MICKIE SAYS—



Wax Models of British Rulers Going to Decay

Probably the most interesting "waxworks" in the world, and possibly also the oldest, are threatened by decay. They represent the great kings and queens of England and, unknown to four out of five Londoners, are in Westminster abbey. They are more valuable, more historically accurate and more lifelike than any waxwork models ever exhibited in the galleries of Mme. Tussaud.

These figures, which are hundreds of years old, provide fascinating likenesses of England's sovereigns from the time of Edward III to the beginning of the Eighteenth century. Most of the effigies were modeled from life and carried in royal funeral processions. Nearly every figure is dressed in clothes which were actually worn by the royal personages depicted.

The older figures, which are most rapidly disintegrating, are made of wood, plaster or boiled hides, the more recent ones of wax. The latter, which include Queen Elizabeth, Charles II, William and Mary and Queen Anne, are housed in the loft of the Islip chapel, near the north transept of the abbey.

The wax portions of these figures are in a fairly good state of preservation but it is doubtful whether the clothes will hold together much longer.

Anomalous

The elderly mountaineer was hearing a radio for the first time. He expressed great surprise when a barytone solo issued from the loudspeaker, but when this was followed by the clear tones of a soprano he seemed petrified with astonishment. After the instrument was switched off, he turned dazedly to the owner. "Say!" he exclaimed. "What's thet thar critter anyhaow—male, er feemale?"

Huns Fierce Fighters

The Huns have a recorded history much more ancient than the time of Attila, and they endured long after, finally being merged with other races to found modern Hungary. They had many battles in China under Me-Te, Tchitchi and other great leaders against whom China built the Great Wall. Driven off from their ancient home in Mongolia, they wandered east and won success against Rome under Balamir. Then came the period of Attila. Following his death the Huns declined for a time, but later disguised themselves as Avars and developed other great leaders, Baian and the Kha-Khan. Charlemagne defeated them and ravaged their territory, but the Huns had another metamorphosis under Arpad.

"Iron Crown" of Italy

The ancient crown of Lombardy is a broad circle of gold set with large rubies, emeralds and sapphires on a ground of blue and gold enamel. A narrow band of iron three-eighths of an inch wide and one-tenth of an inch thick is attached around the inside of the circle and is said to have been originally one of the nails used in the cross on which Christ was crucified. Empress Helena, said to be the discoverer of the cross, gave the nail to her son Constantine to protect him in battle. This bit of iron, exposed for 1,500 years, has not a trace of rust on it. The earliest notice of this famous crown is that it was used to crown a king of Normandy in 591. Napoleon crowned himself king of Italy with it in 1805.

Pilgrim Fathers' Lives Sustained by Hominy

Hominy, golden grain of the plumed Indian maize beaten into coarse meal. Gift of welcome to the Pilgrim fathers from their red neighbors. Among the dishes of early American cookery, what the Cabots and Lodges are to the sons and daughters of the American Revolution.

Of hominy as a food of the Colonists, wrote Captain Smith in 1629. "They commonly fed upon milke hominl, which is bruised Indian corne pounded and boiled thicke, and milke for the sauce."

"Their ordinary diet is poane and omine, both made of corn," wrote Lord Baltimore; and William Penn. "Their diet is maize, sometimes beaten and boiled with water, which they call homine." Oue waggish scribe relates, "Our entertainer made him (a newcomer) own that a plate of hominy was the best rice pudding he did ever eat."

Today we commonly refer to the coarse meal made of white corn kernels, from which the rough fibrous part and the germ has been removed, as hominy grits. Hominy is the term more generally applied to the whole corn grains hulled by lye immersion.—Exchange.

WILBUR ROSS HUBBARD and STEPHEN R. COLLINS,
Attorneys

ORDER NISI

In the Circuit Court for Kent County in Equity No. 2710

Wilbur Ross Hubbard and Stephen R. Collins, Assignees
versus
The Royal Swan Club a Corporation duly incorporated under the laws of the State of Delaware

Ordered, this 15th day of December, 1931, by the Circuit Court for Kent County in Equity, that the sale of the mortgaged Real Estate mentioned in these proceedings, made and reported by Wilbur Ross Hubbard and Stephen R. Collins, Assignees, under and by virtue of the Power of Sale contained in mortgage from The Royal Swan Club, a corporation, to Aubrey W. Marchand, dated March 10th, 1928, and by mesne assignements duly assigned to Wilbur Ross Hubbard and Stephen R. Collins, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 19th day of February next; Provided, a copy of this Order be inserted in some newspaper printed and pubilshed in Kent County, once in each of four successive weeks before the 18th day of January next.

