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And a more liberal dose of Castoria is always better for growing children than strong medicine meant only for adult use.

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But don't depend on crude methods, try the best way yet evolved in all the years of searching. That is Phillips Milk of Magnesia.

Be sure to get the genuine Phillips Milk of Magnesia, the kind that the physicians prescribe.

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ATTENTION, FARMERS!

It is better to be glad than sorry, therefore do not neglect to place insurance on your HAY and WHEAT as soon as in stack or barn with

JAMES G. BECK,
Chestertown, Maryland

Inheritance Laws Born in Private Ownership

Among our primitive ancestors there were no such things as a will or even inheritance by a limited number of heirs, because there was nothing to inherit or to will. All property was community property. When a man died he simply ceased to use the common property "pool," and without any formalities the surviving members of the group continued to make use of it.

When private ownership of things and land came to be recognized, the governing unit—village, tribe or state—found that it had to take some action when a man died, leaving property. If nothing were done, anyone who happened to be near or strong might seize the ownerless property, even though he were a total stranger to or even an enemy of its former owner. Tribal concepts of fair play came into operation, and it was recognized that the dead man's family should have first claim to his former belongings. From this developed the customs and laws of inheritance which have taken varied, and in some cases, very complex forms, in different parts of the world.—National Geographic Society Bulletin.

Raisin Pie Only Thing New Yorker Can't Find

Some people, it seems, are never satisfied.

The New Yorker, having been in town four months, has already been gratified by the sight of a venerable gentleman with his whiskers caught in a subway door, but he says he can't rest until he sees a passenger carry a bale of hay into a subway car.

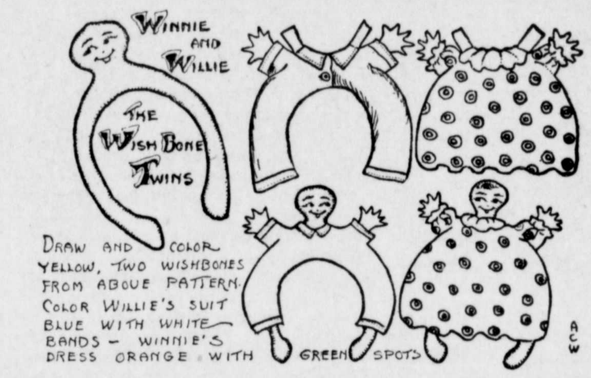
He's seen almost every other conceivable package and bundle, including a dog measuring only half a head shorter than a Great Dane, carried in a blanket. Just the other day he was one of the victims buffeted about by a large and energetic woman hurrying into a shuttle train at Times square with a pair of 10-foot wooden curtain poles.

Another thing this insatiable New Yorker craves to find is raisin pie. He's tried no less than 33 eating places, from coffee pots up in the gastronomic scale of excellence, and all he gets when he asks for his favorite dessert is a negative headshake and a sad smile of pity.—New York Sun.

Subscription to the Transcript $1. per annum.

The Children's Corner

Edited by DOROTHY EDMONDS



The Flower of Egypt

It was a sunshiny summer morning in long ago, far away Egypt. In a garden surrounded by orchards and vineyards, a little girl was playing among the flowers.

"Taia," called her mother's voice. "Come here. We must make garlands and bouquets for our guests who come today."

Taia quickly obeyed the summons. She loved to prepare the floral gifts for the visitors. These were made of different flowers according to the time of blossoming. Sometimes they were violets, sometimes roses and again chrysanthemums.

Today the flowers were lotus blossoms which one of the slaves had gathered from the pool in the garden. Taia loved these beautiful water lilies which she had always been told were the flowers of the gods.

There were two kinds of these blossoms. One was white and opened in the evening, the other blue with its petals lying expanded in the sunshine as if to catch the hue of the sky above. Taia liked this one better because she could see it when she was at play, while the white one opened only at night time.

While Taia worked on the garlands she asked many questions about her favorite.

