Old French Ceremony of Blessing the Pack

St. Hubert's day, celebrated on November 3, is the formal commencement of the hunting season in France, wrote William S. Walsh in "Curiosities of Popular Customs." In many of the rural churches of France St. Hubert's mass is celebrated on this occasion. All the hunting dogs in the neighborhood are brought to the church. Low mass is said and then the priest solemnly makes his way through the aisle into the yard. A piquer toots a jolly fanfare. At this familiar sound the pack tears pelimell out of the chapel and in obedience to a word from the keeper rallies round the priest, who thereupon blesses and breaks the sacred cake, which is a sovereign antidote against madness and administers it to the brutes, together with a priestly pat between the ears. Then huntsmen, villagers, spectators and dogs are included in a general blessing and away go the huntsmen and the pack, anointed with the oil of righteousness, ready for the slaughter of as many of God's creatures as they can run to their death.—Detroit News.

Death Penalty Imposed on Young "Malefactors"

The prompt reprieve for a boy slayer of sixteen offers another contrast to the older and more savage code, writes a columnist in the Manchester (England) Guardian. In other centuries much younger children were not only sentenced to death but also executed for minor offenses. A boy of eight was hanged in 1629 for burning two barns; "it appearing," thought the learned judge, "that he had malice, revenge, craft, and cunning." Michael Hammond and his sister, aged seven and eleven, were hanged at Lynn for felony in 1708. Even as late as 1828 a boy of twelve and one-half was hanged in Jersey. Baron Hotham sentenced a child of ten to death in 1800 for secreting notes at the Chelmsford post office, and took occasion to point out the "necessity of the prosecution and the infinite danger of its going abroad into the world that a child might commit such a crime with impunity!" But the sentence was commuted and the boy sent to Granada for 14 years.

Quack Grass

The way it looks to me, after having battled with "quack" over a long period of years, in a small garden patch, the stuff must have been one of the devil's masterpieces. I can imagine the old boy's shriek of fiendish glee when he thought of it!—The back aches, the grim sense of a constant losing fight, the desperate determination to trace each tiny rootlet and burn it, and then—to do it all over and over and over! And to find that, after all, each day brought a fresh supply and there was no sign that the effort put forth had counted at all. If I could think of words to express my opinion of "quack grass"—Don't get excited! They would never reach you! This poor "antique" typewriter would be a molten, smoking ruin!—Drat the stuff!—Peter Van Dingbuster, in the Missouri Farmer.

Belief in "Magic"

Magic is as old as the human race. As soon as men deserted the horizontal position and rose to dignity on their two hind legs, they began to wonder what the world was all about. It was then that they first started to dabble in magic, and they never have ceased to this day. In ancient Egypt priests used magic to mystify their people. The Greeks and Romans believed in oracles. In the ruins of the forum at Pompeii there still stands an oracle which dates back to 76 A. D. or earlier. A lead pipe leads back to the spot where the old priest sat and uttered the wisdom attributed to the oracle.

Historic Reproduction

There is a building called Virginia house at Windsor farm, just outside of the city of Richmond. The building is constructed of material from the ancient priory of the Holy Sepulcher completed in 1565, at Warwick, England. It was purchased, packed and shipped outright to Windsor farms in 1925-1926. The structure represents three historic English houses: The Tudor portion of Warwick priory; part of Warmleighton, the home of the Spencers, and the original portion of the present Sulgrave manor, the ancient home of George Washington.

Basilicas

Originally, at Athens, a basilica was a portico on the agora in which the archon basileus dispensed justice. Later, in Rome, it was a rectangular hall divided into nave and aisles by ranges of columns, and with a raised platform, called the tribune, at one end. It was used as a hall of justice and adopted as the type for the earliest buildings of Christian worship. The word is now applied to a church of this time or to one to which the pope has given the title.

Travel in Discomfort

Baby opossums travel on the back of their parent, but they are third-class passengers, for they have to put up with the open air in all weathers. The mother bends her tail over her back, and the youngsters, twisting their small tails round that of the parent, hold on as best they can, but at times they must have a rough journey, for with eight or ten babies on her back, she will climb trees and move rapidly about among the branches.

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Under personal supervision of E. Nelson Stevens, over thirty-five years successful experience.

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

Baths of Diocletian

Near the Termini railway station, the visitor to Rome will find the famous and immense ruins of the baths of Diocletian. They were constructed by the Emperor Maximanus, A. D., 302, in honor of his colleague Diocletian, and were the largest baths in Rome. They were frequented by the citizens until the Sixth century and then neglected, until they fell into decay, some parts being put to other uses, and others buried under constructions. Twenty years ago the hidden ruins were brought to light and the ancient halls and pavements were seen again. It can be recalled that the monks of Certosa received the ruins in 1561 for their monastery and Michaelangelo had the task of changing the Tepidarium into the S. Maria degli Angeli.