The Report states the amount of Sales to be $30,000.00, subject to 1st mortgage of $10,000.00 and accrued costs.

True Copy,
ROBERT A. SHALLCROSS, Clerk.
Test:
ROBERT A. SHALLCROSS, Clerk.

Baltimore-Tolchester Ferry



TOLCHESTER

TWO HOURS FROM THE EASTERN SHORE TO PIER 16 LIGHT STREET, BALTIMORE.

STEAMER ANNAPOLIS
WINTER SCHEDULE
STANDARD TIME
Subject to change without notice
Weather Permitting
Effective January 5th, 1932

Leaves Baltimore week days and Sundays at 8.00 a. m. and 3.00 p. m.

Leaves Tolchester week days and Sundays at 10.15 a. m. and 5.15 p. m.

Adults tickets one way 60 cents; Round trip good 30 days $1.00; Children half fare.

Automobiles reduced to $2.00 including driver trucks at low rates.

Special Saturdays and Sundays round trip good 1 day 75 cents, Children 40 cents.

Leaves Tolchester week days and Pier 16 Light St., Baltimore.

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666 Liquid or Tablets used internally and 666 Salve externally, make a complete and effective treatment for Colds.

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TRAIN—2 O'CLOCK

By ELIZABETH B. LUDLOW

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

"THANK the Lord!" Bill had said, grabbing his friend, Anthony Harcourt by the arm. "Listen, fella, you've simply got to meet my girl. It's her first visit to New York. Take her to tea at the Ritz. I'll meet you there at five. I'm in a deuce of a rush!"

"But, I say, I—" Tony Harcourt had begun hopelessly.

"Oh, yes," Bill had stopped long enough to shout back at him. "Train—two o'clock. Grand Central. Medium height, slim, dark hair, adorable nose."

That was how it happened that Tony Harcourt was trying to meet every two o'clock train arriving at the Grand Central terminal. He didn't know where she was coming from and, worst of all, he had forgotten her name, although he had heard Bill mention it several times. He had met two trains where almost everybody had been met by friends or seemed to know exactly where they were going.

Not every one, though. Tony approached three brunettes who had seemed a bit undecided, but each one had frozen him with a glance almost before he could make his carefully prepared speech—"I beg your pardon, but was Bill Felton to have met you?"

As Tony approached the third train, he was inwardly muttering, "Darned old fool. Why couldn't he do his own dirty work? I give up. This task requires super-human powers." But he noticed that, as he was rather tardy in approaching his third train, most of the passengers had left. Those that remained were chatting with friends who had met them—all except one, a slim, dark girl of medium height with an adorable nose. "Of course," thought Tony Harcourt with a leaping of his pulses, "that is all the description that girl would need. I've been wasting time." She was looking about in a puzzled, hurt, almost frightened way, and he approached her with his carefully prepared speech—"I beg your pardon, but was Mr. Bill—"

"Oh, yes," cried the girl, relief and joy in the lovely eyes raised to his. "Did Bill send you? I was just about to appeal to the Traveler's Aid. New York is rather overwhelming when you've never been here before, isn't it?"

"It certainly is," agreed Tony, holding close the small gloved hand she had given him. "I'm awfully sorry to be late but, Bill gave me the sketchiest description and directions. I've been trying to meet all the two o'clock trains." Suddenly he realized that they were still standing looking at each other and that he still held her hand. The realization came to her at the same time and she colored and withdrew it. Then both laughed.

"You darling—you darling—oh, d—n Bill's luck," said Tony to himself, but aloud he said, "The program is tea at the Ritz where Bill will join us at five."

"Oh, grand!" exclaimed Bill's girl happily, "Wouldn't he just think of something nice like that. But we have lots of time, haven't we? Do you know what I'd like to do first? I'd like to drive around Central park. The train was so hot and dusty, and I've always wanted to see Central park."

"Central park it shall be," said Tony. He would have driven her to Alaska if she had asked him to.

When finally established in his car and while he threaded his way through the traffic, he said, "Now, I can see why Bill mentioned the nose. Of course, that was really the only description needed."

She brought her shining eyes back from their excited and delighted scrutiny of New York to laugh up at him. "I know," she said. "I've often thought of wearing a mask, but—but imagine Bill really noticing my nose!"

