"Apology" Appealed to Golf Directors' Humor

At a golf club on the North Shore two professionals are employed, one to look after the course and one to teach. The latter is a veteran Scot of independent character and fearless tongue. Some time back, a writer in the Boston Globe recalls, he said something to a new member of the board of directors which seemed to that individual to be disrespectful. He complained at a meeting of the board and succeeded in having old Willie discharged.

Afterward the other directors felt sorry. Finally the head professional was told to inform him that if he would appear before a meeting of the directors and make an explanation his job would be restored to him.

When, in due course, Willie appeared, the president addressed him benevolently.

"Well, Willie," he said, "tell us what you have to say for yourself; but make it short, for we're in a hurry."

"Oh, I'll make it short," said Willie in a loud, clear voice. "What I've got to say is, that you can all go to h—l!"

For a moment the directors sat in stunned silence. Then, including the one who had made the complaint, they broke into choking laughter. The president was first to regain his composure.

"All right, Willie," he said, "we accept your apology. You can return to work tomorrow."

Upholsterer Word That Has Changed in Meaning

We all understand the "upholsterer" to refer to the person who prepares covers for furniture and who is also an expert at stuffing it. But this meaning is a long leap from its early significance, to which, however, it bears a figurative realtionship.

Originally, the "holster" was a hiding place or a covering, as in the holster used for a pistol, for instance. And it was from this connection that the words "holster" and "holstering" gradually came to be employed to describe the process of measuring furniture for covers, preparing the covers, stuffing the furniture and therefore hiding it so to speak, that is, hiding its real self.

Add to this the fact that the man who stuffed and covered the furniture frequently held it "up" for sale, and we have a logical evolution of the modern word "upholsterer" in the sense in which it is used today.—Kansas City Times.

Sauce for the Gander

There was a tired business man, a member of that busy clan that shields itself from prying eye behind that good old alibi In conference.

He rested in his office chair and ducked a lot of toil and care, and smoked cigars in sweet content and thus his busy hours were spent

In conference.

Came anxious strangers by the score to camp outside his office door, and angrily they went their way for he was busy all the day

In conference.

And so he died and at the gate an angel bade him stand and wait, and said to him with frowning brow, "St. Peter's mighty busy now

In conference."

—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Cross Stone of Virginia

The "fairy cross" of the Virginia Blue ridge, a reddish-brown rock formation taking the shape of a perfect cross, is said to be found only in Patrick county, Va. Travelers in the West and Southwest may recall that these curious pieces of stone are frequently offered for sale as "Mexican Holy Crosses" at shops at or near Indian reservations, sometimes for only a nickel apiece. The United States geological survey, however, confirms the claim that the "Staurolite," or "Cross Stone," an iron-aluminum silicate, is found only in Virginia.

Fiddle Once Banned

The old English word fiddle is a corruption of the French word vielle meaning hurdy-gurdy. The word has become a coloquial and rather a contemptuous substitute for violin. Time was when fiddlers or minstrels were adjudged rogues, vagabonds and beggars. The old Puritans considered fiddling a crime only a little worse than murder. There was a famous old blue law to the effect that no one should eat mince pie, dance, play cards or play on any instrument of music except the drum, trumpet or Jewsharp.

Divorce in Old Egypt

A study made by W. F. Edgerton and published by the Oriental institute of the University of Chicago shows that Egyptian marriages could be dissolved at the will of either the husband or the wife. Furthermore, provision was sometimes made for "trial" marriages--that is, marriages which were in force only for a definite period, agreed upon in advance. There was no ceremony, the study says, and no license to be obtained from either church or state.

Take Squeaks Out of Stairs

Squeaking stairs are an abomination, but if the underside is accessible you may remove the squeak, which occurs between the tread and the riser, by driving glue-dipped wedges into the joints. If you can't reach the underside drive long screws through the tread into the riser. Countersink and paint or stain to match the steps.

Stevens Brothers

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References—Merchants & Machanics First National Bank. All commer-

Indians' Use of Salt

The "Handbook of American Indians" says that not all of the tribes of Indians were accustomed to using salt, whether from difficulty of procuring it, the absence of the habit, a repugnance for the mineral or for religious reasons, it is not always possible to say. Salt exists in enormous quantities in the United States, and it was not difficult for most Indians to obtain it.

