### English Church Beacon Founded in Gratitude

In the porch of old Chelsea church, London, England, stands a bell that is never rung, and high up in the steeple the clock shines like a lighted beacon for travelers by road and river. And thereby hangs a tale.

On a winter's evening in 1679, the king's cofferer came from a rout at Whitehall in all his bravery of lace and velvet, and hailed a boat to take him to his house at Chelsea. It was cold and the heavy mist over the river was developing into one of London's yellow fogs.

The silence and darkness got on the cofferer's nerves. His dainty boots of soft tanned leather were soaking wet, and the boat was rapidly filling with cold and very dirty water; and still they did not reach the opposite bank. Then the crazy vessel sank and left boatman and passenger struggling in the stream.

Just as the king's cofferer thought all was over, the clock of Chelsea struck the hour, and, swimming in the direction of the sound, he floundered into the thick black mud of Chelsea's foreshore.

The king's cofferer had a conscience; also he thought something was due to the power whose clock had struck so conveniently in the nick of time. So he invested in a great bell, and directed that it should be hung in the church tower and rung every night from November to March, between the hours of 9 p. m. and 6 a. m.

And so it was, until 1822, when the tower became unsafe, and the money provided for the bell's upkeep was used for turning the church clock into a shining beacon for travelers.

### Union of Pawnbrokers Commemorated in Flag

Five long-dead pawnbrokers are commemorated by the flag that the duchy of Cornwall, of which the prince of Wales is duke, had made for itself.

The design of the flag, which flies over the duchy offices in London, is 15 yellow balls arranged in triangular form on a black ground. This is the coat of arms of the duchy, which came into being thus:

In the days of the early Plantagenets the pawnbrokers of Cornwall were among the most enterprising and prosperous merchants in all England. Five of these "uncles," whose names appear on a manuscript in the British museum, formed an association to finance—the crown jewels being pledged—a war which King John had planned against France.

For a trade-mark, the five pawnbrokers combined the balls of their five shops and adorned the symbol with the motto "One and All," to indicate that no business could be arranged unless all of them were present.—New York Times Magazine.

### "Shirt-Wearers"

Tuscaroras is an Indian word for shirt-wearers. Indians moving into New York from North Carolina were given this name by the New York tribes because they wore white men's shirts instead of buckskin.

### From the Greek

The term "gas" was invented by the chemist Van Helmont of Brussels, who died in 1644. He applied it to a supposed vapor produced from water by cold. Its form was suggested to him by the Greek word chaos.

### Small Food Difference in the Cereal Grains

The cereal grains are the backbone of the nutrition of most of the races of the earth. They are, as a rule, the cheapest sources of food fuel; so that corn, wheat, rice, barley and oat kernels are to be found constituting a third or often much more of the calory intake of the millions of persons involved. Some of these cereal products are used in almost the same form as nature. They may be ground or pulverized and cooked, but not otherwise greatly altered.

On the other hand, a few of the cereal seeds are manipulated or milled so that a part of the natural kernel is discarded. This is notably true of rice and wheat; in lesser degree also of corn. Aside from these alterations, however, there is a running debate as to the relative nutritive values and physiologic properties of the various cereals.

From the chemist's standpoint there is little occasion to attribute any especial superiority to one of the cereal grains over its usual competitors. All are abundant in starch, have a modicum of protein that does not quite match most animal proteins in biologic value, include essentially the same contents of a few inorganic ingredients, and have a complement of vitamins that is not conspicuous or diversified. Despite this, one may observe the dispute of relative virtues entering from time to time into the propaganda for trade preference.—Journal of Nutrition.

### Wealth Often Hindrance

People often live as though wealth were the greatest good, sacrificing to it health, happiness, even conscience itself. Don't feel bad if you haven't everything you want. Be glad that you are comfortable and have to strive for the things of life.—Grit.

### Youthful Appreciation

We seldom hear or read of any young Chesterfields nowadays, so the following anecdote is rather a novelty. A woman had taken her nine-year-old son on a journey to see his birthplace. It was a most attractive spot and the boy was delighted with it. After gazing long and earnestly at it he turned to his mother and said: "I can't tell you how much I thank you and dad for letting me be born in such a nice place."—Boston Transcript.

