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Fletcher's CASTORIA



Fine Homes Erected by Heroes of Declaration

Charles Carroll built on a portion of the Carrollton estate, which he inherited as a young man, the mansion-house Tuscarora. It had 21 room, was three stories and had walls two feet thick. He also built, in later years, a home for his son. At the time of the Declaration Carroll was living in the ancestral home of the estate, Doughoregan manor, with its two wings and cupola in the middle, extending 300 feet in all across the front yard. The later house is still occupied by descendants of the Carrolls.

Samuel Chase laid the foundations in 1768 of Chase house in Annapolis, now a home of destitute, aged and infirm women. He had acquired the land on which it was built for £100 sterling. This district of Annapolis was set off for "gentlemen's homes" just as other sections of the city were circumscribed for state, church and tradesmen's homes. Chase indulged in the then "great extravagance" of having a back stairway in his house. He also built the Palladian window to light the front stairway landing—a model for many costly homes.

William Paca, another Maryland delegate, built in 1763 the house known in Annapolis as Paca house and now used as a hotel. It has foundation walls five feet thick. This house became the governor's mansion when Paca assumed that duty in 1789.

Greenland Likened to Immense Bowl of Ice

Important yet not unexpected was the report of the German scientist, Doctor Sorge, and his associates that Greenland is like a great bowl filled with ice 8,850 feet deep at the places where its depth was measured. Measurement was made possible by a method somewhat resembling the method of sounding the ocean's depth by timing an echo. On the ice cap, however, little earthquakes were created by explosions, and the reflection of the seismic waves was measured. So far as they go the results obtained bear out the theory of the eminent geologist in Greenland. According to his theory the continents are afloat on a semi-liquid layer and are slowly drifting—the map showing how America and Africa have drifted apart. The German expedition was undertaken specially to test the theory that Greenland, long weighted down by ice, is gradually rising as the ice melts.—Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

Soldiers and Sharpers

Perhaps the queerest of all the stories of old thieves' words is that of the expression "forlorn hope." Nowadays, it is perfectly respectable, and means a last, desperate chance. It passed into ordinary speech from military books, in which a couple of centuries ago it was used to describe an attack made by a small party of men who deliberately sacrificed themselves in order that the main body might be victorious. The army borrowed the word from the cardsharpers' jargon of Elizabethan days. The forlorn hope was an accomplice who took part in a game of cards and deliberately lost in order to whet the appetites of dupes and so to make his confederates certain of winning. Every three-card trick man today employs one or more "forlorn hopes."—London Tit-Bits.

Cloud Formations

The terms used to describe the various cloud formations are: Cirrus—detached cloud of delicate appearance, generally white; cirro-stratus—thin sheet of whitish cloud; cirro-cumulus—mackerel sky; alto-cumulus—larger rounded masses, white or grayish; alto-stratus—dense sheet of gray or bluish cloud; strato-cumulus—large lumpy masses or rolls of dull gray cloud; nimbus—dense layer of dark cloud with ragged edges from which steady rain or snow usually falls; cumulus—"woolpack" or "cauliflower cloud"; cumulo-nimbus—thunder cloud or shower cloud, great masses of dark clouds rising in form of mountains or towers.

Reads Handshake

London, England, has a resident, G. Brook, who claims to be able to read character infallibly from a handshake. "There are, roughly, seven different handshakes," he said—"the tepid, the too eager, the too firm, the [illegible]tant, the unnatural, the too prolonged, and the fingertip handshake." Mr. Brook has found jobs for 10,000 men in all branches of business in the last few years, all by shaking hands with them. And he himself is as romantic as his system. He was once a newsboy; then he became a packer in a margarine factory, a shop assistant, and a sales manager with a salary of $10,000 a year.

Biblical Manna

The Hebrew university at Jerusalem has made a careful study of manna, the mysterious food product with which the Israelites were sustained while wandering in the desert. Scientists at the university concluded that manna contained sugar, glucose, frutose and saccarose and came from the sap of a species of tamarisk tree. The manna is formed when a tiny insect pierces the bark and causes the sap to exude and crystalize in white grains.

Co-Operation Necessary

Today success comes only to those who can co-operate. Getting along with others is the very essence of getting ahead in these times.—Feather.

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IT WAS YES TODAY, NO TOMORROW

By FANNIE HURST

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SHE was one of those girls in the clever position of being able to debate between her mind and her emotions the advisability, the pros and cons, the yeas and nays of marriage.

