a thorough knowledge of the way. The man sat easily in the saddle. Miles had passed without change in the nature of the surroundings nor a word of command to the horse when, without warning, the animal gave a fierce snort of fright and sprang far to the side of the road. The man, almost unseated, recovered his balance immediately and without further ado threw himself flat against the horse's neck and dug in the spurs. At a bound the steed regained the road and took the course at full speed.

Two riders emerged from the forest into the road. Each carried a rifle and as they came into the half-light of the path's clearing one threw his piece to his shoulder, aiming at the fast-disappearing rider.

"Don't shoot, you fool!" growled the other. "It may be some one else."

"What's the difference?" snapped the man, with his cheek to the gun-stock, but he lowered the weapon as he spoke.

After a brief conference they turned their horses to follow the single rider at a leisurely pace.

At a late hour a hatless and bedraggled horseman guided a winded mount as quietly as possible through the muddy streets of a straggling Arkansas railroad village. There was caution in his every movement. When he reached a certain stable door he opened it slowly to keep the hinges from complaining. When he emerged a few moments later, having cared for his horse, he was as regardful of the hinges. He tiptoed as noiselessly as heavy, water-soaked boots would permit, across the back porch of the house that occupied the same lot with the barn. With the same caution he unlocked the door and let himself into the house. He passed through the rooms, peering about intently, seemingly to make sure that he was the only person under that roof.

Completing his careful inspection, he set his lamp on a little cupboard washstand in the only bedroom the house afforded and began to prepare for bed.

"I'd give a pretty penny to know for sure what it was Dolly shied at. Must have been a hog," he soliloquized. "If it had been any of the Reed gang they'd 'a' sure shot."

But he did not seem quite able to convince himself, for he kept returning to his explanation. "Couldn't have been anything but a hog," he told the reflection in the little mirror over the washstand. "If it had been any of the Reed gang they'd 'a' known it was me, turned back by the flood, and they'd 'a' sure shot.

"Just so nobody knows I was driven back I'm safe enough here for the night, but I'd hate to be caught in this corner without a gun." He put his hand mechanically to his hip pocket as he had done a hundred times since his escape from the stream; but the "gun" was gone beyond all chance of doubt.

His preparations for bed were brief, consisting of throwing off his coat and pulling off his boots, socks and trousers. Setting the lamp, with flame turned low, so that the light would not show on the window curtains, he turned in without removing his underclothing, though it was still wet. Before retiring, however, he again fumbled about his waist with the same nervous anxiety he had exhibited on the brink of the flood and readjusted some bulky object that showed its outline under his shirt, completely encircling his body.

He had slept for some time when, his senses alert to every suspicious sound, he was wide awake and listening.

Unmistakably the creak of cautious footsteps could be heard in the room below. He listened, tense and staring. His caller made slow progress. Certain progress, though, it was, and towards the stairway leading to the hall into which his room opened. Following any unusually insistent complaint on the part of the flooring, all sound would cease for a minute or more. Then, reassured, it would begin again.

The man, half sitting in the bed, stared wildly before him, but without seeing. His whole sense was hearing. Perspiration stood beaded on his face and hands. He was filled with fear natural to the defenseless and cornered quarry.

But waiting was not to be tolerated by a man of his disposition to action. He cautiously crawled from the bed and stood looking about the dimly lighted room, selecting the most promising weapon of defense. There was not much to choose from—a light, cane-seated chair, a water pitcher and a wash bowl, the washstand and his boots, besides the lamp. These appeared to be all that was available—not very effective against firearms.

Wait! Besides these there was one more object, but so insignificant—a small bottle of red ink. This last, however, caught his eye and, with almost a trace of amusement in expression, he quickly pulled a fat money belt from about his waist beneath his shirt, rumpled up the bed clothing and thrust the belt under the mattress.

He next made his way carefully and quietly to the stand and secured the ink bottle, on the way noiselessly turning the chair on its side and pulling the curtain back as he passed the window, exposing the half-open sash. A broken pane of glass luckily added to the general appearance of disarray he plainly desired to produce. After placing the wash bowl upturned on the floor, taking the pitcher from the stand, disarranging the towel that had been spread neatly across it, he took one further satisfied glance about the room.

