GALENA

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Caldwell spent several days with relatives in Philadelphia.

Mr. and Mrs. Powell Ford and family, of Marshleton, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Merritt Ford.

Mrs. A. P. Prettyman has returned home after spending last week with her daughter, Miss Ethle Prettyman, of Baltimore.

Mr. and Mrs. Laurence Reed, of Brooklyn, N. Y., Mr. and Mrs. George Carroll and children, of Middletown, spent the week end with Mr. and Mrs. George C. Johnson.

Mr. Lyndon and Elain Hess and friend, of Wilmington were week end guest of Rev. and Mrs. Hess.

Misses Elizabeth Jarvis and Clara Bolton spent the week end in Wilmington.

Mr. and Mrs. Lowrey and family, of Tilghman's Island spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Freeman and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Smith, of Salisbury, spent the week end with Mr. and Mrs. James Scotten.

Miss Isabell Butler, of Stevensville, Kent Island, was a recent visitor of Misses Elizabeth and Francis Ruth.

Dr. and Mrs. Earle Gilfillen and daughter spent Sunday at Newark, Del.

Little Betty Jane Woodall, of Georgetown, is visiting her grand parents at Barclay.

Mr. and Mrs. Jessie Ireland and Mrs. Merritt Thomas, Motored to Baltimore on Sunday where Mrs. Thomas will spend a few days, then she will join her husband at N. Y., and sail for Brazil, S. A., October 19.

Mr. Anthony Murray, of Philadelphia, spent the week end with friends at Massey and Galena.

Mr. and Mrs. Lemuel Mark are visiting relatives in Philadelphia.

Mr. and Mrs. Bryant Wood, of Baltimore, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Wood.

Mr. James D. Davis, Jr., visited friends at Wilmngton and Newark, over the week end.

Mrs. Carvel Maslin, of Havre de Grace, spent Monday with Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Van Dyke.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Merchant and family, of Denver, Cal., and Mrs. E. A. Jarman spent several days of this week in Baltimore.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Walker, of Wilmington, spent the week end with Mr. and Mrs. Warren Johnston near town.

KENNEDYVILLE

Rev. Mr. Wooden, of Mt. Airy, visited friends here the past week.

Service in Grace Presbyterian church next Sunday evening at 7.30 preaching by Dr. Humphreys. All invited.

Rev. Mr. Brown and wife entertained friends from Philadelphia over the week end.

Mrs. Edgar Lusby and son are spending sometime at her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Crow.

Mrs. Lula Lukes, of Chestertown, visited here last week.

Miss Lula Van Dyke is visiting her sister, Mrs. Williams, near Worton.

Mrs. Mary Green, of Church Hill, spent Sunday with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Archibald.

Miss Gladys Archibald and Miss Carrie Lipscomb, of Wilmington, spent the week end with their parents.

Mr. and Mrs. John McCabe, of Rehoboth, spent the week end with Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Jewell.

Miss Della Spry gave her many friends quite a surprise when she was married in Wilmington last Sunday. Congratulations.

Mrs. Henry Boggs is visiting her son and wife, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Boggs at their new home in Stockton, Md.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Dempsey and family visited Rev. Henry Caldwell and family at Church Hill on Sunday.

Mrs. John Hessner is spending sometime in Philadelphia.

Mr. Edgar Lusby, Mr. James Lusby and Miss Louise Crow spent Sunday with relatives in Denton.

Mrs. Joseph Garey is spending this week with relatives in Coatsville, Pa.

Mrs. Henry Rutter attended the wedding of her nephew, Mr. William Newton in Westminister on Saturday.

The Ladies Aid Society met at the home of Mrs. William Cleaver on Friday evening.

BETTERTON

The sympathy of the community is extended to the family of Mr. Thomas Brice, who died at his home here on Monday. Mr. Brice is one of Betterton's oldest residents and has been in failing health for some time.

The Harvest Home service of the Methodist Church will be held tomorrow afternoon and evening. Rev. F. C. McSorley, of Middletown, will deliver the message of the afternoon and the District Superintendent, Dr. John Johnson will preach at night. Contributions of canned goods, fruit and vegetables will be gathered in by the third vice president of the Epworth League and these will be packed on Monday and sent to the Strawbridge-Kelso Home, the Methodist Orphanages in Baltimore, that are supported in part by the Wilmington Conference.

