Out There

★

A Romance Lost, But Won

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By FANNIE HURST

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

JOE COOK had always been one of these "good boys," held up as paragons of virtue by the mothers of neighborhood sons. Not that he was in any sense the "model boy" despised by youth. He played baseball with his street and school team, took part in normal, if not outstanding fashion, in the usual activities of the fellows of his station, and did nothing to jeopardize his position among the boys by being other than just one of them.

On the other hand, it was temperamental with Joe to enjoy the household chores from which the average boy shied. He took to responsibility as naturally as a duck takes to water, so that when his father died, leaving him saddled, at fifteen, with the responsibility of an ailing mother and two younger sisters, the tasks that fell suddenly and heavily to Joe were by no means as appalling as they might have been to another type of youth.

Before he was eighteen, Joe had not only managed to buy up a newspaper route of his own, but was already venturing in the small enterprise of a stationer and tobacconist shop and practically carrying on the household alone.

It is doubtful if Joe gave any too much thought to the predicament of being caught so young in the vise of responsibility. He ran his business and he practically ran the little household, with neither time, nor thought, for the pressure under which he lived. The activities of the women folk of his little menage interested him. Often he did the marketing on his way home from work, built in shelves or did carpentry work of various sorts after hours, was interested in his sister's problems of clothes and beaux, tended his mother in her illnesses and withal was a normal healthy young fellow of whom, as the neighbors said, any mother might well be proud.

And Joe's mother was. She worshiped the ground upon which he walked, adored his goodness and was never tired of relating to whomsoever would listen the virtues of this son. His sisters too were aware that Joe was a brother to cherish. He was not like the other girls' brothers, rude, uncouth, uninterested.

All well and good during the early years of Joe's twenties, but on he marched into his thirties and still the same conditions prevailed. He was a youth submerged by family. Both the girls, meanwhile, had married, but not what is known in the worldly sense of the word as successfully. Beulah's husband seemed to have no facility at holding down a position for more than a few months at a time and then, after long periods of idleness, would pick up another at which he was fairly sure to have no better success.

Teena had married a young man in the apartment house where they lived, who held a lucrative position, at the time as draftsman, but who had developed, since marriage, weak lungs which imperiled his future. These conditions, what with the sisters and their husbands living at home, and the mother's health still precarious, kept Joe close to his treadmill.

Then, too, within three years of these marriages, there were babies in the household. At the end of the first six years, four tots were making greedy, adoring demands on their Uncle Joe. With what sporadic aid his sisters could give him by dressmaking and work in the home, and the all too occasional contributions of his brothers-in-law, Joe was practically supporting ten people the greater part of the time.

At forty, a time of life when a man has a right to feel that his roots have gone down into the home and family he has created for himself, Joe was precisely where he had been at twenty, except that his business had grown and with it, his home responsibilities. His mother, blessing him, died meanwhile, but there were half grown nieces and nephews now. Teena's husband was about to die of an advanced case of tuberculosis, and Beulah's problem of her husband's repeated unemployment remained precisely what it had been since the day she married, to say nothing of a growing incompatibility between them which made each day precarious.

And at forty, for the first time in the years, Joe began to feel restless, secretly to feel the pangs of frustration, denial, and lack of adventure which characterized his life. His nieces and nephews growing up about him, seemed to awaken within him a sense of defeat. These children, with their lives ahead of them, must be spared the sterile kind of years that, without his realizing it, had descended upon him. Life was something wide, alluring and compensating—out there! Out there, away from the wheel of routine upon which he had been turning since the day he was born.

From the awakening of that realization on, life became to Joe largely a matter of "out there." Out there—worlds to be seen, gay glamorous people to be met, ships upon which to sail. . . .

At nineteen, he was already the life and force of his uncle's stationer's shop which had been enlarged to more than four times its original size, to say nothing of a printing business on the side.