Carefully then he stretched himself in the middle of the floor, opened the bottle of ink and poured some of its crimson contents on his breast and throat and across his forehead just below the hair. The rest he poured on the floor near his head and neck and then tucked the bottle under his shirt where it would not be seen. He rumpled his underclothing to make it appear to have been pulled aside by the tearing away of the money belt, and finally lay with head thrown back and eyes fixed on the ceiling, and waited. It was a bold bit of acting. Would it work?

He did not have long to wait, for, although he had made his preparations as rapidly as possible, consistent with silence, he had hardly completed the tableau setting before he heard muffled whispers at the door. There was, then, more than one caller. They were deciding on the mode of entrance. The door was a light one, offering but slight obstruction to a strong man. Though aware of this they apparently hesitated before taking so noisy a method. Carefully the knob was turned, but only to confirm what they must have expected—that the door was locked.

Another interval of silence and then, yielding to a quick pressure from a broad shoulder, the lock snapped with a sharp report and a man sprang into the room holding a revolver. He did not stop until his feet almost touched the prostrate body on the floor. In the dim light he made it out and shrank back to the door with an oath.

"What is it, Al?" came in a whisper from the dark of the hall.

"Someone has been here before us," was the answer, as another man joined him in the doorway. For a moment the two stood staring in disappointed rage at the red-splotched object on the floor. They took in the signs of struggle and the open window through which a murderer and robber might have entered and made his escape.

"Ain't that h—l?" and the other assented that it was.

"We've got no business hanging around here, and the quicker we cut out the better. The other fellow got the ten thousand, but we stand a good chance to get the rope."

This was sound reasoning, and a few moments later the callers were riding away more hurriedly than they had come.

And that is how pay-day with Landers' Milling company happened to be one day late in the month of March, 1903.

Airplane Kills Pigeons

Unprecedented in the annals of flying, a flock of pigeons recently flew into one of the propellers of a Handley-Page passenger airplane during a flight from Croydon airdrome, London, to Paris. Usually birds avoid airplanes, and the pilot was surprised to see the pigeons fly straight toward the machine and apparently pass through the rapidly revolving propeller. The airplane suffered no ill effects, but about thirty dead pigeons were picked up just outside the airdrome.

Cold Feet Retard Sleep

Some people declare that they are unable to sleep "out of pure cussedness," as they express it. This means, of course, that they are unable to assign any cause for the trouble, but it does not mean that no cause exists. A very common cause, which is, curiously enough, very seldom recognized as a cause is cold feet. It is said that the law in one state recognizes cold feet as a sufficient cause for divorce. However that may be, it is certain that it is a very sufficient cause for insomnia, and therefore for restlessness by night and bad temper by day.—New York World.

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Millington, Maryland

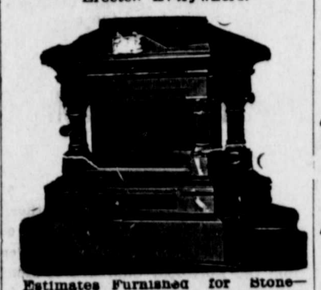


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"The Beggar's Opera"

"The Beggar's Opera" was the first musical play presented on the American stage. It was written by John Gay, and was produced at the Nassau Street theater, New York, 174 years ago, January 14, 1751. A large proportion of the 10,000 people then comprising the population of New York attended the performance, although there were not a few who protested against "the godless affair" and threatened "to have the law" on it. The Murray and Keene company, a band of comedians who came to New York from Philadelphia, were responsible for the production, which was a benefit performance for Thomas Keane, who personally called on the leading citizens and sold tickets. The performance began at 6 o'clock and was over at 8:45. One of the lines from this light opera was "How happy could I be with either, were t'other dear charmer away."—Chicago Journal.

Mistakes of Reporters

A bad mistake is made by a small English provincial newspaper when it hails the arrival in town of the son of Robert Louis Stevenson, poet and novelist. Stevenson had no son, at least that anyone ever heard of. But a worse mistake was made by another paper, also British and provincial, which is talked of still among journalists on Fleet street. The editor's sole woman reporter being ill, he sent out a man to describe the dresses and goings on at a wedding nearby. One of the guests, a woman, spoofed him, and now you cannot buy the issue of the paper his report appeared in at a premium. He had the women's hats trimmed with pommes de terres; their dresses with creme de menthe.—Baltimore Sun.

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