Imagination Goes Far With the Superstitious

No matter how intelligent we are by nature, or how reasonable and wise we may become with the experiences of years, man never quite loses his fear of the supernatural—nor belief in its manifestations, regardless of how exalted his circumstances and conditions. An instance has just been reported from Moncalieri, near Turin, where a young couple, setting up housekeeping, had just moved into a dwelling which had been unoccupied for some months. No sooner had they established themselves in these quarters than all sorts of mysterious and astonishing, as well as terrifying noises became audible. Doors shut and opened of their own accord; windows rattled; vapors of unknown source moved here and there; now and then the strains of music, or of shrill whistling were heard. These experiences were so alarming that next day the trembling pair sought the aid of the police. A gendarme, stationed there the next night, insisted strenuously that he heard all the various commotions, too, and not only that, but actually saw a weird shape floating about to be compared with nothing he had ever witnessed before. Which all goes to prove that superstitions, if not native to the individual, are at least contagious, and may be acquired and entertained even by the most staid and unimaginative of the population.—Il Messaggero, Rome.

Importance of Grasses in Man's Advancement

Civilization has been built directly upon one or another of the cereal grasses, supplemented in some cases with pasture grasses, according to a professor of Berkeley university, Calif. Cereal grasses changed man from a nomad to a settler. Even the calendar and social life was made necessary by the cultivation of cereal grasses. In 2700 B. C., the Chinese instituted the symbolic ceremony of sowing five useful plants each year, these being rice, wheat, sorghum, millet and the legume, soy beans. In Egypt, barley and millet were produced as early as 4000 B. C. On the American continent, civilization is practically synonymous with one grass, maize or Indian corn. The greatest portion of the dry land surface of the earth is occupied by grasses.

"Crossing the Line"

In the modern ceremony of crossing the equator Neptune appears carrying a trident with his attendants, among whom is the barber, carrying a huge razor and tub. Neptune is accompanied by Amphitrite. A sheep pen lined with canvas and filled with water is prepared. The victim is seated on a platform laid over this and blindfolded. First he is shaved by the barber, then plunged backward into the water. It was formerly the custom to attach the victim to a rope and dip him into the sea.

Message Made History

When war broke out between Spain and the United States it was very necessary to communicate quickly with Garcia, the leader of the insurgents. He was somewhere in the mountain fastnesses of Cuba, no one knew where. No mail or telegram could reach him. Rowan was sent for and given a letter to be delivered to Garcia. He accepted the mission without question and delivered the letter. The message to Garcia was pertaining to co-operation with the United States army.

Ancient Toys Dug Up

A little girl's grave in a cemetery about 4,000 years old, dug up in Persia by scientists, yielded, among other things, small figurines carved like cows and sheep. Excavations in the cemetery unearthed remains of children with miniature dishes, as well as those of men and women with cups, bows and pitchers. Translucent and banded alabaster vessels, burnished gray and black pottery, bracelets, anklets and finger rings were also found.

Medieval Churches

Four churches of medieval period can be seen by visitors to Berlin, in spite of the common impression that the German capital is a comparatively young city. The youngest of the four, which stands in Klosterstrasse, has been restored to its original form. This church was erected by Franciscan monks of the Gray Cloister, in 1290, and is said to be one of the oldest monuments of Gothic architecture in northern Germany.

Well-Watered Country

In Venezuela rainfall varies from less than one inch a month in the dry season to as much as five inches a month in the rainy season. In addition Venezuela is particularly well endowed with rivers. The country has more than 1,000 rivers. About 250 rivers empty into the Caribbean sea, while some 200 flow into Lake Maracaibo. Included among its streams is the Orinoco, one of the great rivers of the world.

Secretary of Congress

In the Continental congresses there was one official, called the secretary of the congress, as the Continental congress was a unicameral body. Charles Thompson of Pennsylvania acted in this capacity throughout 15 sessions in eight cities and under 14 presidents of the congress. He served from September 5, 1774, until January 22, 1788.

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Famous Ocean Races

One of the famous California clipper races was that of the Wild Pigeon, John Gilpin, Flying Fish and Trade Wind. They sailed against time, leaving New York on different dates. Flying Fish won, making the passage from New York to San Francisco in 92 days 4 hours, from port to anchor. The Gilpin made it in 93 days from port to pilot, and Wild Pigeon in 118 days. The Trade Wind, which left some time after the others, followed with 102 days, having taken fire and burned for 8 hours on the way. Another famous race was that between William H. Webb's Swordfish and Donald McKay's Flying Fish. The latter sailed from Boston November 5, 1851, and on the same day the Swordfish passed Sandy Hook. The Swordfish arrived in San Francisco on February 10, 1852, after a passage of 90 days from Boston.

