IMAGINE··· NO TELEPHONES!



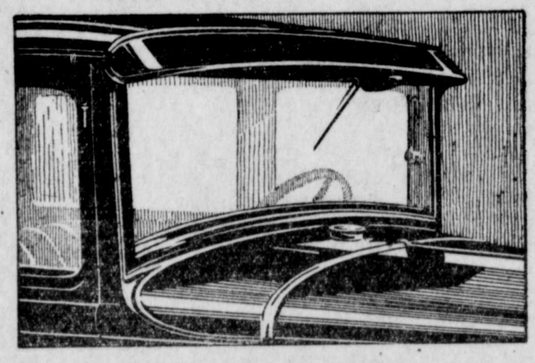
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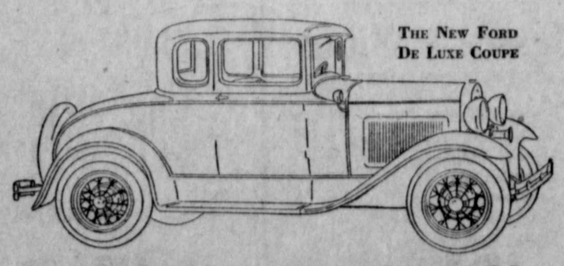
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Dukerin Was Tactfully Directed

By CHARLES S. REID

(©, 1931, McClure Newspaper Syndicate.) (WNU Service.)

THE tents of the clan of McMurrah were formed into a picturesque village among the trees on the hillside where, by the grace of Hal McWhorter, all Gypsies had been allowed to pitch their tents at will for the past ten years. McWhorter was a young bachelor and farmer prince. The home grounds of his place, with their fine orchards, joined the camp lot of the Gypsies. At night McWhorter liked to hear from the camp the strumming of guitars and the snatches of song from the throats of the players. The belle of the clan was Sula McMurrah. She was young and shy, and it was seldom the Gorgios were favored with an interpretation from her reading of the fates.

It was the second morning after the latest arrival of the clan. Sula had gone to the spring to get a jug of water. The sun was just peeping over the hills, and the thrushes were singing in the brake. The morning light revealed the richness of the girl's beauty as she stooped to fill her jug at the spring. Just as she arose from filling her vessel she was a little startled at the sound of a voice quite near her.

"I have a present for you this morning," it said.

In a moment the girl had discovered the owner of the voice; but what puzzled her most, he was standing some distance away inside of the orchard fence. His right hand was extending toward Sula a basket of luscious fruits.

"Much thanks to you," said Sula, blushing deeply, for it was not the first time that Hal McWhorter had given such manifestations of his admiration.

"I wonder if the beautiful Sula is going to give me a 'dukerin' this time?"

"Maybe so," the girl agreed, shyly, but with a smile.

"Then let it be this evening, when the moon shines, and there are no visitors; when the old man has gone to sleep over his pipe, and I can tell you how the dukerin should read."

Tim McMurrah was getting old. All of his children had married away in the clan, except the baby girl, Sula. It was for her sake only that he cared to live. All of her suitors in the tribe were objectionable to Tim, and Sula herself admired none of them. So the tent of McMurrah was not a gathering place for jollities of an evening.

Beneath a tripod under the tree branches burned a small fire, its flame casting weird shadows in a circle about it. The flap of a tent not far away was thrown back upon the roof fly. Just within sat old Tim upon a cushion, smoking his pipe and occasionally dozing lazily. Sula was keeping the fire, and occasionally glancing beyond the zone of light into the shadows among the trees. Presently the sound of a footstep reached her ears; and Hal McWhorter came up.

The girl looked up into his face and smiled. Then she shook her head. "Gorgios could not be Gypsies," she declared.

"Anyway," said McWhorter, "there is no reason why some Gypsies should not become Gorgios."

Sula laughed, and her teeth gleamed white as tiny crystals of snow. McWhorter held out his hand. "The dukerin?" he begged.

Sula, laughing happily, took her visitor's hand and turned the palm of it toward the light.

"You will have long life," she began. "I can see broad lands and houses, fine horses and cattle and sheep feeding on the hillsides." Sula paused.

"And now the romance," suggested Hal.

Sula looked up into his eyes and smiled once more. Then, suddenly, as she gazed again into the palm, a startled look appeared in her face. Again that strange voice she had heard in the morning was speaking, now apparently at the very rim of her ear. Hal McWhorter had practiced the art of throwing his voice until he had become fairly successful in deceiving those about him.

