MILLINGTON

Mr. Richard Comegys returned last Sunday to University of Maryland, Baltimore, after spending two weeks with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Comegys.

Mrs. J. P. Ahern returned home on Wednesday of last week, after spending ten with her daughter, Mrs. Frances E. Fitch, of Westport, Conn.

Little Miss Jean Timms Aobin visited her grand-parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Tobin, of Middletown, Del., this week.

Mrs. John C. Turner was the guest this week of her son, Mr. Thomas Turner, of Chester, Pa.

Miss Arlene Gale returned last Sunday to the Salisbury Normal School, after spending the Christmas holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Leo Gale.

Miss Lucille Massey left last Tuesday for Penn Hall Colelge, Chambersburg, Pa., after spending three weeks with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Massey.

Mr. and Mrs. Spencer Stevens, Miss Sue Jones and Mr. Burgess Anderson spent last Monday in Wilmington.

The regular monthly meeting of the Women's Foreign Missionary Society, of Asbury M. E. Church, was held last Thursday afternoon at the home of Mrs. R. J. Taylor.

Miss Mabel Comegys returned last Sunday to the State Normal School Towson, Md., after spending two weeks with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Poul Comegys.

Miss Ada Cummerford, older daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Cummerford, was taken last Monday night to Emergency Hospital, Easton, where she was operated on for appendicitis. She was accompanied by her father and uncle, Mr. Edward Vansant.

Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Numbers and daughters, Misses Helen and Mary, visited relatives in Denton last Friday.

Miss Martha Pennington returned last Sunday to Navesink, N. J., after spending the holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Liston Pennington.

Miss Mary Feddeman, of Baltimore, was the guest last week of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Feddeman.

Miss Pauline Comegys, who has been appointed teacher of a school near Westminister, Md., left on New Year's Day to take up her new duties.

Mr. and Mrs. Spencer Stevens and little daughter, Ethel, spent last Sunday with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Brice, near Lankford.

Miss Mary Numbers left last Sunday for Northampton, Mass., after spending two weeks with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Numbers.

Mr. John Lockwood, Jr., moved last week from the farm of his father, near Chesterville, into Mrs. Ruth Gowman's house.

Mr. Karl Gebbert left last Saturday for his home in Cleveland, O., after spending ten days with his wife's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Radnor. He was accompanied home by his wife and little daughter, Margaret, who had spent the past three weeks with her parents.

KENNEDYVILLE

Mr. Gerald Myers and Mr. Raymond Sutton attended the Auto Show in New York.

Mrs. James Archibald and family visited relatives in Crumpton on Sunday.

Mrs. Sue Shallcross is visiting her friend, Mrs. Rachiel Hill.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Gill, of Golts, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hill.

Mrs. Eva Primrose and Virginia spent Sunday with friends near Elkton. Miss Annie Devene returned home with them for a few days.

A large congregation attended service in Grace Presbyterian church last Sunday evening.

Mr. Robert Young in a very appropriate way presented Dr. Humphreys with an automobile robe, a gift of the Mite Society.

Mr. and Mrs. James Weer and children spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Harry Johnston near town.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Boggs entertained Mr. Boggs' sister and friends from Wilmington on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. William Webb and Mrs. Spry spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Author Groves.

Mr. Richard Haggerty and Mrs. Gerald Myers spent Sunday with relatives in Wilmington.

Mr. Robert Hill attended the Farmers meeting in Baltimore this week.

The Mite Society of Grace Presbyterian will meet at the home of Mrs. Gerald Myers nevt Wednesday evening, January 15.

Mr. William Hill and friend, of near Philadelphia, spent the week end with his grand parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Hurlock.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Van Dyke and daughter, of Galena, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Van Dyke.

Far Worse Than Storm

When a ship is rolling down to her scuppers in a heavy gale her passengers grow nervous and begin to repent their past sins, but when the same ship is groping her way slowly through a thick fog the passengers go to bed and sleep soundly. Yet, paradoxically enough, the greatest peril at sea is the fog. It has been the cause of more disasters than all the storms that ever blew.—From "Sea-Lore," by Stanley Rogers.

