Two Ball Tickets for Three

By H. LOUIS RAYBOLD

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JERRY JOSLIN'S carefree whistle, which had continued from the street up the two flights which led to his off-the-hall bedroom, was checked by the sight of his mail, pushed in under the door. Among other envelopes was one that was long and plump bearing a return address which unmistakably proclaimed the contents to be pink, green and yellow application blanks for the season's big football games.

The question of the very last game of all had been in the background of Jerry's mind for some time, but he had figured it could stay in the background until the applications actually arrived. And here they were, reminding him of last summer's folly.

He had gone for his vacation far up into northern Connecticut where there was a brook famed for its trout. And it was while standing knee deep in that brook, playing a gamey old fellow, that his foot caught on a crevice of rock, wrenching his ankle severely.

During a temporary invalidism, the woman who ran the Tourists' Rest where he was boarding had been very good to him and her daughter, Leonore, had offered the only diversion. She had read to him, played cribbage and allowed him to flirt mildly. In a moment of gratitude for their kindnesses he promised to take her to the big game.

How could he know that, when that time came, Leonore would have faded to a dim memory, and Gloria Manners would fill his entire horizon?

Unfortunately, there was also more to it than the mere question of making good the promise when he was interested in another girl. The athletic association had seen fit to double very nearly the price of tickets and the purchase of two of them meant something to a young man whose law practice was just beginning. And there would be other expenses as well. Taxi fare, flowers, candy. He could imagine denying himself a few meals for Gloria. But to sacrifice for Leonore—that was another story.

Yet he had no choice in the matter and, sitting down at what passed for a writing table, he filled out his application, enclosing check, and wrote a brief note to Leonore.

What consolation he managed to get was of short duration. A prompt reply followed his letter.

"Dear Jerry:

It is so nice about the game. Am looking forward. Hope we keep on having lovely weather. Mother is coming with me.

Your old friend,
Leonore Tucker."

It was quite evident that the little country girl did not know the ins and outs of the ticket game. No, all too plainly she was unaware that getting hold of extra tickets made rich men's passages into heaven or camels going through needle eyes mere child's play.

Yet, remembering that Leonore's mother had been kind to him, he knew that all he could do was to give up his own seat in some such way that the two women would not be made uncomfortable by suspecting the real reason.

Leonore blushed and squeezed his hand a little, but the presence of her mother acted as a preventive of anything demonstrative.

He left them at the portal of the big enclosure, having given them to understand that his seat was in the cheering section and that his presence there was of utmost moment.

Then he sauntered across the trampled mud to the space where the parked cars huddled like gigantic turtles.

Suddenly he heard his name called and turned quickly.

There sat Gloria, looking very charming, at the wheel of her little roadster. Amazed, he went over to her at once. "Gloria! What—I should think—"

"That I'd be safe inside? Well—" and she sighed—"you see, nobody asked me! But, if I may inquire, where is that pretty little blond you came in with a few minutes ago?"

And then Jerry told her the whole story from beginning to end.

When he had finished, she looked at him thoughtfully. "I couldn't understand what had become of you," she said. "I was curious to know if you were taking anyone to the game and, knowing what section your class was allotted tickets in, I thought I'd hang around on the chance you might go by."

"Gloria!" cried Jerry. "If you went to all that—why, my darling, it must mean the most wonderful thing in the world!"

And evidently it did, for Jerry climbed into the roadster and there were two people that afternoon who wouldn't have changed places with the yelling, singing crowds.

As for Leonore, she managed an aside just before getting on the train. "Hope you didn't mind my bringing mother, but you see I'm engaged to Willie Stone back home and he wouldn't let me come unless I brought her, too."

"Thank heaven you did!" cried Jerry, so fervently that Leonore is puzzling about it yet.

Birth of Great Idea

The pneumatic tire was invented by a Dublin veterinary named Dunlop to please his son, who was riding a bicycle on hard strips of rubber.

STEPHEN R. COLLINS

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW

Court St., Chestertown, Md.

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JOHN D. URIE, Atty.
Chestertown, Maryland

Builders of Casa Grande People of Pueblo Type?

