KENNEDYVILLE

Mr. and Mrs. Andrews, of Denton, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Dukes.

Mr. and Mrs. James Caldwell are visiting their son and family, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Caldwell in St. Micheals.

Mr. Lloyd Kennedy and daughter, Alice, spent the week end with Mr. Kennedy's mother in Baltimore.

Mrs. W. S. Hurlock is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Hitch in Queenstown.

Mr. and Mrs. Lin Redmile and Mrs. Shafer and Miss Emma Shafer met with an automobile accident on Sunday while on their way to Moors, Pa., while their car was badly damaged they were very fortunate in not getting seriously hurt.

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

Mrs. August Money had the misfortune of falling down the stairs one day last week, while no bones were broken. She was hurt right badly.

Mrs. Susie Shallcross's many friends are glad to known she is improving in Easton hospital, where she was taken for special treatment a few weeks ago.

Mr. Robert R. Hill attended the Agriculture meeting held in Baltimore on Wednesday.

Mrs. Pearl Wals is visiting her parents in Baltimore.

Miss Mildred Melvin spent the week end with her sister, Mrs. Charles Hague.

Mr. Thomas Johnston, of Baltimore, spent the week end with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Johnston.

Miss Elizabeth Clayton, of Philadelhia, is visiting the Miss Penningtons.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Jarvis and friends, of Wilmington, spent Sunday with their niece, Mrs. Raymond Hill.

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JAMES G. BECK
CHESTERTOWN MARYLAND

THE WOOING OF KATE

(© by D. J. Walsh.)

WHENEVER I consider what young Sterling Evermore went through in order to woo and win my niece Kate I realize that times have not changed very much since the ordeal by fire.

He invariably arrived at our summer cottage five miles from the village where the train stopped, driving the only vehicle for hire—a runabout which promised instant dissolution, and this last especial week-end visit he added a final swoop and clatter as the car hit the rural mailbox at our gate and then sagged into temporary harmlessness. Sterling leaped out and surveyed the collapse of our postal arrangements.

"Terribly sorry," he stammered as he strode toward the porch where Agatha and Henry and I sat, with Kate just emerging through the door.

"Doesn't matter at all," lied Henry, the perfect host, as he shook hands. Sterling blushed still harder when Kate looked up at him and completed his rout. Kate is slight and little with real gold hair and the corners of her red mouth curl upward. She turned her smile on her mother.

"I forgot to tell you Sterling was coming," she murmured. "But it's all right, isn't it, mother?"

"Most certainly," said Agatha, because she couldn't say anything else. There were not enough chops and the guestroom blankets were at the laundry and besides this Henry was terribly perturbed at the idea of Kate being grown up enough to have devoted young men.

"I won't have it!" he told Agatha in the living room and then slunk away before her sardonic eye, which asked how he was going to stop it.

"Oooh!" cried Kate from the porch, clapping a hand to one eye, Sterling had tossed her a felt hat as they started for a ride and the rim had flicked her face. "It's nothing!" she insisted when the family surrounded her. "No, it doesn't hurt—much!"

"Wouldn't you know it?" Henry growled when the two departed. Sterling solicitously guiding his temporarily one-eyed love toward the machine. "Comes all the way up here to blind her because he is so fond of her! One chance in a million of hitting the mark and he hits it! I tell you I won't have it!"

Some time later the runabout approached the cottage with a vague air of being an ambulance and when Kate and her cavalier entered she wore one eye bandaged and black-patched and between them they bore sundry bottles. Sterling was pale and anxious. "It got worse," he informed us. "We hunted up an eye doctor and he said the eyeball is scratched!"

"Of course it is!" Henry said tempestuously, with an awful glance at his child's suitor, drawing her to his side as though away from contamination.

"Father!" the sufferer spoke up sternly, one-eyed though she was. "As though Sterling meant to do it."

Very shortly after, Kate being in her room to rest, Sterling said he thought he'd take a little walk in the woods, where it was quiet. Avoiding the front porch, where Henry fumed, Sterling, with the lumbering stealth of a Newfoundland puppy, slipped out the rear way and, once on the kitchen porch, drew a breath of relief and stepped down. Farther than he had expected—for the workman, just finishing the job of the new back steps in cement, had at the moment gone around the house to pick up the lumber for a barricade against the mush-like stuff. He was through with a back-breaking task. He returned at the instant when Sterling's right foot was ankle deep in the top step and his left had scraped and slid down the others to the ground. The ruin was thorough.

"Sterling! Are you hurt?" cried Kate, managing in her rose lounging robe to look quite lovely in spite of her one eye.

"Look at those steps!" cried Henry, who was paying $12 a day for them.

"He's jarred off the cream pie I set on the lattice to cool!" accused the cook, standing over the jumbled meringue with a grim air of its being a climax in her life. "The dinner dessert!"

Assisted by Henry and the cement worker, Sterling got to his feet, brushing futilely at his besmeared clothing, his face crimson with helpless wrath.

