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Chestertown, Maryland



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Chestertown, Maryland


## Her Manuscripts Were Duds

By DOROTHY DOUGLAS

(Copyright.)

WHEN Jean Barry returned home after collecting a number of rejected stories from editorial offices she had so settled it in her own mind to give up story writing that she didn't really mind the fact that she had left the bundle of "dud" manuscripts somewhere.

"I don't know and I don't care," she told herself defiantly and swished a sudden tear from her eyes. She wondered vaguely if she had left them in the subway and whether the person who found them would return them.

John Winter, who found the packet on the subway when he went home from the office, glanced through them for an address, found the name, Dudley De Voe, and a street and number in the West Sixties, and wondered what to do with them.

"I'll just take them along to old Binks; he'll know what's best and may give him a plot as well."

Old Binks happened to be St. John Binks, a writer of no small fame and Winter's best pal.

"Picked up some poor chap's ravings coming home tonight," he told Binks, and handed over the packet. "Thought you might like to give them the casual before sending them back."

"Look's as if he had shopped them all over the place," was Binks' interested comment.

Consequently, a day or two later, Jean Barry received a letter that first enraged, then amused, then interested her.

It began, "Dear De Voe," and Jean laughed as she habitually did when addressed as a man. "Your stories have come into my hands. I am going to rewrite and sell them for you. You must be very young and inexperienced in women's wiles. Your women characters are feeble—women aren't like that nowadays. Your plots and manner are splendid but characterization awful. I don't want to meet you yet as it would perhaps weaken my conception of these characters or you might try to talk me into something I could not see. These stories are quite unsalable as they are, and I see they have been rejected, so feel confident you won't mind my collaboration. Will post on half the check to you as each story is published. Yours, XXX."

"Well, of all things! Nerve! Conceit! I don't know anything about women, don't I? Oh, well, I should worry anyway. There may be nothing in this letter but the ravings of a slightly demented old thing or—better still—I might get some checks."

Then one sunny morning Jean opened a letter in which was a check so big as to make her gasp and clutch her hair and cry and then sing. After all that she glanced through the short note.

"Watch Post week of ninth."

Jean scarcely ate or slept until that Friday morning dawned when she could get the Post.

There it was with her own title, "Triflers," by Dudley De Voe and St. John Binks.

"St. John Binks—seems to me I know that name," muttered Jean as she rushed home to read the story. There was no slightest doubt of it being an extraordinarily good yarn now that it was masterfully written.

Jean's next act was to write a short note to Binks, care of Post.

"Have reserved third table on left at Golywog, Thursday evening. Please don't disappoint. Will have magazine lying on table. De Voe."

When Binks stood in the low doorway of the Golywog to survey the human contents of that quaint dining place of upper Bohemia he fell to a sudden wish that some one sitting across the room could be his dinner partner. She was very, very alluring.

Then, Binks turned hot, then cold, was possessed of a wild desire to escape and a still wilder one to be dragged to his fate.

Suddenly she smiled. St. John Binks knew that in some purely feminine way she had recognized him as her collaborator. He went swiftly over and before sitting down opposite her had felt the warming glow in her finger clasp.

"You have been perfectly wonderful to me," she was saying, and little sparkles of electricity seemed to be snapping all about her. "If there is that much-talked-of place called a Seventh Heaven you have certainly put me there. I do want to thank you."

St. John Binks finally found his voice and to very good advantage. "You are thanking me—there was only one thought that entered my brain when I stepped through that door and it was that I might be sitting right here—and here I am. Isn't life great—sometimes?" He was gazing unbelievingly right into Jean's intelligent eyes.

"Sometimes," responded Jean, alias Dudley De Voe. And there was something about the manner in which she cast down her eyes that augured well for the future happiness of Binks.

**Indians and Maple Sugar**

The Indians taught us to make and enjoy maple sugar, says the American Tree association. In northern Minnesota one tribe still continues this ancestral industry, selling pure maple sugar in birch bark containers, much the same as their forefathers made before the coming of the white man. Today the chief center of production is in the northeastern states.