Casa Grande is a ruined structure of prehistoric origin in the valley of the Gila river near Florence, Ariz. It may have been seen by white men connected with the Coronado expedition 1540; it was certainly discovered by Padre Kino in 1694, and was revisited by him in 1697. In 1889 congress provided for the protection of the ruin as a monument of antiquity, and in 1892 the structure and the adjacent grounds were set apart as a public reservation in care of a custodian. It is of cajon or pise construction, that is, adobe or mud, molded in place, in walls three to five feet thick at the ground, thinning upward. The surfaces were plastered with a slip of adobe clay. There are five rooms in the ground plan; portions of three stories remain, and there may have been a fourth in part of the structure. Recent exploration has shown that the main structure described above is only a small part of the ruin. The buildings are assembled in great walled rectangles called compounds, of which four exist at this ruin. The Casa Grande ruin is almost in a class by itself, but in pottery, etc., it shows very strong affiliations with the Pueblo ruins, of which it may perhaps be considered a frontier example. It may have been built by the ancestors of the modern Pima who inhabit the country today, but it seems more likely that its builders were other people of a more distinct Pueblo type.

Rose Always Figures in Ceremonies and Feasts

In ancient times as now the rose was the adornment chosen for great occasions, religious, secular or simple and social. When Cleopatra gave her great banquet for Mark Antony roses were spread on the floors three feet thick. The most pretentious banquet the Roman Nero gave was a feast of roses, though the flowers had to be sent from Egypt in winter. On the Campagna the Roman people celebrated a rose festival; in the Middle ages there was observed in Byzantium the "Dies Rosarium," and at Epirus was kept another rose festival called "Rozalia." In times all but forgotten the "Days of the Violets" were observed to honor spring, but the "Days of Roses," held in the month of June, bespoke the coming of summer.

Pedant Ridiculed

Sir James Mackintosh (1765-1832), eminent statesman and historian, had such a pedantic outlook on things that Sydney Smith (1771-1845), contemporary divine and wit, said that a Mackintosh dissertation on pepper would probably run after this fashion: "Pepper may philosophically be described as a dusty and highly pulverized seed of an oriental fruit, an article rather of condiment than diet, which, dispersed lightly over the surface of food, with no other rule than the caprice of the consumer, communicates pleasure rather than affords nutrition, and by adding a tropical flavor to the gross and succulent viands of the North, approximates the different regions of the earth, explains the objects of commerce, and justifies the industry of man."—Exchange.

Couldn't "See" Early Rising

It is said that Marshal Soult (who has lately become minister of war in France) has strange hours for transacting business, and we have no doubt his habits must prove rather annoying to place hunters. The marshal makes appointments for four o'clock in the morning with those who request to have audiences, said an article in a Paris paper a century ago, on which the London Times commented: "The marshal has more than once shown a weak subserviency to public opinion, but he is not a fool nor a coxcomb, and the regulation here alluded to would imply that he was both. We are great advocates for early rising, but we never knew a very early riser who was not asleep, either physically or mentally, half the day."

Old Historical Records

According to Larned's "Seventy Centuries," the oldest historical records that have been found are inscriptions in the tombs of Egyptian kings belonging to the first dynasty, dating back to about 4,700 years B. C. Other historians have traced a recorded history of Babylonia to a point before 4,500 B. C. It is believed that the sale of Joseph to the Egyptians occurred while the Hykos or "Shepherd kings" were rulers of Egypt, somewhere between 2000 and 1600 B. C., though no definite date can be given. The period of the pharaohs extends from the time of Menes, the first king of united Egypt, who reigned possibly as early as 4770 B. C., down to the conquest of Egypt by Alexander the Great, in 331 B. C.

Alaska's Official Flag Designed by Schoolboy

A contest was held by the American Legion, Department of Alaska, in the public, private and native schools in the territory for the purpose of selecting an official flag for Alaska. A law passed by the legislature of the Department of Alaska on May 2, 1927, provided that the design of the official flag (the winning design) is eight gold stars in a field of blue, so selected for its simplicity, its originality and its symbolism. The blue, one of our national colors, typifies the evening sky, the blue of the sea and of mountain lakes and of wild flowers that grow in Alaskan soil, the gold being significant of the wealth that lies hidden in Alaska's hills and streams. And the law also provides that the governor shall cause the original design to be encased properly and placed in the Alaska Historical museum, and that due credit be given to Benny Benson, aged thirteen years, a student in the seventh grade of the Mission Territorial school, near Seward, Alaska, the designer of the flag, herein described and adopted as the official flag of Alaska.