"It is our country's flower," replied her mother, "The 'Lily of the Nile' and it is honored everywhere."

When the pleasant task of garland making was finished Taia and her mother went to the house. Around the wall outside and within the rooms stood pots of growing plants. Taia was allowed to arrange some of the lotus blossoms in vases for decoration.

In honor of the expected company she was dressed in the dress embroidered with lotus blossoms. Later when the guests arrived she watched the servants throw the garlands around their necks, and offer each a small bouquet to hold in his hand. When the guests praised the beauty of the flowers Taia was greatly pleased.

At the noon meal, lotus bread was served, which Taia always liked. She knew that this was made from the seeds of the plants, for she had often seen the servants grind it into flour.

This was a festival day and there were to be special ceremonies in the temple near Taia's home. She was delighted that she was to attend with all the grown-up people.

Once more lotus blossoms were brought and Taia, like the others, was given a handful to carry with her. In the temple she saw many of these flowers placed before the statues of the gods and she reverently laid her own offering among them.

Flower Puzzle



What four well-known flowers can you spell from these ten letters? You may use each letter as many times as necessary.

(Copyright.)

for a modest expenditure



BETTY—"Jane, dear, who was the fairy Godmother to give you all this beautiful silver?"

JANE—"Do you really like it so much? It was Jack's surprise on our anniversary — the Fairfax pattern in Gorham Sterling and, let me whisper the price — only $205.00 for 76 pieces! Isn't it almost unbelievable?"

BETTY—"But, Jane, who carries Gorham patterns in town?"

JANE—"Why, my dear, you may see any of their patterns at

J. S. KREEGER
JEWELER AND OPTOMETRIST
CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND

World Slow to Improve on First Locomotives

The first steam locomotive is credited to a Welshman, Trevethick, 1804. He and his partner, Vivian, under a patent dating 1802, ran a steam engine in south Wales, Merthyr Tidvil. The world was still far from understanding what it had. In 1812 Blenkinsop's locomotive drew 33 coal cars at the rate of something under four miles per hour, at Leeds. In 1815 George Stephenson built his locomotive. The railroad had at last been made a practicable possibility. It took a long time.

The word "engine" is one of the most striking instances of how use may twist the meaning of an old word, and establish a new and permanent meaning, obliterating the old. "Engine" now commonly means locomotive. It is from the Greek "gignere, to beget," and the Latin "ingenium." Down to the Eighteenth century it meant, in English, wit, or talent. Chaucer: "If man hath sapiences thre, memorie, engin, and intellect also." From this it came to mean disposition, or temper; it was sometimes used in the sense of skill in debate and argument, and occasionally trickery, deceit. Thence it grew to mean the product of ingenuity—hence, any contrivance or device. So to machine, tool, etc. The original "engine" was for war or torture.

Excellent Reasons Why Name Change Was Denied

Whether or not our Israelite brethren inherited the habit of changing their names from old Father Abraham is a question. However, ever since the Lord changed Abraham's cognominal signature, they appear to have taken up with the idea and gone in for alterations. If there be any virtue in this "What's in a name?" why not give it a whirl? They whirl!

Recently, recounts the Business Week, one Louis Goldstein who sells things in Brooklyn, N. Y., decided that a change in name might be a commercial coup de maitre, besides being a boost to the little Goldsteins. Accordingly he petitioned a judge to alter his name to "Golding." In time came the decision and Louis read that, aside from Goldstein being simple and easy to pronounce, numbers of Goldsteins had achieved success in commerce, industry and the professions. Furthermore, he read, there were probably more good native-born Americans named "Goldstein" than "Golding" and that the petition was "denied." Louis sighed, glanced at the signature—and almost collapsed.

It was signed by Justice Louis Goldstein.—Pathfinder Magazine.

