Not Original With Lincoln

The saying, "You cannot fool all of the people, all of the time" is commonly attributed to Abraham Lincoln and also to P. T. Barnum, though it is not in their biographies. A little book published by A. Wessels company in 1903, "The Wisdom of Abraham Lincoln," gives this as a quotation from Lincoln's speech at Clinton, Ill., on September 8, 1858. It is quite likely that this was a proverb or popular saying long before he uttered it. A book of old English proverbs lists a similar saying: "No one is a fool always; every one sometimes."

Priceless Gavel

When the presiding officer of the Chicago Association of Commerce raps for order at future meetings, he will rap with a renewed authority. It is no common gavel that calls the members to attention for it helped literally to keep the roof over the heads of 26 Presidents of the United States.

The gavel was carved from one of the main wooden roof trusses of the White House when the repairs to the roof were made, during the Coolidge administration.

Began a Big Industry

The shoe industry of this country was begun in 1629 by Thomas Beard, who came over on the Mayflower on its third voyage and brought hides for making shoes. Seven years later Philip Kertland of Buckinghamshire began making shoes in Lynn, Mass. Since that date the state of Massachusetts has come to lead the world in the manufacture of boots and shoes.

Hopeless

For more than two hours the club bore had been telling his stories to the occupant of the chair opposite him in the smoking room. At last the victim decided he would have to be rude if he were to escape at all.

When the next story came to an end he gave a prodigious yawn.

"Excuse me," he said.

But the club bore was a match for the best where rudeness was concerned.

"That's quite all right," he said. "It doesn't bother me at all. You see, I've lived close to the entrance of a railway tunnel for the last five years."

Accepted

When little Bobby was taken to the hospital to see his newly arrived baby sister he was highly delighted with her. He regarded her with beaming approval, taking in the fascinating details of her fuzzy nails and the little numbered identification disk on a cord around her neck. This last item he regarded for some time, and then said: "Well, when are they going to take the price-mark off of her?"

Considering Posterity

Old Multrox—Want to marry my daughter, do you? Think I'll make a nice, comfortable father-in-law, eh?

Young Alinerve—No, I don't; but I'm going into this thing with my eyes open. What worries me is that I've picked a pretty rough grandfather for my innocent children.

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One New Home Sewing Machine	90.00	20.00
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Two Singer Sewing Machines	100.00	30.00
Two " " "	100.00	50.00
Four " " "	100.00	65.00
Two Style 7-10 Combination Radiola 16 and Victrola	275.00	150.00
Two Style 4-7 Victrolas	135.00	75.00
Three " 4-3 "	95.00	65.00
One " 14 Victrola	150.00	39.00
One " 11 "	125.00	39.00
One " 10 "	100.00	30.00
One " 90 "	125.00	35.00
Two Columbia Talking Machines	125.00	25.00
One Up Right Piano	375.00	60.00
One " "	400.00	70.00
One " "	400.00	80.00
One Player Piano	550.00	170.00

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MILLY'S RENEWED ROMANCE

(© by D. J. Walsh.)

IN WESTPORT, where she taught nine months of the year, Milly Lane was Miss Lane, the primary grade teacher, who "had such a nice way with children," and whom their parents looked up to. She boarded at Mrs. Bailey's with four other teachers of the Westport school and had pleasant companionship and many good times.

During those nine months at Westport she grew rosy, took on flesh, and crept out of her shell of shyness so far as to be able to laugh easily, talk and show some interest in life. Even with her red hair and spectacles she was rather pretty, because she had a girlish immaturity of build and expression in spite of her twenty-eight years. Will Fuller, the farmer who grew onions and sprouts in such quantities for the city markets that he was getting rich thereby, who owned the best car in Westport, and the best house and the best piece of land anywhere about there, paid her as much attention as he did anyone, perhaps a trifle more. It was generally supposed at Mrs. Bailey's that Miss Van Etten would eventually be his choice for Miss Van Etten was handsome in a dark, dreamy way. However, nothing was settled yet, and if Milly Lane dare hope a little who could blame her?

Thus for nine months Milly led the life of a normal young woman who works hard, has good food, is respected and liked, and even has a gleam of romance to light her way. Then about the twentieth of June it ended and she found herself back in Valleyville.

Back in Valleyville in four rooms with her duty. Her duty was Aunt Mandy.

