My Clodhopper Husband

By ALICE C. MEYER-WING

ANNIE MAY BROWN was our village beauty, and as if that were not enough, she married the best "catch" of the county, Frank Fenton, the junior partner of the law firm of Fenton & Fenton.

Not only did she marry this handsome young attorney, but she went away on a long honeymoon trip. Surely the gods were kind to this first bride of our crowd, and as we watched the train out of sight, and saw the last flutter of Annie May's handkerchief.

To me, this was especially an anxious thought. I was half in love with a young farm hand, Simon Akers. This was the day of the term "clodhopper," used in ridicule of the now honored calling of agriculture, and a hired "hand" was especially despised.

The jeering of my friends was often trying. "If you had a beau like that, Amelia," one of them said as the train disappeared—"but wouldn't your clodhopper loom up in patent leathers?"

It was a cruel comparison. I was ashamed. Life was cheating me. But I married Simon. We went west to grow up with the country and, incidentally grew prosperous. The aunt, who had given me a home when I was an orphan babe, had died, and with her went the last link connecting me with the home people, but the newspapers had begun to tell the world about the political rise of Frank Fenton. And, again, there came over me the old feeling of having been cheated.

Later there were stories of Fenton's connection with bribery charges and political scandals so pabbid that it was front page news all over the country.

In the midst of it, my husband suggested that we take the trip we had so often planned. "We can afford it, honey," he said, "and we've waited long enough. We'll go to Washington and New York—all the places we've dreamed about. On our way back we'll stop at the little home town. Some of our old friends are still there, and I love the little place, honey. It gave me my wife. Remember how I used to walk three miles to see you, after I had plowed all day? We would sit, without a word; then when it was so dark you couldn't see my whide shoes, I would reach over and take your hand and remark that it was a fine evening. Remember?"

I remembered.

One of the places we had always wished to visit, was the one large city of our home state. We had a delightful week of shopping and sightseeing there, and boarded the train for our continued trip in a happy mood.

Other passengers were coming in. One was a pale, well-dressed little woman whom the porter conducted to a section a little in front of us, on the opposite side of the car. I found myself studying her. Her profile reminded me of some one I had known.

The unguarded tones of two young girls back of us, reached me: "They think she's on her way to the capital to see her scamp of a husband. A reporter in the depot told me she came in on the midnight train. She isn't well, and people say she is grieving herself ill."

Somehow I knew they were talking about the woman with the puzzling profile.

"He hasn't been home for months," continued the indignant young speaker, "and it is rumored that there is another woman."

We had traveled an hour, probably, when I heard her gasp. The girls sprang up. "It's Mrs. Fenton!" one of them said.

"Mrs. Fenton!" I exclaimed rising. Could it be—yes, it was—Annie May, the first bride of my old home crowd.

She knew me instantly and smiled through her pain. "My heart," she said faintly. "I must go back to the city and telegraph my husband."

I looked at Simon. He understood. "We needn't hurry, honey," he said. "We'll go back with her if you wish."

At midnight, her husband, the "Honorable" and very elegant, Frank Fenton arrived. I was sitting beside my stricken friend. The doctor was there. Simon was near.

"Frank," she cried, as her husband appeared. "Come home, dearest. We need you, the children and I." She struggled up and put out her hands.

I felt we should leave the room, but the doctor motioned us to stay.

Her husband stood at the foot of the bed, aloof and cold, stripped of his glamour, his real self revealed.

Again I made a comparison of the two men—Frank Fenton and Simon Akers—and it was my last. The scales had fallen from my eyes and I knew at that moment that the cheated woman lay suffering before me.

"If you thought to follow me," Fenton sneered. "Well, the sooner you know that I shall never return to you, the better. Divorce proceedings are in the hands of my lawyers and the next I shall marry next time—"

There was a slight shudder, a moan, the figure on the bed. The physician looked up, calmly. "You will need a divorce," he said.

I led me gently to our own room. Put my arms around his neck and, reverently, his plain, pained face with my lips. "God," I said brokenly and fervently. "Thank God for my clodhopper husband."

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(WNU Service.)

