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As for Burns, his genius fed upon, daily and hourly, the floating Highland airs that lived among the people. He was a musician born. Some wind would blow him a wandering line of verse, some ancient tag of a ballad, and a strain of an entrancing Celtic melody. While he drove his plow . . . he would whistle and chant till he had woven them into something that made all the world in love with him forever.—Grace Rhys in "A Celtic Anthology."

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500 lb lots or more

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In Spite of Lulu Otis

By JANE OSBORN

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AFTER Eleanor Pickett had worked as stenographer in the insurance office of Mansard & Son she had to admit that she was in love with young George Mansard, and she had moreover to admit that she was jealous of Lulu Otis, the plump, strawberry blond grass widow who sat at the telephone switchboard in the outer office of the Granger establishment, and spoke of herself as Mr. Mansard's private secretary. The fact that Eleanor took Mr. Mansard's dictation and had got so that she could attend to much of his correspondence alone made no difference to Lulu.

"You're terribly old fashioned," Lulu had told Eleanor on several occasions: "If you want to get in right with the boss you've got to show more pep. Of course while I'm here all he expects of you is to take his dictation, but if I were to leave, why he'd want a private secretary. I'd like to see you get the job, but you've got to remember that a man like Mr. Mansard needs a private secretary with an awful lot of pep—some one to kind of buck him up."

"But you're not thinking of leaving?' asked Eleanor timidly.

"Well, you know, girlie—a girl like me doesn't intend to work forever. I've only just got my freedom—" By freedom Eleanor knew that Lulu referred to her divorce papers which she had received only a few weeks before. "And I'm not going to be in too big a hurry this time. But you can bet that I've more than one string to my bow."

Eleanor felt her cheeks burn with suspicious jealousy. She had seen Bob Mansard talking for a full half hour with Lulu that very morning.

"You know I always wear earrings to the office. Personally I think it's worth while to doll up a bit. The boss likes it and a lot of nice fellows come in here all the time. Of course you've got a nice complexion but just a bit of makeup does help a girl's appearance an awful lot—"

Eleanor made up her mind to stop on her way home that evening and buy a pair of earrings and some rouge and lipstick.

The next morning Eleanor purposely reached the office ten minutes ahead of her usual time of arrival so that she could be seated at her desk before Mr. Mansard or Lulu arrived. She didn't want to be too conspicuous in her new earrings.

But apparently the bit of makeup or the earrings did make a difference because when Bob Mansard came into the room he whistled.

"Why the war paint?" he asked in a tone of unusual familiarity. "And, great scott, dingle-dangles on her ears besides."

"Don't you like them?" asked Eleanor putting her hands up to the earrings.

"Oh, they're all right—only I think I like you better 'au naturel.'"

Eleanor swiftly pulled off the earrings.

Weeks and months went on and the situation so far as Eleanor and Bob Mansard were concerned went on without change. It seemed, however, to Eleanor as if she noted signs of increasing intimacy between him and Lulu. Doubtless now that she had really gained her "freedom" he was courting her in good earnest. Then came one Saturday morning when Eleanor could not fail to see an unwonted brilliance in Lulu's eyes.

"Heard the excitement?" Lulu asked Eleanor and then went on to explain. "I'm leaving for good in a few hours, girlie. I just came around to sort of say good-by. I'm going to get married Monday."

"I—hope you'll be very happy—Oh, I'm sure you will," stammered Eleanor, and then dreading the answer to the question—"May I know the name of the lucky man?"

Lulu's "You ask Mr. Mansard after I am gone," left no doubt whatever in Eleanor's mind.

Of course Eleanor didn't ask Mr. Mansard anything about it but just went to her desk and worked like a Trojan all morning. At half-past eleven Bob Mansard drew up a chair beside her desk and dropped limply into it.

"She's gone at last," he sighed. "Lord knows how I've been looking forward to this moment."

"You mean—Mrs. Otis—Lulu?" asked Eleanor timidly.

"Lulu, indeed," said Robert. "And now Eleanor I'm going to make a long story short. I've loved you from the first day you came—but I've never dared tell you until now."

"But why did you have to wait?" she ased bewildered.

"Because I couldn't bare to be alone here with her—with Lulu. I was afraid she would never leave. You've no idea how she bossed me and bothered me before you came, and I didn't dare discharge her."

"But I thought she thought you were one of the strings to her bow—"

"Maybe she did," sighed Bob Mansard, taking Eleanor's little hand in his. "But I introduced her to a susceptible friend of mine with a load of money. But don't let's talk about them—Eleanor—please tell me you love me a little.'

Naturally

"I had a fall last night which rendered me unconscious for eight hours."

"Really! Where did you fall?"

"I fell asleep."—Pathfinder.

Working Under Water

It cannot be stated exactly under how much pressure men can work within a caisson. Pressure within a caisson used for subaqueous workers must be increased by one atmosphere of 15 pounds per square inch for every 33½ feet that the caisson is submerged below the surface. Hence, at a depth of 100 feet a worker in a caisson must be subjected to a pressure of 60 pounds per square inch. At the St. Louis bridge, where a pressure was employed equal to 4½ atmospheres, out of 600 workmen 119 were affected with caisson disease and 14 died.