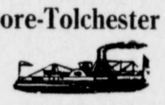
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NOTICE

All persons are hereby warned not to remove sand from the shore at Tolchester at the end of the County road and landing.

BOARD OF COUNTY COMMISSIONERS.

Theresa

The Story of a Repentant Daughter

By Fannie Hurst

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

IN NO end of ways, the mother of Theresa was a trial. No getting away from that. And as she grew older, the many aggravating little facets to her personality grew more pronounced.

She had been a dominating young girl, she had been a dominating wife and, not unnaturally, a dominating mother. Not that her dominance had ever actually outbalanced her thousand and one ingratiating traits. Like all emphatic personalities, she was no good at halfway measures. The mother of Theresa, all her life, had been as high-handed as she was soft-hearted; as domineering as she was merciful.

Her husband, whom she fretted, even as she was later to fret her daughter, declared all of his married life with her that she enervated him with her excess of vitality, robbed him of ambition by virtue of the superabundance of hers, wore him down, tired him out, exhausted him. And yet, with these legitimate grievances, he adored her, as those who knew the mother of Theresa could testify—gloried in her dominance, complained bitterly of her all his life, and died in her arms, blessing her.

With Theresa, her only child, every one predicted total eclipse. There was no withstanding the overshadowing figure of her mother. The girl could not be expected to develop a personality of her own while her mother ate for her, slept for her, thought for her, and reached decisions for her.

And all that was true enough until Theresa reached the age of twenty, when suddenly there developed in the girl, who lived beneath the shadow of her parent like a chick under the wing of the hen, a slow, a cumulative, a rebellious kind of anger that gathered within her like a storm, but unlike a storm did not burst but rolled up, rather, into a great, portentous gloom.

Strange, but for some time the mother of Theresa, too absorbed in her career of living for her daughter, did not realize the change. And therein lay danger for the mother of Theresa, because slowly, oh so slowly and imperceptibly, the girl was backing her will against the alleged iron one of her parent, and it was to transpire in the end that the mother of Theresa had no iron will at all, but an extremely malleable one, only awaiting the individual with the purpose to overthrow it.

And so it was that gradually, but with unrelentless consistency, slowly, surely, the daughter gained the upper hand in the relationship of parent and offspring, and within a twelve-month after she was twenty the transposition of their positions was complete.

Almost imperceptibly robbed of her domination by a daughter who would no longer tolerate dictation, you could see the mother whiten, weaken, age, as she loosed her hold and gave way to what time had shown to be the stronger personality of the two.

Not that there was an open issue. Outwardly, the situation was practically the same. That is, in the beginning at least, the old respect and obedience to the dictates of the parent were there. But somehow, within herself, and to her own secret loathing, the girl had turned against her parent. The older woman "got on her nerves," as the saying goes. She was capable of being short with her, curt in her replies, even rude. And under this treatment, the mother of Theresa, so astonishingly vulnerable to domination once you pierced her armor, became a timid, haunted creature, a little afraid of her child.

Not but what the younger woman fought off this power of hers when she beheld it descending into her hands. She wanted to be gentle with her mother and patient and all the things that as a faithful doting parent she knew were deserved, but the terrible impatience and rancor were stronger than her will.

"Have you noticed how badly Theresa's daughter is treating her these days? What has come over the girl? Why, she is positively rude and horrid to her. And what a change in Theresa. She stands for it."

True, all true, but not quite so simple as it seemed on the surface. Underneath her sense of triumph over the old domineering ways of her mother, the girl was waging a bitter struggle to throw off this tendency to feel annoyed at her mother's slightest remark; to resent her interest in her affairs; to leave her many questions unanswered and to give her the curt, uncourteous reply instead of the considerate one she would grant a mere stranger.

It came to be almost a madness with her. It was practically impossible for the daughter of Theresa to be civil to her mother, although she would awaken from a troubled sleep resolved to atone in a thousand ways for yesterday's rudeness; and then, just let her so much as make a simple statement or evidence a natural interest in her daughter's affairs, and there she was, ready with the stinging retort or display of ugly manner.