It was natural, once Joe had expressed his secret desire for the trip to Europe, that the entire family should concentrate on making this possible, and there actually came the day, with his prize nephew having domonstrated his ability to run the business, and the sum of six hundred dollars in hand for the six weeks' tour, when Joe presented himself at the steamship office to purchase his ticket for Europe.

There was not much about the bland, bald, stoutish little middle-aged man to indicate the tornado of excitement within him.

From the minute he set foot in the steamship office, however, adventure, so long deferred, began to take place for Joe. Incredibly, not only was the blond bundle of perfume and furs and beauty standing beside him at the counter purchasing a ticket for his very same boat, but she spoke! She spoke, and thus was an acquaintance struck up, and a pleasant, if casual pledge given for the hope of future meeting on the boat.

For the first time in his life Joe was smitten; more than smitten, he walked out of that office stricken with love. It was not so much what she had said; just enough to indicate to him the one thing about her blessed unattachment that he needed to know, but she had expressed the desire to know more of him!

Vistas awoke in him of nights on board a ship, every precious moment of them ripening his acquaintance with a goddess—his love for a goddess!

It was not uncharacteristic of the kind of handwriting in which Joe's destiny seemed to be written that two days before sailing, his shop, with its printing business upstairs, should burn to the ground, not one-third covered by insurance.

It all happened so quickly, the shock, the calamity, the subsequent days of trial and loss, that the great ship that carried away his adventure was almost at destination before his calamity hit him with full force.

The fire, the crippling of his finances, the draining of his resources, the struggle about to begin again, were as naught compared to the death of the romance that had sailed with that ship. For one brief moment, golden beauty, the soft eyes of an incomparable woman, the lure of more beauties about to be bestowed, had flashed upon the timid eyes of Joe and just as quickly been snatched away, leaving him stricken with doused dreams and thwarted romance.

It was just as well that a few days later an edition of his evening newspaper, which happened to escape his eye, bore the portrait of a large blond woman which would have brought him immediate recognition.

"Female Card Shark Fleeces Business Men en route to France. Is met at Cherbourg by detectives."

No, Joe Cook did not see the photograph or the article. He is ten years older now, a great uncle, and the business is once more beginning to get on its feet.

In a way, the routine is paralyzing, but somehow, now, Joe is a man with a past. He has had his romance. He cherishes it. He mourns it and is richly sad.

Goldfish Feel Lonely

If you place a mirror in a tank which contains just one fish you have probably come to the conclusion that the creature is exceedingly vain, for it seems to spend a great deal of its time admiring its own reflection. But Mr. Goldfish is not admiring himself. What he really wants to do is to go for a swim with the fellow he sees in the looking glass. He is feeling lonely.

James Spooner, says London Tit-Bits, has been trying looking-glass experiments with fish of various kinds, and he finds that they are first attracted by a mirror and then shows signs of considerable annoyance. They begin by making overtures to the reflection, swimming to and fro across the glass side by side with the image. Then they try to go through the glass in order to get closer to the other fish. Finding that the other fellow won't respond, they show signs of anger, swimming rapidly up and down and making little snaps of annoyance.

Ireland's Shamrock

There is no plant known as shamrock which is peculiar to Ireland. White clover, in various sections of Ireland called "shamrock," grows abundantly in the United States. The name is most commonly given to one of the hop clovers, which are widely diffused over the island, but cannot claim to be its exclusive possession. This plant is commonly exported from Ireland to London and even to the United States for St. Patrick's day celebrations.—New York World-Telegram.