"I can," he told her. "I was planning to have a cast made of it and erected here in Central park. Gee, I'm glad Bill couldn't get off to meet you."

"So am I," she said softly. And he thought, "Is she feeling it, too? Gosh, I can't stand Bill's having her. Anyhow, I'll have three hours of her that I'll never forget."

He drew up in the shade of a tree that stood guard over a small pond. "Do you know," he said, "I don't even know your name."

"Nancy," she said. And he loved her because she only told him her first name, as though that was all that mattered between her and him.

She had taken off her hat and the breeze blew her soft, dark curls. She was so—so—everything he had always dreamed a girl should be. His time with her was so short!

"Nancy," he said suddenly, "Let's really talk. Tell me—what books do you like? Do you believe in God? How many eggs do you like for breakfast?"

It was six-thirty when they reached the Ritz. Tony stopped at the entrance.

"Nancy! oh, Nancy, why are you engaged to Bill Felton?" he asked tensely, gripping her arm.

"Bill Felton!" exclaimed Nancy, her eyes wide. "Engaged! Why, there's some mistake. I'm Bill Felton's sister!"

Garden Covers 70 Acres

Windsor castle in England has gardens covering 70 acres, of which 23 are devoted to vegetables. There is one flower border which is 200 yards long and 15 feet wide on each side of a grass walk.

New Bricks For Sale

Will deliver by Truck anywhere up to 30 miles. Prices range from $16.00 to $20.00 per 1000.

JOHN SCHAUBER

Subscription to the Transcript $1.50 per annum.

ATTENDANCE TIE BY ST. PAUL AND JANVIER

Sisters, As Teachers, Vie For Honors

Chestertown Leads Kent High Schools

The hot battle for school attendance honors in Kent continues merrily on its way as both St. Paul and Janvier registered one hundred percent records for December. It was St. Paul's fourth perfect month of attendance in a row and enables that school to hold a slight edge over Janvier, which to date has had three one hundred per cent months and one with an average of 99.6 per cent.

The keen war for honors between these two schools is all the more interesting because the teachers happen to be sisters. Mrs. Lillian Orr Crouch, instructor at St. Paul, and Miss Frances G. Orr, Janvier teacher, are daughters of Mr. and Mrs. George Orr, of Rock Hall.

Kennedyville, Mrs. Barbara Elliott, principal, continued to stay among the attendance leaders.

The Chestertown High School, Owen C. Blades, acting principal, got back in the lead in the high school group having an edge over Galena High, Miss Lelia N. Ware, principal.

The record for all Kent white schools for December, as compiled by Mrs. May Mills Beck, attendance officer, is as follows:

1.	St. Paul	100.
2.	Janvier	100.
3.	Kennedyville	97.4
4.	Swan Creek	96.9
5.	Cliffs	96.6
6.	Pomona	95.7
7.	Worton	94.
8.	Chestertown	93.9
9.	Galena	93.7
10.	Fairlee	93.6
11.	Locust Grove	93.4
12.	Millington	92.9
13.	Skinner's Neck	92.9
14.	Morgnec	92.5
15.	Rock Hall	92.4
16.	Piney Neck	92.2
17.	Betterton	92.1
18.	Still Pond	92.
19.	Sassafras	91.8
20.	Cherry Lane	91.8
21.	Massey	91.3
22.	Flatland	89.5
23.	Hanesville	87.9
24.	Golt	87.8
25.	Chesterville	80.4
26.	Lynch	67.5

High

1.	Chestertown	94.7
2.	Galena	93.5
3.	Millington	91.9
4.	Rock Hall	89.1

FARM MEETS ARE SET FOR BOTH SHORES

Important Sessions Are Planned

Two important series of meetings of interest to agriculturalists will shortly be held in Maryland counties and in Baltimore. February 10 at 10 A. M. and the following day at the same hour the Lord Baltimore Hotel in the Maryland metropolis and the Easton Courthouse in Talbot county will be the scenes of gatherings designed to bring to members of county farm bureaus all the information regarding membership building which has been collected and tabulated by the American Farm Bureau Federation as the result of years of experience along this line. W. T. Martindale, national director of organization and expert on membership, will address Western Shore bureau members the first day and Eastern Shoremen the following morning. The Maryland Farm Bureau Federation is cooperating in the movement to increase the membership of the State organization and of county units as well. The campaign will start with the meetings and continue until a notable increase has been attained throughout the State.

