STEPHEN R. COLLINS, Attorney

Order of Publication

Albert C. Diehl
vs.
Mattie E. Jerden Diehl

In the Circuit Court for Kent County
In Equity No. 2702

The object of the Bill filed in the above entitled cause is to procure a Decree for divorce a vinculo matrimony in favor of the Plaintiff against the Defendant.

The Bill states:

1. That on the 20th day of November, 1918, Albert C. Diehl was married to one Mattie E. Jerden with whom he resided at Taylors' Bridge in New Castle County, Delaware, until the 24th day of April, 1926.

2. That, though the conduct of your Orator toward his wife, the said Mattie E. Jerden Diehl, has always been kind, affectionate and above reproach, the said Mattie E. Jerden Diehl has, without any just cause or reason, abandoned and deserted him, and has declared her intention to live with him 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.

3. That your Orator and the said Defendant, Mattie E. Jerden Diehl, have had one child born of said marriage whose name is Anna Foster Diehl, and was born on December 20th, 1920.

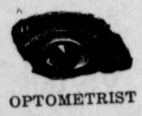
4. That your Orator is a registered qualified voter in Kent County, having resided in said County continuously for more than four years, having moved to Kent County on May 10, 1926; that the Defendant is a resident of the State of Delaware, residing at Blackbird or elsewhere beyond the jurisdiction of this Honorable Court.

It is thereupon, this 18th day of September, 1931, 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 19th day of October next, give notice to the said Mattie E. Jerden Diehl, non-resident defendant, warning her to appear in this Court in person, or by Solicitor, on or before the 2nd day of November next, to show cause, if any she has, why a Decree ought not to be passed as prayed.

True Copy.
ROBERT A. SHALLCROSS, Clerk.

Test:
ROBERT A. SHALLCROSS, Clerk.

DR. JULIAN T. POWEL



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Scientists Baffled by Sound of Singing Sands

There are many points in this country and abroad where the sands of the seashore are said to make a sound and this is attributed to the disturbance of the particles by the wind, but the singing sands of the Arabian desert is a phenomenon which has attracted attention for a thousand years and without any really satisfactory explanation. Here there is no disturbance by the wind and yet there is plainly a noise at times which is variously described. It is a cross between a low moan and the reverberations of a deep-toned bell after the hammer's blow. The natives regard it as something supernatural. Dunes in many parts of the world have become known less for the legends connected with them than for the peculiarly characteristic sounds. Sonorous dunes at the extreme end of lower California have been responsible for a Mexican legend of a monastery buried under the shifting sands. Daily at Angelus time the natives listen for the faint resonance of its bells. In South Africa there are laughing sands, and near the end of the last century a mining engineer discovered rumbling sands in Chile, South America. Moaning sands have been found in the western Sahara, between Timbuctoo and Morocco, and musical dunes in the Libyan desert of Africa. Kauai, one of the group of the Hawaiian islands, is famed for its barking sands.

Seems to Be No Limit to English Vocabulary

Shakespeare had the greatest vocabulary in history. It was remarkably rich and exhibited most of the language resources of his time. Prof. Albert Cook in his "Study of English," says that Shakespeare employed about 21,000 words; others say 15,000 or 24,000. But the number of words in the rapidly expanding vocabulary of modern times greatly exceeds that of Shakespeare's day. Dr. Joseph Jacobs in the New York Times "Saturday Review of Books," for November 16, 1913, states "that the average well-educated American or Englishman today can control from 30,000 to 35,000 words."

No estimate has been made of the number of words used by Huxley. His was a scientific mind, while Shakespeare's was entirely literary. Huxley had an unusually large fund of words at his disposal, and of necessity, had the wide and varied vocabulary of the natural and technical sciences at his command. From these sources he had a fund of words much greater and more varied than that in the possession of most writers. His writings abound with evidence of the enormous wealth of verbal material ready for ideas he wished to set forth.

Time Sky Lark's Song

Nature Magazine published the following reference to the length of the song of the wonderful British skylark. "There have been many opinions expressed as to the length of time occupied by the song of a skylark. Opinions would have been fewer and more consistent had each observer taken the trouble to time more than a thousand songs, as Noble Rollin did before writing a short paper on the subject. Variations in length occur according to the time of day, the month of the year, and the idiosyncrasy of the birds themselves, so that the range runs from one to 19 minutes. But the average length was only 2:22 minutes."