"I see a camp fire," the strange voice was saying; and Sula, barely conscious of what she was doing, repeated the words after the voice. "There is a beautiful girl in the light of the fire," she repeated. "The girl is reading the palm of a man who sits near her. Now she discovers that the man is deeply in love with her and desires nothing so much as to make her his wife." McWhorter's voice almost had lost its trick, with the last words, and he had leaned forward toward Sula. "And now," the voice continued, "let us see, is the girl glad or sorry?"

McWhorter's hand had closed over the Gypsy girl's and he was drawing her slowly toward him. Suddenly a chuckle came from the quarter where old Tim McMurrah sat, apparently asleep.

"Let the dukerin tell where she wears the locket the Gorgio gave her last year!" cried old Tim.

Sula's free hand swept quickly to her bosom, and the glow of her cheeks deepened. A moment later Hal McWhorter held her in his arms. Old Tim came over to the camp fire and took the hands of the two young people, laying the veins of their wrists together.

"When ye have mingled the blood," he said, "my little girl will be good Gypsy-Gorgio, and old Tim can die happy."

WHY DADS LEAVE HOME

The haggard looking man got into conversation with the happy, carefree bachelor on their train journey to the north.

"Yes," said the former, "I'm the father of six daughters."

"Then you and your wife have six mouths to feed," replied the bachelor.

Haggard-face shook his head.

"No; we have twelve," he returned. "They are all married."

"THE CRIMINAL CODE"

The Lyceum Theatre will show on Friday and Saturday, April 3 and 4 an all-talking Columbia picture which is regarded as the prize screen capture of the season. This gripping romance, "The Criminal Code," is from Martin Flavin's smash broadway hit which won the Theatre Club Trophy as the best play of the year.

Audiences at all preview showings have been unanimous in declaring that the screen version more than takes advantage of the dramatic possibilities of the sensational play. The story is a particularly timely one and one that startled even the blase New Yorkers. It is promised as a powerful love story with a new slant. It is essentially a romance for it is based upon the overpowering love of a youthful convice for the daughter of the warden of a prison. The poignant love scenes of the play aroused the emotions of sophisticated Broadway.

Every day newspaper headlines announce that the crime situation is becoming more and more menacing—that in certain large cities it is actually beginning to destroy the fabric of organized society. Crime commissioners are meeting and probing for a solution of this acute problem. An aroused citizenry is demanding facts—and more facts. "The Criminal Code" runs the gamut of crime facts. It starts with the commission of a supposed crime, portrays the psychology of District Attorneys, of convicts, and shows actual penitentiary conditions.

Walter Huston, the star of such well-known motion picture successes as "The Virginian" and "Abraham Lincoln," plays the leading role in "The Criminal Code." His performance has been hailed by critics as sensational. Phillips Holmes is said to give a fine portrayal of a sensitive youth reacting to prison conditions. Constance Cummings, who plays the feminine lead, makes her first appearance in motion pictures and is acclaimed a distinct "find." Many other prominent artists make up an excellent supporting cast.

MILLINGTON

Mr. Warner Porter spent the week end with his mother, Mrs. Eva Marvel.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Clendaniel, of Kennedyville, were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. Alenda Smith.

Mr. and Mrs. Warren Drake and daughter, of Wilmington, Del., spent Sunday the guests of Mr. and Mrs. B. W. Bennett.

Mrs. Mollie Aydelotte visited her mother, Mrs. Annie Price, of Wilmington, Del., on Monday last.

Fred C. Numbers, Jr., left on Tuesday last for his home in Baton Rouge La., and Miss Mary E. Numbers, for her home in Northampton, Mass., after spending a week or ten days with their father, Mr. Fred C. Numbers.

Mr. and Mrs. George Hyatt and son, of Wilmington, Del., were Sunday visitors of Mr. George S. Everett.

John Barnhart left on Monday to take a position on one of the great Lakes steamer lines where he has employment for the season.

Mr. Joseph Hyde was a week end guest of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Stevens.