"Weeping" Mulberry Tree

A tree that has been gaining much in popular favor among the suburbanites in recent years is the graceful weeping mulberry tree. This plant, native of temperate and warm climates, achieves a height of 8 or 10 feet. It has long, curling branches, which point in the direction of the ground. When the tree is in blossom, the tree consequently gives the effect of "weeping."

This tree, of which there are 100 varieties, is not hardy in the United States as far North as New York and is seldom seen in this country except in the South and in California, where some of the more improved varieties are now grown successfully.

Seat of Knowledge

Some of the geysers in Yellowstone National park are irregular in their eruptions, and tourists are lucky who see some of the most spectacular in play. One of these is the Bee Hive geyser, with small crater, but eruption that shoots two hundred feet into the air.

"Can you tell me the best way to find out when the Bee Hive is going to play?" asked a young lady of an old-timer in the hills.

"Yes'm. Just go over and sit on it, and when you feel the hot water tryin' to get out, you'll sure know it's ready to play."

Yeats Set His Hair Afire

I recall Katherine Mansfield's story about Yeats, who had dreamed his head was circled with a flaming sun, went to sleep and dreamed of a woman whose hair was afire, woke up, lighted a candle, and by and by discovered "by the odour" that he set his own hair ablaze. I think it's wonderful, but, as far as he and his crew can get to set their hair afire—to set their own forlorn locks a-fire's, God knows there's nothing else about them that a cartload of spunk could put a light to."—William Gerhardi in the Saturday Review.

"A Man Must Live"

The famous question and answer, "Sir, a man must live"—"Sir, I do not see the necessity for it," are attributed to various celebrities. Voltaire quoted them in 1776. But they go back at least to Tertullian (150-230 A. D.): "The ordinary objection is, of course, raised, 'I have not the wherewithal to live.' To this it may be somewhat sharply retorted, 'Is there any reason why you should live?'"—From "Who Said That?"

Stamina

There are far too many persons who dearly love to start things, but who seldom finish them. They lack steadiness; they work by fits and jerks. A wise old horse trainer once remarked, "It isn't the 2:10 horse that travels farthest in a day."—Grit.

Victorians Weren't So Prim

The Victorians, who are accused of primness, had much all-round extravagance. George Meredith was as perverse and fanciful in prose as in verse; indeed, more so. Diana of the Crossways seemed to sit not so much at the crossroads as in the heart of the labyrinth; and the Egoist juggled much more deceptively than Juggling Jerry. Some of Browning's friends complained that he was cryptic, not only in prose, but in private correspondence.—G. K. Chesterton in the Illustrated London News.

Tribal Customs of Old and New Worlds Alike

From A. D. 45, when the Hungarians conquered and enslaved the Magyars, to 862, when the Hungarians were split by enemies, the Hungarians consisted of ten tribes and it was their custom to have each tribe recognize a certain animal or bird as its sacred animal, and in their own language—that is, the Ugor language—they called such animal or bird their "totem." It is surprising that Alaskan and North American Indians also call such animal or bird by the same name.

And it was the custom of the Hungarians of those days to have each man wear some part of the animal or bird which his tribe recognized as its totem in his cap or headgear, in battles and battle maneuvers, so that he be easily distinguishable as to which tribe he belonged. This also has a striking resemblance to the custom of the North American Indians of wearing feathers on their heads.

And the name of one of the principals of the Kuns was Akos, which in their own language meant "white cloud." The Kuns were a relative people to the Hungarians.—Exchange.

Sacred Manuscripts in Profusion in Chicago

Rare gospel manuscripts, dating back several centuries, have come to light in the Greek, Armenian and Syrian colonies of Chicago, the Chicago Association of Commerce announces. Recent discoveries of important manuscripts have revealed Chicago as a rich hunting ground comparable with age-old cities of Europe and the Near East.

The latest discovery, which has been purchased by the New Testament department of the University of Chicago, is a Thirteenth-century manuscript of the gospels in Greek, and is regarded by experts as being one of the finest known pieces of cursive, or running-hand script, writing in any collection.