Getting It Right

Little Leona was sent to the store for milk and was just given the bottle. Somehow we forgot to give her the money, so the woman at the store thought we wanted to charge it. She did not know Leona and asked her what her daddy's name was.

"Well, mother calls him 'John,' but his real name is 'daddy.'"—Indianapolis News.

Experts Lay Down Rules for Correct Breathing

If you are curious as to whether or not you breathe correctly, unbuckle your belt and slip it up a few inches, halfway between waistline and bust line. Exhale and pull your belt in as tight as you can until you're empty as a pricked balloon. Now, take a whopper of a breath and see how many notches you can expand. It is here that chest expansion should be measured, instead of under the armpits, as your old gym teacher believed.

"Ordinarily breathing should be unconscious," says Dr. Eugene Lyman Fisk, in Collier's Weekly, "but everyday deep-breathing exercises should be employed. People who are shut in all day may partly compensate for the evils of indoor living by stepping out of doors and taking a dozen deep breaths whenever the opportunity presents itself."

"Do your heavy breathing in the morning when you first wake up," says Helen Hayes. "Repeat it whenever you feel fatigue or nervousness creeping over you. It will also cure the insomnia that may attack you at night."

Men as a rule breathe more deeply than women. A man's diaphragm is placed lower than a woman's, which gives his chest more room; and his more active habits of life have made this muscle stronger. Women, with a few glowing exceptions such as athletes, actresses and singers, are shallow breathers. In the hustle and bustle of life in general, they are apt to neglect their diaphragms.

World Wants to Know One's Best Attainment

If anyone, man or woman, knows how to bake perfect buckwheat cakes, that might be his or her life work. It is a talent as rare as painting good portraits. To quote the philosopher, "It is what life demands of us." Ah, to find that out! Psychology and psychiatry claim much, but their harvest is small.

Carlyle says, "The folly of that precept, 'Know thyself,' until it can be translated into this partially possible one: Know what thou canst work at." And again: "Hast thou a certain faculty, a certain Worth, such even as the most have not?". Therein lies the meaning of the aphorism: The world owes every man a living—if he will convince it what job he is especially suited for. It is a great, a paramount responsibility.

We are going to quote some more: Emerson—"The only gift is a portion of thyself; thou must bleed for me. Therefore, the poet brings his poem; the shepherd his lamb; the farmer, corn; the miner, a gem." But it must be something, though it be but the best buckwheat cakes in the world.—F. H. Collier, in the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Fox's Regard for Crow Not Too Deeply Seated

A recent issue of a magazine pertaining to wild life, went into detail in explaining the seeming regard that Reynard the fox has for the crow, claiming as a fact that a fox will never injure a crow. But this is the story told by Peter J. Tyer, called by Lee residents, "The Saga of Frogs Landing."

"When I lived at the Landing, I had several foxes as well as a pair of tame crows. The fox run was enclosed, side and top with poultry wire. It was interesting to watch these crafty animals and their method of planning in their efforts to get a hold of some of the many chickens, ducks and pigeons outside. They would carry bones and other scraps that were inside their inclosure and place them close to the wire to induce the live stock to reach for the tempting bait. Then they would lie flat on the ground apparently fast asleep, but when a head came through the mesh, make a jump for it. One day—one crow—no head."—Springfield (Mass.) Union.

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Simmon's Forestwood Walnut Finish, full sized, handsomely decorated bed ...$10.50
All Cotton Mattress, with Art Ticking ...$5.00
We also have in stock Mattresses from $7.50 each, to the Finest Cotton Felt.
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9x12 Japanese Matting Rugs ...$2.75
Hansorae Three-Burner Oil Cook Stove ...$13.00
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Wall Finish for Inside Work ...50c package
Porch Rockers in all styles.
A Full General line in Dry Goods, Shoes and Groceries.
Eggs and Chickens taken in trade.

T. H. M. BRAMBLE
Fairlee, Maryland

WORTON

Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Matthews entertained Mr. and Mrs. J. Torney, son and daughter, of Camden, and Mrs. Perry Bryan and daughter, Mabel, of Wilmington, Sunday.