That is, she had a business college degree, economic independence, and an earning capacity that exactly tied that of her on-and-off fiance. On-and-off, because Mercina, who was twenty-six, was finding it difficult to reach a decisive state of mind about this idea of marriage with a thoroughly personable young lawyer, Frank Conway.

There were after all countless considerations which made it somewhat more complicated than is usual for a young woman like Mercina to settle the matter of her marriage. First, she had not only been earning her own living, and a good one, for over a period of six years, but there was every reason for her to believe that within the following six years her already well established earning power could double itself. The point was that during the six years, she had been wearing one-hundred-dollar tailor-made suits, eighteen-dollar hats, correspondingly expensive lingerie and had taken on as a matter of course the habit of lunching at the town's smartest restaurants and had snappy, expensive business conferences over the dinner tables of the best hotels.

Three times a week a florist delivered a two-orchid corsage, ordered by her, at her apartment door. She lived in a smart flat on the correct side of town, afforded a Filipino boy, who could prepare an inimitable dinner for two; threw away her silk stockings after the first ladder, and spent four weeks of every summer either at a smart Maine resort or on a flying trip to Paris, for purposes of refurbishing her well-furnished wardrobe.

There was every reason for a girl in Mercina's position to hesitate over the prospect of marriage to a boy like Frank; every reason except for one outstanding impediment to reason—she was in love with him. It was not difficult to understand why. He had the swift, clear, blond good looks that is so attractive when you encounter it in American youth; he was intelligent (without, it is true, being brilliant), witty in a frank appealing way; clean, ambitious and head-over-heels in love with Mercina.

"The kind of young fellow out of whom you can make something," was Mercina's shrewd contemplation to herself. "He'll need pushing, and I can do that. He is the kind who can make good after he has a clever woman at his shoulders. I am that." In a way she was right. There was rather more ability than force to Frank Conway; rather more idealism than vigor. A woman like Mercina was precisely the right complement to his make-up.

The only thing harrowing in the entire situation, was the thoroughly understandable and yet none-the-less nerve racking inability of Mercina to make up her mind, or having made it up, to keep it made up.

After all, it was no small thing starting over in life with a young beginner like Frank. Because of the nature of her work, its uneven hours, its evening demands, the occasional need of an out-of-town trip, it was out of the question to enter into a practical arrangement whereby she could continue her activities afterward. Marrying Frank meant creating a home for him and all of the domestic appurtenances that go with it.

Not only did circumstances make this necessary, but by temperament Frank was the sort of man, call it old-fashioned if you will, who wanted his wife in the home. In a way it was darling of him; gave him a certain masterful aggressive quality that sometimes Mercina found herself fearing he lacked. It was appealing, all right, but just the same, the matter of making up her mind was none-the-less complicated. It meant two living on the income that had been scarcely sufficient for an extravagant capable young business woman to live on alone. It meant that Frank, an outstandingly well-dressed young man, and Mercina, one of the most chic of the younger business women around town, must cut in half their expenditures.

Actually, it meant more than that. Housekeeping, even on the small, chic scale to which Mercina had been accustomed in her flat with the Filipino cook was no inexpensive affair and once you had accustomed yourself to orchids three times a week, they were not, somehow, easy to forego, even in contemplation.

And so, off again, on again; up again, down again, went Mercina's spirits. Yes, today, no tomorrow. "We can't make the grade, Frank," today; "we will try it together, darling," tomorrow. It was hard on Mercina, it was hard on Frank, who even in the moments of his exasperation, realized how authentic was her dilemma.

"You have simply got to make up your mind, darling, that you can't be two things, in this particular situation at least, at the same time."

"I know that, darling, and I don't want to be two things. I want to be your wife."

After that, life would be the perfect dream of romance that it can manage to be for two people who are in love. Then along would come an evening something like this:

"I am frightened, dearest! What if I disappoint you and turn into one of those messy domestic wives whose interests don't reach out beyond their new electric refrigerators. I am in a class fine by instinct, Frank. I am expensive, an orchidaceous hot-house plant that needs a very special kind of soil. You can't keep me happy, darling. Let me go."

"Of course, I am not fit to pay your orchid bills even if I could afford it, Mercina. We both know that the idiotic fact is that you love me. That's got to be enough to cover the multitude of my shortcomings."

"Let me go, Frank."

"Why, of course, if you feel that way, Mercina, I will let you go if it kills me."

And then the next day the usual overtures of telephones and tears from Mercina, and forgiveness and tenderness from Frank.

But slowly, surely, there was wearing against the nerves of the two of them, the strain of the situation.

"Marry me today, Merc, and let's end this awful uncertainty."

"It's no use, Frank, let's try it apart for a month."