The manuscript was brought into the United States in 1916 from Jamina, the Albanian city noted for its monastic library of the Greek Orthodox church. It was found in the possession of a Chicago dentist.

Love and Live

People in love live longer, and better, Dr. Josiah Oldfield, noted London physician, told the audience at the annual meeting of the Lady Margaret hospital.

And the other extreme, nagging, is "slow murder," the doctor said.

Purported assets of being in love, according to Doctor Oldfield, are

Better digestion.
Glossier skin and sheener hair.
Food tastes better.

"When a woman starts nagging her husband," he said, "she is committing slow murder and at the same time taking the first step toward becoming haggard, ugly and old. When a woman goes 'green with jealousy' she is straining her hepatic duct."

Mining Possibilities

"There is no known limit to the possible depth of our mining," says an expert. "It is all a question of getting fresh air down to the men." Part of the answer to the question is furnished by the Quincy mine, the Old Reliable, which overlooks Houghton from its hill in the city of Hancock across Portage lake. The Quincy at its extreme depth is finding richer ore than it has for several years past. They call it "secondary mineralization." Copper, for all the scientists know, may extend many thousands of feet more into the center of the earth. —Detroit Free Press.

Four-Eyed Fish

Among the specimens recently added to the collection of a Philadelphia museum is a four-eyed fish from Honduras. It was taken from the Rio Choluteca. The existence of such a fish has been known, but specimens are exceedingly rare. It was accompanied by about 100 other fish specimens. A nine-inch moth was the leading feature of the insect collection from the same locality. The expedition was somewhat hampered in its work by the prevalence of fogs of such density as would put the London fog to shame. There were days when the explorers dared not to venture a few feet from the cave in which they made their headquarters.

Savage Internal Warfare

In 1648 the Cossacks rose against the Polish-Ukrainian lords who sought to impose upon them the Roman Catholic faith in lieu of their own Greek Catholic religion. The Cossacks fought with the utmost brutality, overcoming the Poles and torturing their leaders to death. Their Roman Catholic priests were hanged before the altars with a butchered hog on one side and a Jew on the other. When, after more than a year, this religious rebellion was put down, the Cossack leaders were punished with equal brutality.

Wildcat Loses to Locomotive

A wildcat battled a locomotive near Statesboro, Ga., recently and died gallantly under the wheels of the roaring monster. The engineer says the noise of the train frightened a covey of quail the bobcat was stalking. Angered at the intrusion the animal leaped upon the tracks and flew into the face of the oncoming train. The train roared on into the night and a pathetic ball of fur and flesh remained on the tracks the sole reminder of the outcome.

Huge Herd for Candy

The production of milk which goes annually into the milk chocolate industry is no mean task. If the cows necessary to yield the milk could be lined up and milked in one day there would be 4,000,000 better-than-average cows in the line. The 40 firms turning out chocolate products last year consumed 280,000,000 pounds of milk products, which at 70 pounds per cow is probably considerably above the average because of the lower yields of scrub cows which are still far too numerous in the dairy herds of the land.

Facts and Figures on Your Telephone

By EDWIN F. HILL



Edwin F. Hill

Stockholders of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company continue to increase. On June 30, there were approximately 600,000 holders of this stock according to a statement made by President Walter S. Gifford to the stockholders. He stated that the number of stockholders had been increased by 33,000 since the first of the year.

Another interesting item of news is that telephones served by the Chesapeake and Potomac Telephone Companies operating in the District of Columbia, Maryland, Virginia and West Virginia continue to increase, while other parts of the country show substantial losses. During the first six months of this year, these companies showed a net increase of 13,076 telephones.

President Gifford states that there was a net loss during the first six months of the year to the Bell System of about 100,000 telephones or two-thirds of 1 per cent of those in service. He states that the high standards of telephone service are being maintained and even advanced and that new economies have been introduced.