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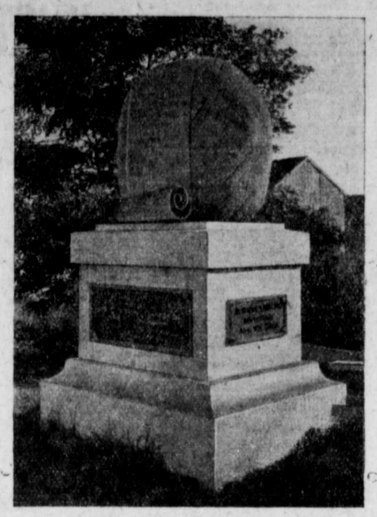
All persons are hereby warned not to remove sand from the shore at Tolchester at the end of the County road and landing.
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The idea of Europe set in. Every day when you picked up the papers, there were the lists of sailings. Berengaria. Olympic. Ile de France. Across the Atlantic! Out into the Mediterranean! For six years, Joe carried around that carking dream in his heart, and incredibly, there did come the time when it looked as if he were going. There were two widows in the household now, Teena, by death, and Beulah, who had obtained a divorce from a man who had proved himself worthless. The lovely children were grown. Beulah's eldest, Frank, was by now the pride and delight of Joe's heart

THE SILVERY SASSAFRAS

BY S. E. PERKINS III



John Smith Monument, Sassafras River.

It is a pleasure to feel the stir within one engendered by a tramp beside the Sassafras River. There is much of past and present interest along this stubby stream, the boundary between Kent and Cecil Counties on Maryland's Eastern Shore.

Be it remembered that as early as 1607 it was discovered and traversed by Capt. John Smith on an excursion to explore and treat with the Indians. The latter called it "Tockwough," the Red Man's word for sassafras root.

In 1781 history again wrote a page which includes within its lines facts of interest about the Sassafras. In Maryland, during October of that year after Yorktown had fallen into the hands of Gen. George Washington, his aside, Tench Tilghman, of Talbot County, was delegated to advise Congress of the victory. Let us hear, in part, Rev. Dr. Oliver Huckel's account of that memorable ride:

"And the great war was ended; the last battle fought,
And freedom was won, so long eagerly sought!
Twas October 19th and the year '81
When at Yorktown full triumph crowned great Washington
The vet'ran's brown cheek was wet with a tear
But ne'er had his heart known dishonor or fear.

"Who shall carry the message to Congress afar,
That Cornwallis is taken and ended the war?
Who shall spread the glad tidings to hamlet and town
That freedom is won with an honored renown?
What trustiest courier, swiftest and strong,
Shall bear the glad news they have waited for long?

"At Rock Hall he landed; found horse, off they go
Like a well chosen arrow let loose from the bow;
Through rich meadows they pass, over bridges they shoot,
By gardens and orchards hung heavy with fruit.
He rode 'cross the head of old Sassafras stream
And on through the green hills, as fleet as a dream.

"More than once as he rode this peninsular way
His horse tumbled and sank. Whether night, whether day,
He cried to some farm house; "Ho, good folks, awaken;
A fresh horse for Congress! Cornwallis is taken!"
Lights flashed, quick feet echoed, a strong horse was given,
And Tilghman was off like a courier of Heaven."

It was thirty-two years later that a young lady, who was but one year old at the time of the last incident, was living on the south bank off this same stream. Miss Catherine Knight grew up and became a beautiful and resourceful young woman. In the year 1813 she stood before Sir Admiral Cockburn, Commander of the British fleet, after he had landed troops at her door during one of many raids upon towns about the Chesapeake. So insistent and forceful were her entreaties in behalf of an invalid living in a large brick mansion there, that the home was spared from the general burning of little Georgetown. The Admiral is said to have advised the heroine that after the war he would return to claim her for his bride. He failed to come. However, she had a suitor later in Col. William Spencer, an American officer, to whom she became engaged. He visited her often at her residence on the banks of the Sassafras. Coming unexpectedly on horseback one day he heard, unknown to her, a display of temper exhibited by her toward a servant. He was displeased and remounting without seeing her, departed, never to return. She died a spinster at the ripe age of seventy-five. She lies buried near this well known stream.

In her ancestral home, now open to the public, I saw, last year, a silhouette of Kitty Knight at the age of about seventy years, said to have been executed by Charles Willson Peale. It must have been done by Rembrandt Peale or his brother Raphael, as Charles Peale died in 1826 long before Miss Knight attained almost three quarters of a century in years. In this same mansion house is a set of andirons depicting General Washington in uniform.