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**A STRANGLING EFFECT**

Visitor: What do you think of capital punishment as a crime deterrent?

Warden: Well, none of the men we ever hung has been known to commit another crime.

**JUST SO!. JUST SO!**

"Don't you just love to see these young couples spooning in their parked autos these summer night?"

"I'll say I do—I'm in the furniture business."

MORRIS KEENE BARROLL,
JOHN W. BARROLL,
Solicitors.

## Order of Publication

Ella May Bradley Conklin
vs.
George Conklin

In the Circuit Court for Kent County
In Equity No. 2643

The object of the Bill filed in the above entitled case is to procure a Decree for divorce a vinculo matrimonii for the plaintiff against the defendant a non-resident of the State of Maryland.

The Bill states:

1. That on the 16th day of July, 1922, Ella May Bradley Conklin was married to a certain George Conklin, of Magnolia, in the State of Delaware, with whom she had been living ever since as his wife, until June, 1926, and that she had by said marriage one boy, Earle Medford Conklin, born March 16th, 1923, in Kent County, Delaware.

2. That for some years past the said George Conklin, her husband, has treated her with great cruelty, harshness and brutality, at times striking and beating her, and that during the month of June, 1926, his conduct became so intolerable that she was obliged to leave his house.

3. That he has ever since by treats and violence, prevented her from returning to his house and has refused to permit her to live with him, and will not contribute anything to her support.

4. That ever since the said marriage your oratrix has behaved herself as a faithful, affectionate and chaste wife towards the said George Conklin, and her entire conduct has always been beyond reproach.

5. That your oratrix is wholly destitute of means of supporting herself during the pendency of this suit, or of defraying the costs and expenses attending the prosecuting of the same.

6. That your oratrix has resided in Kent County, Maryland, since the month of December, 1926 continuously; that she has been a bona fide resident of this State for a longer period than two years and now resides at Kennedyville, Maryland, and that your oratrix is at present unaware of the whereabouts of her husband.

7. That said defendant, George Conklin, is a non-resident of the State of Maryland and your oratrix believes he resides at Dover, State of Delaware, or care of Noah Loper, Magnolia, Delaware.

8. That though the conduct of your oratrix towards her said husband, George Conklin, has always been kind, affectionate and above reproach, the said George Conklin, has, without any just cause or reason, abandoned and deserted her and has declared his intention to live with her no longer, and that such abandonment has continued uninterruptedly for at least three years, and is deliberate and final, and the separation of the parties beyond any reasonable expectation of reconciliation.

It is thereupon, this 21st day of November, 1930, ordered by the Circuit Court for Kent County, in equity, that the plaintiff, by causing a copy of this order to be inserted in some newspaper published in said Kent County, once in each of four successive weeks before the 22nd day of December next, give notice to the said George Conklin, non-resident defendant, warning him to appear in this Court in person, or by solicitor, on or before the 5th day of January next, to show cause, if any he has, why a decree ought not to be passed as prayed.

True copy,
ROBERT A. SHALLCROSS, Clerk.
Test:
ROBERT A. SHALLCROSS, Clerk.
n22-4t.

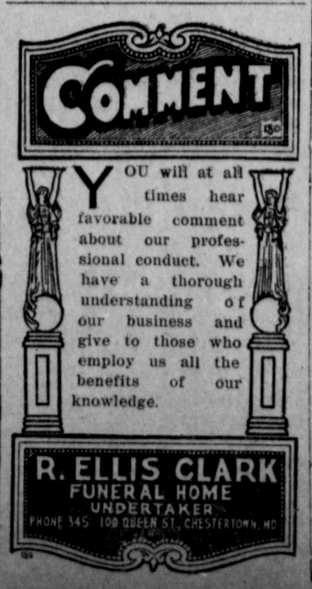

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Chestertown, Maryland







## Billy Was a He-Man

By GENEVRA COOK

(Copyright.)

