THE AUTOBROGRAPHY OF A HORSE

This is my autobiography. Not written, of course, by myself, for no horse could write the story of his or he own life, however well trained for in horse schools they do not teach reading and writing. We are taught mostly by sign language yet we do learn the meaning of many single words.

My master, a minister of the Gospel, has in his heart a warm place for all farm animals. One of his special weaknesses, if it may be called a weakness, is a love for horses. He is writing this story for me therefore it must be a true one.

My parents were West Morrell and Maude. The former belonged to one of our neighbors and the latter had been bought by master from a trainer for his own special driving purposes. They were a handsome pair, well matched in color and size; both solid bays and each weighed about 1000 lbs. They were well shaped and clean limbed, quick of action and noted for speed. I am proud of my parents, as every well bred horse should be. They were an honest pair, did their duty in life to the best of their ability and proved a great satisfaction to their owners.

I was born in May, 1912, for that reason I was named Mayfly. When my master got up about seven a. m. and saw the little colt in the yard, he came and stood by my mother, while I was nosing around, trying to find the place to get my first breakfast. He was greatly pleased, went back to the house and said to the Mistress, "We have a new baby girl member of the family, Maude has a pretty bay colt, and I am glad of it."

I am said, by those who knew him, to be more like my father in appearance than my mother. I have some of the traits of both of them. I am not a foolish rebellous creature, so provoking to my drivers, as to make them angry and rough with me.

I hate to be cornered and have had more than one tongue lashing for rushing past those who were driving me in from pasture. My! but it has been fun to me to run off there and kick up my heels in derision.

There are two other things I hate, an old rattling Ford car and a great big truck or moving van. They look minghty dangerous coming towards me and I feel that it s much safer to give them all the room possible. I know it is provoking to my master for me to jump out of the road every time I meet one, but I just cannot help doing so. He has been wonderfully patient with me and has never used a whip on me, though I know he has at times been angry enough to do so. I am a little more considerate now, than formerly, age and experience have helped me to be more courageous.

I have had a good home all my life. The whole family has made a pet of me and I have tried to respond to their kindness. The best the place has afforded has been given me liberally. From three years old I have been my Master's favorite campanion when in harness. We know each other thoroughly. My regular pasture is in the yard. When he comes to the front door in the early morning, I always greet him wth a whinny, He usually says "Come on," we then walk along together, he with his arm over my neck.

I have learned one or two little tricks. One is that there is frequently to be found in the buggy something good to eat, corn, bread, apples, or cake. I search the buggy for these and many are the nice tidbits I have found and enjoyed. I once injured a good overcoat trying to get some cake out of a pocket, and another time I ate a pie that my master was expecting to feast on. I did not get petted for these tricks.

Sometimes I go to the trough for water and find it empty. I turn on the spigot and soon have all the fresh water I need. The pity is, I can not turn it off and stop the flow. By morning the tank is empty and I get severerely censured by the whole family, who will call me ugly names.

I am now well on to my twentieth year, that is young for a man who is just coming into manhood, but a horse twenty years old is considered an old animal. He usually shows and feels it I like to take life more easily than I did in my younger days. My master is now an old man and does not go about as much as he formerly did. He has many kind friends, who takes him here and there, especially on his long trips. For days and weeks together I am not harnessed. I have then nothing to do but to eat, drink and grow fat. This is not hard to do when one has the best the land affords to feed on.

It is a law of life that the less one does, the less he wants to do and the more growly he becomes about the hardships of life. Many of my horse friends, after leading such a luxurious life as has fallen to my happy lot, will put on airs and prance around when hitched up. I never do such foolish things, I go off as quietly, as if it is an everyday job, this is better for me and for all concerned. There is, to my mind, no use in fretting and fuming over work that has to be done, the more disagreeable the job, the more quietly and willingly it is done, the sooner it is over, then there is no soreness and bitterness following it. That is good sound "Horse Sense."

In my nearly twenty years I have seen some wonderful charges brought about, the world has moved rapidly. These changes have revolutionized the status of the horse, more perhaps than that of any other creature.

