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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

NOTICE is hereby given that the undersigned has obtained from the Orphans' Court for Kent County letters testamentary on the personal estate of
JOSEPH DOWNEY, SR.,
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 16th day of December 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 our hands this 12th day of June, 1928.

WILLIAM E. LEARY
JOSEPH DOWNEY, JR.,
Executors

je16.

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Chestertown, Maryland

JACOB S. NEW, Attorney

ORDER NISI

Jacob S. New, Assignee
versus
Simon Rief and Rachel Rief, his wife

In the Circuit Court for Kent County
In Equity, No. 2512.

Ordered, this 1st day of June, 1928, 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 Jacob S. New, Assignee, under and by virtue of the Power of Sale contained in mortgage from Simon Rief and wife to Nathan Rief, dated December 31, 1926, and duly assigned to Jacob S. New, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 3rd 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 2nd day of July next.

The Report states the amount of Sales to be $2000.00.

True Copy,
ROBERT A. SHALLCROSS, Clerk.
Test:
ROBERT A. SHALLCROSS, Clerk.
je2-4t.

Subscription to the Transcript $1.50 per annum.

KEEPING TROUBLES OUT OF SIGHT

(© by D. J. Walsh.)

THERE was something wrong about Mrs. Penn, the woman who lived next door to Mrs. Shaw and opposite to Mrs. Dilworth. Mrs. Shaw and Mrs. Dilworth had been brought to speak about it that afternoon as they sat together. They were fast friends, and they had been telling each other a great many private things for years. It was inevitable that the matter of Edith Penn should come up between them some time, although they were loyal to her as a neighbor and charitable to her as an acquaintance and a woman.

"She doesn't ring true," Mary Shaw said.

"I've often thought that," Mrs. Dilworth sighed. "There's something about her I don't understand, although I have tried to—something that repels me. I've never mentioned it before because I supposed that I was the only person in the neighborhood who felt that way about her."

"You aren't," Mary Shaw said. "I feel the same way myself. She's a good neighbor; I couldn't wish for a better. She's always agreeable and pleasant—too pleasant. Apparently she never has any reason to be otherwise. I guess that's why—" She paused. "It doesn't seem natural," she went on thoughtfully, "for a person never to have annoyance or trouble of any kind. The rest of us who have had our deep valleys—well, I suppose we can't understand a person who seems to live constantly on the sunny hills of existence. And Mrs. Penn certainly appears always to be on the tip-top of the very sunniest hill. Perhaps that's why we don't undestand her. It's a good ways up there from one of our deep valleys."

Mrs. Shaw gulped a little and wiped away a tear. Her deep valley was the loss of her husband who had been her true companion for more than thirty years. Mrs. Dilworth said nothing, only rocked a little faster. Fifteen years before she had lost her only child, a little son, and the pain of bereavement was still very acute at times.

There was a tap at the door, a brisk "May I come in?" and Edith Penn entered with a small dish in her hand. She was a woman as old as either of the two who started at her appearance, but she had a youthful air, for her gown was gayly blue and her face danced with smiles.

"I've brought you over a bit of divinity fudge," she said to Mrs. Shaw. "I'm so glad Mrs. Dilworth is here. She can enjoy it, too."

Mrs. Shaw accepted the candy with just a shade of embarrassment. She felt a sense of guilt in that she had talked about her neighbor and was now accepting a gift from her.

"The candy is lovely," she said. "Do sit down."

Mrs. Penn shook her head, still smiling. It came to Mary Shaw that she had smiled so much that her face had taken on a rather set look, a strained look, one might say.

"No! I must hurry back. I've a thousand things to see to," she returned gayly.

"You are always so rushed," Mrs. Dilworth offered. "And only just you and Mr. Penn and the little boy to do for." The little boy was Mrs. Penn's grandson, who had come to her when his young mother died.

"I see you have been to visit your sister," Mary Shaw said.

"Yes. I stayed only one night. That was all Mr. Penn could spare me. You should have seen the house he and Frank kept! I had a stack of dishes that high to wash." She laughed and vanished.

The two women looked at each other gravely. But they said not a word more. Thoughtfully they tasted the candy. It was delicious.

"It ought to sour in our mouths after the way we've talked about her," Mary regretted.

"I was just going to say that," Mrs. Dilworth agreed.

After Mrs. Dilworth went home Mary Shaw washed the empty bonbon dish from which she had emptied the candy, for in their conscience-smittenness they had not been able to eat it, and throwing a shawl over her head, went to return the dish to Mrs. Penn. She found Frankie making a snow man in the front yard.

"Go right in, Mis' Shaw," he lisped. "Gran's making me a pair of pants."

Mrs. Shaw tapped lightly, as a warning, and entered. She heard a sound of sobbing and stopped, motionless with amazement. Sobs! They came from the sitting room. There was something else, too—Mrs. Penn was saying, "Oh, dear!" over and over again.