The SANDMAN STORY



ABOUT MAGGIE'S POEMS

NOW there was a great stir in Fairyland. All of the little Fairies were busy writing verses. They had heard that a little friend of theirs was going to have a birthday and they wanted to have some verses for her.

"She must have verses," said the Fairies. And though none of them were really poets they all tried their best to write some verses.



They All Tried Their Best to Write Some Verses.

The Breeeze Brothers had promised to take their verses and to let Maggie hear them, and so the Fairies chewed at the ends of their pussy-willow pencils and thought and thought and finally each one had a little verse ready.

The Fairy Queen sent this verse:

From one who is Queen of Fairyland
I send you this verse today,
May you live forever, you dear little thing,
So we will be happy alway!

This was the verse sent by Princess Joy:

You're a friend of mine, you jolly wee dear,
May you always, always, always be here,
Unless by Fairyland you are near
We can't be so joyous, you know, I fear.

This was the verse sent by Fairy Princess Twilight-Bell:

When the cool of evening comes
And the sun sinks o'er the West,
And the twilight shadows dance,
We'd like you to be our guest.

This was the verse sent by little Effie Elf:

Heigh-ho, Maggie,
Heigh-ho, Maggie,
Heigh-ho, Maggie,
That's all I know how to say!

This was Billy Brownie's verse:

Old Mother Nature asked me to say
That as she moved about your way,
She always sent you the sweet scent of the day,
For she loves you, she asked me to say in my lay.

This was Bennie Brownie's verse:

Three cheers for Maggie,
Three cheers for Maggie,
Three cheers for Maggie,
She is such a dear,
And she, too, is full of cheer.

This was Witty Witch's verse:

Oh, Maggie loves her eating,
She really loves her feed!
But the most amazing thing
Is that she really hasn't greed.

This was Old Mr. Giant's verse:

I am big and Maggie is small,
But that doesn't make any difference at all,
For I can look down and at Maggie smile,
Hoping she'll look up just once in a while.

This was Ollie Oaf's verse:

Maggie, Maggie is full of fun,
How on her little feet she can run!
But it hasn't kept her from getting fat,
Mercy me, it hasn't done that!

This was the Fairy Wondrous Secrets' verse:

I know a secret,
But you must know it, too.
It's that all who know Maggie
Just love her through and through.

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THE WHY of SUPERSTITIONS

By H. IRVING KING

NUTMEGS

THE popular superstition about nutmegs is that, pierced and hung about the neck in the manner of a charm, they are a cure for various physical ills. Not long ago a schoolteacher advised her pupils to wear nutmegs in this manner to prevent coldsores, and the daughter of a New Hampshire legislator wore one for a night and day to cure earache.

Though different sections select different diseases for which the nutmeg is most recommended the general belief is that nutmegs are efficacious in all diseases. The key to the superstition is found in the name of the genus of plants to which the nutmeg belongs, which is myristica from the Greek work myristikos, meaning "fit for anointing." Though a native of the islands of the Indian seas the nutmeg, or its kin, appears to have found its way, though sparingly, to Egypt and the eastern shores of the Mediterranean when it became known to the Greek communities of Asia Minor and received its Greek name. It was the oil produced from the covering of the kernel of the nutmeg which was "suitable for anointing" and it was that figure of speech known as metonomy which extended the name myristikos to the whole fruit.

Originally anointing had three purposes—bodily health and comfort, honor, and consecration. Reasoning by analogy the best authorities consider the most ancient use to have been for purposes of health. The "school-marm" advising her pupils to wear nutmegs around their necks to prevent coldsores furnishes an example of a primitive sanitary idea degenerated through the long ages into a popular superstition.

