Turner's Creek Gets January Attendance Mark

Millington Leads County High School Group

The Turner's Creek school topped the Kent schools in attendance for January according to the figures released today by Mrs. Hynson Beck, Kent Attendance Officer. The Turner's Creek school, taught by Miss Anne Welch, has a percentage of 96.3 for last month.

The Worton school which has been pressing Turner's Creek for attendance honors since the starting of school last September was second on the list with percentage of 95.7.

The Millington High School, with a percentage of 94.2, led the four Kent high schools.

1.	Turner's Creek	96.3
2.	Worton	95.7
3.	Janvier	95.3
4.	Skinner's Neck	93.1
5.	Morgnec	92.4
6.	Kennedyville	90.6
7.	Chestertown	90.5
8.	St. Paul	90.3
9.	Broad Neck	89.7
10.	Lankford	89.4
11.	Galena	89.2
12.	Cherry Lane	88.8
13.	Piney Neck	88.8
14.	Pomona	87.8
15.	Rock Hall	87.8
16.	Sassafras	86.7
17.	Worton Point	86.6
18.	Locust Grove	86.5
19.	Fairlee	86.2
20.	Betterton	86.2
21.	Massey	85.8
22.	Cliffs	85.3
23.	Millington	85.1
24.	Hanesville	83.9
25.	Flatland	83.8
26.	Still Pond	83.2
27.	Swan Creek	81.4
28.	Chesterville	80.5
29.	Lynch	79.7
30.	Golt	72.1

High

1.	Millington	94.2
2.	Rock Hall	89.9
3.	Galena	89.8
4.	Chestertown	86.2

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"No Friend Like a Sister"

By ISABEL NEILL

(Copyright.)

"THERE'S no friend like a sister," quoted Mrs. Huggins. She quoted it mournfully, as if it were one of the bitter but inescapable facts of life.

"Pooh," snapped her daughter, Sally, who was rubbing brilliantine into her smooth black hair. "God help me if I never have a better friend than that brat of a sister of mine."

Mrs. Huggins sighed dolefully. The door opened quietly—in itself a strange event in the household where cyclonic entrances and exits were the rule. The "brat of a sister" edged her way into the room.

In a romantic and earlier day of her youth Mrs. Huggins had chosen the name of Esmerelda for the younger of her daughters. Usually there was a gay insouciance about her, but not tonight.

She dropped into a chair and looked at her mother and Sally.

"Well, speak up," commanded Sally sharply. "Got canned, didn't you?"

"Worse than that." It was a sort of wail.

"Worse?" The mother and older sister chorused it quickly.

"Yeah—worse. I'm in a fine mess, I am."

"Tell us," demanded Sally.

"It's Joe," sniffed Esmerelda. "Joe's been caught pilfering. And he had a bunch of bonds on him when they took him—some of the boss' bonds. And he told the boss I gave them to him.'

"Did you?" The voice was like a knife.

"Of course I didn't. But I'm about the only person who could have gotten them easily, and the boss knows I've been running around with Joe."

"What you get for playing around with a cheap little crook like that Joe. I told you months ago he was no good—"

"Now, Sally," sniffed her mother. "Merry's in trouble, and you don't need to go into that. Poor girl—you're her sister, you know, and there's no friend—"

"Don't you say it. Friend! She needs a keeper."

Sally slapped back the black hair. She pulled on a black dress and coat and slid a silver turban over her left eye.

"Where you going?"

"Out."

"Out? With Merry feeling like this?"

"I'm going out, no matter how Merry feels. She'd better stay right here, though."

The door crashed behind her. Esmerelda raised her head and burst into sobbing.

"She wouldn't do a thing for me. She's always hated me."

"She is kind of heartless," agreed Mrs. Huggins. "She was just saying, before you came in, that you were no friend to her."

"If she was in a jam like this, I'd—well, I'd do something."

The clock ticked loudly. The moments dragged on. Mrs. Huggins rose, put out a milk bottle, wound the clock, and went about the multitude of little tasks of putting the apartment to bed for the night. Disgrace might come, but living must go on.

The quick tap of high heels beat down the hallway. Sally flung into the room, a fine color in her cheeks.

"I guess that young whipper-snapper'll think twice the next time he tells a lie about an innocent young girl," she exulted.

"What!"

"That Joe—the little coward. Believe me, I made him crawl!"

"You saw Joe—you went to the jail?"

"You bet I saw Joe. I had to nearly claw my way into jail, but I got in there—and I got a written statement from Mr. Joe that he was lying to save his skin."

"But how—how?"

"I told him he'd better stay in jail for the rest of his life, for I'd get him when he got out if he didn't set you right. I put the fear of the Lord into him. He was tickled to give me the statement, to get me out of there. I had the jailer and one of the cops witness it, and made him say he gave it of his own free will."

"Where is it?"

"Not so fast, dearie. It's just where it should be—in Mr. F. L. Meredith's possession."

"You took it to the boss?"

"Did I? And how! I went right up to his house. He was having some sort of a dinner party and the butler wasn't going to let me in, but I told him I'd yell if he didn't. After awhile Mr. Meredith came out—he was sort of miffed with me for coming, I guess. But after I told him what I had, he didn't mind."

"He didn't—the old crab!"

