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Radiola, Model 16	157.50
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W. P. NEWNAM

Chestertown, Md.

HILL and DALE

A New Year's Story

By ROBERT STEAD

MR. CLIFTON DALE ruefully surveyed the mud on his new overcoat. An automobile had swept by, regardless of the thaw which ushered in the first day of the year, and left him plentifully bespattered.

"I shall make another resolution," said Mr. Dale, as he tried to flick the tenacious mud from his garment.

Entering his office in the little prairie town where he was known as "our enterprising realtor, Mr. Clifton Dale," he seated himself at his desk and took from his pocket a memorandum book. It opened at a page inscribed, "New Year Resolutions," and Mr. Dale smiled grimly as he read the one and only entry: "Under no circumstances will I allow myself to be married to any female during this year.—C. D."

That entry had been made in a poignant moment. At just two o'clock that morning, on his way home from the Old Timers' ball, he had paused at his office to place his decision on record. It was the immediate result of the behavior of Miss Adaline Hill, who, after protesting to Mr. Dale that her program was full, had danced eight times with Amery Hodge, proprietor of the Plainville garage.

"Hodge-Hill," Mr. Dale commented, bitterly.

He took up his pencil and made a second entry. "I shall be careful to observe the speed limits, and not to splash innocent pedestrians," he wrote.

At that moment his telephone rang. "Oh, Cliff, this is Addie speaking. I am so glad I got you—"

"You are, eh? Well, you haven't got me yet, let me tell you, young woman—"

"Oh, Cliff, don't be silly! We're broken down, Dad and I, eight miles out on the main road south. Father has telephoned Mr. Hodge, but you know he is so unreliable. Won't you come?"

Spattering Mud in Every Direction.

But Mr. Dale was firm. "Maybe I'd find your program full," he growled.

A silvery laugh over the wire disarmed him. "I'll explain all that—if you get here first," she said. Then she added, significantly, "There's more than a broken car at stake."

Mr. Dale made a dash out of his office, jumped into his car, and whizzed into Main street just as Amery Hodge turned in from the other side of the thoroughfare.

In a moment the two cars were abreast. They crossed the railway tracks, spattering mud in every direction.

Both drivers knew that just at the town limits the snowbound road narrowed down to the width of one vehicle. The car which reached that narrow road last would have to remain behind for the rest of the trip.

Punching his accelerator down as far as it would go, Mr. Hodge, in his new speedster, got the edge on his adversary. But just as he swung into the country road his rear wheels skidded, and Mr. Dale slipped by, missing him by an inch. Fortunately there was a pool of muddy water at the spot, and when Mr. Dale glanced back the new speedster had the appearance of a resurrected scow.

Thereafter Dale set his own pace. Dodge overtook him, but could do nothing but honk at the real estate magnate's car ambling on ahead.

At the stranded Hill car Adaline, her eyes warm with welcome, took Dale's hands in hers. "You win," she said.

"But I don't understand! Why did you turn me down last night?"

"I'll tell you on the way home. Amery can help Dad out. After all, it's his car."

"His car?"

As they drove on together Adaline explained. "I've been trying to get Dad to trade in the old car," she said, "but he and Mr. Hodge couldn't agree on the price. After eight dances last night Amery raised his bid a hundred dollars. That's a little better than twelve dollars a dance, isn't it?"

Mr. Dale took out his notebook and made another entry. "Resolutions Nos. 1 and 2 are vetoed by the president," it read. Then:

"Adaline, you are a business woman," he said, with profound admiration.

"Perhaps," she laughed. "But I've read enough poetry to know that Hill and Dale always go together."

(©, 1927, Western Newspaper Union.)

For the year ending March 31, 1927, there was a daily average of 71,580,000 toll and local telephone calls in the United States.

Mrs. Sarah Creider, 78 years old, of Sterling, Ill., believes she is the oldest telephone operator in the State. She began work in Sterling's first exchange forty-seven years ago.

The town of Ravenna, Neb., claims a record of 92 per cent. of its homes having telephones and wants to know if there is any other town in the country with a better record than that.

Received a Pink Invitation

By JANE OSBORN

(Copyright.)

A PINK slip fluttered from the envelope that Maisy Fern had opened—an abrupt announcement from the local bank that she had overdrawn her account to the extent of six dollars and three cents. Maisy sighed. In a way she had been prepared for it. Pansy, her old colored cook-housekeeper, had brought it into her little studio after the postman had come yesterday afternoon. She was too absorbed in her painting at the time to bother about it then. So she went on patiently putting in the finishing touches on the lovely rose garden that was later to serve as the cover for a nurseryman's catalogue.

