NOTICE TO CREDITORS

NOTICE is hereby given that the undersigned has obtained from the Orphans' Court for Kent County letters of Administration on the personal estate of

MATTHEW S. CLOUGH

late of said county, deceased. All persons having claims against said deceased's estate are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the proper vouchers thereof, to the undersigned on or before the 29th day of March, 1932, otherwise they may by law be excluded from all of said deceased's personal estate.

All persons indebted to this estate must settle at once.

Given under my hand this 29th day of September, 1931.

MORRIS KEENE BARROLL,
Administrator.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

NOTICE is hereby given that the undersigned has obtained from the Orphans' Court for Kent County letters of Administration on the personal estate of

ELWOOD WHALEY

late of said county, deceased. All persons having claims against deceased's estate are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the proper vouchers thereof, to the undersigned on or before the 13th day of April, 1932, otherwise they may by law be excluded from all benefit of said deceased's personal estate.

All persons indebted to this estate must settle at once.

Given under my hand this 13th day of October, 1931.

ROBERT R. WHALEY,
o13. Administrator.

Order Nisi

In the matter of the Estate of James A. Townshend, deceased.

In The Orphans' Court For Kent County, Maryland

ORDERED this 20th day of October, 1931, by the Orphans' Coutr for Kent County, Maryland, that the sale of the real estate mentioned in these proceedings made and reported by William T. Jones, Executor under the last Will nd Testament of James A. Townshend, late of Kent County, deceased, be ratified and confirmed unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 24th day of December 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 23rd day of November next. The Report of Sale shows the amount of sale to be twenty-five hundred ($2,500.00) dollars.

EDWARD A. SCOTT,
J. HENRY THOMPSON,
JAMES H. GROOVES,
Judges of the Orphans' Court for Kent County, Maryland.

True Copy,
Test,
FRANK W. SMITH,
o24. Register of Wills.

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are thoroughly equipped to do all kinds of Blacksmithing and Repairing.
LET US SUBMIT AN ESTIMATE for building any kind of structure

Stavely & Bowers

Subscription to the Transcript $1.50 per annum.

FEDERATED WOMEN'S CLUB

The twentieth semi-annual meeting of the Eastern Shore District Maryland Federation of Women's Clubs was held in the Methodist Episcopal Church at East New Market Thursday, October 22nd. The meeting opened with an invocation by Rev. J. A. Clark with Mrs. Alfonso Boley, president, presiding. Greetings were given to the members and visitors by Mrs. O. W. McWilliams, president of the Woman's Club of East New Market.

The following department chairmen gave reports of their respective departments. Mother Craft, Mrs. Archie Sewad; Education, Mrs. Robert Lee Wright; Conservation, Mrs. John Swaine; Music, Miss Louise DeGinther; Literature and Drama, Miss Bertha Adkins; International Relations, Mrs. Marvin Thomas; Public Welfare, Mrs. Otha McWilliams; Junior Membership, Mrs. Harry Adkins; War Veterans, Miss Alice Miller; Law Observance, Mrs. Clayton Horsey; Press and Publicity, Mrs. Grady E. Powewll; Club Institute, at Mrs. James B. Noble.

The following state officers were present, State Director, Mrs. J. Enos Ray; Vice President, Mrs. Earl Shafee; President, Mrs. John L. Whitehurst. Each of these officers brought a vital message to the district. Mrs. Whitehurst in her message gave five definate aims to be accomplished by the clubs this year and stressed the economic situation.. She stated that in regard to this she would have us bear in mind two things, be optimistic and buy intelligently.

The afternoon session was given over to an address by Prof. Wilford A. Beardsley, Ph. D., head of Romance Language Department, Goucher College, Dr. Beardsly spoke on Disarmament and began his address by asking "Do you believe in War," He spoke of the horrors of war and the result of it. He also spoke of the Disarmament Conference to be held at Geneva, in February and gave a number of the issues which would be discussed at that conference..

