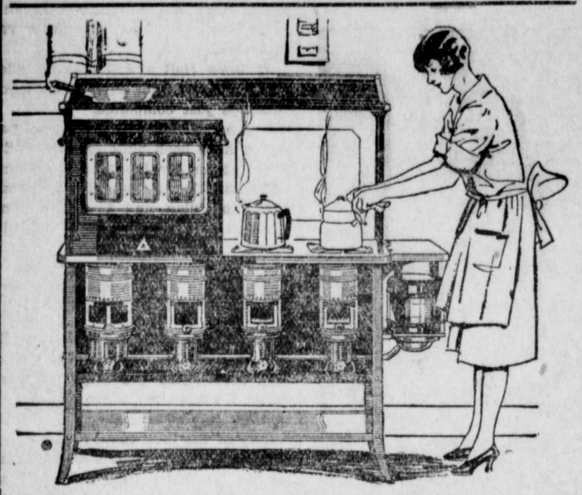
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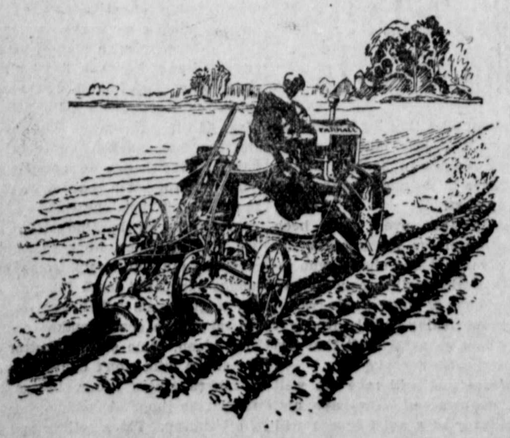


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Chestertown, Maryland

PHONE 51

GRAY FOR AGE; COLORS FOR YOUTH

(© by D. J. Walsh.)

DOCTOR ANTHONY MOROW turned over in his bed that June morning and looked at the clock. Just 7:30. He could hear the rattle of dishes in the kitchen below. Myra always arose early and sharply at eight she would come to the foot of the stairs and call—just as she had called every morning for the past several years—

"An-tho-nee. . . breakfast is on the table. . . An-tho-nee!"

The sun was streaming across the gray rug like a golden shaft and a gentle breeze ruffled the soft mull curtains. It was a day for youth. . . for bright colors. . . laughter. . . beauty. He looked up toward the ceiling and closed his eyes with a groan. Gray! Gray everywhere! Even the furniture and the rug were gray! Dull—drab! Gray was a color for old folks. . . . Doctor Morow sat up and looked in the mirror of the gray enameled dresser. Slightly bald, rotund, rosy cheeked. . . not so bad for fifty-six. He wasn't ready for gray yet! Myra was seemingly quite content to settle down in the bungalow on the edge of town with sewing and church duties—and gray room, but not him! He would move his belongings to the room at the end of the hall and make a real man's room of it. He jumped out of bed and while the water ran in his bath he stood before the open window and did the daily dozen, the last four not so spryly as the first four. He shivered as the ice spray struck his back—but that would bring back the vitality! Cold showers—exercise—youth!

He even touched Myra's powder puff to his round face after shaving and dressed carefully. Doctor Morow was particular about his clothes and this morning he chose an unusually colorful tie—one his niece Ethelwyn had sent from Hollywood at Christmas saying they were all the "rage;" a background of old blue with dashes of orange. He view the effect with satisfaction.

"Not bad—for fifty-six—many years to go yet. . . ."

"An-tho-nee . . . breakfast is on the table . . . An-tho-nee!"

In his office, sharply at nine, he donned his long white linen coat and looked through his appointment book. His office girl was on her vacation. The list of patients was small. Rosamonde Leahy at 9:30. There was—a girl! Nice little thing—lots of pep and a classy little dresser. Drove a green roadster; just recently come to Fairmont; whispered around she had been on the stage; old Mr. Lawrence at 10:45 and Mrs. Dibble, city librarian, on her noon hour; then, little Jackie Adams at 3:30, after school.

Miss Leahy came in promptly at 9:30, dressed in an orange colored knit suit, a tight-fitting white hat and white golf shoes.

"Oh, Doctor Morow, what a stunning tie! Look! It just matches my sport dress, doesn't it? Nearly canceled my appointment. Would you have been sorry? I'm going out to play golf—all by my little lonely this morning—need the practice, and I knew if that nasty old drill of yours hurt me it would just spoil my day. You won't hurt me now will you, Doctor Morow. . . ."

Doctor Morow carefully adjusted a towel about his patient's chin and smiled down at her. "Hurt you? Hurt such a little ray of sunshine as you? You look just like a summer rose in bloom, all color and loveliness. Now open wide and maybe, maybe . . . if you are so lonely this morning, all by your lonesome, what do you think of me when the ray of sunshine leaves this gloomy old office all dark and we just won't use the old drill today."