After breakfast the next morning she opened this envelope from the bank. It was at least a comfort to know that the overdraught was no larger. She found ten dollars in her purse—ten dollars and a few silver pieces. Well, she could buy enough food for the day with the change and the ten dollars would cover the amount due. It would be embarrassing to go down to the bank with just ten dollars, and there was no way of getting any more until she had been to the city. Maisy sat and considered ways and means. She hated to face the receiving teller—and it would probably be her luck to find the sour-faced Mr. Granger at the window, but it would be worse facing Mr. Berton, the very nice-looking young cashier, whose genial smile Maisy felt sure would have brought him fame and fortune in the "movies." Of course he doubtless knew of her mistake. They had probably discussed her at the bank—said things about her. They didn't know that Maisy clung strictly to her self-imposed rule of saving three-quarters of all the money she earned. That amount she deposited with a trust company in the city, where the money was invested in the safest sort of security. Maisy was a curious medley of improvidence and caution. From her mother she inherited this fixed intention of providing lavishly for the rainy day and from her father a reckless thriftlessness that made it apparently impossible for her to live comfortably within her self-determined allowance—and even more impossible to keep any sort of accounts. She didn't even try to keep any sort of accurate record of her bank account.

Maisy arrived on the stroke of nine and bravely made out her little deposit slip and approached the window of the receiving teller with fast-beating heart. It beat a little faster when she saw that Mr. Berton was on duty.

"I hardly had courage to come down this morning," she said a little shyly, handing in her small deposit with her book. "But I just haven't been able to keep track of my account—I know it is stupid."

Mr. Berton looked up with an amused smile. "Oh, so you got a pink invitation, too," he said. "I didn't even know it."

"No harm done, anyway," said Mr. Berton, mechanically recording her deposit in her book. "Perhaps I'd better have your account balanced for you."

"Thank you so much," said Maisy. "I'll try hard to keep it straight after this. I'm so stupid—"

"On the contrary," said Berton, "from all I hear you are quite the opposite." Then he looked about to see that no one was within hearing. "But if you have any difficulty in keeping your accounts, perhaps I could show you. It is very simple. Perhaps I could call some time and show you—and help you balance up from time to time. Plenty of clever people have the same trouble."

"How very good of you," sighed Maisy. "I am going to the city for the afternoon but I'll be home tonight."

So Mr. Berton called and gave Maisy a beginner's lesson in account keeping—he stayed to look at her drawings, and after that stayed a little later because Maisy said she was lonely and wanted some one to talk to. After that he called twice a week and Maisy sat beside him as he attended to her accounts and told him that as long as he was willing to do it for her she wouldn't try to learn. Then one day Berton made a suggestion—not without a little embarrassment. He told Maisy that he wondered why she didn't try to save a little. There were lots of ways that she could economize and—if she had set her heart on remaining unmarried all her life—she ought to think about saving for a rainy day.

Maisy told him she hadn't set her heart on remaining unmarried all her life—then she looked up at him timidly—and Berton looked back at her—laughed a little and then took her into his arms and said, "Just a little," when Maisy asked him if he loved her. Afterward when Berton was about to leave Maisy said that as long as she didn't intend to remain single all her life she supposed it wouldn't be necessary to start saving.

"I'll do the saving for the two," said Berton. "I guess it runs in our family. I've always saved half my salary—and I've a fairly decent inheritance besides."

Maisy tossed her pretty head with an air of mock superiority. "Runs in my family, too," she said. "I've always saved three-quarters of what I earned. But I'm glad I knew you didn't know it. I might have thought you loved my rainy-day fund better than you did me."

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Church Hill, Md.

Formative Years May Have "Made" Carlyle

One of the many great men of the Victorian age was Thomas Carlyle. He exerted a powerful influence over his own age and molded the thought of his times as few writers have done. He was a stimulating thinker, a bitter critic of the materialism that has been so insidious an evil to every generation.

He was born December 4, 1795, in Ecclefechan, Scotland. His father was exceedingly stern and Thomas' childhood was, as he afterward remarked, wholesome rather than joyous. He attended the village schools, which he disliked intensely, and served as teacher. He saved about $450, but with the frugality that life had taught him, he walked to Edinburgh to continue his studies.

He stayed there three years, attending lectures at the university and paying his expenses by tutoring. He was not a sociable youth and he made few friends, but at Kirkcaldy, where he obtained a position as teacher, he became intimate with Edward Irving, a schoolmaster three years older than Carlyle. This friendship proved of inestimable importance to Carlyle. Irving did more to rouse him to think and to think hard than any man he had met. In these formative years Carlyle struggled against despair. He never was physically well and the illness that afflicted him in later years was already making him despondent, yet he persisted and became recognized as one of the great men of the age.—Kansas City Times.

Seafaring Men Long Clung to Sea Serpent

Since the days of the first seafarers who peopled the ocean with mermaids and mermen—as well as with awful monsters, the belief in sea serpents and similar marine wonders has been firmly held by many mariners.

In modern times sea serpents were reported to have been seen along the coast of the United States and Canada in 1806, 1816, 1844 and 1846, and in the latter years similar creatures were reported to be prevalent along the Norwegian coast.

The first case which gained any credence among scientific men, however, was the report of Captain McQuhae of the British navy, commander of the warship Daddalus, who declared that on August 6, 1848, while en route from the Cape of Good Hope to St. Helena, he and his men saw a strange monster of great size, having many characteristics of the sea serpent of the popular imagination. After long discussion, however, the scientific world decided that the "serpent" was a species of seal inhabiting the South seas.

