WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN

(© by D. J. Walsh.)

MYRA LANE crossed the threshold and sat down mute before the question in her husband's eyes. Finally he spoke. "Well?" She shook her head. "He says he cannot wait any longer. He says the mortgage is long past due, both on the house and on the furniture. He says the only sensible thing for us to do is to go and live with our children. Our chidlren!" bitterly.

The old man smote his hands together in despair. "If it had not been for my sickness we might have managed. Oh, God! It is awful to be old and sick and poor.

"Strange you didn't get any word from Will or Nellie when you told 'em we were going to be turned out?" She said nothing, and he studied her face. "Mother, did you hear from the children?" A spasm of pain swept her face. "Mathew, I just couldn't bear to tell you, and I guess you'll have to know. Our children have no room for us."

The old man stared at her in shocked incredulity. "Myra! Our children said that?" The look on her face convinced him, and his head sank on his breast. He raised pathetic eyes to hers. "Mother, I wished we might have died before we knew that. Our Will and Nellie! I knew they were selfish, but I never thought they'd do that." He covered his face with trembling hands.

"Oh, Mathew, don't take it so hard. Of course they each had reasons, and expected the other to take us. Nellie said that with such a houseful of young people as she had she thought Will should take us, and Will's wife wrote that their apartment was so small, and Nellie having a big house, she thought we had better go there." She hesitated for a moment, then with her habit of facing things squarely she went on. "I'll have to tell you, Mathew. We have used our last dollar and there is no food in the house, even if Morley had let us keep the house longer. I am—I am afraid we will have to go to the poorhouse, or—" She stopped, afraid to say what was in her mind, but he spoke with unaccustomed resolution. "We won't go to the poorhouse, Myra. We have always tried to do what was right and bore our troubles without complaining, and I know the Lord won't hold it against us if we refuse that cup. We are so old that it could not be for long anyway, and no Lane ever went to the poorhouse." His wife's face brightened. "I hoped you'd feel that way, Matt. It cannot be so very wrong. If young Matt were here things would be different." The old man sighed. "Yes, he was always a good boy, but a rover. I wish we might have seen him again."

In the morning Myra rose, bathed and dressed herself in her best. She then aroused Mathew and assisted him to bathe and dress himself in his decent black suit. This done she made a cup of tea and toasted a little bread, all she had, and they ate their breakfast together. She put the house in order, then stood in thought, her gaze fixed on the picture of her children, which hung on the wall. She took it down, wrapped it carefully, then sat down and wrote a letter.

"Dear Will and Nellie," she wrote. "We have to give the house up today; so we are going away. Do not worry about us, for we are going to a kind friend who will let us need for nothing. If your brother Mathew comes back, give him our dear love, and tell him we thought of him always.

"Your Loving Father and Mother."

This she addressed and sealed, and put in plain sight. Her preparations completed, Myra brought Mathew's hat and cane, put on her own cloak and hat, took up the picture she had wrapped, and assisted Mathew to rise. Outside, she locked the door, put the key under the mat where every one knew where to find it, took her husband's arm in a quaint, ceremonious fashion, and the two walked slowly down the village street to the shore of the lake.

At the water's edge they got into Mathew's old boat in which he used to go fishing.

A neighbor who was working on a boat nearby greeted them. "Well, Mr. Lane! It is good to see you out again," he called cheerily. "Going fishing?" Mathew shook his head gently. "No; just for a little boat ride, John." The neighbor came up to them. "Let me push the boat off, Mrs. Lane. It is too heavy for you."

She thanked him courteously, took the oars, and with steady, resolute strokes pulled away across the water.

As the noon train slowed into the little lakeside village an eager-faced young man sprang down the steps. With quick nods to the loungers who gazed at him in surprise Matt Lane hurried along the street. As he went up the path that led to his childhood's home his heart sank. It looked too quiet. He tried the door, and finding it locked, searched for the key in the old hiding place. He went from room to room, but with sinking hopes. He noticed the letter on the table, and disregarding that it was addressed to his brother and sister he opened and read the brief farewell. Lying beside it were the letters from Will and Nellie, and he read them.