I have been trying to trace up the hstory of his contact with man and find that it is involved in as great mystery as that of man himself. It is not to be expected that when man can give no certain account of his own origin and upbringing, that he should be able to state positively whence I came and why I am here.

Of this much, I am sure, that my progenitors existed countless ages and ages ago. Even before man walked the face of the earth. Back in the dim ages of the past he and I, by some mysterious means graviated together. He was aspiring unto something better than he then was. His superior intelligence saw in me an animal, that would enable him to climb into the higher life after which he was beginning to long. By some means, he captured one of my ancestors and brought him in subjection to his will.

From that time, we have been man's most obedient servants. To us he is more indebted than to any of God's creatures for his welfare and happiness in life. We have aided in his civilazation, cultivated his fields, built his cites, fought his battles, increased his pleasures and made his life worth living. He never would have been able to do many of the great things in life he has accomplished, but for our strong and active muscles and good shoulders backed up by a willing mind and heart.

The time used to be, when we were the farmers, main dependence. Without us he could not have conducted his business. We not only prepared his fields for the grain, we reaped it, threshed it and hauled it to market. We then had a stable money value and many good dollars were added to his income when we were shipped to market and sold.

The city was as dependent upon us as the farm. Thousands upon thousands of us were grafted into city life and employed in every business in which men were engaged. We were the motive power for all vehicles of pleasure, as well as of business.

The young gay and frivolous used us in their pleasures; we would then be arrayed in fancy high priced harness and hooked to some grand carriage and have a groom in livery to attend to us.

We had to be fed in the city, as well as in the country as no horse can live without corn, oats, and hay. This made a large demand for these products, greatly to the farmers profit.

We were then somebody, one of the chief assets of country and city life. The world could not move without our aid. We were it and proud of being so.

In the last twenty years a sad change has come over our life. Up to that time, we were one of the absolute necessities of the world, we were king of the road and on the farm. Now we have been supplanted, the word Ichabod, may be written over our stable door, our glory has departed and we are classed among the "has beens."

What we have been is lost sight of. A back seat has been assigned to us and we are no longer in the parade. We are too slow, even for the funeral procession, a very few people, mostly the poor and negroes, use us on the public road. Here and there, a willful old man has the courage to stay by us and face, not only the dangers of the public road, but to ignore the scorn of those who may pass him. In a few short years we will be buried in perfect oblivion, when we will be as great a curiosity as the elephant now is.

Is the world any better off without us? If so, we must yield to the inevitable.

The question is, Can the machine which has no ruthlessly suplanted us, fill the place in life which has so long been ours That is a great question. It will take time, and a long time at that, for that question to be answered.

My "Horse sense," (generally looked upon as good "common sense,") says that no humanly devised machine can, and never will be able to entirely take the place of a God made one.

On the prepared road, for rapid going and for long distances, we have to acknowledge ourselves sadly defeated, but look at the expense, it has heaped upon man, and how sadly it has in many cases demoralized him, by upseting his home life and instilling into him neglect of many high and holy duties. Off the expensive surfaced road we are still its superior in every way.

On the farm where the machine costs in the first place, three to five times as much as one of us and the owner has to import all its porpulsive power, we are and will be for many yeas to come in the ascendency. As previously asserted, we are more of an asset, than a liability. We do not depreciate as rapidly and last at least five times as long. We are producers to the day of death and after. In idle times, we do not stand in a shed depreciating in value by rust, but are in the barn yard consuming that which cannot be sold, and converting it into manure, which will be [illegible] the farm. Even at death, we are still some value. In town we are converted into glue, our hides and hair go to the upholsteries, our bones to the button factories or are ground up for bone meal and sold to fertilizer men . In the country, we may be hauled out to some out of the way spot, where we become food for the dogs and buzzards. So we are useful even after death.

But what is a tractor worth? From the day of its purchase, it is a liability to its purchaser, decreasing in value so rapidly that it is appalls him. At the end of five years, no junk men will buy it, dogs and buzzards cannot consume it, so it is dragged out back of the barn and left to be eaten up by rust, an eye sore to all who pass by. This is invariably the end of all man made devises.

