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The Inferior Decorator

By H. LOUIS RAYBOLD

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JANICE sealed the envelope containing her unqualified refusal of Bill's matrimonial offer and addressed it with an unfaltering hand. Fresh from a club meeting she was filled with an ambition that had for its goal something else than the job of being Bill Goodrich's wife.

"Peoples' homes will get all dolled up without your assistance," Bill had declared morosely the night before. "To think of a girl like you giving up marriage to decorate the houses of strangers!"

"Well—it's more than that!" Janice had responded stiffly. "It's—it's expressing myself as I could never do by cooking any man's pork chops, not even yours!"

Their evening had ended on a frigid note with the agreement that Janice was to consider his proposal for another twenty-four hours and then let him know her decision by writing.

And now, sealed and ready to go, lay the letter. Janice sprang to her feet, slipped into hat, coat and gloves, and was on her way to mail it.

Nothing now to prevent the investment of a portion of the small legacy from an aunt in the rent of an office on the fourth floor of the Spencer building, her name in neat black letters on the door's glass paneling. "J. V. Henry, Interior Decorator."

Clients proved sparse, although Janice combed the local Who's Who lists and sent out large white cards engraved with the information that Miss J. V. Henry, graduate of Platt's Art school, was at their disposal for beautification of their homes.

Then one morning when Janice was despondently wondering why she had imagined there was any market for the sort of thing she could do, a plumply pretty young woman came into the office bursting with importance.

"My fiance is away on a business trip and has left the finishing up of our new bungalow entirely to me. He's a very particular person and I am very anxious to have him pleased on his return."

"Hm," murmured Janice thoughtfully. "It's hard to cater to the taste of some one you do not know, but we'll do our utmost. Now if you'll just tell me something of the general scheme of things."

In the days which followed, Janice spent every waking thought on the job. Apparently, expense did not have to be considered and, unhampered by this handicap, Janice was able to satisfy her innate sense of what was correct. Bit by bit, the rooms were completed from the carefully placed side lights to the lovely cretonned wicker furniture on the sun porch. Coincident with its finishing came a telegram from the man who was to foot the bills saying that he was on his way home.

Janice drove out in her little roadster shortly after sunset for a final glimpse of the results of her labors. As she slipped in through a side door she was startled to hear sobs mingled with masculine tones.

"Don't cry, Sweetie. 'Tisn't your fault. It's the darn interior decorator. Inferior decorator, I call her. Why, a man couldn't put his feet on a single chair in the place and make himself to home! And listen, dearie, what we want is a nice overhead chandelier. Not these little dinguses stuck around in the walls. When I want light, I want light! Let's sell this arty little shack and buy a regular little home, Hon."

Janice got out without a sound and drove furiously for a mile or two. Then she slowed down and stopped. Fumbled for her handkerchief and wept into its inadequate depths. The darling, darling little house! That horrible, horrible man!

Suddenly, she smiled a little. Thank heaven, he was not going to keep it. Never would his feet desecrate her lovely Windsor chairs, the dear little rush seat rocker.

Yet somebody just as unappreciative would probably purchase it. If only—

A remarkable idea popped into her mind. Just suppose she made another dent in the legacy and made a down payment on the little house?

Now Bill Goodrich had kept strictly away from Janice ever since the coming of her letter. Therefore he was startled when, on lifting the telephone receiver from its hook, he heard the voice of Janice over the wire. He listened. Then, "Let me get this straight," he said. "You want me to act as purchasing agent for you in regard to a little house whose owner you don't like and can't bear to think of his putting his feet—I say, Janice, let me come up to the house and hear about it."

Twenty minutes later he was acquainted with all the details.

"I put my very soul into that house," she ended.

"Would you let me buy it instead of you, Janice?"

"You?"

Bill nodded. "Want to get married."

"M—married?"

"Uh-huh." Something he saw in Janice's face encouraged him to add, "To you, dear."

And suddenly Janice knew that she loved Bill and this is how she knew. Because she realized that she could bear the thought of a pair of feet on the dear little rush seat rocker, providing they were his!

MONEY TO LOAN

IN SUMS TO SUIT ON GOOD REAL ESTATE.