Cure for Insomnia

While the Indians may not have much to say about science, one of their devices for curing insomnia is one of adoption, according to mechanics and Inventions magazine. Their favorite method, which is now offering to nervous persons, was to follow with the eyes the devious lines of a complicated design. Five or ten trips around the pattern will bring sleep.

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Science Unable to Dim Glory of Harvest Moon

There are countries where it is known as the Hunter's moon, tribute being paid to it for its brilliant nights in which to hunt the denizens of the wild. But the Harvest moon is the name most popularly applied to it by the Anglo-Saxon people, who for ages have regarded it as a gift divine. While science has long since explained the phenomenon, it continues to bear its ancient name in spite of erudite explanation and it will continue to be known as the Harvest moon.

There is a poetic beauty about some of the ancient folklore and beliefs that mankind is loath to part with. One of these is the Harvest moon, which sheds its brilliant rays athwart the earth in the latter part of September, investing the nights with a glorious splendor that all the wisdom and lore of science cannot dim. Nor can mankind forget the devout poetic beauty with which his progenitors invested it; and while he thinks he has grown so much the wiser, somehow he still is thrilled and enchanted by the Harvest moon that makes the late September nights so gloriously resplendent.

No other moon throughout the year can compare with the Harvest moon in point of brilliance. As long as our solar system preserves its present relations, the Harvest moon will return each year and crown with matchless loveliness the beauty of the late September nights.—Boston Herald.

Heroic Treatment for Ills in Ancient Times

When one overdoes things on his vacation, namely gets blistered by sun and rowing, or by riding or by mountain climbing, he is carrying out on himself a very old form of medical treatment, writes Dr. Lloyd Arnold in the United States Daily. The physician of ancient times sat outside his tent pitched at the crossings of the camel caravan trails in the Orient. The sick and the ailing were left in his care by the passing caravans. This ancient physician, in addition to being a shrewd student of practical psychology, was a master in two forms of therapy, elimination and stimulation. He first gave a drastic cathartic in heroic doses. Then he used the poultice for skin reddening and blistering. At times he used a hot iron for burning out ulcers and cancers. The surviving patients were fully able and probably equally willing to board the next caravan to their destination.

"Rags'" Own Signature

In the Imperial War museum at London is the first book probably to contain the signature of a dog. It found its way there because it is the war record of a dog named "Rags," which was unofficially attached as mascot to the First division of the United States army. The animal was picked up in Paris and taken to the front. It eventually figured in the casualty list. The size of the book and its binding suggest that "Rags" played the hero's part, and was many times (unofficially) "mentioned." When the book was printed the division was specially paraded at Fort Hamilton to witness the signature of "Rags"—the print of the dog's paw. Half a page is generously allotted to it.

Beautiful Trinidad

Because of the tiny iridescent hummingbirds which swarm about the gorgeous flowers which grow rampant on the island of Trinidad, it is often known as the "Land of Hummingbirds." Roses, hibiscus, poinsettia, crotons, bougainvilleas and jasmine are among the flowers which are found in profusion.

Port of Spain, the principal city, has a population, mostly black, of about 200,000. One of its beauty spots is a wide expanse of green called the savanna or Queen's park, surrounded by the magnificent trees which add much to the island's charm.

Memory Trees for Women

Memory trees to keep before the public the good work being done by women of Australia have been planted in Sydney by members of the Housewives' association. Of four planted in Hyde park, one was in honor of the wife of Governor Macquarie. The platform used during the ceremony was made from part of a Norfolk Island pine planted under Mrs. Macquarie's instructions in 1816. Other trees were planted in honor of Sydney's first mayoress, one for the present lady mayoress and a third for Lady Game.

San Francisco's Charm

San Francisco has a charm of its own, not approached by any other. Its harbor is superb, with its majestic Golden gate and the shipping from the trade centers of the world at anchor and at the docks along the water front. San Francisco is one of the three "story cities" of the United States and although the reason cannot easily be described, yet it is evident to anyone who visits the city. It has that intangible thing called "atmosphere" which makes acquaintances with the city something never to be forgotten.

Bringing Them In

Little Gene goes to Sunday school and learns the tunes of the songs they sing, but cannot always understand the words. She was recently heard singing: "Bring them in, bring them in, bring the laundry man to Jesus."