This territory of land and water nearby the river, is a rendezvous for feathered folk. In summer now, as in these former times, ospreys, or fish hawks, sail over or plunge into these waters for food to feed young birds in nests placed at intervals in giant trees along the shores of this wide-spreading, tide-pulsing waterway. The cardinal, or red bird, noticed frequently throughout the region, gives the same brilliance to the landscape that it did when Leonard Calvert, brother of Lord Baltimore, wrote of it in this colony in 1638. Herring gulls float jauntily upon the bosom of this stream, glancing askance at the variety of craft always to be seen under sail or stream along the channel. When last I passed that way Maryland's State Bird, the gloriously golden Baltimore Oriole, was at home at its hanging basket located in a primeval monarch of the hillside. It was named in the late 1600s, as Catesby of England visiting the colonies, tells in the text accompanying his painting of it made in 1731 ,that "it is said to have its name of Baltimore Bird from the colors of Lord Baltimore's coat of arms."

Late at eventide, in a secluded ravine bordering "the Tockwough," a wood thrush sang for me the sweetest song rendered by any summer avian of the glens of this fair Commonwealth. At once there flashed into my mind Mr. R. C. Watter's poem,—a tribute to his favorite songster:

"And again at fading twilight
As the evening shades are 'round,
There's a humming in the tsar-light
From each tree-top to the ground.
Prattling locust, piping cricket,
Lisping katydid close by,
Moaning owl deep in the thicket,
Darting night-hawk in the sky.
The whipoorwill a 'speaking,
Dusky brown bat on the wing,
Oh, a dreary awe-like creeping
Just before the glorious hymn—
That gem of animation
If from valley, field or fen,
Is the song of rare creation
From the wood thrush in the glen."

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M. E. Conference To Meet March 29

Few pastoral changes are anticipated as a result of the Wilmington M. E. Conference, which will open Tuesday, March 29, in Asbury M. E. Church, Salisbury, Md., with Bishop William McDowell presiding. Due to the present economic condition, it is understood that many of the pastors are content with remaining in their present charges.

Two pulpits will have to be changed, due to deaths during the past year. They are at Asbury M. E. Church, Wilmington, where the late Rev. H. S. Dulaney was the pastor, and at Delmar M. E. Church, where the late Rev. F. H. Dashiell was pastor. The Asbury pulpit is being filled by the Rev. W. A. Wise, while the Rev. G. W. Bounds is at Delmar.

Other deaths which occurred in the Conference during the year follow: the Rev. F. M. Faulkner, the Rev. W. W. Sharp, the Rev. L. P. Corkran, and the Rev. J. F. Anderson, all retired, and the Rev. J. H. Beauchamp, superintendent of the Goodwill Industries.

A cabinet meeting will be held in this city, March 24, with Bishop McDowell presiding.

Four ministerial delegates and four lay delegates are to be selected for the Genral Conference, the law making body meeting quadrennially. The General Conference will meet in Atlantic City May 2, this year. The lay delegates will be selected at the Lay Electoral Conference.

The program for examination for candidates for admission on trial into the Wilmington Annual M. E. Conference has been completed by the conference registrar, who announces that these tests will be given in Trinity M. E. Church, South, in Salisbury.

Candidates for admission on trial, Monday, March 28, 7:30 P. M., Doctrines and Discipline, W. E. Gunby.

Tuesday, March 29, 9:30 A. M., (a) Christian Perfection, M. S. Andrews; (b) Selections from Wesley, M. S. Andrews; 10:30 A. M., History of Methodism, T. F. Beauchamp; 2:00 P. M., American History, E. C. Hallman; Bible Biography, W. H. Revelle.