My master says, as ong as he lives I shall be provided for I did an unusual great kindness to him in my early Girlhood, I was badly frightened and started to run away, his little grand daughter was in the carriage, I paused and he caught and quieted me. From that day he has been my warmest friend.

MAY-FLY MORRELL,
(Written by Rev. S. S. Hapbron.)

ESCAPED CONVICTS ROB BANK

The two bandits, who held up and robbed a Baltimore County bank early Tuesday morning, are now believed to have been the prisoners who escaped from Easton Jail, Sunday night, their pictures having been identified by the cashier. The car used by the bank robbers has been identified as being the property of E. S. Valliant & Son and was stolen sometime Monday night while parked in front of the residence of T. Rigby Valliant in Centreville. Two men were seen in Centreville shortly before midnight, whose description answered to the Easton jail breakers. These men were seen on Liberty St. about two blocks from the Valliant residence. The description of the Baltimore bank robbers tally with the escaped prisoners.

The hold-up of the White Hall was carried out by two men. These two men, one a negro, held up the cashier and a clerk, and escaped with branch of the Baltimore City Bank $6,000.

Both of the escaped prisoners from the Easton Jail have quite a criminal record.

Registration Notice

AFFECTING CITIZENS MOVING INTO THE COUNTY FROM ANOTHER STATE

Citizens moving into Kent County from another State and desiring to vote in the elections of 1932 must comply with the Acts of Assembly of 1902, which require that such persons must declare their intention of becoming citizens of the State of Maryland before the Clerk of the Circuit Court one year before the next general election in order to be eligible to register and vote in such election.

The General Assembly of 1929 attempted to repeal this law and enacted a substitute which the Court of Appeals has ruled unconstitutional. The Attorney General of Maryland, by whose opinions this Board is guided, has ruled that the decision of the Court of Appeals has made the Act of 1929 imperative and that it will be necessary for all persons moving into the State to declare his or her intention of becoming a citizen of Maryland before he or she is eligible for registration.

The opinion of the Attorney General in part, is as follows:

In 1902 the Legislature enacted a law requiring every non-resident moving into the State, wishing to vote, to register his intention of becoming a resident before a Clerk of Court one year before an election, in oder to register to vote at said election. The Legislature, by Act of 1929, Chapter 578, attempted to repeal said provision and to provide that a non-resident need not go before the Clerk, but might register upon his own affidavit and that of two voters, before the registration officers, that he had actually resided in the State a year. This new law, however, excepted two counties from its operation and on that account the Court of Appeals declared it unconstitutional (on October 31, 1930, in Bangs vs. Fey, in Md., 548), as the Constitution says that the General Assembly shall provide for a uniform registration of the names of all voters in this State, and the Court of Appeals further declared that the said law of 1902 therefore still in force.

"It is therefore, clear, under the law as it now stands, that no person who has moved into Maryland from another State is now entitled to registration unless he or she has complied with the above requirements of the law."

Persons who were able to get on the books under the act which was declared unconstitutional must appear before a clerk of the court in Chestertown before November 3 to declare their intentions. Otherwise, they may be placed on the suspect list and their names erased from the books. It would then be too late to file their intention and their right to participate in the Presidential election would be lost.

CHAS. F. CROW,
J. H. THOMPSON,
T. W. TREW,
Supr. of Elections for Kent Co.
W. O. B. Knight, Clerk. o10-3t.

Hay and Grain
Should Be Insured
DON'T DELAY
INSURE AND BE SAFE.
JOSEPH N. WHEATLEY & CO.
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JACK FROST
Is On The Way!