A surprise birthday party was given Mrs. Eva Marvel at her home on Saturday night by a few friends. Among those present besides Mrs. Marvel were: Mrs. Charles Clough and daughter, Audrey, Mrs. Sarah Taylor and daughter, of Price, Mr. George S. Everett, Miss Ella Everett, Mrs. Charles P. Jones, Miss Ethel Jones and Mis Pauline Jones, Mr. E. T. Stevens, Mrs. Howard Anthony and two sons, Charles and Arthur, Mrs. S. Edna Jones and daughter, Helen, of Millington, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Jones and Miss Dorothy Jones, of Still Pond, Md.; and at least thirty others. After a pleasant social hour cake, Ice Cream and Lemonade were served. All wishing her many happy returns departed.

WORTON

Miss Ann Matthews who teaches at Palmyra, N. J., is spending the week with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Matthews.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry J. Rouse and daughter, Ann, of Aberdeen visited her parents here last week end.

The Work Ladies Aid/and Flatland Woman's Club met at the home of Mr. and Mrs. H. T. Williams Thursday afternoon.

Miss Virginia Hess spent last week end at her home in Grasonville.

Mrs. John Duyer and Mrs. George Ashley spent Wednesday with Mr. and Mrs. Walter Moffett, of near Chestertown.

Mr. Howard Moffett and Miss Jessie Moore, of Chestertown visited Mr. and Mrs. John Duyer, Sunday.

Mr. Lewin Burris, of Western Maryland, is the guest of his sister, Mr. and Mrs. M. W. Hadaway.

Mrs. M. E. Bowers is visiting her sister, Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Smith this week.

Absorbing Iodine

Enthused over his successful results in giving patients iodine in oysters, Dr. Rene Loubatie, of Bordeaux, France, declares that the idea can be used with all unpleasant medicines. Doctor Loubatie has been experimenting with other chemicals. He is using them in much the same way, which is to perform a surgical operation on the bivalves, immerse them in iodine until they have absorbed a quantity, then give them a sterilizing bath. The patient eats the oysters in the regular way and thus gets more iodine than if taken merely as medicine. The doctor argues that those who take medicine unpleasant to them do not get the full benefit because the stomach rebels.

First Alphabets

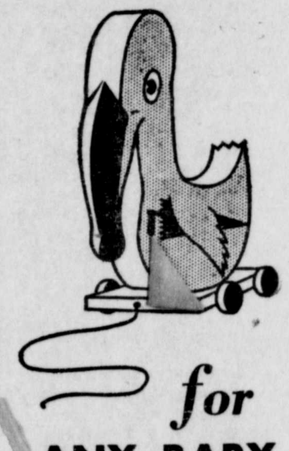
The Greeks appear to have been the first to invent an alphabet in which the single sounds of their language, vowels as well as consonants, were expressed by a series of letters. There was a connection between the Greek alphabet and the one used by the Semites of Syria, suggesting that it was brought to the Greeks by the Phoenicians. It is true that some writers attribute the invention of the alphabet to such mythical characters as Prometheus and Cadmus. It is probable that the Greek alphabet is an adaptation of the consonantal alphabet invented [illegible]

Mother Nature Provides Protection for Insects

Many animals, birds, fish and insects are shaped and colored by nature in such a way as to protect them from their enemies. This marvelous provision is seen at its best in some new groups of stick insects and leaf insects which recently arrived at the zoo. The stick insects have come from the East Indies, and they are of a light greenish-brownish color, measuring from 2 inches to 4 or 6 inches in length. They are very thin, indeed, and they are so much like tiny twigs or sticks that it is almost impossible to distinguish them from their surroundings. They imitate the twigs exactly, folding their slender legs close to their bodies, and hanging from the smaller branches just like leafless stalks. Leaf insects are of a bright green tint, and are shaped exactly like leaves, their wings being folded over one another and marked with veins. Even their six legs are shaped like smaller leaves; and as they hunt among the foliage of trees for the smaller insects they feed upon, they are quite safe from the birds, which think they are merely leaves.—London Answers.

Ancient Temple

The Angkor-Vat lies a little less than a mile to the south of the ruins of Angkor, Siam, within a park surrounded by a moat, whose outer perimeter measures 6,000 yards. It is now believed that the temple was consecrated to the worship of Buddha. It consists of three stages, connected by exterior staircases, culminating in the sanctuary, a great central tower pyramidal in form. The decoration consists chiefly in the representation of gods, men, and animals which are displayed on every flat surface. The materials employed in construction were sandstone of various colors, without the use of cement and limonite.



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