### Pride in His Work

A story told of the famous Italian poet Dante relates how the poet once overheard a blacksmith sing one of his songs, in a horribly mutilated form. Whereupon, in anger, Dante upset the tools in the smithy. On being questioned by the astonished smith, the poet informed him that he was as particular about his productions as the smith was about his tools, and made him promise not to sing his songs unless he saw that he could do it correctly.

### Motions of the Earth

So far as is known the earth has four motions—rotation on its axis, revolution around the sun, procession of the equinoxes (a slow wabble of the pole of the spinning earth, like the wabble of a spinning top, which requires something over 25,000 years to complete), and motion through space together with the sun and all the attendant planets, toward a point in the constellation Hercules.

Subscription to the Transcript $1.50

## Two Dumbells Out of Dubuque

By FANNIE HURST

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

WHEN the Kammerer children were asked their father's occupation, they replied "Kammerer the Grocer," with no sense of humble admission. In their city, "Kammerer the Grocer" was the finest, most de luxe institution of its kind in town. Indeed, there were those who moved away to metropolises like New York and Chicago, who found it necessary to write back to Kammerer for certain delicacies such as exotic spices, fruits, that were obtainable nowhere else.

"Kammerer the Grocer" was not just the corner tradesman catering to the green-and-tinned-needs of a small neighborhood area. Kammerer's baking, delicatessen, vegetable, fruit, tinned and staples departments were so complicated and highly organized as any big business.

The stamp of Kammerer was the insignia of a housewife's ability to supply her family with the best.

Aesop Kammerer, while he did not actually serve the trade, could be found on the premises of the business from early morning until late at night. There were roomy if not particularly luxurious offices on the rear of the second floor, and he could either be found there, or in close and careful scrutiny of the needs of his various departments.

At no time of the day, except the noon hour, was a customer, asking for the head of the concern, likely to be told that he was out, or unavailable. Kammerer, who had built up this business almost single-handed, never relaxed his hold when success came. Nine and ten hours a day, six days a week, he gave it heart and body and soul, importunings of his wife and children to the contrary notwithstanding.

"Aesop, just think, our children have been to Europe six times now in all. Don't you think it high time we were entitled to just one holiday!"

"You're right, mother. That's what I'm planning. Next summer we'll join the young ones and see the world."

"Father, you've been saying that for six years, now."

"I mean it this time, mother. High time we were beginning to get something out of it. Next year this time the business can spare me."

The children, high-spirited twins of eighteen, were also of a mind. "Honestly dad, it's up to you and mother to come over with us next summer. You two darlings make us look snide, being so home grown."

"Never you mind, children, your father and I are going to France and Italy with you next June. It's coming to us."

And, finally, although as mother said, she didn't actually believe it until they were on the boat, the Kammerer family, four strong, did set sail for the European trip, which the older pair had been contemplating, planning, dreaming, for at least two-thirds of their married lives.

The youngsters, pampered in every form of travel and education, and to whom the voyage was an old story, set out upon this one in the high spirit of the adventure of experience leading innocence by the hand.

Within twenty-four hours after landing Aesop Kammerer and his wife were being swung through Europe according to the dictates of their two high-handed effervescent youngsters, who were determined on showing them "how it was done."

The results need not have been surprising, but they smote the parental Kammerers with something akin to humiliated dismay. The older pair who, according to all precepts and precedents, should have been having the time of their lives, found themselves overwhelmed with the most profound sense of inferiority it had ever been their ill fortune to even conceive.

Accustomed in their home city each to position of authority and social and business recognition, here they were, being led around by the noses, to speak, by two youngsters who were versed in aspects of life of which they had never even heard.

It was one thing to hear Amy and Robert recite the expedition of their summer travels, year after year, when they returned from the long and luxurious vacations afforded them by their stay-at-home parents. It was another matter to come face to face with these wonders of European civilization; wonders to which their children were innured, and stand there, as Mother Kammerer finally admitted to her husband, like two dumbells out of Dubuque.

Their mutual admissions, kept hoarded from one another during the first six weeks of the trip, burst forth one night in their hotel room that overlooked the Arno in Florence.