"I told him plenty—about suspecting an innocent, hard-working young girl, instead of protecting her. When I got through with him he was almost crying on my shoulder. You're to keep on with your job, and he's going to give you a chance in the credit department."

"Oh, Sally!"

Mrs. Huggins shed tears of relief. Sally picked up the brilliantine bottle.

"That was wonderful, Sally," began Esmerelda, "I'll not forget—"

"There's no friend like a sister," interrupted her mother.

"No friend like a sister," grunted Sally—"Well, all I say is, if that brat doesn't lay off my chiffon stockings, I'll show her what kind of a friend I am!"

Indians' Poisoned Arrows

The bureau of ethnology says that the arrow poison used by the Indians was of vegetal and animal origin. Among the vegetal poisons there were the sap of the yucca angustifolia, a preparation of aconite, and a plant called mago, the milk of which was poison. Some tribes, such as the Shoshoni and Bannock Indians, secured a deer and caused it to be bitten by a rattlesnake. The deer was then killed and allowed to putrefy. Then the arrows were dipped into the putrid matter.

Sally Tries for a Job

By MAUD DALE

(Copyright.)

IT WASN'T the actual amount of work he did in the course of a day that made him tired of the grind when the day was over, said Robert Cornish occasionally to his mother, or sister, or anyone who was disposed to listen to him, but the dawgone little interferences and interruptions.

"For instance," said Robert to his mother one evening as he escorted her to her favorite dancing club, "there's that new filing clerk. I took her on two weeks ago because she insisted she could do the work. At first she made a lot of mistakes. For a few days now she's been worth something to us—a really clever girl—and today she ups and says she's leaving—"

"I suppose the poor girl had her reason," said the mother, not especially interested.

"Oh, I shan't let her leave," said Robert vigorously. "I simply told her she'd have to stay. She was inclined to be a little snappy. I offered her a few dollars more a week—told her it would be dishonorable to leave."

Though Robert stopped talking about this filing clerk of his, he did not stop thinking of her. The fact was that in giving her a few more dollars a week to stay he was paying her an absurdly high wage for the simple work she did.

For two weeks she worked along, apparently giving perfect satisfaction, on friendly but not intimate terms with the other girls employed in the office. Then Robert's stenographer lingered after taking his morning dictation.

"Miss Kirk asked me to tell you that she wants to leave," said the stenographer.

Robert Cornish felt intensely annoyed, and then annoyed with himself because he had shown his annoyance.

"See here," he said to his stenographer, "that girl has been wanting to quit ever since a day or so after she started to work. She is getting a good wage. I want to know what's wrong. Meantime you tell her it's the custom of this office to give a month's notice."

Meantime Robert Cornish found himself thinking more and more about this girl named Kirk.

Of course he wasn't seriously in love with her. At least he sincerely hoped he was not. While he perfectly approved of marriage between employers and stenographers or other employees, he knew that his mother wanted him to marry a girl of his own social set. As the days passed he began to feel resentment toward his mother for this opinion which he felt she held.

Then one evening Robert's mother begged him to go with her to her dancing club. "And I want you to stay with me," she said. "Mrs. Lane's niece came with her last week, and she's such a nice girl—so charming. Just graduated from one of the big colleges last summer. And when she was introduced to me she asked me if I had a son named Robert, and then she said she knew you, or had heard of you, and wanted to meet you. So I promised I'd bring you tonight."

They had reached their destination, and Robert soon found himself idly talking with the men and women, old and young, who formed what his mother chose to call "our set." He saw a charming figure of a girl in a frock of some sort of deep red velvet coming toward him and his mother.

"You promised to bring your son, Mrs. Cornish," said the girl. "I came again with Aunt Mary just on purpose to meet him."

Robert turned. Two eyes that looked eagerly into his with mingled mirth and seriousness held him tongue tied for a few seconds.

"Why, Miss Kirk," he gasped finally.

"I want to explain," she said, and they found a couple of flimsy gold chairs at a corner of the room, where explanations followed.

"You see, I'd pledged fifty dollars a year to the building fund of my college. The idea is that each girl should earn the money herself so as not to have to ask for a donation from her father. If the fathers want to give something, that must be in addition. So I tried for a job. I answered advertisements in the papers, and you took me on. As soon as I had the amount I needed I tried to quit.

"It didn't seem right to hold the job any longer. Besides, my family didn't know what I was doing, and they were beginning to ask questions. You wouldn't let me go, and I didn't want to explain in the office—it seemed so unbusinesslike. So when I thought I could meet you here I decided to explain—"

"And now I ought to explain, too, I suppose," Robert laughed.

"What have you to explain?"

"Why I wouldn't let you quit."

"That's right. Why wouldn't you?"

"Well," Robert blurted, "I didn't want you to slip away without my getting to know you—that is, personally."

"So! It wasn't my ability?" the girl laughed. "But that's all right—and now we are getting acquainted personally. But you wouldn't want to have a personal friend working under you, would you?"

"Not a particular kind of friend—"

"Then I tender my resignation right now!" Sally said in mock formality.

"Your resignation is accepted—may I have the pleasure of this waltz?"

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

RICHARD C. LEAVERTON

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 16th day of May, 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 12th day of November, 1929.

STEPHEN R. COLLINS,
Administrator.
n16.

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