Conferences by leaders in the livestock marketing movement has resulted in a tentative plan whereby livestock producers and dairymen of Maryland will be organized as the Maryland Farm Bureau Livestock Cooperative Marketing Organization, it has been announced by Secretary Frank M. Payne who also stated that the agents of the Maryland group will, under the announced plan, be the Eastern Livestock Regional Organization. This arrangement will go into effect as soon as plans are agreed upon by county organizations and meetings will be called in each county for the purpose of considering and endorsing the arrangement which is the same as has been agreed upon by producers of other States. Virginia and West Virginia have recently reported on the plan and have subscribed to 13,046 shares of common stock and agreed to market 487 carloads of cattle, 797 carloads of sheep, 93 carloads of hogs and 41 carloads of calves. The common stock to be subscribed to before admission into membership is one dollar per share and it is believed producers will get behind the movement which is regarded by authorities to be one of the most progressive launched in Maryland in recent years in the interest of livestock producers.

NOT GUILTY

Judge: "Sam, you are charged with striking this man with a heavy missile causin a fracture of the cranium."

Prisoner: "No, judge, indeed, Ah didn't do none ob dat. Ah only hits him in the de hail with a brick."



CHILDREN CRY FOR IT—

CHILDREN hate to take medicine as a rule, but every child loves the taste of Castoria. This pure vegetable preparation is just as good as it tastes; just as bland and just as harmless as the recipe reads.

When Baby's cry warns of colic, a few drops of Castoria have him soothed, asleep again in a jiffy. Nothing is more valuable in diarrhea. When coated tongue or bad breath tell of constipation, invoke its gentle aid to cleanse and regulate a child's bowels. In colds or children's diseases, you should use it to keep the system from clogging.

Castoria is sold in every drug store; the genuine always bears Chas. H. Fletcher's signature.

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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
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Chestertown, Maryland
Telephone, Chestertown 164

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DON'T DELAY
INSURE AND BE SAFE.
JOSEPH N. WHEATLEY & CO.

BETTY'S BILL

By CORONA REMINGTON

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

BIG Bill Collingsworth strode up the front steps of the Desmones home with the air of a conquering hero. He gave the door bell a sharp little punch and in a moment Betty herself had opened the door and stood before him, pink and radiant.

"I knew it was you by the way you rang," she said, when they had exchanged the usual greetings. "You have good news, too."

By this time they were walking slowly toward the living room, his arm flung lightly about her shoulder.

"I have," he answered standing stock still. "The greatest news that anyone ever had in this whole world. Get your frills ready, we're going to be married soon."

"Bill!" she exclaimed, giving his hand a little squeeze. "Tell me, do! I can't wait to hear. Let's sit down quick before I fall."

"You know old John Tollman? Mean old devil, but he's got the kale all right. Well, he was in a street car accident not long ago and he's engaged me to take the case and recover damages. Me! Can you believe it. We ought to be able to get married on the fee."

"Bill Collingsworth, you're the greatest lawyer in this whole city full of men. I've always known it and now the world's beginning to find it out," said Betty, looking adoringly at her fiance.

When old Tollman entered Bill Collingsworth's office the next day the young lawyer experienced a sudden revulsion of feeling as his swift glance took in the crabbed old face, the colorless lips, the diamond stickpin and the heavy fur coat of his prospective client.

"Well, young man," he began, throwing off his coat and dropping stiffly into a chair. "I hear you're a smart chap and that's the very kind I'm looking for. This is going to be a hard case, the company will contest it on the grounds that it was my fault, but I'm a good client. I'll do and say what my lawyer tells me." He winked at young Collingsworth and continued, "and I got a bunch o' witnesses who are willing to do the same," he ended laughing loudly and slapping his leg.

"I'm sorry," said Collingsworth rising, his face drawn and white, "but I'm afraid I'm not just the kind of an attorney you need. I don't believe I could handle your case."

"I guess I must have come to the wrong place," snarled Tollman, his jovial manner suddenly gone. "I reckon you ain't a lawyer at all but a Sunday school teacher."

With that he walked out, and a moment later a very sad young man left the office building and made his way to the Desmones home.

"I'm proud of my Bill," said Betty after she had heard the story, "and what do you care? Something better may come along any day."

Disconsolately, he returned to his office. It poured all day and not client came near. The whole week was a nightmare. It seemed as if every one had forgotten him.

After days of silence the jangling of the telephone at his elbow made him start suddenly.