Mr. W. H. Shephehrd of Salisbury sang, "I'm a Clown," "I love Life," and "My Lord What a Morning."

An interesting history of East New Market was given by Mrs. J. A. Baker.

An invitation was extended the district to hold the next meeting in Pocomoke as the guest of the Woman's Club of Pocomoke City.

GALENA

Miss Mary and Eva McCauley, of Philadelphia, spent the week end with their mother, Mrs. Eva McCauley.

Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Jarman spent Sunday with his brother, Mr. Charles Jarman, near Church Hill, Md.

Bishop Thomas and wife, of Brazil, are spending part of the week with her sister, Mrs. J. E. Ireland.

Miss Martha Whitaker, of Chestertown, spent the week end with her sister, Mrs. Ernest Hicks.

Mrs. E. S. Jarman and Mrs. Richard Redding spent Tuesday in Wilmington, Del.

News was received on Saturday last of the death of Miss Annie W. Smith, of New York, formerly of Galena, and at one time a teacher in the Galena Public School.

Miss Kitty Hyland, of Washington College, spent the week end with her father, Mr. W. A. Hyland.

Mr. Frank Ruth and daughter, Frances and Miss Alice Prettyman spent at State Sanatorium, Md., who is a patient there.

Mr. Frank Jefferies, of Wilmington, spent Sunday with Mrs. Linda Walls.

Mrs. Helen Kent, of Wilmington, spent the week end with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Bolton.

The Willing Workers Sunday School Class held t heir meeting at the home of Mrs. George Carroll on Tuesday evening.

Mrs. Emma Vansant is visiting her daughter, Miss Helen Vansant in Baltimore, Md.

Miss Ethelie Prettyman, of Baltimore, spent the week end with her parents, Rev. and Mrs. A. P. Prettyman.

Mrs. J. Earle Gilfillan and daughter, Dorthea spent the week end with relatives in Newark, Delaware.

Mr. and Mrs. Price Roe and son, Billy, of Dover, Del., spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Starr.

Miss Vera Whitaker is spending a while with Rev. and Mrs. R. W. Lewis at St. Micheals, Md.

Miss Eva Jarman is visiting friends in Philadelphia, Pa.

Mrs. Eugene Hangerford, of Sharptown, Md., is visiting her mother, Mrs. Elizabeth Wamsley at Fredricktown, Md.

Once-Glorious Babylon Pathetic in Its Fall

Always the hostile nations of the Near East have largely prevented archeologists from digging into the remains of the ancient cities there; but since the World war overturned authority there, the excavations are beginning to look like the Kimberley diamond mines. Museums in all civilized countries are piling up the remnants of the early peoples.

But we learn little about them. Pottery, though it be collected by tons, and necklaces, earrings and indestructible personal adornments tell us little of the inhabitants of Ur, of Assyria and Babylon. The lack of a literature makes everything lack. We can understand what the Greeks thought, what they said and their daily behavior; but the older races are dumb.

As Bill Nye said, "Babylon is a good illustration of a town that does not keep up with the procession. Compare her today with Kansas City." We were reading about this Babylon, just the other day. Every twenty-four hours the train to Bagdad snorts by Babylon that way. It whistles, but does not stop, and if the traveler is rapid of eye he may read on a railroad sign: "Babylon—Train Halt Here to Pick Up Passengers." Could any of the shattering denunciations of this great and terrible city to be read in the Bible be more bitter?—St. Louis Globe Democrat.

Orchids Need Much Care

Orchids, of which there are numerous varieties, are the most costly of cut flowers, for good reason. It takes seven to eight years for the plant to reach the flowering stage, and in all that long period it must be cultivated under a uniform temperature and otherwise cared for, even after it begins its single bloom a year.

The sowing and incubation of the seed are done in the laboratory in flasks or test tubes, in which the seedlings germinate under sterilized conditions.