Cranberry's Value

Certain tribes of American Indians look upon the cranberry with reverence as having virtues that prolong life. It is interesting to note that what was supersition with them is fact with us in the light of scientific investigation. Cranberries contain vitamins which make them a valuable adjunct to the winter dietary. To get the benefit of their health-giving value they should not be boiled too long.

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TOLCHESTER

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STEAMER ANNAPOLIS
WINTER SCHEDULE
STANDARD TIME
Subject to change without notice
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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.

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The Best Cedar Shingles money will buy. Can put on a roof out of Cedar Shinges as cheap as Sap Cypress, and we think they are as good as a Heart Cypress shingle roof.

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Up-to-date Mills and Power Pile Driver with a hustling crew.

Delivery by land or water.

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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.

The Dentist

Who Wanted to Be an Artist

By Fannie Hurst

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

IF ANYONE had asked Howard Masters why he took up dentistry as his profession, he would have answered quickly and somewhat bitterly: Because my grandfather, father, two brothers and a sister are dentists and the period of training was shorter and less expensive than that of most of the other professions.

No unsound reasons and yet lacking in every fundamental principle upon which, usually, the choice of a life work needs be founded.

In Howard's case, to his bitter realization, the fundamental principle, love for his work, was lacking. It was difficult to cross his family in its unanimous desire for his electing dentistry. His grandfather and father were about to retire, his two brothers had removed to remote western cities there to develop practices and his sister, about to marry, was torn between continuing her profession or following the wish of her husband-to-be, that she retire.

It was therefore expected of Howard that he would go into dentistry, and keep alive, so to speak, the Masters' tradition in the Middle West city, where for generations there had been a Doctor Masters, D.D.S.

Well, Howard qualified all right as a student, profiting by the elders who were constantly at his elbow with help and advice during his term, and graduated, if not with high honors, at least with sufficiently good standing to start him off well in his practice.

Not only that, there was ready and waiting for Howard a certain clientele which would just naturally gravitate to a Masters. Certain of the old families of the town would let a tooth ache, rather than take it to anyone besides a Masters. As the grandfather and father said, it was impossible for either one of them to actually retire, until Howard got out his shingle. The town insisted upon a Masters for a dentist.

Strangely, the first year was not so bad. There were so many side issues to divert. First the new office to be furnished, with all the modern and expensive appliances which the older Masters had managed to foreswear. Then, the novelty of putting into practice the theoretical information he had achieved in classroom and laboratory and half-applied in his clinical work and as apprentice in the office of an older dentist.

The new dentistry with its growing relationship to medical science and the various aspects of oral surgery, presented, during the first year, interesting vistas of experimentation and research.

Then one day a slip of a girl from one of the town's newer families, whose right molar he happened to be filling, looked up at him between sessions of grinding, and said: "How in the world would a man ever choose to be a dentist?" And off-hand Howard began to realize to what extent that same question was pushing against his consciousness.

How in the world did he, Howard Masters, whose fingers itched to paint and the secret corners of whose room were jammed with oils and water-colors done at odd moments between dental lectures and clinical sessions, ever choose to be a dentist? As a matter of fact, it came surging over him in a slow sort of anger, he hadn't. It had been planned, thought, decided for him, and he, non-resistant, had allowed a half-senile grandfather and a father accustomed to rule to carve out his destiny as if it had been so much soapstone.

And what sort of a destiny? The destiny of a dentist! A filler of molars. An engineer of small mouth bridges and false plates for the toothless. He, Howard Masters, with the soul of an artist, grinding, filling, bridging, and crowning his days away.

Realization, like an avalanche set in motion by the pebble of a slip of a girl's remark, began to roll in thunder into the mind of Howard, awakening him to the enormity of his discontent; filling him with a kind of humiliation, causing him to openly loathe his profession.

Thus it was that very early in his career, the first 18 months to be exact, lassitude and an indifference that were nothing short of appalling to his parent and grandparent, began to lay hold of Howard. Appointments he regarded with none of the rigid observance demanded of his profession, bridge work, because he despised its intricacies, he did in a loose, slipshod fashion, and on one occasion, when an old and revered patient of his grandfather's came to him requesting to have his teeth cleaned, Howard flatly told him his repugnance for such work, and sent him to a rival classmate who had hung up a shingle opposite.

