FRESH STRAWBERRY ICE CREAM

We just received a shipment of strawberries this week and have made these first strawberries into fresh strawberry ice cream with our real rich milk and cream, combined with granulated sugar.

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ICE CREAM
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Genuine Parchment Shades

Reg. Value $10

SALE PRICE $7.50

4 Pc. Bed Room Suits, Walnut and Mahogany

Reg. Value.....$125.00, $130.00, $150.00, $175.00
Sale Price..... $87.50, 92.50, 97.50, 125.00

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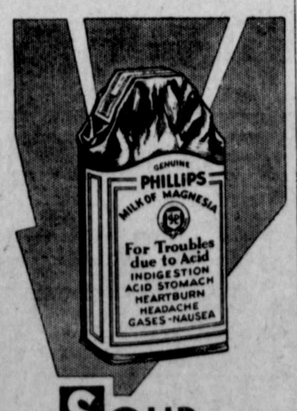

SOUR STOMACH

JUST a tasteless dose of Phillips Milk of Magnesia in water. That is an alkali, effective yet harmless. It has been the standard antacid for 50 years. One spoonful will neutralize at once many times its volume in acid. It's the right way, the quick, pleasant and efficient way to kill all the excess acid. The stomach becomes sweet, the pain departs. You are happy again in five minutes.

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"Milk of Magnesia" has been the U. S. Registered Trade Mark of the Charles H. Phillips Chemical Company and its predecessor Charles H. Phillips since 1875.

Persian "Music" Apt to Grate on Western Ears

Persia's pictorial and decorative art was widely published at an exhibition recently held in London. But beside this art, there is a good deal of music in Persia. The Persian orchestra usually consists of a zither, played with wooden sticks, a very ancient and primitive style of guitar, made of mulberry wood, with only three strings, played with a bone "plectrum," viols that look like mandolins, a pipe, and a horn, a large drum, and two small ones on the same principle as our kettle drums.

The viols are made out of pumpkins strengthened with ribs of wood, ivory and bits of metal, while each has a long spike to rest on the ground, so that the instrument is played like the violoncello. The noise of such an orchestra is terrific, especially when "singers," who shriek at the top of their voices, join in. But as the only type of western music that has been introduced is that of inferior brass bands, the Persians usually prefer the native music to that which is imported.

Perkins Quick to See Value of Imagination

Perkins was feeling queer; he couldn't get on with his work; he couldn't do anything. So he decided to see his doctor.

"I don't feel up to the mark," he said to the man of medicine. "Can you give me a tonic?"

The doctor surveyed him for a moment or two, and, rising from his chair, remarked: "Has it ever occurred to you that there's a great deal in imagination, Mr. Perkins?"

"Certainly, doctor."

"Then imagine there's nothing the matter with you. Come back in a week and let me know how you feel!"

The patient went, doctored himself, and returned at the appointed time.

"Ah," said the doctor. "You are feeling better. Didn't I tell you there's a great deal in imagination?"

"That's true," said Perkins. "What is your charge?"

"One guinea," said the doctor.

"Well, imagine you've got it," said Perkins.—London Tit-Bits.

Toll of Horseshoes

The levying of horseshoes from famous riders has been long a custom at Oakham, in Rutlandshire, England. These shoes have been levied as tribute from famous men who have ridden through the town, for no visitor of high rank was formerly permitted to enter unless he paid a toll of one horseshoe. The shoes, many of them large and ornamental, now hang in the county hall, which was originally the banqueting hall of the castle. It seems that the manorial rights of the castle were once held by the count of Derby, who was official farrier to William the Conquerer. His descendants still have six black horseshoes on a silver ground in their arms.

Penny Theator Actor

The Penny theater actor's life must indeed have been a wretched one. Like the strolling player of Shakespeare's time, his wardrobe was a mass of rags and his appearance starvation personified. Tenpence a night was thought a fair wage for taking part in six or seven successive performances, while seven shillings a week was considered high remuneration. Yet the poor performer frequently found himself in arrears of even this inconsiderable salary, and a public dispute would be carried on between actor and proprietor while the whole performance was held up.—Brian FitzGerald in the London Saturday Review.

Marked Special Days

"Red-letter days," a term now extended to any gala occasion of memorable day, originally was an ecclesiastical term used to characterize the more important festivals and saints' days of the church, which appear in red letters in the calendar, wrote William S. Walsh in "Curiosities of Popular Customs."

In ordinary prayer books both of the English and the Roman church, where two colors are not used in the printing, these days are characterized by italics or Gothic capitals and the black-letter days or minor festivals by lower-case Roman type.