IT WAS an exciting day for Billy Burton when his father came home. Billy was standing in the middle of the roadway in front of Grandmother's, lifting with the sturdy strength of an eight-year-old the frail body of little Lou Ellen, and swinging her high over his head, while she made trills of delighted laughter. A breath-taking man in a khaki uniform with a shiny silver on the front swooped him up in strong arms, and called loudly: "Mary! Mary!" Then Mother came running with a funny crying sound, and Billy jumped up and down and shouting, "My father's a captain in the army. He's come home from China. My father . . ." and little Lou Ellen sat forlornly on the sidewalk, quite forgotten.

After that they went to the Fort to live. Lou Ellen, who was a sort of second cousin of Billy's, and whose Daddy was only a lieutenant, went there to live, too. One night, when he was lying awake, he heard his father saying his name.

"It's a shame, Mary," Father was saying, "the way you've been bringing that boy up to be such a sissy! Why, he doesn't swim, or play football, or anything! Just plays hour after hour with a three-year-old baby—and a girl, at that!"

Mother's voice was low, and Billy couldn't hear her answer, but Father said, "Well, I'll take hold of him, and before long teach him to be a regular he-man!"

It was the next Saturday that Billy's father took him over to the riding hall and began to give him lessons in horseback riding. Billy went without question or comment, but he understood that this was the beginning of his being made into a "regular he-man." He watched wistfully for every sign of approval from his hero, his sober face breaking out into a delighted smile when Father would look down from his horse Ginger and say briefly, "Good!" On the way home, when he saw Lou Ellen waving at him from her front steps, he pretended to be busy with a button on his jacket, and he did not make any reply.

All summer Billy worked hard at his riding. And finally he was allowed to ride Chesty, and to learn to jump! And only when Father had gone away from the Fort did he swing Lou Ellen over his head, or play tag with her.

He felt a little guilty about Lou Ellen, she was such a plucky little sport about it. When he saw her playing all alone on her front porch (she was the only child at the Fort under seven) he felt like a deserter. But he hardened his heart. He knew his father wanted him to be a "regular he-man."

At the end of the summer there was a big horse show. Billy's father's eyes shone as he told Billy about it! "Look here, Son," he said, "if you get to be a really good horseman, I'll let you ride with me in the Pair Jumping!" And when it came time for the entries there were their names posted together: "Pair Jumping: Captain Lester, Captain Drummond; Lieutenant Glenn, Miss Rowen; Captain Burton, William Burton."

Day after day they put Ginger and Chesty over the fences, over the post and rail. And it was up to Billy to win, really, for of course Father would easily be the best! Up to Billy to win, for his father!

Every one at the Fort came out to the horse show. When the six horses in the Pair Jumping came into the ring, every one applauded and shouted, especially when they saw Ginger and Chesty, with Captain Burton and Billy up. Billy sat proud and intent; he had to win for Father, to show Father he was a "he-man."

They had to take four jumps, two going away from the wide, open door that led to the street, two going back toward it. Riding easily side by side, they cleared the first! The second! It was just as they turned to face the door that Billy, eyes for a moment lifted from the course, saw through the open door Lou Ellen come dashing down the street, clinging wildly to the mane of a running pony. Just as they came opposite the door, the pony gave a lurch, and Lou Ellen spilled in a little white heap on the road.

Billy's mind working wildly. He would lose the race for Father! He would be a sissy to stop being a he-man to pick up a baby! The crowd gasped to see Billy Burton's horse make a sudden smooth dash for the door.

Without pausing in his stride, Chesty reached the still figure in the road, hesitated just long enough for Billy to dismount (he was too small to reach down), gather the limp Lou Ellen in his arms, and mount again, and went off at a smooth canter toward the Fort hospital.

Twenty minutes later Billy Burton came slowly out onto the hospital steps to face his father. He had not heard the doctor say: "Five minutes later, Captain Burton, and it would have been too late to operate. Your son. . . ." Billy, raising his brown eyes bravely to face the consequences, was surprised to see tears in his father's eyes, and to hear an unsteady tremble in his father's voice, as he grasped his hand, and said, "I'm proud of you, Billy. You won a race that shows you are a regular he-man, my son!"


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