COMMITTEES NAMED FOR CELEBRATION

Will Arrange Program For June 11

SPEAKER HERE FEB. 18

Dickinson Teacher To Open Celebration

Washington College will begin the celebration of its Sesqui-Centennial and the George Washington Bi-Centennial on Thursday, February 18, when Dr. Leon C. Prince, of Carlisle, Pa., will address the Washington's Birthday assembly at the college on "George Washington Up-to-Date."

Dr. Prince is professor of history at Dickinson College, pastor of the Carlisle Presbyterian Church, and State senator from the 31st Pennsylvania district.

Along with the announcement of the address by Dr. Prince was made the announcement of the various committees to serve in connection with the celebration of the Kent County Bi-Centennial on the afternoon of Saturday, June 11th.

The executive committee was named by a group of representatives from various county organizations and the executive body in turn named the other committees. The committes are as follows:

Executive — Paul E. Titsworth, Chairman; Fred W. Dumschott, vice-chairman; Esther M. Dole, William L. Fowler, Louis C. Robinson, Chas. N. Satterfield, Marion de Kalb Smith.

On Program—Dr. Esther M. Dole, Chairman; Miss Doris T. Bell, Mrs. E. Clarke Fontaine, William L. Fowler, Miss Esta V. Harrison, Wilbur R. Hubbard, Frederick G. Livingood, Fred G. Usilton, Mrs. Nell C. Westcott; Frank Huey, Massey; E. Thos. Massey, Massey; Howard Turner, Betterton; Herbert A. Urie, Rock Hall; Mrs. H. T. Williams, Worton; Miss Margaret G. Brewer, John D. Makosky.

On History—E. Clarke Fontaine, Chairman; Mrs. William T. Brown, Mrs. Edward V. Clark, William R. Howell, Mrs. Amy McMenamin, Marion de Kalb Smith, Mrs. William G. Smyth, Miss Bessie Stuart, Mrs. Harrison Vickers; J. Page Gale, Rock Hall; Mrs. Julia Ringgold, Rock Hall; Frank H. Ruth, Galena; Mrs. H. G. Stine, Georgetown; Miss Lelia N. Ware, Miss Jennie Wilkins, Galena.

On Pageantry—Miss Doris T. Bell, Chairman; Miss Marie Bryan, Mrs. Elizabeth W. Cannan, Mrs. D. B. Ford; Miss Mildred Hoyle, Fairlee; Mrs. Estelle B. Strong, Rock Hall.

On Marking Historic Spots—Marion de Kalk Smith, Chairman; Mrs. Wilbur W. Hubbard; Charles N. Satterfield, Mrs. Charles Skirven, Simon Westcott; Miss Elizabeth Bottomley, Millington; Elmer Jarman, Galena; Adolph Keller, Rock Hall; Leonard Wilson, Millington, Rev. John White, Fairlee.

On Reception of Guests—Men: William G. Smyth, Chairman; S. Scott Beck, William B. Copper, Wilbur W. Hubbard, A. Parks Rasin, Lewin W. Wickes; Ladies: Mrs. Jas. G. Beck, Mrs. P. A. M. Brooks, Mrs. R. H. Collins, Sr., Mrs. Allan Harris, Mrs. W. Dorsey Hines, Mrs. Wilbur W. Hubbard, Miss Anne Smith, Mrs. Donald Stam, Miss Grace Wilkins.

On Cooperation of Kent Public Schools—Supt. L. C. Robinson, Miss Esta V. Harrison. (To select own

On Newspaper Publicity—Harry S. Russell, Chairman; Thomas D. Bowers, Richard D. Collins, Jr., W. Raymond Moody, William B. Usilton.

Finance—W. R. Huey, Chairman; Harry C. Coleman, J. Frank Connelly, Allan Harris, Charles F. Wheatley; Charles Brice, Betterton; E. Thomas Massey, Massey; C. M. Melvin, Millington; Howard Owens, Betterton; Roland R. Pennington, Galena.

On Entertainment—Conlyn E. Noland, Chairman; Clarence Beilharz, Mrs. William R. Howell, Wilbur W. Hubbard, Harry F. Jefferson, Arlington L. Sparks.