Convincing Attorney

Years ago this happened in Atchison:

Jude Johnson and Julius Roar were arrested for stealing chickens.

Jude, who has always been a smart alec, insisted on acting as attorney for himself and Mr. Roar.

Putting Mr. Roar on the witness stand, Jude protruded his chest, struck a Napoleonic attitude, and with a deep voice asked: "Mr. Roar, will you be so kind as to tell the court and the jury where you were on the night we stole those chickens?"

The jury was out five seconds.—Atchison Globe.

"Veritable Calvados"

Less than a hundred miles by road from Paris you can find Lisieux, a very charming little city of 16,000 inhabitants, situated on the Touques river, whose old mansions and churches are known to many thousands. Lisieux is a shrine and every year thousands of pilgrims come to the little place to make their devotions to Sister Therese de l'enfant Jesus. All about the town are lovely Normandy walks and many an hour can be spent at the concerts provided.—Exchange.

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10 A. M. to 8 P. M.
Monday, Wednesday, Friday
By Appointment

HIGH SCHOOL NOTES

BY RUTH FOX

Here at last is the complete cast for "Mother Carey's Chickens".

Ossian Popham—Elmer Brice.
Gilbert Carey—Reginald Cooper.
Nancy Carey—Priscilla Grainger.
Mother Carey—Ruth Fox.
Kathleen—Phoebe Pyle.
Peter—Townsend Anthony.
Cousin Ann Chadwick—Miriam Ford.
Julia Carey—Evelyn Williams.
Mrs. Ossian Popham—Hilda Perry.
Lallie Joy Popham—Virginia Yerkey.
Ralph Thurston—Eugene Thornton.
Cyril Lord—Charles Dole.
Tom Hamilton—James Kreeger.
Henry Lord, Ph. D.—John Wright.

You will be able to see this delightful play, written by Kate Douglas Wiggin, Friday night, March 4, at William Smith Hall.

Did you know that:

About two-hundred students saw the pictures of George Washington at the NEW LYCEUM Monday afternoon?

A combination Bazaar and Bake is going to be held in the building formerly occupied by the Mutual Fire Insurance Company. Things are going to begin at ten o'clock Saturday morning. You will be able to purchase boudoir pillows, Chinese and Japanese trinkets, covered coat hangers, cake, pies—and everything else between, soup and nuts. Then too, your fortune will be told you for ten cents. Come early and stay late.

Here is the latest History Club program:

Biography of Franklin — Audry Lee.
Current News—Nancy Hepburn.
McKinley—Bayard Sutton.
"The Wharf" by Benjamin Franklin—Mary Lucht.
Robert E. Lee—Rebecca Groves.
Stonewall Jackson—Claude Taylor.
"54-40 or Fight"—Maynard Porter.
Spelling Bee—Class.

Mr. Willis, landscape gardener, donated and planted several hemlock trees on the school campus.

Just A Memory—

The telephone was taken out of Miss Mamie's room today and transplanted in Mr. Blades' office. From the teachers' view point it is a good riddance, but the students are sorry—many amusing incidents centered around that telephone.

A new floor is being laid in the Industrial Arts room. No more will mushrooms sprout gayly between the boards. This department was in quite a messed up condition when I visited it today.

"Tell me all about it, Mr. Greenwood," I prompted.

"I'm afraid that couldn't be printed in the School News Column" he answered.

"That's all right," I returned, "I can put a couple of *'-*xz-'*-*- and things."

The party that was held Saturday night for the "Drag-On" cleared ten dollars and sixteen cents.

An addition of seven volumes made their appearance in the library. They are entitled "Source Records of The Great War," and are a compilation of authentic authors. The American Legion put them out.

Briefs—

The Alumni are playing the regular team in basketball Wednesday evening . . . A Ping-Pong tournament is being talked of . . . Page Elmer Brice, Eddie McMahon, Vernon Seward, John Truslow, Mr. Willis, Marian Reinhart and Miss Bryan . . . One of Mr. Duyer's kittens took Physical Education with the 8C and 9C sections . . . The Dragon money is down to one hundred and eleven dollars.

The French word for sheep is "mouton" and there is one person in that class (name on request) who translated a French sentence like this: "The shepherds came, trailed by all the little muttons!"

The Literary Society held its regular monthly meeting Monday. The program was as follows:

Prizes for best essays and poems—Mary Jo Wheatley, Charles C. Atwater, Janet MacVean, Ruth Williams.
"My Country 'Tis of Thee"—School.
Washington's Early Life—Myrtle Hadaway.
Washington As A Farmer—Baynard Harper.
Washington As A Soldier—Chas. Wheatley.
Sextet—Oakley Valliant, Baynard Harper, Henrietta Duyer, Katherine Atwell, Myrtle Hadaway, Louis Dill.
Washington, The Statesman—Janet MacVean.
Poem—Pauline Crew.
Anniversary of Washington — Rumsey Anthony.
Selection by School Orchestra.