Strangely, on one of these outbursts, they both decided quite seriously, to experiment on this last. There were tears, grim determination, experimental fervor.

"Promise me, Frank, if I decide I can live apart from you permanently, after the month, you will understand."

"I will, Mercina, if it kills me."

"And the same applies to you, Frank. If you find that life can go on without me, by the end of the month, you are to be frank and I will understand. Don't let me hear from you for the thirty days, and at the end of that time I will call you up."

Curiously, and because of the strain of the months that had gone before, this pact was kept between them, and the experimental days became the experimental weeks, and the experimental weeks lengthened into the month.

It was six days before the termination of the month that a restless, harrowed, love-sick young man, yearning for word from Mercina, met up through a mutual friend, with a young woman from Mobile, Ala., named Libby Leed. She was an agile, red-haired girl, fresh from the laurels of considerable local dramatic triumph in Alabama, who, having captured the enormous interest of the dean of New York theatrical producers, was about to be featured in a forthcoming musical production.

They met, these two, Frank Conway and Libby Leed, and five days later, he was asking her to go down to the city hall and marry him, and she was replying by throwing her arms around his neck and kissing him soundly and roundly, against the lips.

"You are sure you aren't making a mistake, sweetheart," he asked her. "You have so much to lose—your career—your future."

"Ah guess ah am makin' a mistake honey," she said in a southern lisp that was adorable to him, "but you caint have everything in this life and I want you more than anything I can think of. Come on, honey, let's hurry. Life is short."

"Makeup" on Rug Simply Came Off When Washed

In the last seven years a tremendous vogue for Samarcand rugs has arisen in England. Their bold, simplified designs and rich, strange colors fit well into a modern room.

Following the fashionable trend, a lady bought herself a very fine violet Samarcand, writes Henri Pickard, in the Cincinnati Enquirer. She had heard that these rugs are apt to be "doped" so she asked for a written guarantee that this one had not been chemically treated—that is, artificially faded to make it look antique. She got the guarantee. Some months later it was cleaned. And when it returned, behold! the mauve and turquoise rug which had gone away came back a red and white one.

The bland person who had supplied the lady with the rug was not helpful. He merely murmured that madame had imagined the original mauveness. Women were fanciful creatures. He could not give madame back her money, but he would exchange this rug for another. This seemed a small ray of hope, but the lady thought it best to take the advice of a famous expert on carpets, whose opinion has often been sought by the South Kensington museum and the Metropolitan museum, of New York.

He was a short, taciturn little gentleman who took one look at her rug, another at the guarantee—and told her that the guarantee was worthless, because the rug had not been chemically treated. It had been most artistically painted! In fact, it had simply been "made up" by an artist and when its face was washed its natural complexion was revealed.

At Brown's

A grocer in a small town tells this one about a friendly competitor.

During a busy hour another grocer stopped in his store. The telephone rang and no one rushed to answer it, so Mr. Brown, the competitor, took it on himself to help his friend.

"Have you any fresh pineapple today," asked a customer.

"No, we haven't, but you can get nice ones at Brown's grocery."

Word "Grimace" Matter for Scholarly Dispute

"Grimace" is a word with which our scholars have loved to play. One of them derived it from grim. Menage claimed for it agrimensor, a land surveyor. Thomson looked to the Italian grimmacia, and if this be reliable, then it may come from the Spanish gimio, monkey, in Latin simia, but it should not be forgotten that grimaciers were formerly a company of artists whose duty was to carve the fantastic heads used in architecture, such as are frequently to be seen in our gargoyles, and Randle Cotgrave draws attention to this fact. But, in Old Saxon we have grima, a mask, whence hergrima, a war-mask, including the vizor of a helmet that concealed the warrior's face.

Despite this explanation, modern scholars claim that its origin is unknown. Undoubtedly it came into our speech from the French, and the French trace it to the Spanish grimazo, an extraordinary position in a picture. Dietz drew it from the Anglo-Saxon grima, a mask, a fantom, yet it may come from the Italian grimo, wrinkle.—Literary Digest.

Subscription to the Transcript $1.50

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

JAMES H. ROWE

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 8th day of June, 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 8th day of December, 1931.

DANIEL R. DOWNEY,
Administrator.

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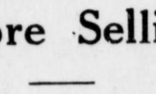
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who have dealt so generously with us, we express our appreciation, and hope the coming year will bring them health, happiness and prosperity. We are hopeful that the spirit that makes this season so memorabe may find expression in other days of the year, thus brining the world a little closer to the ideal that exists in the hearts of men.

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