"Red Hat" Bestowed on Cardinals as a Symbol

The red hat, the most conspicuous feature of the insignia of Roman Catholic cardinals, dates as a vestment from 1245. In that year it was bestowed on secular cardinals by Pope Innocent IV as a symbol of their readiness to shed their blood for Christ and the church. Gregory XIV in 1591 extended the privilege of wearing the red hat to cardinals belonging to religious orders. As now made, the ecclesiastical hat is scarlet in color and has a small, flat crown and a broad brim with cords and tassels of special patterns hanging over it. It is placed on the head of the newly appointed cardinal by the hand of the pope at a public consistory, but the hat is very seldom worn afterward. Instead it is usually laid aside until the funeral obsequies of the cardinal, when it is placed on his catafalque. In the absence of the cardinal, and sometimes after his death, the red hat may be hung from the roof of the cathedral. The color of the cardinal's hat has become known as cardinal red, and a species of American finch is called the cardinal bird or the red cardinal because of the brilliant plumage of the male.—Pathfinder Magazine.

Use for Waste Lumber

Conservation of the nation's forests promises to become a reality through a scientific utilization of waste timber, according to the American survey bureau.

"Moden science has evolved a process of making wood boards from waste lumber that doubtless eventually will become an important factor in solving the timber conservation problem," a bureau bulletin says. "By this process edgings, slabs and short lengths of natural forest-grown timber from the sawmills, material formerly sent to the trash burners as worthless, are reduced by terrific explosions from steam guns to a fibrous mass, which is subjected to heat and pressure until it is converted into strong, smooth, grainless boards."

Chinese and Anesthetics

Some of the Arabian authorities speak of a form of anesthesia by inhalation, wrote Charles H. LaWall in "Four Thousand Years of Pharmacy." This probably was derived from the Chinese, for Hua To, the Hippocrates of China, is said to have taught this practice and used for the purpose a combination of aconite, datura and henbane. It was revived in the Thirteenth century, when it was called the "soporific sponge." And all this, comments the author, from a people who were so despised as to warrant a special clause in the litany of the English church during the period of the Crusades, which read: "From the Turk and the Comet, good Lord, deliver us."

Auction and Contract Bridge

Auction bridge originated in India. The first record of it is found in a letter, published in the London Times, January 16, 1903, outlining the game and referring to it as "the new game of auction bridge for three players." The Bath club made it a fourhanded game and in 1907 the Portland club took it up. The first American code of laws of auction bridge was issued by the New York Whist club in 1910. Contract bridge dates back to 1913 or 1914. In 1915 the New York Whist club considered codifying its laws, but decided that the game was not settled enough for set rules.

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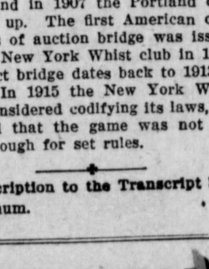
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PERCY SHELLEY

"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.

C. L. DODD
Funeral Director
Chestertown, Maryland
Telephone, Chestertown 164

NEST-EGG FOR LOTTIE'S EDUCATION

By FANNIE HURST

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

SIBBIE was one of those women who had married early (a first-love elopement), had spent the subsequent years bemoaning the fact that she had not availed herself of the opportunity for a college education.

The stage had all been set for Sibbie to attend a state university when she eloped instead. It had been no great blow however to her parents, the idea of college, which in a modest way they had been able to afford, had been to them more of a new-fangled notion than a project of value. So when Sibbie eloped with a nice local boy, with prospects in his father's machinery shop, it had seemed more of a blessing than a calamity.

In a way this was true, because the pretty Sibbie was to enjoy three years of complete marital happiness before her husband succumbed to influenza during an epidemic.

It had been hard sledding after that. Her little girl was just two when the father died. Her father-in-law's machine shop was destined to bankruptcy, her own parents had passed on meanwhile, leaving assets that were chiefly in the form of mortgages.