The supper given on Saturday night was well patronised by visitors and strangers as well as the Betterton people.

Announcements have been received of the marriage of Mr. Arthur Harris, oldst son of Mrs. Evelyn Harris and Miss Ann Joiner, of Worton, last June at Denton.

Miss Anna Crew, the delegate from the Epworth League attended the Middletown District Convention at Easton on Tuesday and Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Owens celebrated their twenty-fifth wedding anniversary at their home on Friday. A number of friends were invited in for cards in the evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Philip Gooding and little daughters, of Baltimore, are spending the week with Mrs. Goodings parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Willis.

Mr. and Mrs. William Davis and daughter Hallye Mae, were the week end guests of Mr. and Mrs. Archie Crew.

Mr. Reese Crew, of Philadelphia, was the guest of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Crew for the week end.

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less, to find Lizzie sitting at ease with a paper-covered novel in her hand.

"Mom's give out!" was Allie's despairing wail. She sank into a chair and began to cry.

"What you talking about?" demanded Lizzie, who, like Allie, was plump and husky-looking and dark-eyed.

"Mom's give out, I tell you. Heart's all gone to pot. And she's got asthma besides. Doctor says she can't live no time the way she is."

"Good land a-livin'!" gasped Lizzie.

They sat staring at each other helplessly. For the first time in their lives they were called upon to face a problem without the aid of mom herself. After a few moments, seeing that there was no help to be had from her sister, Allie wiped her eyes and rose to her feet.

"I'll go back with you," Lizzie said. She looked around the disordered room, consigned it to its fate, grabbed her coat and followed Allie outdoors. Together they hurried back through the streets until they came to the Peck dwelling, which was only half a run-down old building rented dirt cheap.

In a small cluttered bedroom lay mom on a none-too-clean bed. On one side of her lay a year-old boy sucking his bottle. On the floor sat a grubby-faced little girl of two-and-a-half, hugging a ragged teddy bear. Two other children under school age were squabbling over a bag of popcorn.

"Well, here I am," mom said, piteously. She was a tiny woman of sixty-three with anxious eyes and a grim mouth. Mom had borne eleven children, six of whom were living. She had had two husbands, both of whom were dead. Without any great help from either of these men she had struggled to bring up her children. She had stood 16 hours a day over the washboard and ironing board. She had had neither good clothing nor good food nor a comfortable place to sleep. Rest, peace and pleasure knew her not. Nearly all of what she earned went to help somebody out of a tight corner. Her family were always in tight corners. Now she lay in her daughter's room, dependent, helpless and despairing, with a wornout body and flagging breath and a heart that thumped and wiggled and threatened to stop. The doctor had been stern in his command that little old mom, who had always taken care of everybody, should now be taken care of.

There was a council outside the house that afternoon. The children gathered in—the boys, Bill and Ed and Grif, and the girls, Allie and Liz and Conny. What was to be done? The doctor had been there again. This time he said the house must be cleared out and mom kept quiet—her life depended upon it.

Allie sat on the grass and wept. Liz clung to the clothes line and groaned. Connie sniffed softly. Ed smoked and Grif chewed gum. Only Bill seemed to be thinking constructively. Bill was a war cripple who drew a pension. He wasn't married. It was all he could do to take care of himself and even then he often had to call in mom to help him.

"Well, sir, it's up to us," Bill said. "Mom's stood by us folks through thick and thin. She's fed us and clothed us and got us up to be men and women. Now she's used up. We got to come across and help her to die comfortable, anyhow, if we can't do no more for her. It's no place for her here at Allie's with four kids sprawlin' over her the whole enduring time. It's no better where the rest of you live than it is here. As for me, I've only got a room, and I share that with another fellow. Folks, here's the long and short of it. Mom's got to go to Miss Clinton's."

Astonished looks, gasps, stirrings of objection. Miss Clinton kept a swell private hospital where they had trained nurses and things.

"Yes, sir!" said Bill, thumping the ground with his cane, "If mom's got to go she's going right. We'll pool together every last cent we can rake and scrape and send her to Miss Clinton's."