"The ingrates! The cold-blooded ingrates! I never dreamed but they would look after them till I came home. I must find out where they have gone." As he hurried down the street he almost collided with John Harris, the neighbor who had spoken to his father that morning.

"Well, if it ain't young Matt Lane, and looking like a million dollars. He shook the man's hand heartily. "Guess you're looking for your pa and ma? They went for a boat ride this morning, and I guess they ain't back yet."

"Mr. Harris," said Matt anxiously. "I just found this note. What friend do they mean they are going to live with? We have no relatives that I know of." Harris read the letter, glanced quickly at the young man's face, then read it again.

"Guess, we'd better take my power boat and try and locate 'em," he said quietly, and without waiting for the younger man's assent made off with long strides to the lake. As the boat sped through the water he asked: "How come you came home just now? Grace said you were planning to come next month and surprise the old folks."

With worried eyes scanning the water the other explained: "I had a telegram from Grace telling me that I had better come at once. I had told her not to let on to them that she knew where I was, but she was worried about them, and wired me. I have traveled night and day. I am doing well in the West, Mr. Harris, and have a fine home built. It will be ready to take Grace and mother and dad back with me. Of course Grace told you, but I was planning a big surprise for them. That is why I didn't write, but I had no idea they were—" He stopped and turned his face away.

Back and forth Harris drove the powerful little boat. They saw rowboats, canoes, motor boats, but no glimpse of the old flat-bottomed punt they knew so well. At length Harris put the fear of both of them into words. "You know, Matt, that boat was good, and they couldn't sink it. Don't seem as if they were strong enough to row very far."

They moved slowly along, anxiously scanning the shore for a drifting shabby old boat. Then, as they rounded a point, they saw it. It was pulled up on the bearch, and sitting on the sand in the scanty shade of a clump of cedars was the forlorn old couple. Myra had spread her cloak for her husband, and he lay asleep. She had unwrapped the picture of her children and held it in trembling hands.

When the motor boat shot toward the shore she looked at it dully. Then as she recognized the tall figure running across the sand she rose to her feet. At the realization of what might have been she put her hands to her eyes and swayed weakly. But her son's strong arms caught her and crushed her to him. Harris came up, grinning cheerfully.

"I just couldn't make this youngster wait till you got home, Mrs. Lane, so we thought we'd come and find you. Talk about a best girl! He couldn't even wait to see Grace." He gave Matt a warning glance and bent over the old man. "Come, wake up, Mr. Lane. I've got a surprise for you." Matthew Lane sat up, bewildered. Then, recognizing his "baby," as he always called him, he raised his hands to heaven. "Now, Lord, I thank Thee, and I ask Thy pardon for my sinful doubts." Matt picked his father up and held him close.

That night as they again laid themselves down to rest in the home which was really their own now, Mathew said: "Tell me, mother, why did you decide to put it off till tonight? Did you have a sort of a—a—warning?" "No, Mathew, I waited because it would be dark then, and I could not see your face." His hand sought hers, and then with hands clasped they slept like two tired children.

Prussian Ruler Well Supplied With Books

An avid reader, Frederick the Great divided all books into two classes—those for study and those for amusement; the latter he skimmed through quickly; the former he took up in a certain order, one after another. He always bought five copies of a book, for he had five libraries, all containing the same books—at Potsdam, at Sans Souci, at Berlin, at Charlottenburg and at Breslau. When he moved about between these places, he had only to note how far he had read in a certain book, and on his arrival at another castle go into his library, pick up another copy of the same book and continue. To the libraries mentioned were added two more, one in the new palace at Sans Souci and another, a traveling library. All the books were uniformly bound in red morocco, with gilt edges. Each book had its particular place and on the cover of each was a letter denoting the library to which it belonged.—Market for Exchange.

Too Bad

Flora—I don't believe that scandal about Mrs. Gayleigh.

Fanny—Then why did you tell me about it?

Flora—I was in hope that you could confirm it.

REPORT OF HEALTH NURSE

The following report for the month of July of the work of the County Health nurse, Mrs. Katherine C. Stuart shows the importance of the health work in Kent.