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HEALTH NOTES.

CHILD HEALTH CONFERENCES ON WHEELS

The Healthmobile of the Bureau of Child Hygiene of the State Department of Health started out last week on a tour of Southern Maryalnd, making its first stops in St. Mary's County. After spending some time in the southern counties, it is expected that the "HEALTH BUS" will visit a number of places on the Eastern Shore.

The Healthmobile is arranged especially for the health examinations of babies and their older sisters and brothers who will be old enough to enter school in the fall. It also carries a number of health movies and the equipment for showing them.

The big car is clearly marked as coming from the State Department of Health, so it is easily distingushed from other vehicles, as it passes along the road. Within a short time after it is parked near a school or church, or at some other easily reached place, everything is in readiness for the examinations. Awnings attached to the sides of the truck are rolled down and out, forming little tent-like rooms where the mothers, with the assistance of the public health nurse, get the children ready for the doctor's inspection. A short flight of stops leads up into the body of the car where the examinations are made.

Special attention is paid in the examinations to the general health of the child; to evidences of good, or, of faulty nutrition; to conditions of the nose and throat; to the chest—the heart and lungs; to posture, to hearing, vision and teeth, and in the case of children who are getting ready for admission to school in the fall, special note is made as to whether or not they have been successfully vaccinated against smallpox. When medical treatments of any sort are needed, the mothers are directed to take their children to their family doctor. A record is kept of each examination and a copy of the findings is sent to the family doctor.

The staff n charge of these "Health Conferences on Wheels" consists of a doctor who is a children's specialist, a dentist with special training in the care of children's teeth, and a public health nurse. The equipment includes a dental chair and the rest of the things necessary for examining and caring for children's teeth. When the examination shows that the teeth need attention, with the mother's permission, it can be given then and there.

MILLINGTON

Mrs. Mary E. P. Smith was a visitor of her brother, Lewis Price, of near Lynch this week.

Millington Base Ball nine defeats Galena on its home grounds last Saturday by a score of 4 to 3.

Mr. and Mrs. William Hardy, of Philadelphia, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Woodall.

Mr. William Wiest and family of Maple Shade, N. J., visited friends in town on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. McDade, of Philadelphia, visited her brother, Mr. John H. Wiest on Saturday.

Mrs. Harry Higman and Miss Clara Bragdon were Philadelphia visitors last Friday and Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Blackiston were Galena visitors on Sunday last.

Mr. Hollis Jefferies of the Coast Guard Station Atlantic City is spending some time with his sister, Mrs. Harry R. Rasin.

Mr. and Mrs. George S. Stevens were guests of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Brice, near Chestertown, Md.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry R. Rasin and her brother, Mr. Hollis Jefferies spent Sunday last with her father, Mr. Jefferies at Chincoteague, Va.

Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Kennard were visitors Sunday in Oxford, Md.

Mr. and Mrs. Carroll C. Burris and son Junior, Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert W. Burris, of Philadelphia, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Freeman, of Chester, Pa., Mr. and Mrs. Ennis Walls and son, Roland Bartlett, of Wilmington; Mr. and Mrs. Linwood Burris, of Massey, spent Sunday with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Burris.

Mr. and Mrs. Ben Redmond, of Dobinson, Del., spent the week end with her mother, Mrs. Calra Rolph.

Mr. and Mrs. William Colgain, of Galena, visited Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Wilson on Sunday last.

Mrs. Ella Haugt who has been engaged in Newarwk, Del., for some time spent Sunday at home with her children.

Mrs. Freeman McMullen is spending some time with her mother, Mrs. Jenny Jones.

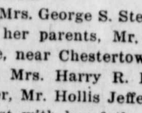
PARTICULAR HUBBY

Mistress: "My husband doesn't like this hat on me, so you may wear it, Anna."