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SMILES

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For Meditation

By LEONARD A. BARRETT

REALITY

SITTING under the spell of the music of Kreisler's violin for an entire evening's concert gives rise to interesting questions concerning the cause of the power which the music had over us. Was it genius? Can it be attributed to perfection in technique? Was it the superior instrument used upon this particular occasion, a Stradivarius perhaps? Yes, all of these, plus something more, and that something more was doubtless the most important factor, without which the other qualifications would have been barren of results. That something more was Reality.



L. A. Barrett

Two persons at different times play upon the same instrument, both reading from the same sheet of music; one moves you, the other does not. What causes the difference? Reality. One appeals to your imagination so that you are able to feel what he feels, the other fails to convince you. The difference again is Reality. Because Kreisler lived his music it was real. Only that which is real in the moment of execution, whether in art, music or literature, lives. The artificial and unreal is soon forgotten. Sham and pretense is shuffled off in the struggle. Only the real is permanent.

In the business world, as well as in the world of art and music, Reality is a most important asset. Once it becomes known that you are not on the level, that you are endeavoring to sham, that your merchandise if not as advertised—failure has already begun. In salesmanship the agent must himself be convinced both of the quality and need for the merchandise he has to sell. If he does not believe this he will not sell his goods. He cannot convince another of something that is not real to him. He must first actually believe as true what he would have his customer believe. The world of friendship rests entirely upon reality. Once you prove yourself false to a trust or confidence or endeavor to pass off imitation for reality—the mystic chord of friendship snaps. The home is built upon reality. Love is the most real thing in the world. When love dies the home is gone. It is impossible to maintain a home upon the basis of sham, imitation, or pretense. "That the people want to be fooled" may serve well enough as a creed for a circus world, but fails in the modern world of stern realities.

To thine own self be true;
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.

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Largest Cattle Herd

The King ranch, in Texas, has the largest herd of cattle in this country. This herd numbers about 100,000.

KATIE AND HER QUILT

(© by D. J. Walsh.)

EVER since she could remember, Katie had wanted to make a pretty quilt for herself. But she had never had time for anything but the plainest, most utilitarian sewing. Keeping buttons sewed on, stockings darned, hand-me-down clothes made over, for five younger brothers and sisters had kept Katie too busy to do anything so frivolous as to make a quilt for her hope chest.

And after all, why should she be filling a hope chest? She had never time to go out with any beaus—granted she had any beaus to invite her out.

All the same, Katie cherished her dream of a pretty quilt. She had made quite a collection of quilt patterns, for several friends of her invalid mother had given given her their choicest patterns. One woman had even offered to cut out the blocks to piece if Katie would just buy the material. But Katie had never had the money she felt she could spare.

That is, not until the last of the five younger brothers and sisters were through high school. Then, her mother being dead, and the care of the house not so pressing, Katie had got herself a job clerking in the dry goods store.

The hours were long, and the pay was small. But even a few dollars a week seemed wealth to the worn little creature who for so many years had scarcely a penny she could call her very own, to do with what she liked.

Unconsciously, day after day, as she stood at the counter, Katie was choosing the color of her quilt, making up her mind whether she would do a log-cabin quilt in green and buff, a double Irish chain in rose and white, or a pinwheel in delft blue and cream. Sometimes, when the remnants of wash goods were especially attractive Katie considered making an old-fashioned quilt of all different kinds of little squares, the colors set in hit or miss.

The quilt was still to be started when the last of Katie's sisters married, and the youngest of the boys went into the navy, leaving the old house so nearly empty that Katie decided to sell it and divide the proceeds among the six of them.

Eleven hundred dollars wasn't as much as it might have been, but it looked like a fortune to Katie when the check for her share of the house money was handed to her. The thousand dollars she promptly put in the bank, but the hundred dollars she had paid to her in crisp, fresh bills. Carefully she folded them and laid them in the very inside pocket of her shabby purse, then walked briskly out of the bank.

Katie, at the age of thirty-three, was about to start filling her hope chest, and the first item was to be a quilt. Some way, when she went to look at the green and buff and rose and delft blue materials, none of them seemed to be just what she really wanted. As a matter of fact, she wasn't quite sure that she wanted to piece a quilt. She thought perhaps she would like to make one of the applique quilts that she had seen advertised in the catalogue from the wholesale house, quilts that had been too expensive to warrant their purchase for the Plainville Dry Goods emporium.