On Transportation — A. Sidney Turner, Chairman; Rollison Baxter, Carl Bordley, Lawrence G. Brown, Dr. George H. Dana; Joseph Downey, Jr., Rock Hall; Trew Durding, Rock Hall; William C. Francis, Rock Hall; Herman F. Jacobs, Rock Hall; Fred Williams, Rock Hall.

On Music—Frederick G. Livingood. (To pick own committee).

On Procession—J. Thomas Kibler, Chairman; Herman Blackway, Frank B. Hines, Jesse P. Maxwell.

On Costumes—H. F. Jefferson, Chairman; B. L. Bonnett, Samuel R. Dorf, Baurice Fox, A. L. Sparks; Max Alexander, Rock Hall; Isaac Hollins, Millington; William Medders, Still Pond; Marion T. Miller, Rock Hall; Leonard Wilson, Millington.

Tree Planting—Stanley B. Sutton, Chairman. (To pick own commit-

Alumni—J. S. W. Jones, Chairman; P. G. Young, Baltimore; G. T. Rude, Washington; Maude O. Hickman, Philadelphia; Carroll T. Bounds, Salisbury, Salisbury.

Campus—Dr. Esther M. Dole, Chairman; Miss Doris T. Bell, Miss Margaret Brewer, John D. Makosky, George L. Ekaitis, Oliver E. Robinson, Miss Ruth Johnson, J. T. Kibler, Dr. Gertrude Ingals.

When Table Fork Was Regarded as Curiosity

The advent of the knife and fork for table use is dated far later than that of the spoon. In fact only 300 years ago knives and forks were curiosities. At the courts of Francis I, and Henri II, and even at the magnificent court of Louis XVI forks for eating purposes were unknown. Yet primitive implements that are frequently classed as knives and forks have been in use since an early day.

Most authorities are of the opinion that the primitive savage used a natural fork in the shape of a small pronged twig, while others believe that the fork originated with the arrow as a sort of toothpick. The first forks appear to have long, two-pronged affairs used only in cooking, especially for holding the joint of meat while it was being carved.

The first hint of the fork being used for table service was in the Eleventh century when the wife of the doge, Domenico Silvio, was referred to as too dainty to touch her food with her fingers. Therefore she used a small golden fork and was described as being "luxurious beyond belief."

POOR MARCELLA

A Story of Persistent Love

By FANNIE HURST

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

WHEN she was eighteen, the only child of the Honorable Festus Martin had been painted by Delmar, presented at the court of St. James and introduced with formality to the official social life of Washington.

It was a quick transition from the busy, unremarkable life of Marcella Martin's childhood, as daughter of a prosperous manufacturer of radio parts, to the highly complex social plane achieved by Festus Martin after his growing wealth had enabled him to foster political ambitions, and after those ambitions had landed him in congress.

Undoubtedly it was the combination of Marcella's estate of only child, combined with the doting ambition of parents who could have loved her more wisely, which was accountable for the six years of rigid social disciplining which were imposed upon the protesting Marcella.

It was said of the Martins, laughingly, in certain Washington circles, that the adoring parents of this girl had actually succeeded in making over her face. A rather plain face, too long, with overhanging brow and dull brown hair entirely lacking in lights. But so often had this and that artist idealized it, and so long and arduously had schools of massage, dentistry and hairdressing, expended skill in improving it, that by the time she was eighteen, Marcella was indeed quite an improvement upon the lank, lusterless little girl of other days.

It can readily be imagined that the Martins spared neither time nor the most elaborate expenditures to launch successfully into an estate befitting her father's rank this idolized and only daughter.

The fact that she was diffident, frankly unsocial, unimpressed by wealth or station, unambitious along lines assiduously mapped out for her by her parents whose dreams of ultimate highest realization lay in this girl, only conspired to urge the elder Martins to maximum effort.

"Why, Marcella, another girl with your opportunities would be in her seventh heaven of delight. Doesn't it mean anything to you to have all the things your father's wealth and position can afford for you?"

"Of course it does, mother, only I want them in my way. I'm no good at this social-round kind of thing. I don't like it chiefly, I guess, because I'm a failure at it. Don't force, mother. Can't you reconcile yourself to the fact that I'm not what you want me to be?"

No, neither of the parental Martins could. Festus Martin, as much as his more obvious wife, wanted this daughter a fitting complement to his achievements both official and social. His wife was that. A pretty, pampered-looking woman with small eager ways and deep gold eyes that were brighter than, if not as profound, as her daughter's.