Strawberry Tree

Apart from naturalists and botanists there are probably few people who are aware of the existence of the strawberry tree, as distinct from the strawberry plant.

Yet there is such a tree. It usually bears flowers about the end of September or beginning of October, and along with the flowers are found the fruits of the previous year.

The fruit is a large orange-red berry, closely resembling the strawberry; hence the name of the tree.

The strawberry tree is not a native of England, and in this country is seldom found outside parks and gardens, but in Ireland it is frequently found growing wild, especially in the neighborhood of Killarney.

Nelson's Column

The Nelson column in Trafalgar square, London, cost the comparatively small sum of £28,000, including the statue, but excluding Landseer's four lions, which were not added until 1868, nearly twenty-five years after the completion of the memorial itself. This long delay in the delivery of the lions sorely tried the public's patience, and when they were eventually forthcoming opinion was by no means unanimous concerning their artistic merit. Many cruel jests were uttered at their expense, one being that the old lion on top of Northumberland house refused to acknowledge them as brethren.

Reason and Instinct

The amount of conscious reason that an ordinary man uses in his life compared with the great unreason or blind impulse and inborn tendency that impel him, is like his artificial light compared with the light of day—indispensable on special occasions, but a feeble matter, after all. Reason is an artificial light in the sense that it is not one with the light of nature and in the sense that men possess it in varying degrees. The lower animals have only a gleam of it now and then. They are wise as the plants and trees are wise, and are guided by their inborn tendencies.—John Burroughs.

Predicts Earth Will Stop

If the earth continues to slow up in its rotation, Doctor Crommelin, English astronomer, says it will cease to rotate in a "few millions of years," owing to the friction of the tides, according to Capper's Weekly. When that happens one-half of the world will be in sunshine and the other half in perpetual darkness—anything but a pleasant situation. But that needn't bother us now. Besides, there is a bare possibility the doctor may be a few million years off in his calculations.

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Inland, waterfront or timber land, any section, all sizes. Quick sales made—I always have Northern and Western Cash Buyers.

If you intend to sell country property write to

WM. LUEBBERS,

Headquarters for Md. Farms, St. Paul St., Baltimore.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

NOTICE is hereby given that the undersigned has obtained from the Orphans' Court for Kent County letters of Administration D. B. N. on the personal estate of

UNIT R. HORSEY

late of said county, deceased. All persons having claims against said deceased's estate are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the proper vouchers thereof, to the undersigned on or before the 10th day of June 1928 otherwise they may by law be excluded from all benefit of said deceased's personal estate.

All persons indebted to this estate must settle at once.

Given under my hand this 3rd day of December 1927.

EBEN F. PERKINS, 3rd.,

d3 Administrator D. B. N.

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In Elkton, Md., Tuesdays

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ORDER NISI

In the matter of Robert N. Boston, deceased

In the Orphons' Court for Kent County, Maryland

ORDERED that the sale of the real estate of Robert N. Boston, deceased, made by Herbert E. Perkins, the Executor of the said deceased, and this day reported to this Court by the said Executor, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause be shown to the contrary on or before the 18th day of February, 1928, next; provided a copy of this order be inserted in some weekly newspaper published in said Kent County, at least once a week for three successive weeks, before the 14th day of January, 1928, next. The report states the amount of sales to be $2200.

EDWARD A. SCOTT,
J. HENRY THOMPSON,
JAMES H. GROVES.
Judges of Orphans' Court

True Copy: Test, MERRITT BRICE,
d17 Register of Wills

STEPHEN R. COLLINS, Attorney

Ratification Nisi

In Re: Trust Estate of Bertha D. Clayton, deceased

In the Circuit Court for Kent County In Equity, No. 2399

Ordered, this 16th day of December, 1927, by the Circuit Court for Kent County in Equity, that the Auditor's Account and Report, stated and reported by S. Scott Beck, Auditor, in the above entitled cause, be Ratified and Confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown within three weeks from the date of the first publication of said notice, viz: January 7th, 1928; Provided, a copy of this Order be inserted in some newspaper printed and published in Kent County, once in each of two successive weeks before the 2nd day of January next.

True Copy.

ROBERT A. SHALLCROSS, Clerk

Test ROBERT A. SHALLCROSS, Clerk

R. HYNSON ROGERS, Attorney

Ratification Nisi

R. Hynson Rogers, Assignee
versus
George F. Welch, et al

In the Circuit Court for Kent County In Equity, No. 2447

Ordered, this 13th day of December 1927, by the Circuit Court for Kent County in Equity, that the Auditor's Account and Report, stated and reported by S. Scott Beck, Auditor, in the above entitled cause, be Ratified and Confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown within three weeks from the date of the [illegible]cation of said notice, viz: J[illegible] 1928; Provided, a copy of [illegible] be inserted in some newspa[illegible] and published in Kent Cou[illegible] each of two successive we[illegible] the 2nd day of January nex[illegible]

True Copy.

ROBERT A. SHALLCROSS, Clerk

Test ROBERT A. SHALLCROSS, Clerk

d17-3t.

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