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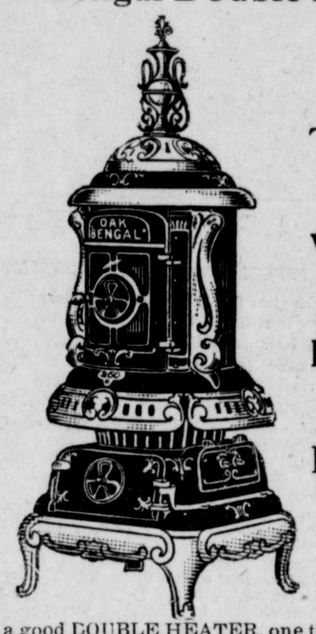
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The $6.00 Oil Heaters now, only $4.85

The $7.50 Oil Heaters now, only $5.85

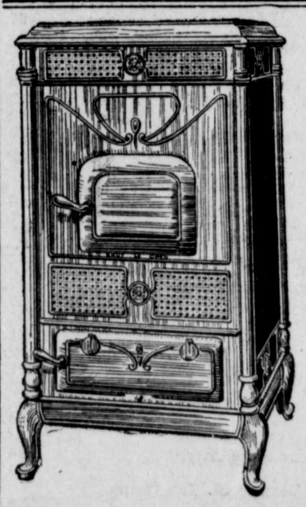
The New Bengal Double Heaters

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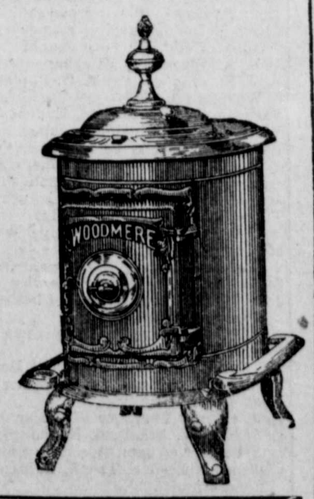
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These $50.00 Double Heaters only $37.50
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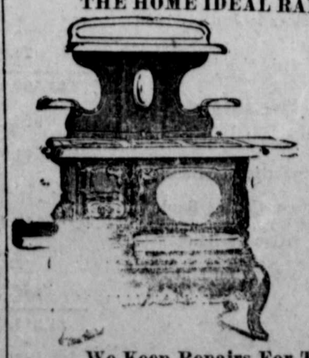
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CIRCULATING HEATERS
—MAKES—
A COLD HOUSE WARM
These powerful Heaters are greatly reduced
The $85.00 Heaters only $65.00
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COME AND LOOK THEM OVER

HOT AIR WOOD STOVES
At near half prices. Iron top and iron bottom, heavy lining, made to last a long time.
The $15.00 Stoves, only .. $9.50
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THE HOT AIR SHEET IRON STOVES
Now only .. $2.50, $3.50, $4.50



THE HOME IDEAL RANGES AT LOWER PRICES



NOW $29.75
You get the car-load price on this Grand Range
Every Stove sold on a guarantee. The "HOME IDEAL RANGE", a perfect baker, requires little fuel and you now get these best $40.00 Ranges for only $29.75

We Keep Repairs For The Home Comfort Ranges

The Wincraft Enamel Ranges are on sale.
The $110.00 Green and Ivory Enamel Ranges now 87.50

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STILL POND, MD.

HIGH SCHOOL NOTES

BY RUTH FOX

Centreville played us in both soccer and field ball Friday. Our field-ball team lost, but that good old soccer team came right in and won.

Tuesday we had one session because of a county game with Rock Hall in both field ball and soccer. Helen Harris was in charge of a Pep meeting that was held during the last period. Here is what happened:

Singing of the school song by the entire school.
A speech by Miss Gessford.
Yells led by Helen Harris, Ralph Hopkins and Ed McMahon.
Speech by Mary Lucht.
More Yells.
Speech by Eugene Thornton.
Lots more yells.
Speech by Mr. Blades.
And still more yells.

Singing a soccer song—here are the words:

Cheer for all the soccer boys
Cheer till your throats are sore,
They can win the state championship
Just as they did before.
Stand and rout for your own team,
Loud their praises stress;
No team ever fought in vain
For the honor of old C. H. S.
Chorus
To Nel, to Herschel, to Ook, to Gene and Reinhart
To help them win we'll all have to do our part.
To Bruz, to Eddie, to Stoughton, to Bill, to Hop and Wright,
To Coc, to Bob we give our praise as well we might.
2nd Verse
Cheer for all the soccer boys
The pride of old C. H. S.
How about a cheer for Joe?
He brings about the team's success,
Then let us cheer all the gang,
Captain, coach and all
When our High School backs the team
There's little danger of a fall.