Examinations for undergraduates, Tuesday, March 29, 2 P. M., first year, Evangelism, O. E. Jones; second year, (a) Purpose in Teaching Religion, R. P. Nichols; (b) Method in Teaching Religion, R. P. Nichols; third year, New Studies in Mystical Religion, E. C. Hallman; fourth year, the Individual and the Social Order, M. S. Andrews; 3:30 P. M., first, The Art of Writing English, T. F. Beauchamp; third year, The Religions of Mankind, E. W. Henvis.

Examinations for local preachers, Tuesday, March 29, 10:30 A. M., first year, Discipline, W. E. Gunby; second year, The Abingdon Commentary, R. S. Hodgson; 2 P. M., first year, Evangelism, O. E. Jones; second year, The Church in History, M. S. Andrews; third year, The Abingdon Commentary, W. E. Gunby; fourth year, Outline of Christian Theology, O. E. Jones; 3:30 P. M., first year, The Art of Writing English, T. F. Beauchamp; second year, (a) Purpose in Teaching Religion, R. P. Nichols; (b) Method in Teaching Religion, R. P. Nichols; third year, Psychology of Religious Experience, Frank Herson; fourth year. The Individual and the Social Order, M. S. Andrews.

The board of ministerial training is composed of: Chairman, T. F. Beauchamp, Snow Hill, Md.; registrar, E. W. McDowell, Claymont, Del.; R. S. Hodgson, Milton, Del.; R. P. Nichols, Federalsburg, Md.; J. J. Bunting, Crisfield, Md.; Frank Herson, Milford, Del.; E. C. Hallman, Denton, Md.; Tilghman Smith, Port Deposit, Md.; J. W. Prettyman, North East, Md., R. D.; E. M. Shockley, 2206 Market St., Wilmington; E. W. Henvis, St. Michaels, Md.; L. E. Windsor, Seaford, Del.; W. H. Revelle, North East, Md.; W. B. Gunby, Newark, Del.; W. E. Harrison, 2202 Boulevard, Wilmington; O. E. Jones, Georgetown, Del.; M. E. Andrews, Dover, Del.

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."

PENINSULA NEWS

Declaring that the present depression calls for desperate measures, former County Treasurer, Harry T. Phoebus, of Somerset county, advocates the exemption of the counties of Maryland from all Roads Levies during the present year, and the creation of a Secondary Road System in the State.

Under Mr. Phoebus' plan, the State Roads Commission would be vested with control, supervision and management of the Secondary roads, bridges, causeways, landing and wharves, now controlled and governed by the Boards of County Commissioners, and the upkeep and maintenance of this system cared for out of the State Roads Commission funds, through the present gasoline Tax.

A tenative report of the auditors of the closed People's Bank of Somerset county shows a shortage in the banks accounts of $112,163. This bank has been closed for several weeks.

KENNEDYVILLE

Mrs. Lula Dukes, of Chestertown visited Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Dukes the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Garey entertained friends from Chesapeake City on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Kennedy moved in the Atwell property on Thursday.

Mrs. James Archibald is spending a few days with her daughter, Mrs. Green in Church Hill.

Mrs. William Jewell, Miss Nellie Walters, Mrs. Brown and Mrs. Eva Primrose spent Monday in Wilmington.

Dr. and Mrs. Urie, of Richardson Park, spent Tuesday with relatives here.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Kennedy spent the week end in Philadelphia.

Mrs. James Kirby visited in Baltimore this week.

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ROCK HALL, MD.

Mrs. Harry Johnston entertained the Sewing Club on Wednesday afternoon.

The Mite Society met at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Hill on Friday evening.

Service in the M. P. Church as usual on Sunday.

Service in Grace Presbyterian church next Sunday evening at 7.30 p. m.

Mr. and Mrs. William Lipscomb and Edgar visited Wilmington a part of the week.

Anna Oliff is on the sick list.

Mrs. George Webb and mother, Mrs. Spry spent Thursday with Mrs. May Spry.

JOHN W. BARROLL

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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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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.
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ROBERT A. SHALLCROSS, Clerk.
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