"Wondering ones," mentioned in this song were not understood by her, but she knows the laundry man.

Carcassonne

You may have never been to Carcassonne in France, and like the old man in Nadaud's famous song, you may lament, "I never shall see Carcassonne," but you have heard of it and read of it, the famous walled city which still stands as it did in the Middle ages, with its double line of fortifications and 50 towers. The citadel dates back to the Fifth century when it was occupied by the Visigoths, while its cathedral of St. Nazaire is of the Eighth century. The city is so old that Julius Caesar saw it 2,000 years ago.

Just Over the Boundary Line

By ROSE MEREDITH

JIM WARBURTON stood on the hill where the dividing line separated the Hinman property from the land of his ancestors, now his own. The Warburton acres had taken on a new value when the great motor highway had cut through part of the property only to swerve aside and diverge from the Hinman acres and cross the bridge, leaving the latter property marooned amid its rich pastures and woodlands. Perhaps it didn't matter, especially, Jim was thinking this May morning, for as far as he knew or cared the Hinman house was still empty and desolate. Hinmans and Warburtons had been unfriendly for some years—owing to a marriage that ended in divorce between two members of the families.

"There was only one Hinman worth looking at in this world," gloomed Jim Warburton, "and that was Sylvia—and she turned me down flat for that Meade fellow. Don't know as I blame her for I'm not much account and he has barrels of coin."

He walked along the imaginary boundary line, remembered something about white birches and, finding them, scratched the mossy turf and found an ancient landmark—a small square of white stone on which small lettering was chiseled. It proved to mark the property of James Warburton, in the "yr. 1830." He walked down to the highway but could not find the other marker. He knew that the line was a straight one "east from white marker."

If the new highway had only run on for another fifteen feet some of the Hinman property would have bordered on it, but what difference would that make to the Hinmans—Sylvia and her aunt were the only ones left, and they lived in New York city.

A week later, Jim, coming back home from the county seat for a weekend in his lonely house heard strange news from his man of all work, Hanson.

"Yes, sir, Mr. Warburton, there be squatters on your property," declared Hanson. "Such a nerve—"

"Squatters? Gypsies?" asked Jim, frowning.

"Nothing like that! Two wimmin be building a little bungalow—all themselves, one of them portable things, and the outside is nailed with silver birch logs and there's a sign a-swinging—'The Green Ladies Tea House'—Shucks, to be trespassin' and all."

After the early dinner, Jim, cool, satisfied that Hanson's story was somewhat exaggerated, walked down the long garden, through the rustic gate and across the old orchard of dead trees to the open hillside where scattered birches marched down the hill to the new highway.

The new bungalow, all silvery white where it wasn't stained green or brown, was there, and from the kitchen in the rear, came the aroma of good things to eat—fried chicken, new asparagus, strawberry shortcake—Jim's mouth watered. Mrs. Hanson's cooking was below par. He frowned again and walked up to the white birches, to look at the boundary mark. He could see the little bungalow, built just inside the Warburton property, so as to take advantage of the coveted position on the motor road, and he could see a number of cars parked on the private road on the other side that led to the Hinman house.

Inside the little house it was cozy enough. Green tables set with worn but exquisite damask, and dainty old china and silver. In the background was a tall, silver-haired woman in a green dress, and waiting on a group of prosperous-looking motorists, was a pretty waitress also wearing a short green frock and a crisp organdie apron. She did not see Jim Warburton until she had brought dessert to the large table, then she came to him with a tumbler of water and a napkin.

"Jim Warburton!" she exclaimed.

"Sylvia—Mrs. Meade?" he stammered awkwardly. "I never dreamed it could be you or your aunt."

"Why not?" she asked lightly, still with that blush of embarrassment. "Auntie and I must live—and the old house is too far back from the road to be profitable—and we even plan to sleep here, because it is so lonely down there in the woods."

"The old place has been closed too long, Sylvia. Now, why can't you and Miss Hinman come over to Warburton and stay in the south wing until you are settled here?"

"I will bring Aunt Winifred," said Sylvia and departed without taking his order at all. Later on, the three dined amicably together, and Jim told them that he had come there intending to oust them from his land.