"This is Harrison of the Railway and Light company," said a hearty voice. "Could you come down to my office some time this afternoon?"

Collingsworth silently swallowed amazement and consulted a blank date book.

"Let's see," he said over the wire. "One o'clock . . . Two . . . I could see you for half an hour from three-thirty to four. Will that do?"

"Fine!" answered Harrison. "I'll expect you then. Goodby."

"Now, what d'you suppose he wants with me?" muttered Collingsworth after he had hung up.

But he could not solve the problem, and it was nearly four o'clock before he found out.

"Heard something about you the other day," said Harrison when greetings were over. 'Somebody told me that you had refused the Tollman case because you didn't think he was using honest methods."

"I didn't say anything of the sort," answered Collingsworth hotly. "I simply refused the case without explanation. My reason for doing so are my own."

"That's all right, son, I understand," soothed the older man. "I just want to tell you that you've got a backbone and I like your business methods. Crookedness may get by for awhile but honesty stands the test of time. Now, I've been enquiring about you and you seem to be a pretty smart young man. Mr. Eckel, our attorney for the past twenty years, is retiring the first of the year and going abroad to live. How'd you like to step into his shoes?"

Collingsworth gripped the arm of his chair and struggled to modify the ecstacy in his voice as he spoke.

"Frankly, I think I'd like it mighty well," he answered after a moment.

"That's the way for a man to talk; no beating around the bush. All right, you can come around the first of the week and we'll fix up the papers."

Collingsworth rose abruptly.

"I have an important engagement," he said blushing.

"All right, young man, you run along and tell her," laughed Harrison, clapping him on the back. "I had just such an engagement once myself."

Writer Has Some Doubt About Weather Control

A scientist thinks that weather eventually may be controlled by electricity. We contemplate with awe the bringing on of a thunderstorm by pressing a button. Will powerful sirens warn the people of the storm's approach so they will stop the superfluous watering of their lawns and shut the northwest windows? For we do not suppose that the electrical rainmakers will so far defy established natural laws as to bring rainstorms from unheard of directions.

The rains should be quite orderly and never freakish. Ruskin said: "As men do not walk on their heads, there are natural laws that clouds do not disobey." We have always thought that man would, one of these days, determine when rain should fall and when it shouldn't, and electrical control may be the secret. But we have profound doubts of his being able to do a thing when a Gulf of Mexico hurricane comes ashore.—F. H. Collier in the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

When Water Freezes

There is no difference between the freezing point of water that has been heated and that which has not been heated if the water is pure. In the case of tap water which is nearly pure but contains dissolved air, heating the water may drive out some of the air. This has no considerable effect on the freezing point, but may make a difference in the character of the ice produced. Hot-water pipes are reported to burst from freezing more often than cold-water pipes. This is not because of a difference of freezing point of the water, but is probably because the water in cold-water pipes contains dissolved air, which separates on freezing and forms slushy ice; while when water in a hot-water pipe freezes, it is more apt to become under-cooled and then freeze rather suddenly, forming compact ice free from bubbles, which is more apt to break a pipe.

Composed Famous Song

A negro year book says that Richard Milburn was the composer of "Listen to the Mocking Bird." Mr. Septimus Winner, composer and publisher, induced Milburn to whistle this song before him while he wrote down the birdlike notes. The song was afterward published by Mr. Winner in Philadelphia in 1855, and during the years 1855 to 1865, it was popular with minstrel companies and serenading parties. The front of the piece reads "Words by Septimus Winner—Music by Alice Hawthorne." "Alice Hawthorne" was one of the pseudonyms used by Mr. Winner on his title pages.

Magna Charta Reminder

The organization known as the Society of the Daughters of the Barons of Runnymede was organized in 1915 by Mrs. Robert G. Hogan of Catonsville, Md., who conveived the idea of an organization for women similar to a men's organization, the Baronial Order of Runnymede, which was organized but undeveloped on account of our entry into the World war. The membership is limited to those who can trace their ancestry in a direct line to a baron who in the year 1215 A. D., compelled the signing of the Magna Charta by King John at Runnymede. The organization is American.

The Danger

The football game guests reached the house before their host, and Mary was just getting the doorkey out of its known hiding place, when David protested:

"We'd better not go in before they come. They have a dog, you know."

"Oh, yes. I know," she returned nonchalantly, "but the dog has a lame leg. He won't hurt us!"

"Well," returned her escort, "I was afraid he might bite us, not kick us!"

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