Milly had acquired Aunt Mandy by the direct process of inheritance. The people who should have been responsible for her had died or moved away or eluded the burden in some way until she had fallen to the care of Milly. Milly kept the four rooms for Aunt Mandy, provided her with fuel, food and clothing and hired Mrs. Dunne downstairs to see that these were properly administered. For Aunt Mandy had never been strong either of mind or body, and now that she was getting old she simply sat down and stared her time away. Always sitting, always staring, arousing a little if spoken to then sinking back into the stare and inertia.

When Milly came home to Aunt Mandy she was a Cinderella fleeing from the ball, with this difference, she had no magic slipper on her foot. In Valleyville she was the daughter of a failure and the custodian of the queerest bit of humanity that could be found in the whole locality. For the worst of Aunt Mandy was her looks. But Milly had grown used to them.

A week after returning to Valleyville Milly began to lose color and curve and take on a saddened, repressed air that robbed her of all attractiveness. Aunt Mandy aroused far enough to say that Milly acted as if she were "coming down with something." But Mrs. Dunne, kindly old soul, understood.

"Mandy's a trial to the flesh," she said. "I feel sometimes as if I'd just love to try to shake a little sense into her. I've expected all winter she'd burn me out the way she's poked the fire. And she's taken to wandering off lately—taking walks, she calls it. It fusses me to death to see her go weaving and tottering down the street with heavy trucks and autos passing every moment. Some day she won't get out of the way of one and then—" As Milly shuddered Mrs. Dunne patted her shoulder. "There! I oughtn't to of said anything like that. Are you going back to Westport to teach next year?"

Milly gulped.

"No, I sent in my resignation yesterday. I—I'm going to try to get the McClure school, then I can be home nights and over Sunday. I just feel I've got to stay with Aunt Mandy and—and look after her. You've done wonderfully, dear Mrs. Dunne, but it's my duty and—" She paused. She couldn't say that she could no longer keep up the expense on her wages. If she were at home she could have the price of her own board, to say nothing of car fare. Aunt Mandy would be better off. As for herself, nothing mattered now.

"Well, of course you know best," Mrs. Dunne said slowly. But she sighed as she looked closely at Milly's pale face.

Now that she had forcibly detached herself from Westport and all that was there, Milly saw before her a dark narrow alley which ended in a high stone wall. All that she could do was to go on as best she could with her duty.

A few weeks passed. Milly watched Aunt Mandy as if she had been a child or a troublesome puppy, but one afternoon the old woman stole away for her walk. Milly missed her, asked Mrs. Dunne if she had seen her, and set out wildly in search.

It was a torrid July afternoon and Milly panted with the heat as she ran down one street, up another, across a third. Every time she met anybody she asked them if they had seen Aunt Mandy. She had come out bare-headed and the sun burned her head and shoulders. She sweated with fear. Suppose Aunt Mandy had been struck down by some one of the flying cars!

At last, fairly overcome with heat, she returned home to find Aunt Mandy calmly rocking in her favorite chair. She glanced up in surprise.

"Why, where you been?" she inquired mildly. "It was so hot that I decided not to go far, just over to Mis' Tolson's."

Milly sank upon the couch, overheated and exhausted. She closed her eyes and did not move again for a long time.

That evening when Aunt Mandy had gone to bed to sleep like a child, Milly sat on Mrs. Dunne's porch with her headache and her problems. Dusk gathered and a night moth dipped into the sweet cups of the opening nicotines.

A heavy roadster whipped down the street and stopped at the door and a man got out. He was close to Milly and had spoken before she recognized Will Fuller.

"And you didn't know me!" he said, as he took the empty chair beside her. "Why, I'd have known that little red head of yours anywhere. Milly, what do you mean by leaving Westport this way? You've got to come back."

"I can't," Milly faltered. "I've sent in my resignation."

He laid his brown hand over hers as it rested on the arm of her chair. "You've got to come back because I'm going to take you—as my wife."

It was an hour before Milly could understand that her lost romance had reached out arms that had captured her warm and fast. She was glad to let her head lie on Will's shoulder while he made plans. She had already told him about Aunt Mandy and the duty and all the rest of it, so there was nothing new of that kind to say.