"Your land?" repeated Sylvia's thrilling voice. "Why, Jim, we have the old deeds, you know, and the line is a curve from the white mark up above to the three birches opposite the magnolia tree on your south lawn! So we are on Hinman property and your garden trespasses a bit, but what is that between neighbors?"

Jim blushed. "You said Meade did not come with you?".

Sylvia laughed. "Why should he? When I refused him, he married a charming actress and lives in Hollywood."

"Then," exclaimed Jim, "suppose we go outside and discuss the boundary line?"

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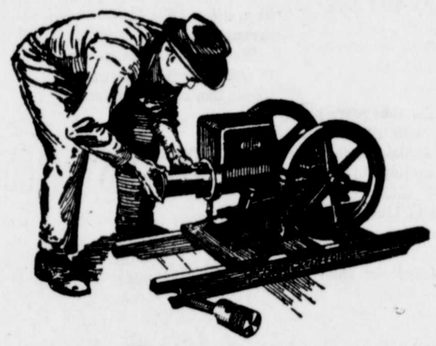
Love Maxims

"All love that does not uplift, debases; It is a mistake to look for tenderness in love, seek tenderness in friendship; All women without love are the same age; A woman is eighteen when she is in love; A hundred when she loves no longer; When a man says: 'You are the companion of my life, my best friend'—look out for your rival; Love is a spring garden where the sun shines between two showers; The joys of love last no longer than roses." These maxims are from the pen of Lucie Paul Marguerite, daughted of the late Paul Marguerite, novelist.

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Sees Time Well Spent in Study of the Stars

Napoleon consulted the stars, and he was no fool, as everybody should be willing to admit. Milton believed in astrology, and so did emperors and popes. There are millions of people who today believe in it and guide all their actions by it, despite the withering scorn of astronomers and other scientists.

Anyhow, how much are the scientists sure of, asks John Steven McGroarty, in the Los Angeles Sunday Times. Sir James Jeans and Dr Robert Millikan almost called each other liars at a convention where there was an argument about the collapse of the earth. Are they not all guessing?

If astrology does nothing else, it puts you on guard. It admonishes caution. At times it tells you to be bold and to dare. In short, it warns one to look before one leaps. And that's not bad advice.

A thing that has lasted and that is still going as strong as it is going, must have something back of it.

And, when all is said and done, it is interesting, which is more than can be said of some other things.

The stars are full of wonder and beauty. To know them and to study them is to be upon the quest of beauty.

Architecture of Today Neglected by the Poet

Haven't Troy and Tyre and Babylon been sung too much by the poets and London, Paris and New York too much neglected? Where are the great epic compositions about the most stupendous cities of all time; or even ballads and lyrics? F. H. Collier asks, in the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

We grant you that the ancient lives of human beings are more inspirational, because there is more room for the fancy to play. One doesn't have to be extremely accurate. There is necessitated the sticking to facts in celebrating London, Paris and New York. The last named of the cities was nothing much to stir untrammeled thought in its ferryboat days, but in its skyscraper era it is startling, to speak mildly. It has lost some of its olden charm, reverting to Washington Irving's days, but now it is making the world's mouth hang open in astonishment.

Those thousand-feet towers are exciting a vague feeling of apprehension, such as must have moved the judicious when Babel's mighty shaft grew taller day by day. It is true, they are overpowering proof that our race is not a slothful one, but where is the limit beyond which approbation cannot go?

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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

THOMAS H. JOHNSON

late of said county, deceased. All persos 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 1st 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 1st day of December, 1931.

WM. T. JONES, Administrator.
d5.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Stephen R. Collins, Assignee
VS.
Edgar P. Moffett and Cora E. Moffett, his wife

Pursuant to an Order of the Circuit Court for Kent County in Equity passed in the aforesaid Cause on the 19th day of November in the year 1931 notice is hereby given to all Judgment Creditors, Lienors and Assignees of Edgar P. Moffett and Cora E. Moffett, his wife, Mortgagors and to all persons claiming an interest in the equity of redemption in the above cause to file their claims with the vouchers thereof with the undersigned on or before the 23rd day of January, in the year 1932.

S. SCOTT BECK, Auditor.

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