Of course the result was inevitable, but it came none too soon to suit Howard. Within a six-month, to the consternation of his family and his own secret satisfaction, his office, so far as business was concerned, was dead as the proverbial doornail, and stacked against his fine new apparatus was canvas after canvas, testifying to the leisure hours he had spent in his office that were applied to activities other than dentistry.

The upshot of it all was that after a year and a half, with one hundred dollars in his pocket, the lightest heart he had ever known, and the reluctant blessings of his family on his eager head, young Masters turned his face towird a certain remote art colony on the Pacific coast, there to take up the work that lay closest to his heart, water-color and oil-painting.

Verdun-By-The-Sea turned out to be all he had dreamed it would be. Crags closed it in, the Pacific rolled up to its curving coastline like a lazy blue tongue, cottages nestled in the pale sands, and for a pittance, the young artist could rent himself a studio along the straggling bit of Main street, where all day youths in flaring collars and no hats and girls in tams and flaring smocks hurried back and forth with canvas and camp chairs under their arms. A careless, improvident, picturesque little art colony, with tea rooms along its Main street called, Ye Tiny Shoppe, Ye Rembrandt Inne, Ye Mortar Board and a two-story building called the Auditorium, where a shaggy-haired, barefoot Hercules of a man called "Master" by the students, delivered lectures every morning and held classes in modeling during the afternoon.

It was all as in a dream to Howard who, released from the horrible arduousness of a profession that had repelled him, found himself, the very first day, attired in one of the open-collared shirts, duck trousers, sandals on bare feet treading on warm sands to a class in modelling presided over by the Master.

It was exhilarating beyond anything that had ever happened to him. The fact that the Masters, after six weeks had never so much as paused by his canvas except to mark it with a bit of red chalk, which meant "do it over" did little to daunt his enthusiasm. Free, uninhibited, and according to the demands of Howard's heart, he lived this life among the students at Verdun-By-The-Sea, apeing their carefree habits, learning their arty patter, relaxing the long evenings through, on studio floors or over endless hours of discussion in Ye This, or the Ye That Tea room on the Main street.

Then one day, about his sixth month there, earning his precarious living by serving tea and scones at Ye Tiny Shoppe, he met a Miss Alicia Moore, of whom he had heard, daughter of the well-known artist Myron Trollope, who lived in a town called Briarcliff, ten miles away.

It was one of these immemorial cases of love at first sight. Alicia who was eighteen, slender, bobbed and forthright as a boy, western in bearing, and relentless in frankness, gave one look into the brown responsive, rather frustrated eyes of Howard, and forthwith, as she said of herself, "fell."

The same applied to Howard to such an extent that precisely three days after he had served her tea and scones at Ye Tiny Shoppe, they were engaged, on prospects so slim that alongside them, Alica said, a toothpick looked fat.

Myron Trollope, particularly after one look at Howard's work, took a stand and remained adamant. The young people were entitled to one another, if they insisted, but Howard would have to establish his ability to make his girl a living, and somehow Trollope was not inclined to think he could do so with his palette.

It was at that moment that his palette became a deterrent to Howard.

"I'm a graduate dentist," he told his beloved's father in a state of irate self-defense of his earning power. "I'm not like most of the artists around here, dependent only upon a palette and brush. I can pass any kind of state examinations tomorrow, and open dental offices in any town I want."

It seemed to Howard that the father of Alicia, Myron Trollope, the distinguished landscape painter, literally fell upon his neck.

"Good Lord, boy, these two towns of Briarcliff and Verdun-By-The-Sea have been begging for a dentist for the past five years I've been preaching for exactly that long that the bright young fellow who puts a dentist's shingle out in these two towns can reap a young fortune. Can you have Alicia? You just bet as a D.D.S. you can have Alicia!"

Thus it was that another Masters used a brass plate as background for fame and fortune.