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Basque Peace Officers Kept Reasonably Busy

Unique is the miguelete. Everywhere in Spain, from the gates of the royal palace in Madrid out to the remotest, humblest hamlets, the civil guardsmen have the right of way—except in the Basque province of Guipuzcoa. The Basques have their own police, called migueletes, who wear a jaunty uniform of baggy red trousers, a blue tunic with a cape fixed to the shoulders and a red boina on their heads (a contrast to the civil guards' yellow trappings and gray or black uniforms and shiny cocked hats, triangular and of oilskin). Although a soldier, armed and trained as such, the miguelete, instead of parading about in idleness, has many civilian duties. He carries all the official mail in the province, conveys lunatics to the modern asylum, inspects the roads, teaches the illiterates to read and write, collects telephone tolls and also taxes. A Basque is always ready with a bet, which is the common way of ending a dispute about handball, tree felling, grass mowing, stone lifting, swimming, about what weight his pair of oxen will drag or the fighting powers of a ram from his herd. On every bet a percentage is due and is collected by the miguelete. It is the miguelete also who takes charge of the savings bank accounts, and so great is the confidence he inspires among the peasantry that old and young hand over their hard-earned reales and pesetas to this red-legged cop. What prestige! Indeed, it has been proposed that the League of Nations study the corps with a view to making it a world organization.

France First Country to Organize Zouaves

Zouave is the name of a tribe of Berbers in Algeria. In 1831 the French recruited two battalions of Berber soldiers, who were uniformed in their native costume. In about ten years they were converted into an infantry branch of the French army and the uniform retained. Before the World war there were four regiments of zouaves still in the French army. The first service that these troops saw outside Algeria was in the Crimean war. They attracted much attention because of their uniforms and their fighting qualities, and volunteer military organizations throughout the world adopted the uniform, or a modification of it, and the drills and tactics. There were several of these zouave companies in the Civil war, and they were taken into the army as organized.

Canadian Bituminous Sands

In what is known as the McMurray country in Canada, 300 miles north of Edmonton, are to be found extensive deposits of bituminous sand. The future commercial significance of these deposits is as yet not generally realized, it adds, although it is possible that eventually they may prove to be of real national importance.

It is thought the bituminous sand in Canada is in many respects similar to the oil shale in the United States and that the development of bituminous sand should be considered quite as seriously as that of the oil shales. Yield per ton from the latter will, in some instances, be higher than from bituminous sand, but, from the point of view of mining costs and certain other factors, the development of bituminous sands will probably have advantages over oil shales.

Put Health First

The views of students as to what makes life happy are revealed by a ballot competition conducted by the National Union of Students throughout the universities of England and Wales, says the London Observer. The following was the order of importance voted for the various attributes conducive to a happy life:

A sound constitution; a sense of humor; a congenial occupation; an assured future; a charming wife (or husband); a blameless reputation; £400 a year; a brilliant career; a thick skin; a good cook; a persuasive manner; a library and a poker face (equal); an artistic temperament; a schoolgirl complexion.

Tut-Tut!

All judicial humor, fortunately, is not retrospective. While some judges dig it up from the past, others are busy extracting it from the present.

A little while ago it was stated before a well known judge that a company was to run a revue named "King Tut-Tut."

His honor rubbed his brow.

"What does 'Tut-Tut' mean?" he inquired.

"It is an expression," replied counsel, "used on the golf links when a man misses his drive."

"You mean when the clergy are present," suggested the judge, amid laughter.—Birmingham (Eng.) Weekly Post.

Native of the Tropics

Avocados are available in a number of varieties from August and September on through to the first of the year, says Nature Magazine. The tree, clean and rather attractive, often growing to be from 30 to 50 feet high, is a native of Mexico, Central America and the mountains of Colombia. Thus, there are three main branches of the family, but the common, or West Indian avocado, extensively grown in south Florida, is the most tropical and bears the largest fruit. This fruit is covered with a leathery skin, which, when ripe, is green or, in some instances, a shade toward purple.

Do Bees Know Beekeeper?

One often hears the statement that bees know their master. This is not true. During the working season a bee lives for only about six weeks, two of which are spent in the hive. It is hardly likely that a beekeeper would examine a hive frequently enough to become known to such short-lived creatures even if they had the ability to distinguish between different human beings.

Subscription to the Transcript $1.50 per annum.

CONFERENCE OF SCHOOL HEADS ON HERE TODAY

E. Clarke Fontaine Presides At Meeting

MANY TEACHERS ATTEND

State Department Head Takes Part

An annual regional conference of high school principals under the auspices of the State Department of Education and directed by Prof. E. Clarke Fontaine, State Supervisor of High Schools, was held at the Chestertown High School Wednesday. Superintendents from Cecil, Kent, Queen Anne's, Caroline and Talbot counties and the principals of this area attended the meeting.

Mr. Fontaine sounded the keynote of the conference, which centered about the "curriculum problems of present-day secondary educatnon," by asserting that the situation in Maryland was particularly acute because the State has more small high schools in proportion to population than most states.

In seventy per cent. of high schools in Maryland. Mr. Fontaine said, there are one hundred pupils or less.

The small high schools, Mr. Fontaine pointed out, do not have an enrollment and teaching corps sufficient to permit them to offer elective courses, industrial, trade and vocational to suit the needs and capacities of a majority of pupils attending.