The number of long distance calls handled during the period ending June 30, was about 3 per cent less than for a similar time last year. Total telephone revenues were about

Purple and High Estate Have Long Association

The word purple came into the language from the Latin purpura, purple. It was used in King Alfred's time, and designated the dress of an emperor or a king. The color was obtained from a mollusk from which the purple dye was derived. Purple is a deep crimson or scarlet color which some people, instead of allowing it to describe the color of blood that is the crimson venous blood, as distinguished from the arterial blood, which is scarlet, associate as a color purple with violet. Purple originally was crimson. By the Middle ages, the term was used to indicate many shades of red, and in our own time, it designates mixtures of red and blue in various proportions approaching to crimson on one side, and violet on the other. He who is "born in the purple" is one of an imperial or royal family, or by extension, of a noble or wealthy family. The phrase in purple, used from 1685, designates the scarlet color of the official dress of a prince of the church—a cardinal.

Violet, as a purplish blue color resembling that of the violet, dates from the time of Sir John de Mandeville, who is stated to have been born in the year 1300, and died in the year 1372. Literary references to the plant antedate this by about a century, for the violet is referred to in the "Tales of Arthur and Merlin."—Literary Digest.

"Wonders" Foreseen by Great Minds Long Ago

Roger Bacon, born in 1214, foresaw the coming of the balloon. He thought that it would be made of very thin metal and filled with liquid fire. It was actually more than 300 years before the first balloon ascent was made, but the first man to rise into the air did so in a fire balloon.

The airship provided with a means of moving against or across the wind was anticipated in the Eighteenth century by Lunardi, who invented a balloon propelled by oars. Even in his day there were those who foresaw that in the future the "oars" would be worked by some kind of engine. The airplane was foreseen with remarkable accuracy by Leonardo da Vinci, who, besides being a painter, was a renowned mathematician and engineer. Wireless was foreseen at least 300 years ago. The Italian writer, Strada, born in 1572, describes an imaginary machine which enabled two friends, no matter how far apart, to communicate with one another. Strada's imaginary process is almost exactly what happens in the most modern telewriter or automatic telegraph transmitter.

Sneezing—God Bless You

The custom of uttering a benediction after a sneeze is universal. Its origin is obscure and each country seems to have its own particular legend concerning it. Among the Romans the belief existed that a sneeze expelled evil spirits. The sneeze, therefore, was regarded somewhat in the light of a lucky effort on the part of the person to rid his system of evil spirits and those present at the time would say, "Good luck to you." There is also an old legend that before the time of Jacob men sneezed only once and then expired. But the patriarch interceded in the behalf of man and obtained a relaxation of this law on condition that a prayer or benediction follow every sneeze. Some writers offer this old legend as an explanation of the modern sneeze benediction "God bless you."

Name Traced to Blunder

The designation of a particular variety of worsted fabrics as "tweeds" is commonly, but erroneously, associated with the Scottish river of that name. The origin of the word "tweed," however, has no reference to the River Tweed, but is said to be due to an error on the part of a London clerk, who, in the year 1826, when writing out an invoice for these goods, inadvertently wrote the word "tweeds" instead of "tweels," the Scottish for twills. Orders were placed for more "Scottish tweeds," a novel description which immediately won the popular favor and became firmly established in the clothing trade as a brand of quality.

An Old Man in Spats

By JANE OSBORN

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THERE was once a young woman named Margaret Abadie who grew weary of paying half her meager income for the rent of an ill-ventilated studio apartment in the big city, and went to live in a near-by village. Margaret had a deft hand with paint brushes but no decided talent, so she made her small income patiently decorating lampshades for a large gift shop in the city. The village she chose was a small one with a wide-shaded main street on which were huddled the few shops that supplied the villagers' needs. Most of them were combination shops that carried on oddly assorted lines of business. The little shop where you bought newspapers, magazines and tobacco was furnished with a long oilcloth-covered table and six wooden chairs where ice cream was served at all hours—as well as "hot meals" at noon and supper time.