Clearly it was the only thing to do under the circumstances. The six children and their partners in matrimony scared up every last cent they had and it was just enough to keep mom one week at Miss Clinton's. After that—but they were too grieved to look ahead.

Toward night the doctor came and they moved mom round the corner to the big house that had been a private residence before it was a hospital. The boys carried mom on a cot, tenderly, solemnly. The others followed in a tearful procession. But mom scarcely knew anything that was going on now. She was too far gone.

Mom was put to bed in a sunny room with pink and gold fixings. Under her were fine coil wire springs, a spring mattress. She lay between sheets of the finest, smoothest texture. She was highly covered with a fleecy blanket. An alcohol rub made her feel rested. She had a new nightie with sprigs of pink flowers on it. There were roses on the stand beside her bed. And outside the open window in the swaying boughs of a green tree a bird sang.

The food was delicious. Mom could eat anything. Her stomach had never been crowded with rich viands. She enjoyed her asparagus, chicken, hot broth, eggs and tea which had real cream in it. She had ices, too, colorful things in tall thin glasses. Too sick to feel selfish or to worry about anything, she lay and took what was brought to her by the smiling, gentle-handed nurse. Peace, beauty, luxury enfolded her. She folded her thin hands and drew sighs of blissful comfort.

Nobody was allowed to see her. Her heart was much too weak. She did not speak, only she smiled faintly in apology or gratitude when anything was done for her.

The week passed. Again there was counsel. Where was more money coming from? Mom mustn't be moved. Mouths tightened, eyes grew stern with purpose.

Ed went out and sold his fiddle. It was a good fiddle and he loved it. But if he hadn't fiddled so much at local dances he might have had a good job this long while. The price of the violin went toward mom's fund. And Ed took his job. Lizzie decided to do some of the washings mom had been obliged to give up. Conny got back some regular cleaning jobs that she had turned down. Allie put her home in order and took a roomer. Grif and Ed settled down to the first real work of their lives.

Money came, mom's expenses were met the second week. The third week there was a good bit left over. The fourth week there was no question that mom could stay at Miss Clinton's all summer if she had to. Truth was, mom was picking up. The folks noticed the change in her every time they went to see her—color, added flesh, a new hopefulness. Mom wasn't going to conclude her existence after all.

There came a day when mom was declared fit to leave the hospital and go about her business. Then it was Miss Clinton spoke right to the girls who had come to conduct mom away.

"Can't let her go, can't spare her," smiled Miss Clinton. She patted mom's tight little hand. "She's going to stay here with me and help round at easy jobs and earn good wages."

Mom nodded joyously. "Yes, I be," she said. "And just as soon as ever I kin, girls, I'm going to pay you all back for what I've cost you."

"Mom!" cried Liz and Conny and Allie in one indignant breath, "Don't you dare! After all you've done for us. No, sir! We're doing well enough. You keep every cent you earn for yourself."

Mom stayed at Miss Clinton's. It was fun to work there. She might in time almost get strong again, though she couldn't last a week at the washtub, as Miss Clinton knew.

It was pleasant to go visiting the children. Some of them were buying homes and paying for them. They were all fixing up to beat the band. Everybody seemed to be getting a lot out of living these days. Mom wondered and wondered how it had all happened.

Time of Little Moment in Lives of the Mayas

One vast difference between those wondrous people (the Mayas) and ourselves is that they had all the time in the universe, and we're always hurried. In the Maya tongue are words for time periods tremendously longer than any we can find a name for.

One of their time units was 256 years. Another comprised 460 billion days! These and many other periods all had names. Yet, for all their prodigality with time, they measured it with exquisite precision. Not content with one calendar, they had at least three—computed by the sun, the moon and Venus.

They had twelve months of thirty days each, also eighteen months of twenty days; and they knew all about how to arrange the extra days, left over. Every day in the year had four names. The Maya time adjustments were far more accurate than the Gregorian system we ourselves use.

Their great cycle corresponded to the 1460-year Sothic cycle of the Egyptians, but the Egyptian calculation had an error of twelve days for the cycle, while the Maya system was precise to the very small fraction of a day.

The Maya lunar calendar was like the Metonic cycle of the Greeks, but the Mayas used it with far greater ease. In the very dawn of their history, their calendars had been for many centuries functioning. Their perpetual day count was cosmic in its sweep, dating back to a zero of October 14, 3373 B. C.