KNOWS HIS JANE

Commander: "Now, suppose you are on your post one dark night. Suddenly a person appears from behind and wraps two strong arms around you so that you can't use your rifle. What will you call then?"

Cadet: "Let go, Honey."

VERY SELECTIVE

Boxcar Bill: "Bleary eyed Sam says he smokes only quarter cigars."

Crosstie Hardy: "That's right. Somebody else always smokes the other three-quarters first, though."

Father Loved Punishment

By FANNIE HURST

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

TO KATHLEEN, ever since she could remember, there had been something almost unbearably pathetic about her father. Not alone because he was so good; not alone because widowered at thirty, his middle years had been entirely dominated by the heritage of a brood of five young children; not alone because with hands horny from labor, nightly he would undress with the tenderness that would have befitted the wife who had left him in death, the five noisy, brawling, often squalling youngsters, who rode him with a high hand because of his apparently infallible good humor.

To Kathleen, his second, his pathos lay rather in the fact that he accepted it all without question or rebellion. There were five children to be reared on his meager earnings as gardener in one of the town's public parks; five mouths to be fed; five small minds to be trained; five pairs of feet to be shod and that was all there was to it. No grumblings. No complaints. No stinting in so far as it was possible for him to provide.

He was just the best old thing! Time and time again, Kathleen's conclusions regarding him summed themselves up in that rather defeated conclusion. He's just the best old thing.

Completely unaffected in the way that Kathleen was affected were the remaining four children of Pat. Emma, the eldest, had no particular attitude about her father. That is, in so far as she felt anything more than the warm filial affection due a parent from a dutiful daughter. The three boys, pretty rough, all of them, from the vagabonding childhood about the streets, took their "old man" somewhat for granted. "Pap's all right. Little bit of a dub, but Pap's all right. Gives me a pain in the neck sometimes, but Pap's all right."

Not one of the four would have known quite what Kathleen meant had she tried to explain the pathos that cut into her heart where her father was concerned. His patient way of plodding off to the park, grateful for coffee if Kathleen or Emma happened to be up to give it to him before he left; uncomplaining and silent if the kitchen stove were cold when he came down and starting off to work with a roll taken from the baker's bag of them at the kitchen door, as he made exit.

It was not often Kathleen let this happen, but the weeks she had been laid up with a broken ankle, time and time again Emma had lain oversleeping and father had gone off without breakfast.

He had a way with the boys, too, of letting them bully him. He was forever contributing out of his weekly wage to tide them over this and that dilemma. "Pap, if you don't let me have a fiver this week, I might as well throw up my job and it'll mean the devil to pay. I owe the till five and it's got to be paid."

That patient, tired, horny old hand sliding down into the worn pocket of his baggy trousers! That patient, walrus-shaped, sandy-colored old mustache, drooping with perplexity and disapproval. Not a particularly efficient father, as fathers go, weak with his boys, vacillating in what few demands he made and absurdly sentimental with his girls.

"My Katy's the queen of them all. My Emma is a lark of the morning."

This because, Emma, with a pretty fluty voice which had been trained from lessons sqeezed, dear knows how, out of father's lean weekly envelope, had created about herself, in the narrow little household, somewhat of the aura of a prodigy.

Emma sang. Emma's voice was something to be treated like a jewel in its casket. That was why it was sometimes necessary for father to go off to work without breakfast. A body that contained a voice must not be overtried or overtired.

Father fell in with that. But Kathleen, who was on night shift as telephone operator and did not always return home in time to fix father his breakfast, would boil and then sob a little, inwardly, at the patience of father. The dear, tired, gallant patience of father.

For eighteen years of widowerhood, father stood for all this, sweetly, a little tiredly, but so uncomplainingly that sometimes it seemed to Kathleen he must be made of the stuff of saints. Then, one by one, the boys married and took themselves and their bickerings and their demands and their uncouthness and their inconsiderate bullyings out of the house; and next came Emma, who inside of twenty-four hours met, fell in love with, married and went off with the orchestra leader of a traveling musical show which had come to town.

By this time, resolutely, there began to take full shape in Kathleen's mind a half-formed dream which had lodged there ever since she had been old enough to cerebrate about the stunted life of her father. He was fifty-nine by now, rheumatic, subject to spells of asthma and bent from the long years at gardening.