"The per capita cost would prohibit adaptation of curricula to various needs of the student bodies," Mr. Fontaine asserted.

The State board, he said is not approving opening of any new high schools unless transportation routes are impracticable to high schools already established.

Leading discussions on the various topics on the programs were the following principals: Miss Lelia M. Ware, Galena High; Douglas M. Bivens, North East High; J. Fred Stevens, Stevensville High; Benjamin C. Willis, Denton High; A. C. Norstedt, Easton High; and Marlin U. Zimmerman, Rising Sun High.

The following superintendents were present: Howard T. Ruhl, Cecil county; L. C. Robinson. Kent county; T. G. Bennett, Queen Anne's county; E. M. Noble, Caroline county; and E. W. Pruitt, Talbot county.

Taking part in the various discussions were Dr. Albert S. Cook, State Superintendent of Maryland schools; Dr. W. J. Holloway, Principal of Salisbury Normal School; and Dr. Frederick G. Livingood, Head of the Department of Education at Washington College.

The principals who attended the conference were:

Miss Mary Emily Clark, Cecilton; G. G. Shugart, Chesapeake City; Guy Johnson, Elkton; Robert Weimer, Kenmore; Douglas M. Bivens, North East; M. U. Zimmerman, Rising Sun; Lawrence M. Gorsuch, Perryville; George E. Gifford, Calvert.

Owen C. Blades, Chestertown; Harry R. Rasin, Millington; Lelia M. Ware, Galena; W. A. P. Strang, Rock Hall.

Anna Harrison. Sudlersville; E. Clyde Walls, Church Hill; J. Willard Davis. Centreville, J. Fred Stevens, Stevensville; Mrs. Mary S. Cooper, Queen Anne.

C. M. Wingate, Henderson; W. K. Cumming, Greensboro; B. C. Willis, Denton; H. B. Scarborough, Preston; J. H. Owens, Federalsburg; H. E. McBride, Ridgely.

A. C. Norstedt, Easton; John H. Caldwell, St. Michaels; B. C. Carrall, Trappe; Thomas H. Taylor, Oxford; W. C. Fink, Cordova; G. Lee Stonesipher, Tilghman.

MISSIONARY ANNIVERSARY

Missionary Anniversary was held at the Chestertown M. E. Church on Sunday evening last.

The following is the report of the classes for the year:

Busy Bees	$ .60	$17.00
College Hustlers	5.45	10.09
Ever Readies	1.22	8.80
Earl T. Willis	1.40	6.89
Good Samaritans	15.55	21.64
Jas. Alfred Perkins	21.93	59.03
Live Wires	5.00	11.70
Little Helpers	8.00	41.19
Regular Fellows	21.25	56.53
Soldiers of the Cross	21.79	35.00
Willing Bleaners	25.00	35.22
Young Men's Bible Class	14.20	49.57
Beginners and Primary Dept.	27.31	53.03
Junior Dept.	25.37	59.05
	194.07	464.74
Plate Collections		12.81
Interest		.45
Total Collections for year		$478.00

While living in the Southwest, Mark Twain started the Calaveras Liars' club, probably one of the most unique organizations that ever existed. The members were obliged to shun the truth and to tell the tallest lies possible. Anything that had the slightest savor of truth to it resulted in a fine of drinks and tobacco and a repetition of the offense resulted in expulsion. Mark Twain himself was once expelled for beginning a story with: "Once, when I was a little boy."

Possibility That Great Auk May Still Exist

Does the Great Auk still exist? The last authentic case of one having been seen was in 1843, but "Bird Notes and News" raises the question as to whether a bird which has been seen in the Lofoten islands (off the coast of northern Norway) is not a Great Auk. A writer tells how a Finnish hunter and naturalist saw a strange bird which he could not recognize. He was shown a picture of the Great Northern Diver, but said it was not the same. He was then shown a Razorbill, but declared that the bird was bigger. The book was opened casually at the Great Auk, and he immediately identified it and persisted in his story, which was corroborated even to the identification by an independent witness who had also seen it. The bird was never seen again, but it is possible that on such a wild coast a few Great Auks may have survived.

Odd "Break" in Sermon

The former pastor of a Tioga church tells a good one on himself which shows the queer breaks a man can make, even in the pulpit.

The pastor was preaching on "Faith" and among his illustrations of the value of faith declared that "it was by faith that Moses discovered America."

He noticed a smile spread over the faces of the congregation, but couldn't imagine what it was about, and repeated that but for his faith Moses would never have crossed the stormy Atlantic to America.

Having observed that his wife was as much amused as anybody, he promptly asked her on reaching his home what the people were smiling at.

When she told him, he was forced to wonder at the restraint the congregation had shown.—Philadelphia Record.



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