"If only Mother wouldn't be meek about it all," she prayed to herself. "If only she would put me in my place the way she used to when I was a child. If only she wouldn't break my heart and madden me by standing for it all. Why did I walk out and slam the door on her just now? Dear darling, she would go through fire for me, and I am a beast to her. Why was I rude to her in front of her friends? How crushed she looked. Oh Mother, how can I treat you so!"

And yet, somehow, the daughter of this mother could and did until, in their circle of friends, it was not unusual to hear an exasperated parent exclaim to a child, "Don't be rude about it. You'll soon have the reputation of treating me as the mother of Theresa is treated by her daughter."

Inevitably, it got about, this tyranny of daughter over parent, and the situation became pretty well unbearable all the way around. Except, strangely, the mother of Theresa, even while her daughter wilted and agonized over what was happening, seemed fascinated by the change. There was something actually saddistic about the way she bared herself for the blows of her child, asking questions that she must have known would bring wrath upon her head.

"Daughter, why do you wear your skirts so short. They're ugly."

"For the reason that it pleases me to, and if you don't like them, don't look."

"Daughter, where are you going?"

"When I want to announce every move I make, I'll post a bulletin."

"Daughter, you look a little pale tonight. Are you tired?"

"Mother, if you ask me that again, I'll go mad."

It was shocking, it was terrible, it was embarrassing even to have to hear, and it seemed to the daughter that sometimes she actually went about that home with little needles and pins of irritation popping out all over her. Every move of her mother's seemed a source of irritation. To hear her crack nuts; see her spill a bit of coffee over into her saucer; have to listen to the rasp in her voice when she telephoned, were such anathema to her that she would rush upstairs into her rom, slamming the door, locking it, crying there.

At sixty-two, after years of this domination which had reduced her to some one little and gray, the mother of Theresa died, quietly, one night in her sleep, and it was to linger with her daughter forever after that her last words to her had been:

"For goodness sakes, Mother, if you don't stop cracking those nuts, I'll go mad. Haven't you any regard for the nerves of others?"

That memory in itself seemed to the girl sufficient punishment; the recollection of those words dancing in fire before her as the still form, in its small-sized bier, was borne tilted from the house. But her actual scourging lay in the years to come.

Why had she treated her so? The dead, cowed footsteps of her parent seemed everywhere about the house. Her voice, almost with a dodging note in it, as if fearful of rebuke, lingered on the stillness of the halls and rooms. Here was a girl who, after her mother's death, had everything to reproach herself for. She had heard people say of others after a death, "Well, she has nothing to reproach herself for."

The daughter of this dead woman had! And down through the years she went reproaching. Down through the years she went unforgetting and yearning, with that most terrible of all futilities, for the opportunity to live her life with her mother over again.

Yes, she had much to reproach herself for.

When she was thirty, a bachelor from a neighboring town, in love with a certain wistful quality he saw in her, came wooing her for marriage.

It is doubtful if his offer, any more than his personality, would have meant anything, except that in his plea for his case, he mentioned apologetically the need for his aged mother to live with him after marriage.

"She's old, gets on my nerves a good bit, but there's nothing else to do but have her with us, dear, the few years she has left."

There was her chance, and she grasped it, to baby and indulge and protect, from the possible curtness of her son, a mother-in-law.

In the name of a mother who, alas, had not been babied and indulged and protected from the curtness of a daughter, she married the son in order to gain a mother-in-law. And her husband marvels at the happiness that her patient sweetness is giving to an old mother's sunset days.

Civilization Has Laid Hand on Desert Trail

I remember chromos of the desert trail, with hollow-eyed skulls of longhorns beside the wagon tracks. And now I have seen that trail, graded and ditched, with signs marked "soft shoulders" and "speed limit: forty-five miles." There are skeletons beside the road now, too—the rusting, crumpled, wheelless skeletons of old Fords, upside down.

On that blue mountain, blue from here, but white sand and pale olive brush when you get to it, the miners used to make little holes and tunnels in hope of precious metal. Now there in a great white "A" on its crest, visible for miles around. A tribute to alma mater from the students of the University of Arizona.

The new tenants of the land of adventure and straight shooting. The scientific grapefruit grower. The director of the desert laboratory. The professor of romance languages. The manager of the hotel with white-tiled bathrooms, who is a member of the Hotel Greeters' association. The lady in a smock who sells Indian art goods. The owner of twenty-two chain grocery stores throughout the state. The income tax expert. The golf professional. The A. P. correspondent. The wild young pitcher, who hopes that a scout from Los Angeles is looking at his curves and not at the beautiful deranged sun setting over the mad blue mountains.—Robert Littell in the American Mercury.