However, with $100 in her purse, there was nothing to prevent Katie from going to the city to buy a quilt. And that is precisely what Katie proceeded to do.

Never in her beauty-craving, beauty-starved life, had Katie seen such lovely things as were displayed in the windows of the stores. Like a person in a dream, she feasted her eyes upon the exquisite linens, satin-covered down comforts, the fluffy blankets—and the quilts.

In the fancywork section of the largest store Katie found the quilt of quilts. Rose and lavender morning glories tumbling gracefully out of a great wood-brown basket, the handle of which was caught with a huge nattier blue bow knot. Rose and lavender morning glories trailing about the border of the quilt.

Kate caught her breath in ecstacy. Lovingly she fingered the squares of white muslin, the petal-shaped pieces of violet and rose, the leaves of green, the slender "ribbons" of blue.

"Want it sent or will you take it with you?" briskly inquired the clerk, to whom Katie's quilt was simply design number three-eleven.

"I'll take it with me," answered Katie.

Hugging the parcel close to her shabby coat, Katie left the store and started back to the room she had engaged in a modest boarding house not so far from the loop. That night Katie slept with the quilt blocks laid on a chair drawn close beside her bed. And the next morning she began work on the first block.

For days Katie sewed. And then she decided to get a job in the store where she had purchased the quilt. Then every day she could gaze at the finished sample quilt—feast her eyes on a picture of what her own quilt would some day be.

City wages went barely as far as those in Plainville, for all that the city wages were nearly double those of the town. Still Katie managed without drawing on her reserve. Spending her leisure sewing cost nothing. Because she could get a discount from the store where she worked, Katie bought herself a hope chest—a little box-like affair covered with cheerful rose-sprigged cretonne. She also bought an enameled flower pot in which she set a real old-fashioned rose geranium.

It was the rose geranium that first attracted James Dudley. James, being on the 12 to 12 shift of the bus route, never saw Katie herself for weeks after he took a room at Mrs. Casper's "select house." But he saw Katie's geranium. He even ventured into the open-doored room and sniffed hungrily at the fragrance of the funny little deeply-cut leaves.

James also noted the sprigged cretonne-covered chest. The roses in its pattern looked like those in his mother's garden in England.

Mrs. Casper introduced James and Katie one evening when James was laid off with a wrenched wrist, hence was at the select dinner table. After dinner, James, mentioning the rose geranium, was invited by Katie, if he cared to, "To smoke a pipe while she sewed awhile."

Admiringly James gazed at Katie's head, bent over the precious quilt block. "I thought," ventured James, "that American girls were too busy to sew such things."

"Some are—I'm not," crisply retorted Katie.

The long seams of the quilt had been carefully stitched. The binding had been hemmed about the edge. The quilt itself had been completed. The quilt was beautiful, thought Katie, as she folded it and laid it in the little chest. But now that it was done, what was to be made next? She could make one of those taffeta pillows. But some way the idea did not appeal especially to her.

It was James who made up Katie's mind for her. "I haven't much saved up," he apologized, "what with my six years in the army and having to take care of my mother for two years after. But I have a little, and because I drove motor lorries for four years in France, I guess I can hold my job here, and I know you are the kind who will make a wife who is a wife."

Katie smiled happily. She knew what she would sew next. She would buy some of those remnants of dish toweling and commence hemming them.

"Tell you what, Katie," said James, "I never should have had the courage to ask you if you had been the kind who had to be stepping all the time you weren't at work. What decided me was seeing you sewing on the quilt."

Visitors Attracted to Nation's Rural Schools

It is nothing uncommon now for tourists traveling through the country to stop and pay a visit to a rural school on the roadside. Mostly such visits are made by persons actively interested in educational enterprises, but sometimes the calls are made purely for the novelty of the experience.