"If you try to wash it off," the cement worker told him, with lively satisfaction, "it'll harden onto the goods, and if you let it alone it'll harden, anyway! Ain't it too bad!"

But Kate did remove considerable of it, for we found it later hardened onto the floor and the washbowl and all available surfaces. It was also entwined in the bristles of Henry's pet English nail brush and in the fabric of Agatha's best towels. Young love is ruthless.

Hostilities were abruptly closed when the explosion occurred in the kitchen. When we reached there so many things seemed on fire simultaneously that nobody said anything. We worked. Sterling's white flannels that he had on, his other trousers spread on the ironing board, the tea towels on their rack and a pile of newspapers all were blazing merrily. On the floor lay the remains of the big gasoline flatiron.

"I—I thought," Sterling explained jerkily as we grabbed and beat and stamped, "that I would not bother any one. I thought I could manage that fool iron if I could run a car."

"Well," Agatha gasped, crumpling the charred remains of six perfectly new tea towels, "I believe the—er—fundamental idea is slightly different. Now I'll try to find you something of Henry's to put on."

"Not my new suit!" Henry roared grimly. "I'm depending on the suit for the next six months."

In Henry's golf rig, Sterling being six inches taller than his host and broader, the boy looked nervously unhappy. Kate, still indignantly seething, suggested a ride.

"I suppose," she addressed her male parent loftily, "that Sterling may take your old green sweater? He forgot his."

"He would," admitted Henry with bitter promptness. "Oh, by all means, take it."

The runabout coughed and roared itself away and Henry sat with his dropped magazine, thinking. "I can't get used to it," he said. "With so many other girls in the world—why did he have to pick on her? Where are my reading glasses? Funny how things disappear when that boy is around! No, I've looked everywhere! I can't read a word without 'em!"

The two finally returned. Walking in very close together with clasped hands, the radiance in their faces completely obscured the black patch Kate still wore over one eye. In spite of Henry's golf suit, Sterling looked very handsome.

"Oh, mother," Kate faltered, "we—"

"Mr. Turbot," Sterling began in the tone a young man uses but on one occasion in his life, "I—we—"

I must say that Henry rises to a crisis. Walking over to the two, he clapped Sterling on the shoulder. "I knew it!" he admitted bravely. "Well, son, it's all right if she cares for you! It's come kind of sudden—if only I could find my glasses."

"Oh!" breathed Kate with a remembering gasp, turning a gaze of complete adoration on Sterling, "the sweater."

From under his arm he produced it. He lost his conquering look.

"There seemed to be something in the pocket when I sat down on it in the car," he explained, hurriedly. "It—er—it was a pair of glasses. They—well, they're quite smashed!"

"Of course they are," said Henry resignedly. He had accepted fate.

Breakneck Rail Speed in the Belgian Congo

Late in June I boarded the train that leaves Cape Town twice a week on the longest railway journey in Africa.

For nearly 3,000 miles this train carries you northward. Through the vines and orchards of the Paarl. Across the brown wastes of the Karroo and Bechuanaland. Past gray clouds against a crawling line of fire—the "sounding smoke" of Victoria falls at dawn. Still northward through the bush of northern Rhodesia. Beyond the last British outpost at Ndola.

On the fifth evening you reach the Belgian Congo frontier station of Sakania, where you must leave the clean Rhodesian train and take your seat in the grimy Chemin de Fer du Katanga.

Compartments in the Belgian train were furnished richly with curtains and tapestried walls. The wash basins were so small that a ham-fisted man could not have washed both hands at once. Above my seat I found a notice in French and Flemish:

"In this country the mosquito is the chief enemy. Have you taken your quinine today? If not, do so now Beware of the tsetse fly!"

Very soon I discovered a danger greater than mosquito or tsetse. All trains in the Congo are driven by fearless black maniacs. They rattle through the forest, taking steep descents and rickety bridges without slackening speed. Rocketbursts of sparks from the wood-burning locomotives send the monkeys gibbering back to their trees.

When the line was first opened, the engine drivers were white men. They drank so much that natives had to be found to take their places. I am not sure, however, that a whisky-inspired European would not be safer than the sober demons who now control the trains of the Katanga.

All night the nerve-shattering scream of the whistle was heard. The vanity of a black driver is such that he will not pass the smallest cluster of huts without this manifestation of the high estate to which he has risen. —Lawrence G. Green in the Empire Review.

Caustic Humor

In the early days, says an article in the New York Times, no one would presume to cry any sort of goods, unless he was licensed by the selectman. The old town crier lived by his wits. Old Wilson had an ingenious flow of language. Once he announced a Fourth of July dinner in Charlestown. Certain citizens pestered him with inquiries as to the bill of fare. His answer was: "The dinner will be ample, with a pig at every plate."

Risky

"Why didn't you put out your hand when you turned the corner?" demanded the motorist.