"I just dread going out there all alone," she said petulantly as she adjusted her hat over her carefully marcelled hair and patted her already overpowdered nose with feathery puff. "I get so lonesome."

"I'L lonesome right now, and for two cents I'd go to . . ."

Miss Leahy opened her purse and as she placed two copper pennies in his outstretched palm his fingers closed over hers and he reached for the telephone to cancel his other appointments. Color! Youth! No grays or drabs about Rosamonde. They stopped and bought some golf shoes, and further on they purchased a set of clubs. Next week he would have his tailor measure him for a golf suit. A sporty looking tweed—tan or brown—anything but gray! Gray was meant for age. Colors for youth.

Doctor Morow prepared to drive from the first tee with gusto. It looked easy, but he dug into the ground behind his ball and Rosamonde took his club and instructed him how to hold it and to swing clear through. By noon they were in the sand bunker between the third and fourth holes. His new shoes were tight and felt like lead. One o'clock found them trying to rescue his last ball from the creek that flowed between the sixth and seventh holes. Three o'clock found them on the ninth green. Rosamonde was by this time calling him "Tony," and as they walked toward the clubhouse she slipped her hand through his arm.

"We'll have just a bit to eat in the grill and then we'll have a delicious long drive before dinner to the Green Lantern. My 'gang' will be there—good music and everything."

Doctor Morow was limping—a large blister on either heel. His neck smarted frightfully and his collar, which had been so white and fresh when Myra had announced that breakfast was on the table, was sadly wilted and chafed the back of his neck. He was too tired to undress for a shower; too tired to eat. He called Myra that he would not be home for dinner—out with friends—and then followed Rosamonde to the green roadster. The golf bags—he carried both—weighed a ton. He had slipped his shoes off under the luncheon table and exposed the blistered heels to the cooling air. The shoes were now tighter than ever.

The drive revived him, although his head continued to ache badly. The sun had been very hot on the links. He dozed once or twice . . . dead tired, but Rosamonde would not allow him to sleep long. Her gay chatter did not diminish. By the time they were headed back down a shady road toward the Green Lantern in the early twilight he felt so much better he placed his fat white hand over the smaller one at the wheel. Nice girl—but that orange-colored dress was—rather flashy.

Dozens of cars were parked around the roadhouse and music floated out into the air. As they entered Rosamonde turned to him expectantly. It was a waltz, and Doctor Morow could waltz. He had always waltzed. He began to perspire again; his neck was raw and his feet were crying out in revolt. Rosamonde conducted him to the table at which her friends were seated, and he danced again—twice—then he reeled out of a door that opened upon the veranda overlooking the entrance. He carefully lowered himself into a chair, his bones creaking when he moved. With his handkerchief he fanned his sore neck and was just removing his second shoe when a taxi turned into the driveway. The passengers alighted with considerable laughter and merriment. Then as the car backed up and started to turn around, Doctor Morow came to his feet.

"Wait! Taxi! I'm coming! And if you go off and leave me I'll shoot you. Wait!"

He delivered a message to a waiter together with a liberal tip; got his hat from the check girl, and with his shoes in one hand, the other pressed firmly against his aching back, he painfully left the Green Lantern and climbed into the taxi.

Myra was reading in the living room and answered his greeting as he hurried upstairs. He took a warm bath, opened the blisters on his heels and applied a healing lotion, creamed his sunburned neck, and then groaning wearily, he crawled into the cool sheets of the gray enameled bed.

"My dear," he said softly, as Myra came into the room, "this is—a sweet home. And this particular chamber such good taste for middle-aged folks like us. Gray is so soft, so soothing, so restful. . . ."

Commercial Use Found for All Waste Product

Herring and sardine tinning factories have reached the stage where practically there is no waste and all by-products are utilized. The scales of the silvery herring, which were once nothing but a nuisance, now bring in hundreds of thousands of dollars to the pearl essence manufacturers. These scales possess beautiful iridescense when affixed to a sphere or rounded surface. When laid flat, however, they lack the pearly luster. Then there are the heads, tails and other waste products that formerly were loaded on scows, taken far out to sea and dumped, or else destroyed in incinerators, or to a limited extent used as a field fertilizer. Now the increasing numbers of fish-meal plants quickly convert them into nutritious and cheap poultry food. The waste oils from the overflowing tins are all caught and used in the production of varnish and paints. Even the bright tin trimmings from the cans are saved. Compressed into big bales, they are shipped to England, there detinned, smelted and processed over into new sheets of metal.

Jonah Story on Jug

An independent version of the story of Jonah and the whale, probably current in ancient Greece long before the Hebrew Bible was written, is believed to be depicted on a decorated pottery jug found in the former Greek island of Cyprus and recently acquired by the British museum.