These words were sung to the tune of the Stein Song. They sounded peppy too—try it and see for yourself.

Anna Wallis has left us and is now going to school in Middletown, Delaware. Anna was an exceptionally good Latin student.

Mrs. Greene sends you this little note:

A meeting was held in the high school auditorium in order to see how many pupils were interested in playing in the High School orchestra. Twenty-five attended. We are hoping that provisions can be made to instruct students in those musical instruments in which they are most interested. Most of them play some sort of a horn. What we need is a few violin players. Raymond Moffett is assisting us.

A grand time was had at the Hallowe'en party. Mable Smith won a bracelet because she wore the funniest costume—She was a ghost! Reginald Cooper supplied the cider. Harriett Louisa Rogers should be congratulated on the excellent way she conducted the whole affair.

Another thing that turned out successfully was the Rummage Sale. All sorts of things were sold.

Tuesday is the night of the three one-act plays. I wonder how many people will be there and if many tickets will be sold and most important of all, will the players forget their lines? By the time you read this the suspense will be over. And next week I shall be able to tell you just how things did turn out.

Did you know that:
The Reflector goes to press on the sixth of this month
The Seniors have to make five-minute speeches in English?

Our soccer and field ball teams are on the road to an Eastern Shore Championship. The socoer team has won the county championship in three successive victories. Rock Hall was defeated by scores of 14 to 0 and 23 to 0, while Galena by a score of 19 to 0. Joe Russell seems to have developed a very fast aggregation of booters again this year. The booters should be able to give any team a good battle.

The girl's field ball team has also nearly won the County championship. These tossers have defeated Rock Hall by scores of 10 to 5 and 10 to 6.

Readers, you should see these field ball games, they are both interesting and entertaining. Miss Marie Bryan the girl's coach is now polishing off the team for the inter-county elimination games.

Our little minor league or Junior field ball team is composed only of Freshmen and have taken several stinging defeats from both Rock Hall and Galena. However their sportsmanship, enthusiasm and fighting spirit have been admirable. Besides learning the game they have learnd to be the best of losers and is that not one of the best qualities attainable? Miss Gessford has firmly laid the foundation for a good future team.

GALENA

Mrs. Keith Cochran spent last week end with friends in Baltimore, Md.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Caldwell, of near Cecilton, Md., spent Sunday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Dempsey.

Mr. Norman Ford and sons spent Sunday in Wilmington, Delaware.

Mrs. W. D. LeCates, Jr., has returned home after a few days visit with her parents in Middletown, Del.

Mr. Lyndon Hess, of Terre Hill, Pa., and sister, Miss Elaine Hess and Miss Mary Jane Davidson, of Millersville, Pa., spent the week end at the home of Rev. and Mrs. W. L. Hess.

The Ladies Aid Society of the M. E. Church met at the home of Mrs. James H. Davis, near Galena, on Tuesday evening, November 3rd.

Mr. and Mrs. Errol Mulford, of Hockessin, Del., spent Sunday with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Mulford.

Mr. Irving Vansant, of Wilmington, Del., spent Sunday with his brother, Mr. L. R. Vansant.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Craddock and son, of Moore, Pa., spent the week end with her mother, Mrs. Josephine Davis.

Mr. and Mrs. Lemuel Marks are visiting Rev. and Mrs. Ivanhoe Willis in Wilmington, Deleware.

Mr. Jack Newnam spent the week end with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Newnam.

Mr. Lester McCauley, of Wilmington, Del., spent the week end with his mother, Mrs. Eva McCauley.

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

Bishop and Mrs. Thomas, of Brazil, left on Thursday to pay a visit to their son, Mr. James Thomas in New York City, N. Y.

Mr. Jesse Ireland and Mr. Ralph Vandyke attended the Laymen's Supper held in Chestertown on Monday evening.

Fish Dealer: "Fresh, lady? Why, this fish breathed its last just as you came in the door."

Customer (sniffling: "And what a breath it had!"

RAKE IN
THE BARGAINS AT OUR BIG
HARVEST SALE



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A HARVEST OF FIRST PRIZE VALUES
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