FURROWS

A travelin salesman stopped in at Tom Barslay's store the other day and after tryin fer quite a spell to sell Tom some goods and not makin much headway, he took out his watch and noted the time. "My goodness," he says, "it's twelve o'clock! I've got to get some lunch. Is there any place around here where I can get a meal?" "Well, yes," says I, "Tom's wife there can most always put up a good dinner fer them that happens in about noon. She most always rings the diner bell fer Tom about twelve o'clock." "Well," said the salesman, "it's that time now." Tom looked up at the clock and remarked that the gentleman's watch must be fast as his clock said eleven and it was a purty good clock. "We go by daylight savin time in the city," says the stranger, "and it's twelve o'clock right now. If you go by that slow time I'll have to wait an hour fer lunch."

"Well, stranger," says I, "this ain't none of my business, but I reckon you'll have to wait if you want to get anything to eat around here, but after you've had one of Mrs. Tom's dinners you'll feel repaid fer waitin." "O, this is most inconvenient," says he. "I don't see why you folks out here in the country don't set your clocks up and keep up with civilization. All real progressive business men go by daylight savin time. It's the universal custom on all progressive communities. If you don't follow civilization you are back numbers."

"Well, stranger," says I, "this ain't none of my butt in, but you've made some purty rash statements here and I'd just like to make a few remarks. You spoke of bein inconvenienced. Well, I had to go to your city not long ago, and as I was right busy on the farm I didn't get away till after dinner, and when I got to the big store where I was goin to trade it was jest four o'colck. Jest as I was about to go in, a man shut the door in my face. "What's the matter here?" says I, aint' I welcome in this store no more? I've done a lot of tradin here in my time, but I never had the door shut in my face before." "Sorry," says the man, "but we close at five o'clock." "Well, says I, takin out my old watch, "it's only four now." "Oh no," says he, "we go by daylight savin time." And with that he locked the door and left me standin there. Well, stranger, I wuz right mad. Here I had druv fer two hours or more to do some tradin and then the door shut in my face. Well, I looked around and all the stores wuz closed, and I had to come back home without gettin what I went fer. Now, if that ain't inconvenience I don't know what is. That sort of practice makes us country people think that you city folks think the whole world is run fer your convenience. And brother, I'm here to tell you it ain't! And the sooner city folks get that notion out of their heads the better it will be fer all concerned. We farmers get up in the morning and milk our cows, and feed our stock, and do a lot of chores before breakfast, and then go out and do a day's work. And we don't close our doors at four o'clock either. The sun is almost four hours high at that time and we can't afford to quit work at that time of day. After we've done a good day's work, we've got them same cows to milk again and then same horses to feed again, and other chores to do jest the same. And we do this work so that you city folks can get somethin to eat. If it wasn't fer the farmers you folks would starve.

"And as fer keepin up with civilization, we ain't got time to keep up with that. We have to work too hard to make a livin. As fer bein back numbers, I reckon we are, and always will be, but we got good company. When the Lord created this world and set it to goin He fixed this daylight business just about right, and I ain't fer tryin to improve on the Almighty. The sun rises every day at the proper time according to the season and time of year and I don't see how you figger it that you can save time by settin your clocks up an hour. There is jest so much time in every day and you can't change it be changin the clocks. Now we folks out here don't have no time to save that way. We save our time by usin it and we use all we have. We eat three meals a day and they come along sort of regular like, and our dinner is in the middle of the day. We don't change our time of eatin to suit the clock. And there goes Mrs. Tom's dinner bell now. She's right prompt, and I reckon you'll be goin over with Tom, so I'll knock along over to my palce and get mine."

Well I left them jest as Tom locked the door to go to dinner.

About a month after that I wuz over at Tom's store again and this same feller wuz there. "Hello, stranger," says he, "how are you?" "Fair to middlin," says I. "Ain't started to savin time yet." "Well, brother," says he, "daylight savin time doesn't count with me when it comes to waitin fer one of Mrs. Tom's dinners. I'd wait a whole day fer one of those good dinners." "Well," says I, "that jest goes to show that there are some things in life that mean a lot more to people than trying to fool themselves by setin up their clocks an hour."

AN ENDLESS RECORD

Willie—"Our Sunday School teacher sez woman wuz made out of a rib. Wuz maw made out of a rib, paw?"

Willie's Father (who knows Willie's mother)—"No, son. Your mother was hatched out of a phonograph."

PRESENT GENERATION BAD

Little Girl—"You know the old vase, mumise, you said 'ad been 'anded down from generation to generation."

Mother (anxiously)—"Yes."

Little Girl—"Well, this generation 'as dropped it."