Number of visits made	140
Number of homes visited	80
Instructive visits	19
Nursing visits	12
Social Service visits	5
Other (Physicians, Comm. etc)	15
Hours in field	118
Office interviews	8
Phone calls	16
Letters received	14
Letters sent	24
Hours in office	44

Dr. Nickles held T. B. clinic at the Health Center in Chestertown at 10.30 a. m., at which eight patients were examined, seven white and one colored. Five of these patients were new cases.

Two children were admitted to the Preventorium at Claibourne.

Five births were reported.

One colored child, referred by Dr. Simpers was taken to Johns Hopkins Hospital for examination of his eyes.

Two children were admitted to hospitals for removal of tonsils and adenoids.

One woman was admitted to the Easton Hospital for observation and treatment.

Dr. Riley, chief of the Bureau of Communicable Diseases, and Dr. Knox, chief of the Bureau of Child Hygiene and Mrs. Troy, State Advisory Nurse, visited the County this month.

Dr. Leonard of the Johns Hopkins Hospital held a Child Hygiene Clinic at Massey on July 19th. Six white children were examined. A very rainy day prevented a large attendence.

The Health Mobile will be in Kent County for two weeks, beginning Aug 22. I am doing all I can to get the mothers interested in bringing their children for examination.

Respectfully submitted,
Katherine C. Stuart.

Some minor details were omitted in copying the above report for the sake of brevity. Kent is one of the leading counties in the State in its health movement and work among that most important part of its inhabitants, the child of pre-school age. The Health Mobile which will be stationed at various points in the county during its two weeks stay will attend to the work among babies and children to seven years of age. Citizens of the county who know of cases that need instruction and attention are urged to encourage and aid mothers in bringing their children to the nearest point. The schedule hs been made public and is posted in all public buildings, stores etc.

WORTON

Mr. and Mrs. Irving Knoll, of Forest Park, are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Duyer this week.

Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Matthews entertained Mrs. Perry Bryan and Miss Addie Cooper over the week-end.

George B. Rasin, Jr., visited his grand parents, Mr. and Mrs. N. Lieberman over the week end.

Mrs. Howard Carter, children, Mrs. Barney Cooper and son, Reginald, of Wilmington are spending sometime with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Rash.

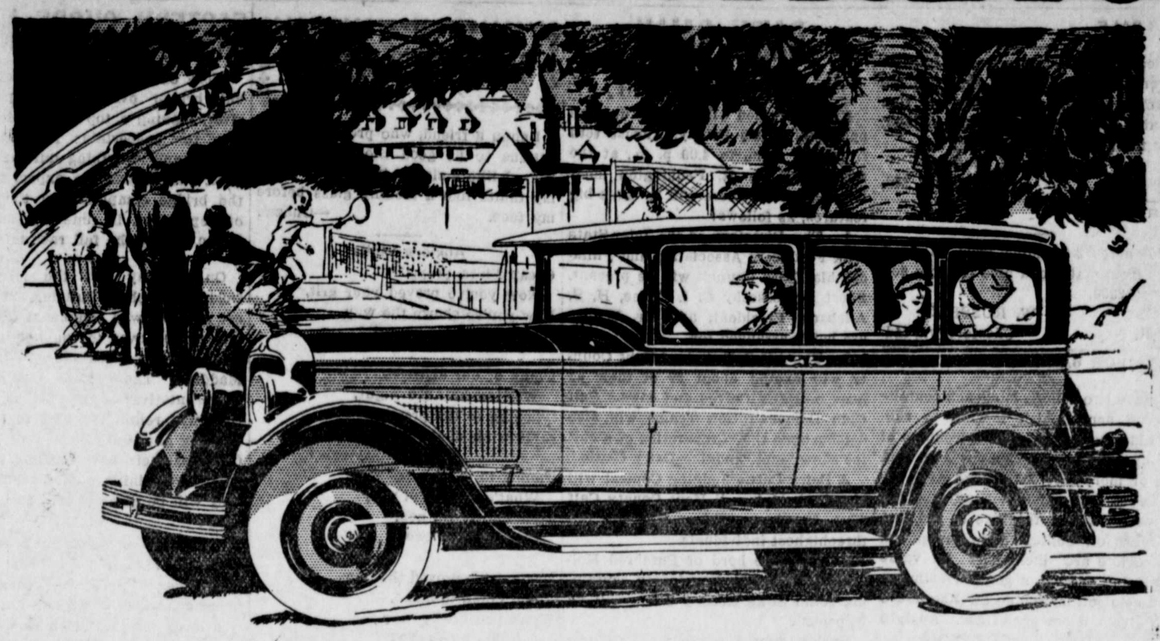
Miss Alethia Gears who was operated on at Easton Hospital this week is doing nicely.