The scene painted on the jug, probably at least 25 centuries ago, shows a ship from which a sailor is falling or being thrown into the waves. Awaiting him in the water is a great fish, apparently ready to swallow him.

The jug shows evidence, according to the museum authorities, of having been made by some potter of ancient Cyprus, who was influenced by the Phoenician sailors and traders, then numerous in the Mediterranean.—Detroit News.

Rosenthal's Sly Dig

Rosenthal, the famous pianist and composer, who is well known for his wit, was once invited to a musical evening at a friend's house, where at the same time a pianist was invited who should play the very short so-called "Minute Waltz" of Chopin, the best-known arrangement of which is by Rosenthal himself. The pianist, however, played the work far too slowly, and one could see Rosenthal frowning. After the piece was over, however, Rosenthal got up, went to the player, and thanked him most heartily, saying in a genial way: "This Minute waltz, my dear sir, as I have heard it tonight, has provided me with a most delightful quarter of an hour."

National Forests Popular

Several million every year take advantage of the recreational facilities offered by the national forests. This phase of the administration of the forests is being developed by the forest service in accord with the policy of making these properties of the people serve them to the best advantage. Through trails and roads the forests are made accessible, says the Forestry Almanac. Within them there are many lakes and brooks, admirable for fishing and camping. Game is found in comparative abundance and streams are stocked with fish.

Only a Dozen Bananas

Robert made his first week-end trip alone to visit his aunt in a nearby town. The aunt was aroused in the night on the day of his arrival by a very sick boy.

Observing symptoms of an overloaded stomach, she said:

"Robert, did you buy any trash and eat it on the train coming out"

"No, auntie, I didn't have a thing except a dozen bananas," replied the distressed lad.

Real Brain Capacity Not Matter of Weight

Brain capacity does not increase with the ages, as far, at least, as historic periods go. Sir Arthur Keith, conservator of the museum of the Royal College of Surgeons, was examining a skeleton which had been found in digging the foundations of a house at Purley, Surrey, and he said:

"This man was a Roman, a real Roman. His skull is quite different from the Roman-British skulls of 1,800 years ago. It is a splendid head, and just beside it we found the skull of a child that must, in my opinion, have been the image of its father."

He measured it lovingly with a pair of calipers, and made a lightning mental calculation:

"He had more brain capacity than I have. But what I would really like to know is, what did he do with it?"

The skeleton is to be sent to the Croydon museum.—E. R. Campbell, in the Vancouver Province.

King Might Have Had "To Tell It to Judge"

An amusing story about King Edward is told by Princess Daisy of Pless in her memoirs, says the Kansas City Times. One summer at Cowes, Edward went ashore from the royal yacht to play a little bridge with the duchess of Manchester at her residence, Egypt house. He didn't want any fuss, so was accompanied by only one equerry. Reaching shore they hired a cab to drive to Egypt house. The driver did not know where it was and took them to the wrong place.

It was quite dark and the equerry got out and rang. A window upstairs was opened and two outraged old ladies peered out, demanding what all the noise was about. The king shouted up that he had come to play bridge with the duchess of Manchester. The angry ladies declared that they knew nothing about either bridge or duchess; that he was drunk and if he did not go away at once they would telephone for the police!

Not Really Chinese Dish

The truth seems to be that there is no such dish as chop suey known in China, although it is commonly served as Chinese throughout the United States. This has come about in a curious way. It originated at a dinner that Prince Li Hung Chang gave in New York when he made his trip around the world. Prince Li carried his own chef with him, and the menu was strictly Chinese. One of the dishes especially delighted the wife of the guest of honor, and she asked Li what it was. Prince Li called in his chef, and the chef replied in Chinese, "It is a creation of my own—a chop suey." The words "chop suey" mean a mixture or hash. Prince Li said in English, "It is a chop suey." The American woman spread the news of the chop suey, the wonderful dish. The name was taken up by the Chinese restaurants in America, and today chop suey is the chief concoction that they serve.

Left-Handedness

After a close study of several sets of identical twins, two eastern scientists have observed that there is an apparent relation between the tendency to left-handedness and the direction in which whorls in the hair curve, says Popular Mechanics Magazine.

In every case where it was possible to determine whether the hair on the crown of the head grows in a right-handed, or clockwise, spiral it was discovered that the person had a more or less strongly developed tendency to right-handedness. If the whorl was curved to the left, the person was left-handed.

Weather Changes

The weather bureau says that day-to-day changes in the weather—one cold, next warm, then perhaps cold again—are mainly due to changes in the direction of the wind, and that in turn to changes in the distribution of air over the surface of the earth. The causes operating and their effects are rather complicated, but go back mainly to circulation between the equatorial and polar regions (caused by the heating of the tropical regions and the cooling of the polar regions) as modified by the effects of the daily rotation of the earth.