Maid: "That's no use; he doesn't like it on me either."

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DR. JULIAN T. POWER



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The Children's Corner

Edited by DOROTHY EDMONDS

Megishoo

"The ship is here! The ship is here!"

Megishoo was sitting in the grass playing with her Eskimo puppy. She scrambled to her feet at her brother's cry and raced after him.

Every one was chattering and laughing as he hurried to the shore. The white ship from America had been there only once before, but all the Eskimos remembered the visit.

"Come, let us take the kayaks (kiyaks) and visit the white men," suggested Nookapingwa, the father of Megishoo. In a few minutes there were a dozen long, slender boats



skimming over the water to the ship where they were eagerly welcomed.

Megishoo ran to the very edge of the water. She had been only a little girl when the American ship had visited her country before. Now she was eight years old.

"Well, well, here we are again," said a big tall man. This was Mr. Mack, the captain of the ship. He slapped the men on the back, greeted the women, talked to the smiling, plump babies the mothers carried on their backs, and then shook hands with all the children.

"Oh, candy!" cried Megishoo looking into her hand after Mr. Mack had passed her. "Candy, American candy," laughed the other children.

One of the men from the ship suddenly put down a big black box he had been carrying. It stood on the top of three long poles.

"Come here, little girl," he called to Megishoo. He pointed the black box at her and stood waiting behind it.

Megishoo backed away from him. She shook her black hair violently and her black eyes opened wide with fright.

"It's all right, Megishoo," said Captain Mack. "He wants to take your picture."

"No," said Megishoo firmly. "The black box might go off!" She did not know what might be inside of that strange machine.

"Here, I will hold you," offered the captain, "and we will have our picture taken together." He swung her up to his shoulder and she clutched his head tightly with both hands.

"That's a good girl," said the captain. "Now just think of the fun you will have visiting the ship. I have a present for you, too."

At this Megishoo's round, rosy face wrinkled into smiles. She did not notice a click from the black box.

"There, that's fine," said the captain as he swung her down again. "The next time the ship comes here I will bring you a picture of yourself."

Megishoo could not understand such wonderful news. Who, in Eskimo Land, had ever heard of a picture of oneself?

"Here come the presents," said Captain Mack, as a man carrying a big bundle joined the group. The man untied the bundle and began to take out some packages.

"Here is a present for Megishoo," said the captain. He put a shining piece of wood and metal into her hands.

"Put it up to your lips and blow in it," said one of the men. Megishoo puffed and blew first one way and then another, but she could not make any sounds. Her cheeks puffed out and grew red and she almost lost her breath. Suddenly the instrument made a noise.

"Oh, Megishoo make music!" she said with a happy smile. And in a few more minutes she could play the harmonica easily.

The Bangle Necklace Puzzle



The young daughter of a certain man and woman was a very bright child, who wanted to help her parents in every way she could. Now her father was very anxious to find out what her mother wanted for a Christmas present, but could not get her to tell him what to buy. He appealed to his daughter, who promised to do what she could. A few days before Christmas she told him to watch the initialed bangles that made her necklace. One evening she pointed to it and put her fingers to her lips. Her father tried for some time to make sense out of the arrangement of the letters, and finally succeeded. Can you do the same?

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Ancient Glass

The residents of ancient Pompeii used glass in their windows, but as late as the Fourteenth century Richard II issued a writ to scour England to find enough glass to repair the windows in just one castle, and near the close of the Seventeenth century all of the great towns in Italy, with the exception of Genoa, used paper in their windows. For centuries glass was regarded as a luxury, and was taxed accordingly, down to recent times. Discovered by the Phoenicians, according to Pliny the Second, modern manufacturing methods have made glass so common today that no one gives it a thought. But the windows of America's first homes were provided only with parchment or oiled paper.

One Use for Poetry

A group of women gathered at a literary tea in New York city were discussing a certain collection of poems. "Oh, yes," said the hostess—she was by no means the least among the literary personages—"I have already worn out one volume; this is my second, and it is getting worn out, too. I always have a volume of poetry on the telephone stand, and read it while waiting for a number; it keeps me from losing my temper. It's as good a use for poetry—for an anthology of poetry—as any, isn't it?"

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