"Emma," he confided to her once during one of their frequent controversies about this problem of their girl, "I actually believe you still have more youth and social charm than Marcella. What is it ails the child? She's as fine a girl as you'll meet in a thousand years, and yet—and yet—no two ways about it—something's missing."

"It's her own fault, Festus. Marcella's heart isn't in living the life about her. That's what hurts me so. To think a girl with her opportunities doesn't appreciate them."

Marcella's reaction to these implications of her doting parents was emotional and deeply sincere.

"Dears, don't you think it hurts me as much as it hurts you that I don't seem to live up to what you want of me? If only you could make up your minds that you're trying to make a silk purse out of—"

"Marcella Martin, nothing of the sort. You've ten times the sense and intelligence of the girls you compete with. Why, a man like Senator Morris wouldn't look at the swarms of silly girls who buzz around him, if you so much as took the trouble to exert yourself to interest him. That's what troubles us, dear. You have all the opportunities for success, including some very natural qualities of your own, and you won't use them."

The subject of Senator Morris was a mooted one in the Martin household. It seemed fitting to the parents of Marcella that the most eligible bachelor in Washington, one of the most outstanding members of the upper house, a man with much achievement behind him and obviously again as much ahead, should be potential timber for Marcella. After all, the only child of a millionaire many times over, personable, probably the most all round educated young woman in the capital, traveled, informed and by no means without a certain quality of distinction, had the right to cast her eyes high.

Anyway, the Martins felt that way about it, and spared neither time, effort nor expense to the bringing together of these two.

It must be admitted, however, that these somewhat ingenuous and not always skilful efforts met with little success.

It is doubtful if in all the times he met Marcella, both in the Martin home and at public occasions, the beautifully gowned, jeweled, caparisoned little lady of longish face, bulging brow, deeply intent eyes and clear brown skin, ever more than passingly snagged his attention. Oh, yes, his reaction, if any, might have been: Martin's daughter! Said to be clever; but a solemn young lady with that dark brown look. Good enough fellow, Martin, if he knew enough to keep out of politics. Pretty little wife with soapsuds for brains.

Marcella's reactions, secret as her own secretive-looking eyes, were not in line with the senator's. There resided in the makeup of this aggressive, massive-jawed, rough-haired member of the liberal wing of politics, qualities that were stirring within Marcella keen, new and exciting thrills.

The most interesting man in all Washington, the most interesting man in America, the most interesting man she had ever met, was the senator. Secret as were these deep-seated emotions, and imperturbable as her brown eyes continued to remain, that fact grew with the months. Secretly, Marcella was in love with Senator Morris.

That it was unrequited caused her neither bitterness nor undue pain. One just went on—alone—caring—hoping for the glimpse of him here and there, picking up crumbs of information of his comings and goings, and outwardly reconciled to defeat.

After a while, even the Martins became half reconciled to it. At twenty-four, Marcella simply had not made her dent. Her generation of debutantes had come and gone. Practically all of the girls who had made their bows the winter that the Marcella Martin coming-out ball was the crowning event of an eventful social season, were married now—rightly.

At twenty-five, something latent in Marcella rose and asserted itself.

Against the resistance of her parents, which she wore down with a high-handedness uncharacteristic of her, she enrolled in a school of social research, and after two winters of intensive work became allied with a settlement house in New York known as Mulberry Center.

Then began the happiest, most interested years of her life. When she was twenty-eight, Marcella was first assistant head of this large institution and an outstanding figure in her chosen field.

The Martins, in their way, were proud of this success. Of course it was miles and miles removed from what had been their dreams for her, but, well, it takes all kinds of people to make a world. Poor Marcella. Of course, one appreciated her brains and her distinction, but just the same, the heart of the mother of this daughter seemed to beat to the rhythm: poor Marcella.

It was when she was thirty-two, considerably heavier, and with streaks of faint gray in her strong dark hair, that Marcella Martin, appointed by her government as first woman member of an international conference on housing conditions to be held in Geneva, again encountered Edgar Morris, now Governor Morris. He, too, gray now, heavier now, found himself sitting beside her at a political luncheon at Geneva where he was in attendance at a conference.