At about six o'clock every evening Margaret went down to this little shop to buy the evening paper, and it was there that she noticed the old man in spats. He seemed always to be sitting there at the oilcloth-covered table at that time waiting for his evening meal. The immaculate spats and his polished rimless eyeglasses struck Margaret as rather odd.

Seeing him there every evening and pitying his loneliness emboldened Margaret to bow to the old man. Later she said good evening and before a month had passed she felt as if she were well acquainted with this extraordinary old man in spats. One evening feeling lonely herself she asked the old man if he wouldn't like to come and have supper with her. She had made up her mind that he was a sorry old widower who preferred eating these untempting meals to sitting alone at home. The next evening the old man in spats came to her little lod-fashioned cottage. There was no doubt as to the old man's enjoyment of the meal. He came again a week later and soon after that he asked Margaret if he might come every evening. He offered her a dollar for each supper and would agree to no less. Margaret was delighted with the arrangement. First it provided this homeless old man with a really good meal once a day. Association with her for that hour every day seemed to break the spell of his loneliness. Moreover, it broke the spell of her own loneliness. Naturally shy, Margaret had met with no great cordiality on the part of the villagers among whom she lived. Lately they seemed to have grown even less friendly towards her.

Margaret became really very fond of her old man in spats. He never spoke of his own affairs. All that Margaret knew of him was that his name was Mr. Baker. Once she asked a neighbor about him.

"Oh Mr. Baker," said the woman with an unpleasant note in her voice. "I dare say you know a great deal more about Mr. Baker than we do. It's quite true that he has a pile of money—which is no doubt what you want to find out."

Then one day a young man in an expensive car drove up to Margaret's cottage. A tall, well-dressed young man; he was Mr. Charles Baker. He said he thought it was only fair for him to talk with her. It was a matter of neighborhood gossip that—here he hesitated—she, Margaret, had become very friendly with his grandfather. Of course, it was none of young Mr. Baker's business what Margaret did nor in a way what his grandfather did. But his grandfather's wife—his own step-grandmother—a woman some years younger, had got word of the gossip, and had worried herself quite ill over the matter. Of course they all realized that Mr. Baker was not quite responsible. If he had been entirely normal he would never have gone to Vamossi's to get his meals. Annoyed at some trifling remark of his wife's at dinner some months ago he had stalked out saying he would never eat at home again.

"You mean that you and your step-grandmother think that I am trying to vamp Mr. Baker?" Margaret at last managed to ask. She laughed at the very absurdity of the thought and then explained exactly what had happened. Margaret and the young Mr. Baker talked then of a number of things. Charles from the first admired her, and when he left Margaret made a promise. "Not only will I give up my nice boarder but I'll get him to leave Vamossi's, too. I'll persuade him to eat at home tomorrow." Charles suggested that it might be easier to accomplish that if Margaret promised to dine with them, too.

Mrs. Baker was a good actress. When she met Margaret she never showed that for awhile she had felt nothing but jealousy for her. Frankly she liked Margaret from the first—and by this time Charles was in love with her. Old Mr. Baker found it rather pleasant to be home again—but he found it even more pleasant when a few months later Margaret took a permanent place at his board as the young bride of his grandson.

Slow Progress

Elsie—Why is Clara always so short of money—didn't her father leave her a lot?

Madge—Yes, but, you see, she's not to get it till she's thirty, and she'll never own up to that.

Beauties of Ceylon

For the visitor, Ceylon is an island amazing in its beauty and interest. The native streets are thronged with a gaily-clad multitude. Yellow-robed priests, plodding bullock carts, make a brilliant picture. The Low country is a patchwork of paddy fields and coconut plantations, splashed with vivid tropical flowers. Kandy, the capital, is on the shores of a glistening lake, and the gorgeous Peradeniya gardens (1,600 feet). High in the forest-clad hills is Nuwara Eliya (6,200 feet) amid tumbling waterfalls and mountain streams.

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