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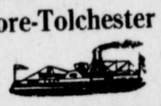
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STANDARD TIME
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Special Saturdays and Sundays round trip good 1 day 75 cents, Children 40 cents.

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LUMBER AND
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WASHINGTON STATE RED CEDAR SHINGLES

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.

Not Going Back

★

A Search for Lost Youth

★

By FANNIE HURST

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

MAURICE SPELLMAN had reached the stage where everything he did was important.

A certain movement of his circulated rumors in Wall Street.

International banking interests watched him.

A real estate buy of his in a given district started fluctuations upward in that vicinity.

The position of his box at the opera made adjacent ones especially desirable to their owners.

A special body of town coupe became popular because he chose it originally for his own use.

When he decided to dispose of his thirty-eight-room Fifth avenue house and build himself a thirty-room house in a section of New York hitherto undistinguished, it became quite the esoteric thing to live there. Many Fifth avenue mansions were subsequently deserted for the East River district made suddenly important and desirable by the presence of W. Maurice Spellman.

What actually prompted Spellman to the move, however, was not a desire to create a new social colony. On the contrary, it was something diametrically opposed to that.

There had been growing within Spellman, as his success mounted and as at forty-six he found himself a power among men, a sense of a need of respite from the growing demands of his position.

Success had not come to Spellman without grim battle.

For thirty of his forty-six years he had fought for it rung by rung. From the lean days when he lived with his parents and seven brother and sisters in an old water-front tenement, to his days of newspaper selling along lower Broadway, then on up to the still lean but eager days of his cub reportership, when he shared a walk-up, four-room apartment in Greenwich street with three other fellows, and so on and so on. Through more years of struggle, deprivation, failure, struggle, then failure again and finally the first glimmerings of success. The foray into Wall Street on the slender savings out of two years of newspaper work.

Success. A plunge with the winnings. More success. A clever sideswipe into copper. Twenty thousand dollars profit over night. Then the deluge.

From then on, practically everything Spellman touched turned to gold.

Feature writers had blazoned his story over enough Sunday supplements to pave the way from his new thirty-room home to the tip of Seattle.

Slogans for success were invited from him by the bevy of waiting reporters every time he stepped off a train. His arrival or departure any time or anywhere was a matter of national importance.

All this from the man who fifteen years before had been Bill Spellman, a struggling young reporter who shared a rather dingy down-town flat with three other fellows, two of whom slept on cots in the same room with Bill.

Strangely enough, although in a much less spectacular way, these boys had gone on, too. As if contact with the success-destined personality of Spellman had cast its power over them. Spike Quigley, erstwhile police reporter on the Herald, while Bill had been rewrite man, was now president of a large motor car corporation. Red Dyke, also ex-rewrite man, had recently presented his daughter with a check for fifty-thousand dollars on her wedding day. Even Slow Thompson, special writer for the Town Review, had since come nicely into his own as real estate promoter in the land parcel deals.

The old "Greenwich Guys," as they had been pleased to call themselves, had all come along in the world, so to speak.

Spellman valued those days. Looking back, they sometimes seemed to him to have been the happiest of his life.

They were the days when he had dreamed of writing. Before the moil and the toil had caught him in their clutches and flung him around on the great belt, as it were, of the gigantic wheel called struggle-for-existence.

Bill had been a dreamer back in those days. So had all that particular little nest of fellows. The long, talky evenings over pale red wine and greasy Italian table d'hote dinners in subcellars, dreaming, talking, planning, hoping! And rebelling!

Spellman had been a rebel in those days.

Hating injustice. Crying out against monopolies and against man's inhumanity to man. Spellman had dreamed of writing the great American Comedie Humaine, only, as he outlined it to the Greenwich Guys, as they sat talking on and on into the dream-lit nights, his Comedie Humaine was going to show humanity the grim tragedy, as well.

Oh, Spellman had dreams, all right. They lit the dinginess of the poky little over-crammed flat.

They lit the days and nights.

They were the dreams of idealism. Of youth with his head in the clouds.

And then the deluge. The deluge of the material success that made of life a cyclorama. A success so blinding, so amazing, that the world clamored for its recipe.

No wonder that under the stress of it, the strain of it, there came the time when Spellman, still in love with success, mind you, felt, however, the need of a retreat from the maddening crowd.

At first his family rebelled. His wife, young, a product of the world he had grown into, held back from that move off the Avenue. His children, fiery, spoiled, intelligent, creatures of their kind of environment, shied at first and then capitulated to the novelty of the idea.

In the end, the move turned out to be one of the most brilliantly diplomatic things Spellman had ever done. It proved his position in the social world which his wife and children craved. Society came flocking over after Spellman to the hitherto obscure section along the East river. A new and old-world looking boulevard began to take shape over there.