New Brcks For Sale

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

JOHN SCHAUBER

Meter Needed

A cat lover declares that cats have greater depth of affection than dogs, and sometimes we think he's right. Still, just how does one go about measuring depth of affection?—Fort Wayne News-Sentinel.

Imagination

The word "empathy" expresses the ability to project oneself into an imaginary situation or the situation of some one else and undergo the sensations believed to be connected with it.

Vegetables Make Silk

Although most artificial silk fabric is made of wood pulp, it can also be made from cabbages, bananas or any other vegetable matter from which cellulose is obtained.

Can't Understand It

Bride (who has cooked for the first time, tasting her effort at curry)—How funny that this is Fred's favorite dish.—L'Illustre Lausanne.

Angelic Lullaby

Somebody has invented a motor horn that sounds like a harp. Always giving thought to the pedestrian.—Lynchburg News.

Business Maker

Probably the theory that opposites should marry originated with a divorce lawyer.—Columbus (Ohio) Journal.

All Have Triumphs

There are none so low but they have their triumphs. Small successes suffice for small souls.—Bovee.

Think It Over

Selfishness is the mealy bug that plays havoc in the Garden of Life.

What Makes a Man Old?

Worry and care pile on the years in a hurry.—Collier's Weekly.

RED STAR LINES, Inc.

DeLuxe Motor Coaches leave Chestertown Daily for Hurlock and Way Points 5.30.

Tolchester and Way Points 9.30 a. m., 4.10 P. M. Daily except Sunday.

Sunday only 9.30 A. M., 4.15 P. M. (Making Baltimore connections.)

Kent Island Ferry and Way Points 10.35 A. M. Daily except Sunday.



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.

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KENNEDYVILLE

Mr .and Mrs. Paul Boggs and Sara, of Stockton, Md., spent the week end with Mr. and Mrs. Henry Boggs.

Mr. and Mrs. Ray King and children spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. John Bolden, near Still Pond.

Mr. and Mrs. Purnell Jones and daughter, of Marshalton, visited at the home of Mr. George Rasin last week.

Miss Emma Shafer is visiting in Philadelphia.

Miss Dewees and friends of Pennsylvania, visited Mr. and Mrs. Howard Clendaniel on Sunday.

Mrs. Eva Primrose and Virginia spent the week end in Elkton.

Miss Airie Devine, of Elkton, visited friends here the past week.

Mrs. Katie Crew, of near Chestertown is spending sometime with her sister, Miss Lula Van Dyke.

Miss Carrie Lipscomb's many friends are glad to know she is improving after her automobile accident on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. William Dempsey spent Sunday with relatives in Dover.

Mr. and Mrs. Ray King entertained some friends on Thursday evening in honor of their wedding anniversary and Mrs. Kings birthday.

Theodore Dempsey left on Monday for Dover were he will attend school.

Mrs. Gerald Myers entertained the Sewing Club and a large number of friends on Wednesday afternoon to a Pink Tea. A programme consisting of music by Mrs. Bruce Dukes, Mrs. Edgar Lusby, Mrs. Samuel Caldwell and Mrs. Wills, of Wilmington; recitation by Mrs. White, readings by Mrs. Myers and Mrs. Whilt was very much enjoyed, refreshments were served and all enjoyed a very pleasant afternoon.

Mr. James Weer and Mr. George Johnston attended a milk meeting in Middletown on Friday.

Service in Grace Presbyterian church at 7.30 next Sunday evening. Mr. Thomas McKinney, Jr., a civil engineer of New York, will speak for us. His subject will be "Engineering in the Bible." Mr. McKinsey is a prominent speaker. He frequently speaks over the radio and at church services. We feel fortunate in securing his services. Come out and give Mr. McKinsey your support. All are welcome.

The P. T. A. will hold their monthly meeting in the school building next Wednesday evening at 7.30 p. m.

MILLINGTON

Misses Myrtle, Anna and Pauline Jones spent Sunday with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles P. Jones.

Misses Mabel and Pauline Comegys were at home over the week end.

Miss Arline Gale and Frank Barnhart, of Washington College, visited the home folks over the week end.

Charley Baker visited friends in North East over the week end.

Mr. and Mrs. N. A. Wallen spent Monday in Wilmington.

Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Taylor and daughter, Miss Mary Taylor, of Hursley, Va., are guests of Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Taylor.