"Well, you see," replied the flapper motorist, "I've just been out with Jack, and he gave me the most thrilling diamond ring—isn't it a beauty?—and I knew only too well that if I put out my hand the headlights of the car behind would shine on the diamond and dazzle the driver, and then absolutely anything might have happened, mightn't it?"

Editor Years Ago Took Fling at Vast Wealth

The concentration of wealth in the United States was looked upon fearsomely as far back as 1869. That year the Washington (N. J.) Star made this editorial comment, according to Capper's Weekly:

"Alexander T. Stewart, the merchant prince, clears $1,000 a day, Sunday excepted, the year round. Cornelius Vanderbilt pleads guilty to twice that sum. William B. Astor rates his income at $4,330 per diem; sleeping or waking, he finds a $3 bill dropping into his hat every minute of the 24 hours. At every turn cash stares at him in the most insidious manner. Banks fling their dividends at his head; ruthless financiers beat him with coupons; unpitying and soulless corporations dump their lucre at his doorstep, and contemptuous bill-stickers plaster his door with greenbacks. One might wonder what he had done to merit such treatment. The only charge that can be brought is that he is a rich man's son and therefore must suffer."

Subscription to the Transcript $1.50 per annum.

This Week

by Arthur Brisbane

SELF-RELIANT RUM.
WOMEN, MEN AND STRIFE.
MME. CURIE'S VISIT.
PEARL FOR A LADY.

Government prohibition enforcement made an interesting discovery, capturing a well-organized bootleger fort on the highlands of New Jersey, near the Narrows, where the big rum ships come sailing in.

It was a well equipped fort, with sawed off shotguns, machine guns, pistols, searchlights and radios to direct rum vessels.

The government believes this one bootleg institution did a business of $1,000,000 a week.

The government seizure did not disturb bootleg leaders, well entrenched and self-confident. Their chief said to a reporter: "This is just a little incident. If you want to order a thousand cases of whiskey, I'll deliver it to you in twenty-five minutes. We'll be doing business as usual in twenty-four hours, with our men out on bail."

The Bishop of Manchester fears "strife for mastery between men and women."

That strife will never be dangerous. Women manufacture the men, which is the highest kind of work, and men do the work.

Man hasn't the fainest chance of competing with woman in motherhood. No woman has ever competed with men in what we call works of genius.

There never has existed even a fifth rate woman painter, writer, sculptor or musician.

Men and women supplement each other and get along very nicely.

Woman comes first, for the creator is greater than the thing created. Michael Angelo was greater than his finest work. His mother was greater than he.

A poet may say:

"I am the master of my fate,
"I am the captain of my soul."

But it is unwise for a lady who wants to testify in court at Charlotte, North Carolina, to take that stand.

Mrs. Miller, 20 years old, called "communist labor agitator," told the court that "man controls his own destiny." She is impeached as an atheist, therefore not worthy to be a witness.

Russia's government, going in the other direction, is opening nine more "anti-religious universities" to preach atheism.

Russan trade union organizations are ordered to appropriate from "cultural funds" a sum every month for organization of militant athelists.

Organized atheism will not go far.

And organized intolerence, telling a man what he may or may not believe in the United States, will not go far either.

The French will go to the Naval Limitation Conference with definite restrictions.

France will not consent to reduction in her cruiser tonnage.

France will not consent to abolition of submarines, or even to the suggestion that they be limited in size to 600 tons. "The defense of France requires 2,000-ton submarines. Therefore we shall build them."

The Italians have the same idea, but they don't even take the trouble to state it. A few words from Mussolini will make that clear.

Mme. Curie, who helped the discovery of radium, comes here to accept for the new radiu minstitute at Warsaw, one gramme of radium costing $50,000, paid for by American women.

You should put in a small valise radium worth more than all the wealth of Rockefeller, Ford, Secretary Mellon and George F. Baker, combined, if such a radium quantity existed.

Our sun, with its source of terrific energy only guessed at by science, may contain millions of tons of radium.

We can't get at that. But we might give more poor children the benefit of the sun's light, which is accessible and costs nothing.

A diver in the Persian Gulf went "all naked to the hungry shark," and avoiding the shark, came up with a perfect pearl weighing fifty grains, worth $250,000.

The pearl will go to some lady, not very young, probably. Young husbands of young wives cannot afford such pearls.

The lady will wear it occasionally at first, then keep it in a safe deposit box most of the time, losing $15,000 a year in interest, and wear an imitation pearl that even she won't know from the genuine after a few days.

Overwork is not so dangerous, but violent emotion is extremely dangerous, says Dr. C. P. Emerson, learned student of the human body. "A strong emotion can inflict a physical injury just as truly as can a knife," says the doctor.

However, a life that amounts to anything is made up of strong emotions.

A giant turtle on the Galapagos Islands never has strong emotions and lives five or six hundred years. But who would be a Galapagos turtle? Better be Keats, Alexander or Napoleon.

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