"She's sick—in pain," Mary Shaw thought, and hurried forward.

Mrs. Penn lay on the couch with her face in her arms, a pathetic, grief-stricken figure. As Mrs. Shaw bent over and laid a hand on her shoulder she started and looked up.

"What is it?" demanded Mrs. Shaw, sinking down beside her and putting an arm about her. "Are you sick? Tell me so I can do something for you."

But Mrs. Penn merely sobbed incoherently. Presently she said thickly:

"Lock the door so Frankie can't get in here. I—I wouldn't have him see me like this for the world. He has never seen me cry."

Mrs. Shaw locked the doors and then returned to her seat beside the weeping woman.

"My dear!" she said, with that understanding that comes only once in a thousand times, perhaps, even to the best of men, "it's all been a bluff, hasn't it?"

Edith Penn gripped the kind hand, looked into the sympathetic eyes, and gave herself to confession.

"I should say it has all been a bluff," she replied. "And I'm sick of bluffing. I'm tired of pretending. I—I hate myself for going round with that silly grin on my face and trying to make people believe it came there by itself. But it doesn't. I put it on every morning just the way I do my clothes. Let me tell you! I took you that candy this afternoon as an excuse, hoping I'd find you alone. I thought maybe I could tell you, but Mrs. Dilworth was there. Oh, my face aches with keeping things out of sight! I've always made the best of everything. My whole life is one fabrication, and what good has it done to me or anybody else? I don't believe it's true that the world is better for your keeping your trouble out of sight. I believe that the give-and-take sympathy creates a bond between people—a needed bond!"

"I have always believed that," Mary Shaw said.

"I've always had to cry my eyes out in secret while I smiled in the face of the whole world," Edith Penn went on. "Even my husband has never suspected that I had cause to shed a single tear. In that way I haven't been true to him, perhaps, but it was the way I was brought up. My mother was the kind of woman who would give our dinner away to somebody who didn't need it, while we did, just for the sake of keeping up appearances. "My sister—" Her lips quivered. "My sister has always been like mother, until yesterday. Yesterday she told me—that she has only six months at best to live. I smiled. I said, 'Six months is a long time.' Then I came home and kept right on smiling. But I've reached the point where I can't smile any more. I love her, and I am going to lose her. And I'm going to cry about it if I want to."

She did cry again, stormily, while Mrs. Shaw soothed and comforted her.

It was not Edith Penn's first deep valley by any means, but it was the first time she had walked there with another woman who knew the length and breadth of deep valleys. In Mary Shaw she had found the friend she needed.

And Mary Shaw, too, had found something which she would in time make known to all women—a brave heart that had masqueraded under a smile in order to hide its suffering.

Process of Changes of the Infant Mind

The ultimate standard of value among human beings is personality; hence its development is of supreme importance. The germ of mental life in the human infant exhibits one of the most striking instances of evolution to be found in nature.

Greater changes take place in the mind of an infant in a few years than in ages of plant or animal evolution. This germ of mental life is so constituted that it tends to develop according to inner laws, as does a grain of wheat, yet it is greatly modified in its development by its environment, physical and psychical.

The infant is in somewhat of the condition of a man who should find himself in a shop where machines of all sorts were in motion. He would at first have no control over them. By noticing what happened after each motion and by pulling various cranks and levers he would learn to know what to expect at any moment and could ultimately control the various machines.

In a similar way does the babe gradually gain control of his bodily movements. In the meantime the conscious states that are experienced are organized into a conscious self.—From "The Individual in the Making," by E. A. Kirkpatrick.

Weasel's Fashion Title

Ermine—weasel. It would probably be a shock to royalty to know they are one and the same.

The elegant white ermine that constitutes the collar or robes of king and prince is the fur of the weasel in its white winter phase. The same marauder of the hen coops, who is the poultry raiser's most persistent enemy, becomes valuable to the trapper in the winter for the pelt it yields.

Prime weasel pelts, styled as ermine in the trapper's price list, bring a couple of dollars. In the dead of winter the weasel is entirely white, save for the tip of its tail, which is black.

In summer the weasel is brown and its fur is worthless.

Tides of the Earth

Because it is by no means rigid, our earth's crust rises and falls like the ocean's tide under the gravitational attraction of the moon and sun. There is no doubt that this occurs, says Dr. Walter D. Lambert of the United States coast and geodetic survey, though difficulties have so far prevented exact measurement.

Another thing that makes the crust of the earth heave and fall, says Doctor Lambert, is the pressure exerted upon it in spots by the rising tide of the ocean. Atlantic tides have caused an observed earth bulge at Williams Bay, Wis., 800 miles away, and it is thought probable that this influence girdles the earth.

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MASSEY & WILMER

In the Day's Catch

By H. LOUIS RAYBOLD

(Copyright.)