Miss Evelyn Cochran is visiting relatives in Washington, D. C.

Rev. Mr. Garner, held services in Holy Cross church on Sunday last.

Mr. and Mrs. John Ross, of Wilmington, visited Miss Marie Vansant on Monday.

Paul Bowman has been on the sick list, is now improved.

Mr. and Mrs. David Townsend and family, of Camden, N. J., is visiting his sister, Mrs. Ed. Haupt on South Crane street.

Fred C. Numbers and son, Fred C., Jr., visited friends in Denton on Sunday.

The Queen Esther Circle of Asbury M. E. Church held a Depression Social on Wednesday evening. The admission was 19 cents.

Mrs. J. C. Vansant visited Mr. and Mrs. Albert Vansant on Monday.

Mrs. Eva Marvel spent a few days last week with her cousin Charley Clough, of Price, Md.

BUT JUST ONCE A MONTH

Feleg: My wife is always pestering me for money. Does yours do that?

Abednego: No, but the people she buys things from do.

GALENA

News was received this week of the death of Mr. Clarence Gray, of Delaware, formerly a resident of this town. Mr. Gray was a borther of Mrs. E. S. Jarman.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Reed, of Brooklyn, N. Y., spent the week end with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Johnson.

Miss Agnes Jarman and Miss Helen Vansant, of Baltimore, spent the week end here with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. L. R. Vansant and Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Jarman.

Miss Eva McCauley, of Philadelphia, spent the week end with her mother, Mrs. Eva McCauley.

Miss Mattie Whitaker, of Chestertown, spent the week end with her sister, Mrs. Ernest Hicks.

Quite a number of town folks attended the 23rd wedding Anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. James H. Davis, of near town on Wednesday evening, February 24.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Hicks, Mr. Wallace Duhamell spent Tuesday in Wilmington, Del.

Mr. Allie Hyland, of Federalsburg, Md., is visiting his brother, Mr. Wm. A. Hyland and sister, Mrs. L. R. Vansant.

The Ladies of the M. E. Church are planning to hold a "Chicken Patty" Supper on Leap Year night, February 29th in the M. E. Chapel. Price of supper 50 cents.

Mr. Thomas McKenney, of N. Y. C., N. Y., a Civil Engineer will speak at Westminister Presbyterian Church at 3.15 p. m. on Sunday, February 28, in Georgetown, Md.

Mr. and Mrs. James Quinn entertained last Sunday at dinner, Mrs. Cunningham. Misses Breastin, Feeters, Mr. and Mrs. Comoller, Mr. and Mrs. Hulle, all of Philadelphia, Pa.

Miss Julia Deshane is visiting at the home of Rev. and Mrs. A. P. Prettyman.

Miss Selma Scotten entertained the Willing Workers Sunday School Class at her home on Tuesday evening, February 23.

Mr. Parlett, Mr. Tommey, Wm. Hand, Mr. Bradshaw retired B. and O. R. R. Engineers, of Baltimore, spent Monday with their fried, Mr. Lemuel Marh who is also a retired B. and O. R. R. Engineer.

Mrs. George Johnson returned home on Saturday after spending a few days with her sister, Mrs. Victor Stradley in Easton, Md.

Mrs. Devine, of Middletown, Del., spent Monday with her daughter, Mrs. James Quinn.

COULDN'T FOOL MARLENE

Greta: She's really lots older than she looks.

Marlene: Yes, and what's more she looks it.

BLISSFUL MOMENTS

"A woman can make a fool of you in ten minutes."

"Ah, yes, but think of those ten minutes."

L. WETHERED BARROLL, Attorney.

Ratification Nisi

Hope H. Barroll, Extr. etc.
versus
Estate of Garrett Foxwell, decd.

In the Circuit Court for Kent County
In Equity, No. 2015

Ordered, this 23rd day of January, 1932, by the Circuit Court for Kent County in Equity, that the Auditor's Account and Report, stated and reported by S. Scott Beck, Auditor, in the above entitled cause, be Ratified and Confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown within three weeks from the date of the first publication of said notice, viz: February 20th, 1932; Provided, a copy of this Order be inserted in some newspaper printed and published in Kent County, once in each of two successive weeks before the 15th day of February next.

True Copy,
ROBERT A. SHALLCROSS, Clerk.
Test
ROBERT A. SHALLCROSS, Clerk.
ja30.

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A NEW LACE TOP ALL SILK CHIFFON at $1.00

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