"Aesop, you may not know it, but we're a pair of what the children would call 'dumbells out of Dubuque.'"

He had been sitting beside the window, resting his tired and aching feet upon a pillow when this outburst came, and he turned upon his wife the tired defeated eyes she had been noticing in him for weeks.

"It's terrible, mother. If I have to face another art gallery or another cathedral and pretend to those youngsters that I know what it's all about, you'll about have to ship home my ashes in an urn."

"And the degrading part of it is, Aesop, Amy and Robert love and understand those pictures and the beauty of the architecture. There's just no use my pretending, Aesop, I don't know a Del Sarto from a Raphael, and the worst of it is, I don't care. I'm tired, papa. My neck aches from galleries as much as your feet do."

"The beauty is there alright, mother. It's just that we haven't had the time to prepare ourselves to admire it, the way the children have. The whole world's not crazy, traveling these countries over for the wonders of their art and beauty. It's just that we Kammerers the Grocers haven't had time to become anything else."

"There's something in that, father," said his wife, easing the back of her neck with a ministering of witch-hazel. "I long, just as much as you do, to be able to make the children feel we're up to it, but I may as well confess, Aesop, I don't know what it's all about. Take that lecture today in the gallery on Siennese art of the Fifteenth century, it wasn't easy to follow what he was saying, father, the way it was for the children because they've had enough preparation for travel, to know what it was all about."

"Exactly, mother! While we've been at home, being grocers, our children have been preparing themselves to enjoy the things we will be outcasts from all our lives, if we don't hurry up and begin to lay the ground work for us to enjoy it, too."

"Now, what do you mean by that, Aesop?" asked his wife.

What he meant by that was to come as a great shock in the lives of Robert and Amy when they heard it, and the way they heard it was this:

One evening in the bar of the Excelsior hotel in Rome, over cocktails, Robert said to his sister:

"This trip is an awful frost, Amy. Good Lord, if I had known the governor and the governor's lady were going to be a pair of sawdust babies on our hands! Did you see the poor old mater flop down for a cat nap today in the house of Livia, right in front of the murals?"

"Yes, and it would have to be in front of 'Io Guarded by Argus.' I wouldn't say it to the dears for worlds, but can you imagine how they would welcome taking an earlier boat home? We could hop down to Antibes then for a couple of months on the Riviera."

"I'll be the last to suggest it to them."

"Leave it to me, darling. I know the mother like a book. She will jump at the release!"

It was at this point that Aesop walked in on his progeny who were tossing off the remains of their cocktails.

"Say, Rob, say Amy, what say? Here in this envelope I've two transportations back home."

"Oh, father—not quitting us, are you?"

"No. You're quitting us. Ma and I have made up our minds to stay over in Europe this year, and catch on to this thing called the culture game. I'm going to need you two children back home. Rob, you're going to take charge of the fruit and vegetable departments, A to Z and, Amy, I've wired back to our Miss Punt to take you on in her department and get you limbered up in the fascinating study of imported spices."

"Why, father—"

"Nope. You mother and I aren't going to need you around for the next little while. We're going to get ourselves ready, the way we did you, to know what it's all about."

And so it was, that the house of Aesop Kammerer, Fancy Grocers, found itself presented with a new manager of the fruit and vegetable department as well as an assistant to Miss Punt, in the fascinating department of rare and exotic spices.

### Tales of Mystery

Riddle stories are mystery tales based on a question and answer which in no way call for or depend upon the work of a detective, either professional or amateur. Among the finest stories of this kind are Poe's "The Oblong Box" and "The Gold Bug," Kipling's "The Sending of Dana Da" and "His Wedded Wife," Collins' "The Woman in White," Stockton's "The Lady or the Tiger," De Quincey's "The Avenger" and Bulwer's "A Strange Story." The distinguishing feature of the riddle story is that the reader shall be confronted with a number of mysterious facts of which the explanation is reserved until the end.

—oo—

"Ah, my dear," said her homely relative, "you will find that Time is a great healer."

"True, auntie," the girl replied, "but he's certainly a mighty poor beauty doctor."