Mr. H. E. Cooper is visiting his daughter, Mrs. S. J. Lee, of Broad Neck.

Mrs. H. M. Matthews and Mrs. Henry Rasin visited relatives in Wilmington a few days this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Carroll Loller and son, Mr. and Mrs. Harold Crew, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Ford, Mrs. Margaret Duyer and Miss Clara Duyer motored to Ocean City Sunday.

STUDEBAKER



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Sedan (4-dr.) mohair	1335	1295
Victoria	1325	1295
Coupe, *for 2*	1245	1195
Coupe, *for 4*	1345	1295
Roadster, *for 4*	1295	1245
Duplex Phaeton	1195	1195
Tourer, *for 5*	1165	1165
Tourer, *for 7*	1245	1245

The Commander

	WAS	IS
Sedan	$1585	$1495
Sedan, *Regal*	1710	1625
Victoria	1575	1495
Victoria, *Regal*	1645	1625
Coupe, *for 2*	1545	1495
Coupe, *Regal, for 4*	1645	1625
Roadster, *for 4*	1675	1595

The President

	WAS	IS
Sedan, *for 7*	$2245	$1985
Tourer, *for 7*	1845	1795
Limousine	2495	2250

Erskine Six

	WAS	IS
Custom Sedan	$995	$965
Sport Coupe, *for 4*	995	965
Coupe, *for 2*	945	895
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Tourer	945	915

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Wheat Growers, Attention!

There will be a man from the Maryland Experiment Station to show you how to fight SMUT in your wheat. Every farmer should attend these meetings, which will be held at the following places:

Monday, Aug. 22nd, at 9 a. m., at Massey, Md., at Woodall Jones' Feed Store.

Monday, Aug. 22nd, at 1.15 p. m., at Kennedyville, Md., at Metcalfe Bros.' Elevator.

Monday, Aug. 22nd, at 3.45 p. m., at Still Pond, Md., at Wm. H. Bonwill's Farm.

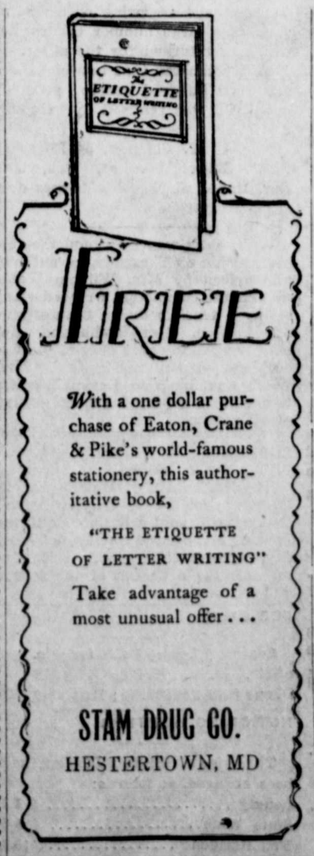
Tuesday, Aug. 23rd, at 8.30 a. m., at Worton, Md., at B. F. Rash's Farm.

Tuesday, Aug. 23rd, at 1.15 p. m., at Chestertown, Md., at Wm. A. Bell's Farm.

Tuesday, Aug. 23rd, at 4 p. m., at Rock Hall, Md., at Howard Leaverton's Farm.

SMUT has cost the farmers of Kent county no less than $100,000.00 this year. Treat your wheat and help check this ravage.

Metcalfe Brothers.
Chestertown, Kennedyville
Worton.



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