Helen Hurlock visited Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Money, of Kennedyville, last week end.

Mrs. Walter Crouch, of Kent Island, is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. John Duyer this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Williams and Mr. and Mrs. Henry Williams visited Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Woodwad, of Rising Sun, Sunday.

Mrs. Samuel Wallis and daughters, Anna and Hazel, spent last week end in Baltimore.

Miss Miriam Cornelius, a recent graduate of Goldey College, a recent cepted a position as secretary to W. R. Bishop, Wilmington, Del.

Mrs. C. H. Clayville has returned home after spending some time with relatives in Baltimore.

Little Norman Patrick who has been very sick is much improved.

We are very sorry to report Mr. Perry Rasin quite ill at this writing.

MILLINGTON

Mrs. Alrich Price was taken to Easton hospital last Saturday in a very serious illness.

Mr. Victor Stevens, of Baltimore, was a visitor of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. James T. Stevens, last week end.

Mr. Arnold Slaughter, of Wyoming, has been transferred to Cheswold and Mr. Cecil, of Barclay, has taken up his duties at the Railroad station relieving R. J. Taylor, Agent.

Miss Eva Sykes has returned from a trip to Sidney, Neb.

Miss Mary Feddeman, of Baltimore, was a week end guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Feddeman.

Mr. William H. Whitehurst, of Baltimore, has returned home after spending the summer with relatives here.

Mr. Frank Lambert and family, of Wilmington, were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. John Woodall.

Miss Pauline Comegys, of Westminster, Md., visited her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Comegys over the week end.

Mrs. Frank Bonsall, of Dover, and Mrs. Walter Hilyard, of Georgetown, Del., were guests last week of Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Wilson.

Arrelee and Charles Fitch have returned to Westport, Conn., after spending the summer with their grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. John P. Ahern.

Mr. Julian King, of near Wilmington, visited his sister, Mrs. Noland Robinson, last week end.

Mr. and Mrs. Roland Bottomley were week end guests of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Glanding.

RED STAR LINES, Inc.

DeLuxe Motor Coaches leave Chestertown ... for Hurlock and Way Points 5.30.

Tolchester and Way Points 9.30 a. m., 4.10 P. M. Daily except Sunday.

Sunday only 9.30 A. M., 4.15 P. M. (Making Baltimore connections.)

Kent Island Ferry and Way Points 10.35 A. M. Daily except Sunday.



PERCY SHELLEY

"The trumpet of a prophecy! Oh, Wind, if Winter comes can Spring be far behind?" To aid another in his need, to bring one's abilities to the caretaking of another's perplexing problems is a worthy aim.

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STEPHEN R. COLLINS
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
Court St., Chestertown, Md.

Total Assets—One Small Daughter

By LEETE STONE

MARY BAIRD, "mother of the films"—Astoria, Long Island, where many creditors had been kind over many years, sat staring at the inevitable petition in bankruptcy which coldly listed her liabilities at $5,500, and her assets at $105. But the investigator had forgotten Doris, ten-year-old daughter of Mary Baird. At least he did not list her as an asset, which she was. However, that comes later.

Trouble looked Mary Baird square in the eyes. An invalid husband to feed, care for and nourish with the tenderness of true affection; three small children to look out for, the oldest of which was Doris. An apartment to pay rent for! Food to buy for five mouths! And Mary Baird was on the verge of forty-five. Small wonder that she sat before her mirror, combing out the beautiful silk-silver hair that had helped to win her her little title of "mother of the film," in an agony of doubt and distraction on that morning after the bankruptcy statement arrived.

Her mind centered on the kind, rather sorrowful smile of Frank Hanway, casting director at the studios a few blocks away—the look of tender concern he had bent on her just yesterday morning when she appeared in his office, as usual, at nine. He had said, as if he hated to say it:

"Sorry, Mary, my dear. There's not many 'mother' bits in the talkies, you know. If I can swing anything your way; trust me! I'll surely do it! How're the kids?"

"Fine, Frank—and thank you!" she had replied. Pride prevented her from confiding her straits to him. His hand would have gone down into his pocket to that ample roll of bills, and he would have forced a century note on her, out of the bigness of his heart. Frank Hanway had known Mary Baird when she was an ingenue with a great future.