TWO ladies sat rocking on the broad veranda that faced the sea, and, as they rocked, they talked. And always their conversation came back to Elaine Endicott.

"I never knew before," said one of them—the one whose son had nearly gotten himself engaged to Elaine the summer before—"that Elaine was fond of fishing!"

"My dear Frances," retorted the other, who had a daughter who had never been nearly engaged to anybody, "all the men at this hotel are out after blackfish. Anchored off Twin Brothers reef. The girl hasn't quite nerve enough to go out and sit on the reef with no excuse at all, so she becomes devoted to the art of catching blackfish. Do you [illegible]"

Frances [illegible]ch nodded. "I believe you [illegible] right," she said.

"Of course I am right!" persisted Isobel. "Whenever I hear that Elaine has taken up a new hobby, I immediately think, 'Cherchez l'homme.' She nearly broke her neck riding horseback because Phil Congdon was a horse lover. She learned golf to play with Reginald Jones. She became wild over motor boating to catch—oh, forgive me, Frances!" as a look on the other woman's face reminded her that she was actually going to bring in the name of her son. "I wasn't thinking—"

"It's true enough," admitted Mrs. Goodrich, "but I am responsible for her failure. I told Bill I would not consent to any marriage with Elaine Endicott and he had the good sense to see that a pretty face and a knowledge of sports was not enough for him. Where, by the way, is Muriel?"

"Muriel? Why, I believe she's playing a two-handed bridge with old Mrs. Gunnison. Muriel is so unselfish when others are concerned."

It was a beautiful day, with a gentle wind that rippled the blue water and rocked the fleet of rowboats anchored beyond the reef. From the veranda it was possible to distinguish the occupants of those boats. But as nightfall approached there would be idle speculation along the veranda as to which one of the fishermen would have been most favored by luck.

Lunch was over and likewise those naps indulged in afterward by the older guests when Muriel came up to her mother.

"I am going rowing," she said.

"Alone, dear?"

"Oh, yes, mother dear."

"Very well. Don't be gone too long. You know how mother worries!"

Three hours later Mrs. Goodrich looked up from her cards to where her friend was standing by the veranda rail, scanning the water. "Good gracious, Isobel!" she called out.

"What is the matter?"

"Why, Muriel went out rowing three hours ago, and there isn't a sign of her anywhere!"

"Well," said Frances, comfortably. "Muriel can swim, and she can stand up and wave her arms if she has lost an oar. There are plenty of people around. Don't worry. Did I tell you I had a telegram from Billy? He's running down from the city in his launch. Doesn't know just what time he'll breeze in, he says, but probably this evening."

The minutes passed. Muriel didn't appear. Then some one called attention to the fact that there seemed to be a couple of boats pulling in from the reef already.

"Luck must have been awfully good or perfectly rotten or they think it's going to blow," remarked Mrs. Goodrich's partner.

Mrs. Goodrich laid down her hand and, rising, walked over to her friend. "It is time Muriel was showing up," she said. "I'm dummy. Let's walk down to the dock. We'll get a view around the point."

There was nothing to be seen around the point, however. Then, "Why, that isn't two boats coming in from the reef!" exclaimed Mrs. Goodrich. "It's one boat, towing another! And the person in the front boat—why, it's Muriel!"

Mrs. Goodrich's partner waited in considerable annoyance for that lady's return. But Frances, in sheer curiosity, had forgotten she was playing bridge as with Isobel she waited impatiently for Muriel's arrival and explanation.

Muriel greeted them cheerfully. "I'm melted into a grease spot!" she exclaimed. "So please take my news calmly and don't get me excited. Elaine has eloped with Bill, aided and abetted by me."

"Elaine has eloped!"

"With Bill!"

"Exactly, mother. Exactly, Aunt Frances. Been in the works some time. Elaine was to go out to the reef; Bill to run down in the launch; yours truly to go out and tow in the rowboat. I had to take a roundabout way so as not to arouse your suspicions and have you sending out after me or something equally silly. They'll be married in Bass Cove at six and come here directly for forgiveness."

"Oh, Muriel!" said Mrs. Goodrich reproachfully, "how could you!"

"My dear Aunt Frances," said Muriel, "I couldn't refuse dear old Bill. If—if he had asked me to elope with him myself, I should have done it!"

The blackfish fishermen came home at dusk, but, as many a woman remarked that night, the best catch that day wasn't made with a hook and line.

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Str. Annapolis ..... 11.30 a. m.
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Str. Express ..... 4.15 p. m.
Str. Annapolis ..... 7.30 p. m.
Str. Express ..... 8.50 p. m.
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Str. Annapolis ..... 8.00 a. m.
Str. Express ..... 10.45 a. m.
Str. Annapolis ..... 4.15 p. m.
Str. Express ..... 7.30 p. m.
Saturdays
Str. Annapolis ..... 8.00 a. m.
Str. Express ..... 10.45 a. m.
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