Expect the Best of People

By CORONA REMINGTON

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AS BOB WELLINGTON looked at Constance Breckenridge sitting beside him in the car a little shiver of delight passed over him, but this was immediately followed by a sense of depression and despair. All golden and flowing she seemed in her little russet sports suit that brought out the high lights in her dancing eyes and even accentuated the saucy little freckles sprinkled across the bridge of her nose He liked those freckles immensely, he wanted to kiss them, but hesitated because the feeling of despair had followed the shiver of delight and he considered himself unworthy to kiss even one little freckle.

"What you thinking about?" she asked, looking quickly up at the big man at her side.

"Just that you somehow blend in with the radiant autumn colors around us. See that big oak tree ahead—"

"Fib!" she interrupted, laughing. "That wouldn't make you look so solemn. You looked almost miserable; I decided maybe you weren't enjoying the company."

"Well, Conny, I was thinking and have been thinking for the past six months that I'd love to—to—kiss one of those little freckles of yours, but I have no right to—I'm such a failure in life." The words seemed wrenched out of him and he looked away as he finished.

"Failure, Bob?" She put a sympathetic hand on his arm. "What makes you say that?"

"Well, you know I've lost both positions I've had since I finished college and dad says I'm no account, not steady, yet in neither case was it actually my fault. Last time the elevator boy forgot to call me in the morning and when I walked in at ten o'clock old Etheridge fired me without waiting for an explanation or anything. And the first time I sassed the boss. He had the wrong idea about doing the thing and I told him so and I was right, the whole office knew it but of course I had no business showing up his ignorance that way and before his employees, too, so I walked out before he had a chance to tell me to get out. Dad's been terribly down on me ever since, says he spent thousands putting me through college and that I'd have been better off as a messenger boy for the telegraph company. . . . I guess he's right."

Conny laughed at him, a gay rippling little laugh.

"Crazy!" she chided aloud while inwardly she gritted: "I'd like to choke his old skeezicks of a father! Now, how about the next position?" she continued.

"There's a wonderful opening with the Hydraulic Power people in Saginac, but it hardly seems worth while for me to go after it."

"Bob Wellington, you are crazy after all! You've had the best training in your line that money can buy. You're intelligent and have a pleasing presence. You will go after it, too, and you'll get it. Talk them into it and try to sign up for a year, then see if your father doesn't change his mind about you. Why shouldn't you have it? You talk as if you were some little tadpole at the bottom of a pond instead of a great big wonderful man . . . Now, when are you going to Saginac, tonight?"

"If—if—I should get it, will you—marry me, Conny?"

"I'll marry you whether you get it or not—because I know you're going to get it!" she ended. "And if you don't mind stopping a minute—" looking shyly down at her hands, "my freckles are—lonesome."

"You're the best little sport that ever lived," he said a few minutes later after the freckles had been comforted. "And I know now that I'm going to succeed. I never had so much self-confidence in my life before. I've got to go through with it now. I will."

Starry-eyed and radiant Conny saw him off at the train that night and the next day she spent in wretched anxiety while she waited for news. He would get there next morning and would probably go straight to the Hydraulic Power people, say about nine or ten o'clock. By noon she should hear, but she did not. Not a word and he had promised to wire immediately after the interview. All the afternoon she stayed home waiting for news. Every time the door bell rang or the telephone she would jump and run to it, but it was always something else and it was late that night when the message finally came. Frantically she ripped open the yellow envelope and read the lines:

"Failed. What shall I do? Love Bob."

Conny swallowed a lump in her throat, dashed away the burning tears and rushed out the door and called the messenger back.

"Tackle him again tomorrow," she wired. "Make him give you a trial. I know you can get it in the end. Love always. Conny."

Two long days and longer nights then:

"Victory. Will be home in the morning. You certainly did it. All my love. Bob."

"I knew it," exclaimed Conny ecstatically, hugging the envelope to her "I knew it! Darling old Bob. . . . Expect the best of people and you've fought half their battle for them. His crazy old father had broken his spirit That's all that was the matter with him."

Like for Like

Dean, returning from his first day at school, announced that he was in B grade. His grandfather asked why he was in that grade and Dean replied: "I don't know, grandfather, unless it is because I have hives."