Father must have his day. Somehow, some way, now with the boys and Emma no longer hanging like so many sacs around his neck, he must be given the first respite he had known.

Safely hidden beneath Kathleen's mattress, were three one hundred-dollar bills and a fifty, the result of five years of saving toward this end. Given this start, and what with her capacity for earning at the telephone exchange where she was now chief operator, there was no reason in the world why father might not retire.

The scheme, amusingly presented, was to be his sixtieth birthday gift.

There was, to be sure, one serious rift within the lute. It meant a continuation of the indefinite postponement of Kathleen's own romance, one of long standing, with a young fellow exactly her own age, proficient in the lovely work of bookbinding. Not a highly paid success job, as those things go, but a quiet, beautiful vocation that in Kathleen's eyes was part of the very bone and fiber of the youth himself.

It was hard, the waiting. There had been six years of it already. But there had always been valid reason, and now, with the father approaching sixty, more valid the reason than ever.

With more of staid reconciliation to circumstance than their years would presuppose, the youngsters bowed once more to the dictates of the situation and Kathleen began the dedication of her time, her funds, and herself to her father's twilight years.

It would all have gone through very well, the surprise she had planned for him on his birthday when the new scheme for his retirement from gardening, his leisure and his new life in a home freed of responsibility were to be sprung on him, except for one circumstance.

On the eve of his birthday, father married the widow Croop, a comely neighbor woman of forty-three, with seven growing children and, as she shyly confessed to Kathleen the incredible evening that the incredible pair came trooping home, "the hope of more."

Father, seeming thus to love his punishment, Kathleen and the young bookbinder are married now, and even as father and the widow Croop, are living happily ever after.

Chemicals Combat Ice

Several states where there is considerable snow or ice on the highways have adopted the use of chemicals in conjunction with the sand or cinders used heretofore to prevent skidding. Calcium chloride mixed with the sand or ashes causes it to imbed itself in the ice and prevents it from blowing away or being swept aside by passing cars.

Day of Rest

Joe was putting up his usual argument against going to bed at the usual time, and the day being Sunday it took this somewhat new form.

"Oh, no, mamma, I don't need to go to bed yet, 'cause I slept late this morning, and I slept all through church."

Little Used Language

A book was recently printed in a language that is spoken by only 300 people. It is a version of the Gospels prepared by the British and Foreign Bible society for the use of the Worrora, a tiny tribe of Australian aborigines.

Phone Johnny on the spot for Coal--149.

Have you put off ordering your coal. Give it a thought right now and phone—telling us how many tons you require for the winter. We'll attend to your order at once.

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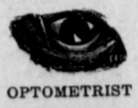

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WILD DUCKS PLENTIFUL

Representatives of the United States Biological Survey from time to time have visited the Susquehanna flats and upper waters of the Chesapeake bay for the purpose of estimating the number of ducks, particularly canvasbacks, on the local gunning grounds. The reports were more or less satisfactory, when it was said the most canvasbacks seen in one day totaled about 60,000. This was several weeks ago. However, the Biological Survey received letters to the effect that the canvas backs were here in larger numbers than for many years.

In order to check and make a recount Mr. F. C. Lincoln, of the Department of Commerce, an expert in counting ducks both on the water and in the air, was sent to Havre de Grace a few days ago to make an estimate of the number of ducks on the flats.

With Mr. Dewey F. Bowman, of Bel Air, officer in charge of the State police boat "Canvasback", he made a trip to the ducking grounds and after a careful and conservative estimate was amazed when he counted 175,000 canvasbacks in one rick east of the Battery. Mr. Lincoln returned to Havre de Grace late in the afternoon stating had seen more ducks that day on the Susquehanna flats than he had ever seen at one time in his entire career.

There were also thousands of other ducks on the flats, but as there is said to be no shortage of trash ducks no attempt was made to count them. The number of swan and geese is said to be about normal.

Reports from the ducking shores in Chester Rover state that there are thousands of ducks on the feeding grounds.

Operation of ferry service between Norfolk and Cape Charles by the Peninsula Ferry Corporation, which discontinued the service December 17, was resumed Tuesday morniny at 7.30 o'clock with two round trips a day, it was announcd by Russell S. Barrett, superintendent.

The Ferry steamer "Pioneer," recently renovated and painted at the Colona Shipyard, Norfolk, was placed back in service. The company also contemplates the purchase of a new boat to supplement the service offered by the Pioneer.

EARNEST TIME-SAVER

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"Yes, she hasn't changed it for ten years"

1 Pint Mi Solution
1 Pint Rubbing Alcohol

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