## WASHINGTON ISSUE OF STAMPS

(BY S. E. PERKINS, III)

The bicentenary stamps of George Washington present a story full of interest and history. Charles Wilson Peale whose likenesses of the Father of his Country appear on five of the series was nine years younger than Washington. When the portrait on the half cent stamp was executed Washington was twenty-five years old and the artist only sixteen.

The oldest likeness done from a sitting while Dr. Washington was alive is on the eight cent stamp. Then Washington was sixty-six and Chas. St. Memin, the painter, executed it in 1798 in Philadelphia. Chas. B. J. St. Memin was borne in France in 1770. His likeness of the President is an accurate profile for he used a mechanical device for the purposes of obtaining it. He become famous for such portraits. This likeness shows Washington less feeble than in the portrait on the nine cent though it was made four years earlier by W. Williams.

We know his likeness best from the Gilbert Stuart painting on the two cent stamp when he was sixty four and that painter was forty-one.

Jean Houdon the French sculptor came to America and made the bust shown on the one cent at the age of forty-four while Washington was fifty-three.

John Trumbull painted Washington in 1780 and 1792. At the time that the seven cent portrait was executed this artist was but twenty-four years of age, just half the age of Washington. The facial expression of both of Trumbull's is similar. His other face of the President appears on the six cent stamp.

In only two of the series of portraits does he wear a hat and these are military, they being in the one and one-cent and three cent ones.

Of these famous artists Charles Wilson Peale was a Marylander. He was born in Queen Anne's County near Chestertown. He lived there and in Annapolis, later moving to Pennsylvania in 1741. This Peale, father of the well known family of painters, including Rembrandt Peale, died in Philadelphia in 1827 at the age of eighty-sir years. Besides excelling in the art of painting both canvasses and miniatures he had a Natural History Museum in Philadelphia for many years and was "a practical naturalist." His opinion was sought by Alexander Wilson, the renowned ornithologist, in identifications of birds. He possessed a bird skin collection wherein a large number of orchard orioles along with other birds were preserved.

Houdon was a Frenchman; Stuart was born in Rhode Island; John Trumbull saw the light of day at an ancestral home in Connecticut. Both Stuart and Trumbull studied in London under Benjamin West who is often thought of as an Englishman because so much of his life was spent in London. He was, however, born in Chester County, Pennsylvania in 1738.

The list of painters and their ages and Washington's at the time of each portrait is as follows:

One half cent—Washington 25, Peale 16—Executed 1757.

One cent—Washington 53, Houdon 44—Executed 1785.

One and one-half cent Washington 40, Peale 31—Executed 1772.

Two cent—Washington, 64, Stuart 41—Executed 1796.

Three cent—Washington 45, Peale 36—Executed 1777.

Four cent—Washington 45, Peale 36—Executed 1772.

Five cent—Washington 63, Peale 40—Executed 1795.

Six cent—Washington 60, Trumbull 36—Executed 1792.

Seven cent—Washington 48. Trumbull 24—Executed 1780.

Eight cent—Washington 66, St. Memin 28—Executed 1798.

Nine cent—Washington 62, W. Williams—Executed 1794.

Ten cent—Washington 63, Stuart 40—Executed 1795.

## WORTON

Mr. and Mrs. Mowbray Hadaway entertained Mrs. Harvey Brice and Mrs. Alice Parsons, of Rock Hall, Mrs. Claude Mullins and children and Mr. John Burris, of Quaker Neck Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Purnell Jones and daughter. Sarah, of Wilmington, are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Marion Rash.

Mr. H. M. Matthews and Mr. Randolph Williams spent last week end in Baltimore..

Mr. George T. Williams, 3rd, of Baltimore, was the guest of his parents here last week end.

The Wesley Chapel Minstrel will be given in Worton Hall Friday evening, February 26, beginning at 8 o'clock for benefit of Improvement Association.

Thieves entered the hen house of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Crowding Tuesday night and stole about seventy hens.

A "Washington Luncheon" will be held in Worton Hall Tuesday evening, February 23rd. Luncheon served at 5 o'clock.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Taylor visited relatives at Grasonville Sunday.


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