Release From Disease Found in Common Sense

Release from contagious disease can be sane and yet be safe for those who will come in contact with the person previously ill. Since the notion of spontaneous generation of life has been exploded, precaution against disease can be comparatively simple. The greatest danger lies not in the bedding, books and magazines the patient has used, but in the patient himself. Fumigation is not necessary. A good soaping, airing and cleansing of articles in contact with the patient is sufficient. Apparent recovery of the patient, moreover, is not an indication of safety to others. The doctor's duty ends with the recovery of the patient; he has nothing to say about when the patient will be released. That duty is left to the health department in consideration of the welfare of the community. There is no mystery to release, Dr. W. W. Bauer emphasizes in the last of his series of articles in Hygeia Magazine. "It is cheap. It requires only four ingredients: hot soapy water, sunshiny fresh air, elbow grease and horse sense."

No Such Word

The word impossible is not in my dictionary.—Napoleon.

Golf Ball Morals

It's disorderly conduct to "find" golf balls before they stop rolling, a Memphis judge has ruled. Some players are guilty of worse than that when they don't find them.—Roanoke Times.

Dismal Sight

Depression is cheerful compared with the appearance of a defeated candidate's picture in the window of an empty business room the day after election.—Toledo Blade.

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

Children in Charge

Harking back to Poor Richard's almanac, a Philadelphia philosopher quotes Franklin as saying: "At twenty years of age the will reigns; at thirty, the wit; at forty, the judgment." "Why does he stop there?" he asks the Inquirer. "Is that all there is—isn't there any more?" "Assuredly," answers the editor. "After that, the kids take entire charge!"

Or Petting Passengers

"Reports from the railroads," writes a motorist, "indicate that train accidents are decreasing each year, while automobile accidents are increasing. "How," he questions the Safe Worker, "do you account for this?" "Because," truths the editor, "the engineer isn't always hugging the fireman!"

Chimneys Long in Use

Chimneys have gradually developed and existed from a very early period. Chimneys in their very simplest form were first introduced into England about the year 1363, while in Venice it is recorded in an account of the great earthquake of 1347 that a number were overthrown there.

Cut Glass in History

The invention of cut glass seems to be somewhat obscure. It was made in Bohemia early in the Seventeenth century and introduced into England in 1719. However, some authorities believe that cut glass was not unknown to the ancients. It was probably produced in a more primitive manner.

Fruit Unhurt by Freezing

Freezing of canned food does not make it unfit to eat. The texture of certain types of food is affected, but the food value is unchanged. Vast quantities of the food taken on the Byrd Antarctic expedition were in cans, were frozen solid for months, but were in edible condition.

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

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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.

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PREPARING FOR CROP LOAN

PROCEDURE TO BE FOLLOWED IN SEEKING FEDERAL LOANS

County committees, now being formed as rapidly as possible, are the authorities through which farmers who need funds should apply for crop production loans from the $50,000,000 allocated to the Secretary of Agriculture for that purpose by the Reconstruction Finance Corporation Act, Henry S. Clarke, National Director of 1932 Crop Production Loans, said today, in outlining the procedure to be followed in applying for loans.

Mr. Clarke emphasizes that loan applications must be approved by the county committee. These committees are being selected and full local publicity will be given to the selections as soon as they are complete. In counties where there is a county agent, he can usually give farmers information regarding loan applications.

If a loan application is satisfactory to the county committee, they forward it to the regional office where it is checked by the regional legal department and also by State representatives who are familiar with conditions in the region from which the application comes.

If approved by the regional office, checks are mailed immediately for the initial installment of the loan. The right is reserved to make the loan in installments.

The set-up of the organization as outlined by Mr. Clarke is as follows: Each regional director will be responsible for the entire organization of his territory. He will have with him a legal department, an agricultural department, and a disbursing officer. The agricultural department will be made up of representatives of each State in the region, usually agricultural extension workers, who pass upon loan applications from their respective States.

All application blanks are being mailed from the Washington, D. C., head-quarters to the regional offices and from there they will go out to the county committees.

The county committees are selected by the regional director. Following former practice, in counties where there is a county agent, the agent will be asked to suggest a county committee and he will act as an advisor to the committee. The committee in most cases will consist of three members, usually bankers, farmers, and business men.

A pamphlet explaining in detail the procedure of applying for a loan is being prepared by the Crop Production Loan Office and will be available soon through the County Crop Production Loan committees.