There had not been a time after those first three years of married happiness when Sibbie had not been harassed, pressed and burdened with the responsibilities of the struggle for existence of herself and little girl. And through all the driven, work-ridden years the regret that had lain uppermost in the mind of Sibbie was her failure to avail herself, when a girl, of the opportunity of a college education. Lack of it seemed the fundamental explanation of so many of the handicaps that oppressed her. It was humiliating when she thought of her little daughter Lottie, that she, Sibbie, instead of earning their living by some such activity as teaching or professional work, should be obliged to accept a saleslad yship in a dry goods store or sit behind the wire cage of a cashier's desk in a lunch room.

A college woman happened to run one of these lunch rooms in which Sibbie was employed as cashier. The very books she kept on her desk were a sign of reproach to the mother of little Lottie. They were the kind of books Sibbie was not only unprepared to read herself, but was unprepared to pass along and discuss with her daughter. Books of psychology; science; collections of essays.

Because her mind had never been sufficiently trained, Sibbie had not the patience for reading anything except the most superficial magazines and the tabloid newspapers. Vaudeville and motion pictures were her forms of entertainments and it was all she could do to keep awake if she accompanied her little daughter, for the sake of its cultural significance, to a lecture or a symphony concert.

And so Sibbie found herself going through life, branded, as it were, by this outstanding lack; branded by the fact that as an uneducated woman she was fettered to walks of life that otherwise might have been roads to a higher destiny. Try as she would to excuse herself, Sibbie was forced at last to realize that her intellectual curiosity had simply never been awakened.

The proprietor of the restaurant was the sort of college woman whose tastes had been stimulated back in the formative years. Sibbie realized that same need within herself. She had no talent for culture; no appetite, except one that should have been artificially stimulated in her youth.

And, of course, this regret began gradually to be offset by an ambition. Before Lottie was in her 'teens, a gleaming resolution had already lit Sibbie's eyes. Lottie would never know the bitter pangs of regret that had eaten their way through the life of her mother.

When Lottie was thirteen, the fund for her college education already amounted to three figures in Sibbie's little bank book.

And delightfully enough, Lottie showed promise of a distinct appetite for learning. She was the sort of child to whom going to school was a pleasure. Her teacher liked her; her reports were excellent and to Sibbie's delight, it was not unusual to find the little girl, after school hours, curled up on a couch reading a book, instead of playing out of doors with the neighborhood children. And good books they were. Dickens. When Lottie was sixteen, she spoke French almost as well as the graphophone records from which she had learned it. By this time her application was in for admission into a large eastern college for girls, and Sibbie's nest-egg was already large enough to account for the first two years of Lottie's college life.

Even in her choice of companions, Lottie brought gratification to her mother's heart. She was not only a member of the high school's literary society, but vice president as well, and presided when the president of the organization, Lon Brown, son of the principal of the high school, was obliged to be absent. She had a fine executive quality and once or twice it had been Sibbie's privilege to sit in at one of these sessions and see her young daughter, pert, slim, alert, and intelligent, conduct the affairs of this cultural organization with manner and precision.

Sometimes the literary society, or the dramatic club of which Lottie was also a member, met in the modest little home where Sibbie took great pains to serve excellent refreshments. There was a girl named Edda May, of wealthy parents, who had come to be a great chum of Lottie's. Sometimes they practiced their dramatic together, while Sibbie held the book and prompted them. Lottie and Edda were bound for the same college. Once, too, Lottie was chosen to play Juliet opposite Lon Brown's Romeo in the school production of that play, and it seemed to Sibbie, sitting there beholding, that no fulfillment could be finer than this vicarious one that was hers. Compared to the joys of beholding in this girl of hers the fruition of her own stunted and blunted desires, the years of struggle, grief and despair, were as naught.

In a way, Sibbie used to argue with herself, it was a blessed dispensation that she had been too silly and ignorant a girl to realize the incalculable advantages of an education. Otherwise, she might never have realized thus keenly how essential were the cultural attributes she desired so passionately in her daughter.