This morning her mind raced back to those gilded days of youth, when her mind was unhampered and unworried by lack of luxury and sincere acclaim. When stage was all legitimate! When the spell of personal appearance before an audience was unthreatened and, as it seemed to all, secure in its regal artistry.

Then, shortly after the "Great Train Robbery," pioneer moving picture, flickered its thrilling way across the crude screen of the Eden Musee in New York, Mary by reason of her fame received an enticing offer from the old Biograph studios on Fourteenth street. From then on she was a movie actress until her hair commenced to silver—flitting between Hollywood and New York. At last the reviews, fairly dripping with praise from celebrated critics, of her work as the mother in "Mountain Woman." From that day till this day, when she faced starvation and want, not only for herself, but for a beloved family, Mary Baird was ticketed in casting offices as the perfect "mother of the films."

But the advent of talking pictures had done away with many of the old revivals. Mother parts were few and far between.

So mused Mary Baird, facing the last ditch before destruction.

Her husband sighed and jerked in troubled sleep in the big bed in one of their two rooms. The younger children breathed peacefully, still asleep in the crib in the corner. Suddenly her terror at everything lighted on Doris, for whom she had made a few mouthfuls of the last of the oatmeal, and sent out to play an hour since. Where was Doris? The child never stayed out long, and it was two hours now since she had last seen her.

From the door at her back came a musical, throbbing voice, just like her own before tragedy had dulled its sweetness:

"Mother! I'm back!"

"Oh, sweetheart! I was worried. You've been away a long time. Where were you?"

"I'll tell you, mother," the childish, precise tones in that voice which had once been hers winged their way in magic directness into Mary Baird's sorrowful heart.

"I knew you were worried . . . about money. 'Member, mother, the day last week when we sat on the set of 'Home, Sweet Home,' together," the beautiful child's words rushed together in a torrent of loving confidence, "an' mother—that big man in the blue shirt that you said was the director? Well, he kept looking at me whenever I spoke to you. He's a beautiful man, mother." A pause.

"All right, dear—of course he's a beautiful man; but that doesn't tell me where you've been to make mother worry so."

"But you won't need to worry 'bout money any more, mother; 'cause I met him an' his little boy on the street this morning. We played together. An' this big director took me over to the studios an' made a test of my voice. He held me on his lap while he heard it run through, an' oh, mother! He told me to run straight home to you and tell you to bring me out right away to see Frank Hanway about a contract. He's got a star child part for me, he says, mother."

Mary Baird wasted no time in tears of happiness. Knowing great directors she rushed to the closet for Doris' best dress and proceeded to capitalize Lady Luck and her daughter Doris without delay.

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JOHN SCHAUBER
Chestertown, Maryland

Odd Claims Insurance Companies Had to Pay

The strangeness of some accidents for which insurance companies have been mulcted in the past almost disrupts human belief, says an article in Pearson's Weekly (London). Take lovers, for instance. One man recently received insurance for broken ribs caused by being hugged too endearingly by his fiance. Another young "sheik" held his sweetheart on his lap until his foot went to sleep. When he rose to say good-by, his leg crumpled up under him, and he bumped himself severely. His insurance company paid for the damage. Take a quiet stroll through your neighborhood, and the same puckish spirit of disaster may be conspiring to work you grievous ill. At least, that is what an Exeter policeman must have thought recently, when some cough drops exploded in his pocket, and set fire to his clothes so effectively that the local fire brigade had to be called out in order to extinguish them. It was explained later that the tablets contained chlorate of potash, which had ignited through being rubbed against the lining of his pocket as he walked along on his beat.

Popular Quotation Not to Be Found in Bible

Among the many things popularly supposed to be in the Bible is the following oft-quoted saying: "The time will come when you cannot tell summer from winter except by the putting forth of the buds and the falling of the leaves." It is not in the Bible and its origin is not known, says Pathfinder Magazine. Genesis 8.22 seems to express the opposite idea: "While the earth remaineth, seedtime and harvest, and cold and heat, and summer and winter, and day and night, shall not cease." However, like a lot of other "homespun Scripture," the quotation under discussion undoubtedly was suggested by certain Biblical passages. It may have arisen originally from a wrong construction of the words attributed to Jesus in relating the parable of the fig tree. According to Matthew 24:32 and 33 Jesus said: "Now learn a parable of the fig tree: When his branch is yet tender, and putteth forth leaves, ye know that summer is nigh." In Luke 2:29 and 30 and in Mark 13:28 the parable is given in almost the same words.