The maximum amount that can be borrowed in Kent county is $400. It is designed to apply to farmers whose credit has been exhausted and who are unable to plant their crops. The loans are at the rate of 5 1-2 per cent. interest.

National Parks Lure Millions

The national forests are not only national in ownership, but are becoming more and more national in employment. It is estimated that there were nearly 32,000,000 visitors to the various federal reservations in the past year, many of whom were really latent upon getting back to nature. Nearly 2,000,000 of the visitors were campers, while hundreds of thousands were hikers walking their way through the forests and over the mountains.

The conveniently placed and well-equipped camp sites developed by the Forest service, together with the well laid out trails, have proven lures which have brought many a vacationist to the forests. The automobile was largely responsible for the tremendous number of visitors, carrying nearly 30,000,000 to the reservations.

MILLINGTON

The regular monthly meeting of the Women's Home Missionary Society of Asbury Church was held on Thursday evening at the home of Mrs. Sudler G. Wiest.

Miss Phyllis Lambert, of Wilmington, spent the week end with her grand parents, Mr. and Mrs. John E. Woodall.

The Home Guards of Asbury Church met on Thursday afternoon with Mrs. W. Leo Gale.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. R. Strong and daughter, Charlotte Wickes, Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Painter, Dr. and Mrs. W. O. Selby, Mr. and Mrs. Owen Selby and little son, Carey, of Rock Hall, were guests of Dr. and Mrs. Merritt Brice on Sunday.

Mrs. John Woodall visited her daughter, Mrs. Frank Lambert, of Wilmington this week.

Miss Sue Jones, Mrs. J. W. Higman, Mrs. M. J. Young, Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Taylor spent Sunday with Mrs. Drucilla Pollett and daughters.

Julian Wallace and family have moved near Blanco on the Arley Dunning farm.

Mrs. Jake Crossley, of Kenton and Mr. and Mrs. Edward Atix, of Clayton spent Friday with the formers brother, Joseph Moffett.

Mrs. Henry Moffet and children, Evelyn and James, of Golts, spent last week with her cousin, Mrs. William Wallace.

Mr. Brown Duling, of Sharpless Manor is assisting Olin C. Duling in the building of a dwelling in Queen Annes near town.

Mrs. Mary E. Catts has returned home after a six week visit with friends in Clayton.

Mr. Fred C. Numbers and daughter, Helen, Mrs. S. Edna Jones and Mrs. Eva Marvel spent Friday with Mr. and Mrs. N. J. DeFord, near Pomona.

Mr. and Mrs. John Weelly Duling, of Elkton, are visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Olin C. Duling.

Mr. E. T. Stevens was sick in bed three days last week but is able to be on the job again this week.

The monthly meeting of Asbury Bible Class was held on Thursday evening of last week at the home of Mrs. Hurlock Gale.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry L. Higman and son, Pat, spent the week end with her father, Mr. I. Johnson Booth, of Media, Pa.

Mrs. E. R. B. Anderson and son, John Burgess Anderson, visited her brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. John Anderson, near Sudlersville, last Sunday.

Rev. W. L. Hess, of Galena, filled the pulpit of Asbury Church on Sunday morning and addressed an appreciative audiance.

Rev. Frank Baker and son, David, of Newark, Del., called on a few Millington friends on Monday last on the way to visit Mrs. Baker who is sick in a Philadelphia hospital.

Chicken thieves raided the chicken houses of Mr. C. L. Turner and Dr. Merritt Brice two nights following the other last week. A few weeks ago they raided R. E. Feddeman, making three in a row. They sure do know where to find fine fouls.

A joint meeting of the Ladies Aid Bible Class, Woman's Home and Foreign Missionary Societies of Asbury Church will be held in the small room on West side of the church, Thesday evening, March 8th, at 7.30 o'clock. There will be a brief program. The members are interested in the work being done by the organizations of earning monies and solict the interest and support of folk in the community, and extend an invitation to all who desire to be present. The proceeds of the effort will be devoted to the church budget.

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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Spring hats- rough straw, braid turbans

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A NEW LACE TOP ALL SILK CHIFFON at $1.00

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