THE SECRET SIX PLAYS AT NEW LYCEUM

Audiences will find much to interest them in the amazing story of "The Secret Six," unfolded before them at the New Lyceum Theatre on June 12 and 13. Built on actual fact, it bears the inner causes for political corruption and the rise of gangland. It presents a veritable slice of life garnered in the invisible city within a city.

Wallace Beery, is the sinister Scorpio, rules by his death-dealing horde. He guides politics, elects officials and stifles business, but in the end pays his penalty to the law. It is undoubtedly one of Beery's greatest roles, comparable only with his Butch in "The Big House." Incidentally, it was directed by, and written by, the combination that gave the world that picture and also "Min and Bill"—George Hill and Frances Marion.

The play traces the rise and downfall of an underworld Czar. It presents gangsters in the raw—killing, double crossing and strangling citizenship.

Though not essentially a gangster picture, it lays bare this phase of American life, as well as the devious ways of city politics—and suggests a potent remedy in the dramatic climax.

The cast is one of the largest in years. Besides Beery there is Lewis Stone, in the role of the crooked lawyer guiding the "mobs" of the underworld; Paul Hurst, as the crooked mayor, and John Miljan as the smiling but deadly Colimo. Marjorie Rambeau, as the "gun moll," Peaches, is superb. Jean Harlow has the love interest, with John Mack Brown and Clark Gable playing the two newspaper reporters. De Witt Jennings plays a bulldog of the law in the role of Inspector Donlan.

Hundreds appear in the big funeral scene, the sensational trial, the battle of the vigilantes and the gang horde, and other hibh spots in the amazing drama. The climax is a gripping episode in "condemned row" where the law finally triumphs over the jackals of the pavements.

Recipe for "Frickasie" in Old Colonial Times

Southern cooks of Colonial times may have used what today appears as queer spelling, but memories of the meals they served to bewigged gentlemen of the times continue to dominate portions of the modern American menu.

Recently a relic explorer thumbed the pages of a Colonial cook book and found a recipe for "Frickasie a la Grandmother" with the following wording:

"Take ye fowls, cut them in pieces and clean them. Season with pepper and salt, a little mace, nutmeg, cloves, some parsley, a little bit of onion.

"Let them lay two hours, then flour them well, fry in sweet butter hot before you put them in. Fry fine brown. Wash ye pan and put them in again with a pint of gravy. Let them symmer in ye gravy. Take ye yolks of three eggs with a little grated nutmeg and a little juice of lemon, and two spoonfuls of wine. Shake it over the fire until it is as thick as cream, pour over ye frickasie, and so serve it to ye table hott."

Not Talking

Martha Lou was jealously watching her favorite aunt fondling her new brother and telling him how cunning he looked in his pink blanket.

Presently the four-year-old said: "You might as well put him in his basket, he won't talk to you."

First English in America

Walker's "Essentials in English History" says: "The beginning of English colonization is due to the statesmanship of Walter Raleigh. Although erratic and visionary in many respects, Raleigh saw clearly that attacks on Spanish ports or vessels were a poor method of fighting Spain. He appears to have been the first to conceive the idea of opposing Spain by invading her special domain, the American continent, and erecting there against Spanish dominance a lasting bulwark by planting colonies along its coast. Drake might plunder and burn, but Raleigh preferred to plant and settle. In 1585 he sent Sir Richard Grenville to Roanoke Island with a colony of 100 persons; in 1857 he sent John White with 150 more, and although both these attempts failed, yet they led in the next reign to the more lasting work of the Virginia company."

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$2 per bu s.

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Millington, Md.

STEPHEN R. COLLINS, Assignee.

ORDER NISI

In the Circuit Court for Kent County
In Equity No. 2668

Stephen R. Collins, Assignee
versus
John Bedford Tilghman, et al

Ordered, this 7th day of May, 1931, by the Circuit Court for Kent County in Equity, that the sale of the mortgaged Real Estate mentioned in these proceedings, made and reported by Stephen R. Collins, Assignee, under and by virtue of the Power of Sale contained in mortgage from John Bedford Tilghman and wife to Sidney P. Townshend, dated August 23, 1920, and by mesne assignments duly assigned to Stephen R. Collins for foreclosure and collection, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 10th day of July next; Provided, a copy of this Order be inserted in some newspaper printed and published in Kent County, once in each of four successive weeks before the 8th day of June next.

The report states the amount of sales to be $500.00.

True Copy,

ROBERT A. SHALLCROSS, Clerk.

Test:

ROBERT A. SHALLCROSS, Clerk.

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DOING THE IMPOSSIBLE

LOTS of things are supposed to be impossible. For example, being in two places at the same time, or making the old dollar go as far as it used to. But there is a very simple way to accomplish both of these.

The answer is standing right on your desk. It's your telephone. It will carry you hundreds of miles, yet you won't have to move from your chair. You can be in two places at the same time in just a matter of seconds. And never were out-of-town rates cheaper than today, nor transmission as clear, nor connections as fast.

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Make station-to-station calls and you can talk about 25 miles for 25 cents, 50 miles for 45 cents, 100 miles for 60 cents. The greater the distance the less the cost per mile.

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