Brilliantly successful as it was, in the eyes of his family, and the realty dealers who profited by the land boom, so far as Spellman was concerned, it was a failure.

He had defeated his own purpose. In seeking to escape the maddening crowd, he had only brought it tagging along with him.

Travel meant no respite to Spellman. There were the ship reporters, the glare of limelight even in obscure foreign parts, and once when he sought the desert, reporters with cameras had found him out as he stalked across the waste place, camel-back.

Spellman wanted leisure now. But his Long Island home was a social rendezvous and his Adirondack camp that same kind of center all over again. New Mexico became the fad, no sooner he had built an abode hut out there, and a private office in the forty-sixth story of the Woolworth office building remained private for about two weeks.

Spellman wanted leisure. Spellman wanted to write. The old urge was upon him. The old desire to put into printed, palpitating word the human panorama as it had marched so dramatically before his still young eyes. Spellman wanted mental peace. The quiet kind of hours that yield up dreams.

One day an idea struck him like a benign flash out of heaven.

Within three hours, secret agents had been dispatched down to a rickety little old building in quaint old Greenwich street.

Twelve hours later, the property had secretly passed into the hands of Spellman.

One week later, and with a degree of secrecy that only power and money could command, Spellman walked into almost an extra replica of the dingy old flat of days gone by.

He had even managed to have reproduced the mangy old carpet sofa upon which he had slept those eager nights, away back.

There was the ink spot on the wall left from Red Dyke having good naturedly hurled a bottle of the stuff at Bill one night after an altercation on the subject of Neitsche's philosophy.

The first night that Spellman spent in his new retreat promised to be one of the greatest peace he had known in years. A long quiet evening before the tunnel-shaped little old grate in the dingy flat. Books. Memories. Dreams. Ideals.

But, of course, it was hard to concentrate. By eleven o'clock, a hundred details were crowding into Spellman's mind, making it difficult for him to use his well-earned leisure. There was not telephone. There had been none in the old days. One had to go to the corner drug store. That made it difficult. In the last year, Spellman had developed a slight heart leakage. Unimportant, but he required a certain amount of restraint to his activities. By eleven, Spellman, accustomed to chilled mineral water at his bedside, was thirsty. There was only the hydrant. And no ice in the leaky refrigerator. There had never been any in the old days, unless one of the fellows ran over to Grody's saloon and brought back a nickel's worth. Of course there was no Grody's saloon any more.

When finally Spellman turned in, the magic to the old couch was all gone. The old couch hurt! It shot into his ribs with a cruelty that kept him wide awake and concentrating upon his discomfort rather than any of the old dreams he had used to enjoy, with his eyes staring wide open into the comfortable blackness.

The blackness annoyed him now. He had the sensation that vermin might be crawling around and about him. The stiff blanket irked. The air from the shaft was foul.

At eight o'clock the next morning, Spellman, who had fallen off into a brief hour's sleep, awoke stiff and unrefreshed. A blurred mirror gave back his lined and weary image.

The little old room of his memories was a dirty smear.

The old Bill was gone. Spellman was in his place.

Emerging from the rickety little building that morning, eager for a taxi and a trip uptown to his warm and mellow bath, he found a battalion of reporters and photographers lying in wait for him who leaped into action at sight of him.

"Mr. Spellman, have you anything to say—click—click—click—on the subject of—"

"Yes, fellows, I have," said Mr. Spellman smiling, as he hailed his taxi. "He who would seek for his lost youth, must find it in his heart. There is no going back."

COMPLETE LINE OF Hardware AND Farm Implements

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Millington, Md.

"Like a Battle"

"It was my first engagement. The road from the front was horribly new to me. Our assailants, who outnumbered us 20 to 1, were yelling like fiends, and their ammunition seemed unlimited. I was struck several times. My company, which had stood gallantly till now, turned and fled. It was more than flesh and blood could stand. The—"

"What battle did you say it was?" asked the man next to him.

"Who said anything about a battle?" replied the first speaker in a surprised tone. "I was describing my first appearance as Hamlet in an amateur theatrical society."—Exchange.

Excitement

The two hikers sat down outside the old country inn and surveyed their surroundings.

"Well, here we are, right off the beaten track," said one. "No sign of any traffic or traffic congestion."

The village constable emerged from the inn door at that moment and overheard the conversation.

"Oh, I dunno," he chimed in, "only last week we had a bit of a collision."

"Oh, and what was that?" asked one of the hikers.

"It was between old Parker's wheelchair and the postmistress' tricycle," the constable proudly informed them. —London Answers.

Into the Dim Past

Recalling the past, a Kansas paper drags up from the depths the tintype picture gallery, the Last Chance saloon, the medicine show, the dream book, the quill toothpick, the candy pulling, the potato on the spout of the kerosene oil can, congress gaiters, the mosquito bar over the bed, the plague of flies in the house, something like a rat trap over the butter and Ben-Hur and the Lamplighter on the center table.—Minneapolis Journal.