Often the teacher puts on a little impromptu entertainment, and where the visitors express a desire to make a donation it is accepted for the library fund. In that way some of the rural school libraries have been considerably augmented. Substantial gifts have followed from casual visits to the rural schools by pleasure travelers, either interested in school problems or wishing to relax for a time from a motor trip in the atmosphere of a country schoolroom. In either case the experience is enjoyed by the pupils as well as the chance visitors.

In one instance a tourist and his wife stopped at a remote rural school for a brief stay. Nothing was thought of the incident, but a few weeks later some needed equipment was delivered at the schoolhouse with the compliments of the visitors, who hailed from another state. What are known in Kentucky as one-room schoolhouses always excite the interest of visitors with a particular bent for observing educational methods and systems.

The rural schoolroom and the surroundings present a better appearance nowadays. Visitors are likely to drop in at any time, and the average rural school now endeavors to make a good impression when company comes, to look around and perhaps to note the progress of the pupils. Certainly visits are an incentive to keeping things neat and trim.—Will Kaltenbacker in the Louisville Courier-Journal.

Allowed Him to Have Pleasure of Stealing

In a country store, about two evenings a week, at a certain time when Mr. Peck was alone in the store, a man in the neighborhood would come in with a can for 10 cents' worth of coal oil. While Mr. Peck was in the cellar filling the can, this man would help himself to two 10-cent cuts of plug tobacco.

I called the old man's attention to this on one occasion, says a correspondent, and he explained it by saying that he cut the plugs and had them ready for the man, that he worked them in on his account, that, otherwise, this man was a good customer, and if he did not think he was actually stealing this tobacco, why, he would trade somewhere else.—Boston Globe.

Tribute to Father Neptune

The ceremony that takes place on board ship on crossing the equator is known as "crossing the line" and is performed for those who have never crossed the equator before. It is a very ancient practice and was probably begun as a worship of some deity. The Greeks sacrificed on nearly every prominent cape. During the Middle ages the ceremony of receiving a visit from Neptune had come into prominence. It was not performed at the equator, but on arriving in the tropics, crossing the Arctic circle, etc. It is not mentioned in connection with any of the voyages of Columbus, but in 1529 the French created a sort of order of knighthood known as Chevaliers de la Mer.

Candle Superstitions

In English and Scotch villages where the candle is still the recognized form of illumination, many superstitious beliefs still prevail. A collection of grease rising against the wick of a candle is styled a winding sheet, and means a death in the family. A spark on the wick denotes that the party opposite to it will shortly receive a letter. A kind of fungus in the candle predicts the visit of a stranger from that part of the country nearest the object. Others say it implies the arrival of a parcel. Oliver Goldsmith, in the "Vicar of Wakefield," tells us: "The girls had their omens, too, they saw rings in the candle."

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

NOTICE is hereby given that the undersigned has obtained from the Orphans' Court for Kent County letters of Administration on the personal estate of

WILLIAM HICKMAN

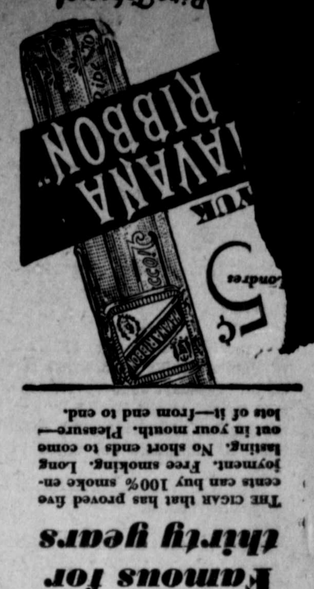
late of said county, deceased. All persons having claims against said deceased's estate are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the proper vouchers thereof, to the undersigned on or before the 21st day of June, 1930, otherwise they may by law be excluded from all benefit of said deceased's personal estate.

All persons indebted to this estate must settle at once.

Given under my hand this 17th day of December, 1929.

LEMUEL C. HICKMAN,
Administrator.

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