Without telescopes or chronometers they could predict eclipses and solve the most intricate astronomical problems. In these, as in so very many

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Claire, the Wallflower

By LEETE STONE

(Copyright.)

CLAIRE CONLEY was a wallflower. Ever since kindergarten days! Now, in her last year at a fashionable finishing school nestled in the Connecticut hills, she still lacked that indefinable quality that draws men.

Claire was psychologist enough to know that one convincing public proof of power to attract men would instantly include her in that sought-for inner circle that reached out successfully toward matters masculine. She was not unpopular; she played excellent tennis and bridge, and her frank personality won her admirers among the athletic contingent. But her constant wish was to be included in that elect group of girls, who got letters every day addressed in bold characters, and were invited to every Naval Academy dance.

Looking from her open window one June morning, with the scent of newmown hay from the great meadow behind the dormitory meeting her nostrils fragrantly, Claire admitted that her desire to make a showing before the girls was camouflage. Deep in her heart she knew she wanted a man's companionship. She visualized a home with a sun-lit living room and a yellow china tea set—and a tall man who smoked a pipe, dropping ashes on the floor, and kissing her when she scolded.

She went to attend a talk on the "Art of Social Charm," by a bespectacled female in tweeds whose mind had long outrun her charm.

Claire observed the lecturer, pencil poised over her note book, with a slight sense of pity. Angular, flat-chested and masculine . . . how could this woman have captured the art of social charm? All at once she herself was captured by the woman's incisive logic. Trenchant lines wrote themselves mechanically in her notebook and unforgettably on her mind:

"Eyelashes, lips and trim figures will catch a husband; but it needs brains to keep him caged in content" . . . and another, "It's the woman who acts immediately on the sudden, sometimes startling intuition of mind that conquers and keeps men, women and society at her feet!"

That afternoon the tennis tournament finals were due. Claire was well in line for the tall silver cup. She had never felt more fit; more alert mentally and physically. Her service and net play were superb. At the stroke of four she slashed over the vicious, court-length lob that won her the cup.

Her friends trooped the court to congratulate. Even as she smilingly responded a weary reaction set in. Athletic honors! What did they matter?

The purr and whir of the daily mail plane sounded overhead. As the group watched it, the even drone of the motor ceased and a sputtering series of coughs and racking explosions took place. At once the graceful man-made bird began circling and gently dropping down to the long flat meadow, ideal for landing.

In the stress of reaction a daring intuition swooped down, like the plane, to the flat, tired expanse of Claire's mind. The "Social Charm" lecturer's line returned to her consciousness with renewed force.

The mail plane glided to a skillful landing on the scented field, so near the watching girls that the pilot's tall, handsome figure as he stepped from his flying niche to the ground was distinctly visible.

"If only he will turn and look at us . . .," thought Claire, almost wavering in her daring course of action, designed to prove to the girls once for all that she was not a wallflower, but in truth a "man's woman."

As if in obedience to Claire's mental command, the young man turned and faced the group with a smile and a cheery, casual wave of his hand.

Claire's cue! Flinging her racket down, she returned the wave enthusiastically, crying to the amazed group:

"Why—why—it's Joe! They must have put him on this run." And she flew across the field toward the pilot, who had turned back to his motor.

"Joe" looked around at the sound of Claire's running feet, and went a trifle white under his tan as she threw her arms around his neck.

"Hug me!" she whispered, "as—though you loved me! I'll explain later if you'll leave me your address."

"You needn't explain," he murmured in a breathless baritone. Suddenly he held her shoulders out at arm's length and stared hungrily at her. A blush reddened his boyish face. Then he smiled as if he visioned something no one else could see.

He folded her close again; so close Claire felt the thud of his heart. They clung so a brief moment. Rousing herself from her new heaven, and all at once a little afraid of the stare of the waiting girls, she forced his arms away, gently.

"I must—oh, I must run—my—my dear!"

"So must I," he replied, eyes on the mail bags. "But I'm coming back, right to this spot—Sunday!"

"Elegy" Advanced in Price

A copy of Gray's "Elegy," published in 1751 at sixpence, was sold at Sotheby's recently for $6,700. This is the poem which General Wolf declared: "I would rather have written it than take Quebec."

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