Easily Identified

Waiter (at the club)—There is a lady outside who says that her husband promised to be home early tonight.

All (rising)—Excuse me a moment.

SPORTS OF WEEK

CHAMPIONSHIP FIGHT GOES TO CHICAGO—OTHER NEWS OF SPORTING REALM

BY POLK T. BRAMBLE

The Tunney-Dempsey world's heavyweight championship fight will take place in Chicago on September 22. Perhaps 150,000 will pay over $2,000,000 to see the ten-round bout. Much interest is being manifested in the fight, although following the last ten-round championship fight a great storm of protest was heard all over the country against ten-round championship affairs. There is no question about it, ten rounds are far too short for a big bout. A clever boxer like Tunney is at a great advantage over Dempsey in ten rounds, because of the fact that he can stall and hold and counter and run through ten rounds, with no one but the publiic the loser. When a man pays $25 or $50 fora seat to a contest of any sort he wants action, no matter whether it is a contest on the football field or in the ring. When the match is over he wants to know which one of the cambatants is the victor, and not an everlasting argument afterwards as to what would have happeneded had the match been longer, or if this or the other had occurred. The last match between Tunney and Dempsey was most unsatisfactory for everyone except Tunney. He mapped out his campaign ahead of time and certainly carried it through to perfection. He was clever enough to keep Dempsey off him for ten rounds and scored enough light blows in doing so to win the championship. Whether he will be able to carry out another campaign in a like manner against the rejuvenated Dempsey remains to be seen. The writer expects Dempsey to make a far better showing in another fight, and perhaps win decisively.

The foul talk has subsided in the Dempsey-Sharkey fight, except for a few disgruntled writers who predicted Sharkey was a sure winner. The slowmotion pictures showed conclusively that Dempsey did not foul Sharkey—but rather annihilated him. Our opinion from the first was that Dempsey won practically every round.

Miss Adelaide Lambert is winning countless honors around New York in the swimming tanks. The New York Times frequently features her marvelous records.

Coach Kibler is looking brown as an indian and is in fine shape for the football season, which will begin the first of September here.

Good crowds are watching the Eastern Shore League games, but there is very little interest in this section.

Gehrig is now heading Ruth in home runs. Here's hoping he tops the great slugger when the season ends.

Grantland Rice says that in a recent two-round bout between old Jim Corbett and Tunney that the champion was outclassed, even with Corbett sixty years ago. Sounds like another, "foul" blow to us, when old Fitzsimmons, who never was recognized as a scientific boxer, knocked Corbett to atoms at Carson City, while Jim Jeffries, who never was a fast boxer, outboxed Corbett in their second contest.

Swimming is now the chief source of amusement in Kent County. Baseball and other sports are a thing of the past for the time, anyhow.

Chautauqua Committees Named For Session

In an attempt to put the annual Chautauqua Week across as it has never been put across before the local committee is busy with plans and preparations for the "Seven Joyous Days."

Chautauqua this year will be held from August 15 to August 21. This is somewhat earlier than has been customary in past seasons but the local committee thinks the change of date beneficial. It is said that the raggedness that comes at the close of the season, when some of the performers are leaving for winter engagements, will be avoided.

The tent will be on the same lot as in the past several years, with the entrance on Calvert street opposite the play ground of the Chestertown Elementary School.

W. Frazier Russell, Jr., is Chairman of the Guarantors for this year. J. S. Kreeger is Treasurer.

The ticket committee is composed of Charles F. Wheatley, chairman, Joseph N. Wheatley, M. deK. Smith, Jr., and Thomas D. Bowers.

Charles N. Satterfield, chairman, and Hope B. Hudson, will constitute the grounds committee.

Miss Inez Russell will be chairman of the Junior Chautauqua work.

Committees are at work at the presen time canvassing the town in an effort to sell all the season tickets available.

—oo—

Some evening during the next few weeks the members of the Havre de Grace fire department will take sides for a water battle and will continue the fight until the losers fall back and surrender.

The plans have not yet been definitely decided upon, but the scheme will be to have the men line up, each having the same size nozzle, with two streams from the same pumper, so that the force will be exactly the same on both sides.

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References—Merchants & Mechanics First National Bank. All commercial agencies.

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