Canadian Metropolis

Years before adventurous white men penetrated inland into America, Indians gave the name "Toronto" to the place where trails and water routes converged at a bay of Lake Ontario's northern shore. Toronto means "place of meeting" in the Indian language, and thanks to the amazing progress of modern transportation it has grown from a tiny settlement where goods were brought for exchange to one of the largest cities in Canada and a great railway center with a population of nearly 700,000.

Interior Department

A grade school class was discussing the various departments of government.

The teacher called on a lad who had not been attentive.

"James, who is the head of the Interior department?"

"I think the stomach," replied the lad.

Volunteer Messenger

Here is what President Wilson said was the best negro war yarn he had heard during his stay in Paris. It is quoted by J. F. Essary in "Covering Washington." A group of negro soldiers were in a front line trench on the eve of an attack. A white officer approached one of them and asked:

"What would you do, Jim, if you suddenly saw the whole German cavalry coming straight at you?"

"What would I do, boss?" repeated Jim. "Why, I sure would spread the news through France."

Galena Nine Beats Cecilton

Groff Hurls Fine Game For Countians

Galena continues to top the Chesapeake Bay League and added another victory to its growing list last Saturday by taking over Cecilton 9 to 3, at Cecilton.

Gathering fifteen hits off the offerings of the two Cecilton hurlers the Galena swatters tallied twice in each of the first three innings and then added three more runs in the seventh.

Once again Groff turned in a masterly game from the mound for the Galena nine and allowed the Cecilton batsmen but seven scattered hits. Cecilton scored in the first, fourth and eighth. Groff also swatted a homer.

All of the Galena sluggers were in form on Saturday and six of the nine hit safely twice or more.

Galena will entertain the Kennedyville nine at Galena on Saturday.

The lineup and summary:

Galena	Ab	R	H	O	A	E
Clendaniels, 1b	5	0	0	13	0	0
Woodall, 2b	5	1	3	0	3	1
W. Johnson, 3b	4	2	2	1	0	1
Moffett, ss	5	1	3	3	5	0
Peacock, cf	5	2	2	2	0	0
Hadley, c	5	1	2	7	0	0
Mulford, lf	4	0	2	1	0	1
Redding, rf	3	1	0	0	0	0
Cochran, rf	2	0	0	0	0	0
Groff, p	4	1	1	0	4	0
Totals	42	9	15	27	12	3

Ceciltón	Ab	R	H	O	A	E
Black, 2b	3	0	0	0	4	0
Jones, 3b	4	1	2	5	3	2
B. Boulden, cf, p	4	1	1	0	1	1
Bryan, p, cf	4	1	1	2	0	0
Manlove, rf	4	0	0	1	0	0
W. Boulden, 1b	4	0	1	11	0	0
Alderson, ss	3	0	0	3	2	1
O. Boulden*	1	0	0	0	0	0
C. Webb, lf	2	0	0	0	0	0
Cumbleford, lf	2	0	1	0	0	0
Robinson, c	0	0	0	1	1	2
Price, c	4	0	1	4	1	1
Totals	35	3	7	27	12	7

Score by innings:
Galena ..... 2 2 2 0 0 0 3 0 0—9
Ceciltón ..... 1 0 0 1 0 0 0 1 0—3

Runs batted in, Johnson, Moffett, Peacock 2, Hadley, Mulford, Groff 2, Bryan, U. Boulden; 2 base hits, Woodall, Johnson, Moffett, Peacock, Jones, B. Boulden, Bryan; Home run, Groff; Stolen bases, Woodall 2, Johnson, Moffett, Peacock, Hadley, Mulford, Jones, U. Boulden, Cumbleford, Price; Base on balls, off Boulden 1; First base on errors, Galena 2, Cecilton 1; Earned runs, Galena 8, Cecilton 1; Hit by pitcher, by B. Boulden, Johnson; Left on bases, Galena 8, Cecilton 6; Struck out by Groff 4, Bryan 3, B. Boulden 4; 6 runs 7 hits off Bryan in 3 innings, 3 runs 7 hits in 6 innings off B. Boulden. Umpire Horsey. Time of game 1 hour 40 minutes.

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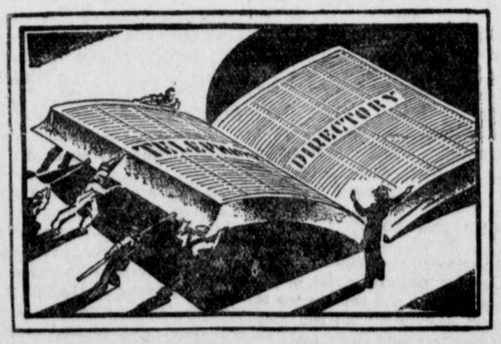
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