Life, tides, affairs, had flowed swiftly for him in the years which had intervened since his previous meeting with her. It is doubtful if he recalled her at all. He only knew that suddenly he was meeting a woman whose talk, whose point of view, whose deeply quiet eyes and a certain unworldliness, were giving him the first serious pause he had ever in his life felt where the other sex was concerned.

It occurred to him even, as he sat there beside her in the first hour of that lunch in Geneva, that he seemed to be developing symptoms of a man on the verge of falling in love.

Strong Bond Between George V and Scotland

When the lord provost handed to King George the keys of Edinburgh, the ceremonial required his majesty to say, in returning them, that the key could not be in "better hands." The British rulers were celebrating the thirty-eighth anniversry of their wedding in Edinburgh. This was fitting, because it is due to two weddings that the keys of the city were handed to them at all.

If the Tudor princess had not married a king of Scotland, James VI of that country could never have been Elizabeth's successor under the title of James I of the United Kingdom, of Ireland and the Dominions Beyond the Seas. And if his daughter had not married the elector palatine the house of Hanover, from which George V is more directly descended, could not have come to the British throne after the death of Queen Anne.

Because of their marriages George V bears the blended blood of the royal house of England and Scotland. His Plantagenet ancestors (through John of Gaunt) were repeatedly chased out of Scotland. His Tudor ancestors didn't dare try to conquer the braw ilk of Caledon. His Stuart ancestors were the Scots' well-beloved. Because of that strain they forgive him his Hanoverian blood.—New York Times.

The Art of Illusion

"Remember," said the earnest citizen, "that the eyes of the public are upon you."

"That condition is provided for," answered Senator Sorghum. "In political prestidigitation the hand-out must always be quicker than the eyesight."

Animals Recorded in National Park "Census"

Unlike the animals Noah collected for his ark, those of the American national parks do not go two by two. The game animal census reports 3,000,000 bats and only 25 ringtail cats. There are 34,344 deer and 29 wolves. There are 11,510 elk, but only 50 wild cats. Mountain sheep number 13,879, while muskrats number 60. The bear populations is splendid: 1,955, including 47 at Crater Lake, 440 at Glacier, 20 at Grand Teton, 18 at Lassen Volcanic National park, 6 at Mesa Verde, 45 at Mount McKinley, 172 at Sequoia, 657 at Yellowstone and 350 at Yosemite. Thirty-seven species of beasts are enumerated in the census, including 80 skunks, 140 cottontails, 434 mink, 935 moose, 600 chipmunks and 434 mountain lions. The latest count on the buffalo herds is 1,135. Antelopes are counted at 664.

Pillars of Porphyry

Cordova, in Spain, is one of the most interesting walled cities of Europe. It stands on the banks of the Guadalaquiver, where the Andalusian plain glows with the gold of orange trees and with silver olives, merging into the intense blue of the Sierra Morena and the Sierra de Cordova, whence a purple canopy spreads over the city at sunset. The chief glory of Cordova is its cathedral, which Borrow called "perhaps the most extraordinary place of worship in the world." Once a Moorish mosque and now a Christian cathedral, the tourist will spend many an hour in wonder at its labyrinth of 800 pillars of porphyry, granite, serpentine and jasper, which form a forest of beauty. The great Roman bridge which spans the river was first built by the Emperor Augustus.

Town Claims Many Records

There is a little town in South Africa which claims to lick creation. Name most any record you like, and this little place will go one better. Volksrust they call it in South Africa, and it certainly does live up to that reputation. Sunflowers—they grow from 28 inches across in Volksrust. Snakes, pumpkins, fish, pigs' litters and everything, right down to the daily milk output of the average cow—all these things mean records for Volksrust. It is doubtful, however, if all or any of the claims would stand investigation, but they certainly do keep Volksrust on the map, which is apt to surprise anybody who has seen the place.—Washington Star.

Conscience Fund

The first contribution to the conscience fund was made in 1811. Money received for this fund is not carried on the books of the Treasury department as such, but is listed as miscellaneous receipts. The amounts sent in range from 2 cents for a person who failed to put a stamp on a letter when mailed to several thousand dollars from persons who smuggled goods into the United States without paying import duty. Usually the sums sent are small. No special use is made of the money; it simply goes into the general funds of the department.

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