The world was filled with women who had suddenly found themselves in the routine rut of homes, without having had time to equip themselves for life; women without the capacity to desire the better things. Sibbie had been such a woman. The avenues of good reading, of foreign languages, of art were closed to her, because she had never prepared her mind to understand or love them.

There came to be something horrible to Sibbie in the news that this and that young girl of Lottie's acquaintance had married.

Too soon, too soon, was what her heart tolled when tidings such as these came to her. These young girls, just out of high school, had not time to prepare themselves for the better things; the banquet-things of life's table.

When Lottie was eighteen, she was graduated with honors from her high school.

There were three months between her and the time she was to enter college; months that were heart-hurting and terrible to Sibbie in many ways, as the time of her separation from this child approached, and yet months that were lit with the flame of fulfillment.

To add to the excitement and the fine quality of her anticipations, Lottie won a traveling scholarship of two months in Europe, on the strength of an essay she wrote for a local newspaper. It came out of a clear sky, because Sibbie had not even known that her daughter had entered the competition. Two months in Europe! Two months among the art galleries, the palaces and the capitals of England, France, Germany and Italy. Why, that in itself was enough to give a girl a running start in a cultural life that was limitless in its possibilities.

More than that, think what it would do to jerk the pretty Lottie, tired from the arduous activities of her graduation, out of the apathy which had come over her of late.

But as a matter of fact, the effect was just the contrary. Like a flower drooping of its own weight, Lottie somehow failed to respond to the incredible good fortune that had befallen her and for some reason, all the old enthusiasm about her entrance into college had flowed out of her, leaving her a wan and listless girl who was puzzling to her mother.

After all, it was impossible to account for a lassitude so deeply rooted as Lottie's, merely by the strenuous activities attending her graduation. Something fundamental was to be reckoned with in Lottie.

It all became startlingly clear, just one week before she was to sail for Europe. She eloped with Lon Brown.

The effect upon her mother, the subsequent happy setting-up of the two young people into a small homestead, and the resultant years of good fortune and tribulation, happiness and heartache, are precisely what would be expected. Sibbie, with the unconquerable resiliency of the human being, recovered from the shock of her disappointment and learned to accept in good faith the really pleasant destiny that had overtaken her daughter. Lon was a good fellow, industrious, ambitious and capable. Their first child was born on Lottie's birthday.

She is six years old now, her name is Sibbie. The nest-egg toward her college education has already been started in the savings bank.

Biblical Perfume Recipe

The first known recipe for a perfume, wrote C. J. S. Thompson in "The Mystery and Lure of Perfume," is that which is given in the book of Exodus, 30:34: "And the Lord said unto Moses, taken unto thee sweet spices, stacte and onycha, and galbanum; these sweet spices with pure frankincense: of each shall be a like weight: and thou shalt make it a perfume, a confection after the art of the apothecary, tempered together, pure and holy: and thou shalt beat some of it very small. . . . And as for the perfume which thou shalt make, ye shall not make to yourselves according to the composition thereof: it shall be unto thee holy for the Lord."

Odd Headache "Cure"

In the Sixteenth century to cure a headache, the patient took a mixture of pepper and mustard, rolled into a ball about the size of a bean, and rolled it on his tongue. He was to eat nothing, but was to keep rolling this awful mixture in his mouth until cured, says an article in a Boston paper.

The "evil humors" of the head were supposed to be drawn by the pellet in the mouth. Without a doubt, the patient thought he had the evil humors in his mouth after rolling the mixture around for a few minutes.

Monkeys Are Troublesome

Mischievous wild monkeys which live in the mountains around the historic Japanese town of Nikko are worrying villages by raiding fields and poultry yards. The worst depredations are reported from the Fukushima prefecture where, according to villagers, the monkeys are chasing horses into the hills. A Japanese, Zainiwazuka, recently reported that while cutting hay his horse disappeared. He gave chase and saw the pack animal in a distant valley with a monkey leading him into the hills.



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