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.

C. L. DODD
Funeral Director
Chestertown, Maryland
Telephone, Chestertown 164

DOGS DESTROY GAME

UNLAWFUL TO PERMIT DOGS TO RUN AT LARGE

We beg to call the attenion of the public to the law relative to dogs running at large pursuing game which is very detrimental to our game supply and especially to rabbits during the propagating season. A mother rabbit does not have a chance to escape pursuing dog or dogs who catch and destroy same, thereby destroying, in a great many cases, the entire family, and the owners of dogs in this State should realize that their co-operation with this Department in keeping their dogs either under leash or confined, March 1st to Septembr 1st, will save thousands of pieces of game which will assure an adequate supply in the covers for their benefit the next hunting season.

Paragraph F of Section 20 of Article 99, provides it to be unlawful for any person to allow any dog or dogs belonging to them to run at large on other property than last owned or tenanted by them between March 1st and September 1st and pursue game or destroy the eggs or nests.

Any person harboring a dog or dogs shall be termed the lawful owner of same.

The penalty for violation is found in Paragraph C of Section 22 of Article 99, and provides a fine of not less than $25.00 nor more than $100.00 and costs for each and every offense and $5.00 additional for each game bird or game animal caught or killed illegally.

We would appreciate the co-operation of not only the sportsmen but the general public in assisting us in the enforcement of this act. The Deputy Game Wardens have been instructed to strictly enforce same.

E. LEE LeCOMPTE
State Game Warden.

GALENA

Messers Jed and Robert Welch, of College Park College, spent the week end with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Welch.

Dr. and Mrs. J. Earle Gilfillan and daughter, Dorthea, spent Sunday with his brother in Glenolden, Pa.

Mrs. Wm. H. Boyd returned home on Friday after visiting her niece, Mrs. John Scott in Cherry Chase, Md.

Mrs. Linda Walls spent Monday with Mrs. Kate Fogwell at Fairlee, Md.

Mr. Julian Woodall returned on Monday to take up his studies again at Beacon College, Wilmington, Del.

The Woman's Club met at the home of Mrs. Roland Pennington on Wednesday.

Mr. James H. Davis has been quite sick with grippe but at present writing is much improved.

Misses Lucille Parr, Eva Jarman, and Mrs. Richard Redding spent last Saturday in Wilmington, Del.

Misses Ethlie Prettyman, Mary Jane Martin, of Baltimore, spent the week end with the formers parents, Rev. and Mrs. A. P. Prettyman.

Miss Elaine Hess, of Millersville, Pa., and Mr. Lyndon Hess, of Terre Hill, Pa., spent the week end with their parents, Rev. and Mrs. W. L. Hess.

The Ladies Aid are planning to have a supper on St. Patricks evening, March 17th.

Mrs. Cayot Beaston, of Wilmington, Del., spent the week end with Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Beaston, near town.

Misses Carrie Dempsey and Reba Isenbrey, of W. C. I., Dover, Del., spent the week end at Miss Dempseys home here.

Miss Mary Scott, of Baltimore, spent the week end with her father, Dr. E. A. Scott.

Mrs. Charles Jones is quite ill at her home near town.

JOHN W. BARROLL

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW

Phone No. 10 Chestertown, Md.

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.

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.

Harry F. Jefferson

DOLLAR DAY SPECIALS

MARCH 11 AND 12

CURTAIN SCRIM — White and Ecru, value 25c and 50c 6 yds. **$1**

SLIP MATERIAL

Cotton (non-cling) 22½c

Rayon, per yard 43½c

PONGEE

All Silk, 4 yards for $1.00

WASH CLOTHS

Good Turkish, 5 for 25c

WINDSOR CREPE

For Under Things and Gowns, value 50c, 5 for $1.00

BED SPREADS

81x105 Pink, Blue, Yellow and Green, $1.00 and $1.25 value, at 79c

SOUSETTE PRINTS

All in stock, 50c value, 5 for $1.00

DRESSES

A limited number of Jersey dresses were $5.75 and all silk crepe dresses were $10.75, now **2.95**

CHILDREN'S SHOES

$2.50, $3.00 and $4.00 value @..... $1.95

CRETONNES

Assortment of patterns 25c and 40c value 5 yds. $1.00

CORSELETTES

Inner belt, $1.00 value 79c

CHILDREN'S HOSE

3-4 socks (sizes 6 to 10) Long stocking (7 to 8 1-2) fancy fallen, Reichlieu rib 6 for **$1**

COATS

Women and Children, close of winter stock @ **$1.95**

WOMEN'S SHOES

Close of winter stock, $5.00, $6.00 and $7.00 value **$1.95**

Special reduction on all New Spring Shoes for Dollar Days.

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