Poisonous American Snakes

There are only two families of poisonous snakes in the United States, in each of which there are several species. The rattlesnake family, Crotalidae, has three genera—Crotalus, Sistrurus and Agkistrodon. Crotalus is the genus of the common rattlesnakes, of which there are about 15 species. Sistrurus is the genus of the Massasaugas, of which there are only three species. Agkistrodon is the genus of the copperhead and the water moccasin. The other family of poisonous snakes is the family of the coral snakes, Elapidae. There are only two species of this family common in the United States—the Harlequin snake and the Sonoran coral snake, both belonging to the genus Elaps.—Washington Star.

Famous Rooms Reproduced

Rooms famous in literature were a feature of the Ideal Homes exhibition held in London. They were reproduced in detail, and were visited by large crowds. There were shown the Boar's Head tavern in Eastcheap in Shakespeare's day, with Falstaff in great form; Little Dorrit's bare garret in Southwark; Sherlock Holmes' foggy Victorian room in Baker street; a drawing room from "Pride and Prejudice"; Trilby's studio, with its long sloping window overlooking the romantic roofs of somewhere near the "Boule Mich.," and the hut millions have so often pictured and longed to live in, the home of Robinson Crusoe.

Salaries of Presidents

The French President receives about $152,000 a year. The President of the United States receives a salary of $75,000 a year with an allowance of $25,000 for traveling and entertainment expenses. The French President, however, is chargeable for practically all the expenses of the upkeep of his houses, as well as all services and personal charges. He is at the expense of entertaining and of traveling. The winter home of the French President is the palace of the Elysee and he has the choice for summer occupancy of several chateaux owned by the government.

Cheap Tea

In the days long ago when tea was too expensive for the children of agricultural laborers in Essex and Sussex, a beverage was given them made from the scalded raspings of overbaked bread called "T'owd Tea" (the Old Tea). The stimulating qualities of tea were well described by an old woman, who said: "It must be a bad complaint that a cup of tea didn't cure." In those days also poor men often smoked dried willow leaves in place of tobacco, which they could not afford to buy.—Montreal Herald.

More Dependable

Three weeks after buying a moderately priced diamond for his fiancee, a young man trudged disconsolately into the jewelry store and tossed a tiny box on the counter, saying:

"There's the engagement ring I bought here. I want to trade it in on a good watch—something I can put a little faith in."

Mrs. Moriarty: "I'm sorry for Mrs. O'Brien. It's tough to be left a widow with two children."

Mrs. Fogarty: "Sure, it is Mrs. Moriarity—but she knew he was a pedestrian when she married him.

"Did that patent medicine you bought cure your aunt?"

"Mercy, no! On reading the circular that was wrapped around the bottle she got two more diseases."

Subscription to the Transcript $1.50 per annum.



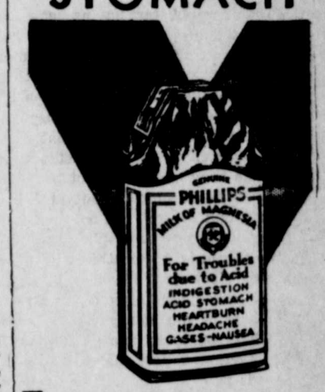
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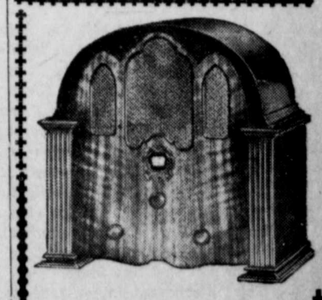
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One spoonful of Phillips Milk of Magnesia neutralizes instantly many times its volume in acid. It is harmless and tasteless and its action is quick. You will never rely on crude methods once you learn how quickly this method acts. Please let it show you—now.

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