"We'll let Aunt Mandy have a room of her own and the housekeeper will look after her if she needs it," Will said. "And if she wants to take walks she can walk all she wants to on my land. You see, Milly, I'll just appropriate your duty, and all you'll have to do is to love me and brighten up life for me with your little red head."

The following day Milly and Will were married at the parsonage. Then they packed the few things they needed, put Aunt Mandy in the car between them and flew back to Westport. Mrs. Dunne promised to look after the contents of the four rooms.

"Poor Milly!" sighed Mrs. Dunne. "I'm glad she's going to be happy in spite of her duty."

Real Hearty Eaters in Medieval Times

Those capacious individuals who break into the front page every week or so by eating six dozen eggs and drinking 12 cupfuls of coffee, or by downing 100 flapjacks with a gallon of sirup, will please draw in their claims to fame and retire as quietly as possible. They are anemic, underfed dyspeptics compared with the real hearty eaters of the Middle ages.

Frederick L. Collins, writing on the art of dining for Harper's Bazar, has dug up the records of several gastronomic feats of medieval times which put to shame all modern competitors.

For example, Philip the Good, who reigned in the Eleventh century, is credited with giving an all-day dinner at which 192 separate courses were served, excluding several kinds of wine.

The good Catherine de Medici, says another record, "tasted everything" at another little affair where 14 kinds of meat were on the table at once—pheasant, swans, capons, peacocks, herons, pigs, pigeons, rabbits, deer, hare, geese, quail, cranes and bustards.

And, getting down to specialized gastronomy, an early bishop of Paris was host at a repast where all the chief courses were sea food—4 large salmon, 10 turbet, 12 lobsters, 50 pounds of whale, 200 cod, a basket of mussels, 9 fresh shad, 18 trout, 17 pike, 62 carp, 18 lampreys, 200 prawns, 200 white herrings, 200 sour herrings, 80 salted salmon, 18 plaice, 3 baskets of whitebait and 600 frogs!

English Church Curiosity

Jack-the-Smiter, the famous figure which smites the four hundred fifty-year-old bell in Southwold (Suffolk) church, is one of the sights of the district. He stands at the west end of the noble Fifteenth century church, once the abbey of the monks of St. Edmund, a painted man-at-arms, four feet four inches in height.

A pull at the cord below and Jack smites with his stout battle-ax upon the bell which calls the faithful to service. In his left hand he holds a wooden sword. When Jack was made, on the completion of the church, he was worked mechanically, being connected up with the church clock. His original works have long since disappeared.

Quits

Bursting open the door marked "Private," the butcher confronted the local lawyer.

"If a dog steals a piece of meat from my shop, is the owner liable?" he asked the man behind the desk.

"Certainly," replied the lawyer.

"Very well, your dog took a piece of steak worth a half a dollar about five minutes ago."

"Indeed," he returned smoothly. "Then if you give me the other half, that will cover my fee."

A Gentle Razz

Persistent Customer—I don't think you've properly fixed this muffler yet. It keeps on going "phut, phut, phut, phut."

Garage Man—I'll have another look and see what I can do. Is there anything particular you'd like it to say instead?

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No Words to Waste

Two farmers met on the road and pulled up.

"Si, I've got a mule with distemper. What'd ye give that one of yours when he had it?"

"Turpentine. Giddap."

A week later they met again.

"Say, Si, I gave my mule turpentine and it killed him.'

"Killed mine, too. Giddap."

Spoiled His Record

"Robert," said the teacher, to drive home the lesson which was on charity and kindness, "if I saw a man beating a donkey—and stopped him from doing so, what virtue would I be showing?"

"Brotherly love," said Bobby promptly.

Blessings of Invention

George (from next door)—"Mrs. Jones, may I use your telephone?"

Mrs. Jones—"Certainly, George. Is yours out of order?"

George—"Well, not exactly but Sis is using it to hold up the window, ma's cutting biscuits with the mouthpiece and baby's teething on the cord."

And then there's the absent-minded plumber who forgot to forget his tools.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

NOTICE is hereby given that the undersigned has obtained from the Orphans' Court for Kent County letters Of Administration Ancillary C. T. A., on the personal estate of

WM. HOWARD LYLE

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 15th day of December, 1929, 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 11th day of June, 1929.

HERBERT J. COUSLEY,
Asst. Trust Officer Of The Pennsylvania Company for Insurance on Lives and Granting Annuities, Philadelphia.

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