GALENA

Mrs. E. S. Jarman and daughter spent the week end in Philadelphia, Pa.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Craddock and son spent the week end with her mother, Mrs. Josephine Davis.

Mr. Lester McCauley, of Wilmington, spent the week end with his mother, Mrs. Eva McCauley.

Mr. and Mrs. L. R. Vansant returned home on Tuesday after spending a week with their daughter, Mrs. Terry Mitchell in Waynesboro, Pa.

Mr. and Mrs. Felice Faulkner and son spent Sunday with her aunt, Mrs. Walter Hadley.

Mrs. Abbie Johnson returned home last Saturday after spending several weeks with her cousin, Mrs. Alex Jarrell in Hockesson, Del.

Mr. Harry Smith, of Salisbury, Md., spent the week end with his family.

Miss Mary Morgan, of Cecilton, spent the week end with her aunt, Mrs. G. E. Ireland.

The Willing Worker Sunday School Class met at the home of Miss Frances Ruth on Tuesday evening, March 22nd.

Rev. and Mrs. W. L. Hess spent last Friday in Philadelphia, Pa.

Mr. Lemuel Mack visited Baltimore one day last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Errol Mulford, of Hockesson, Del., spent the week end with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Mulford.

Quite a number of folks from town attended the shower given to Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Hopkins on Saturday night, Mrs. Hopkins was (Miss Anna DeShane.

NOTICE TO DELINQUENT TAXPAYERS

Of Chestertown

In accordance with the provisions of the new City Charter the Mayor and City Council of Chestertown hereby give notice to all owners of real and personal property and Motor vehicles in Chestertown that all properties upon which taxes remain unpaid on April 1, 1932, the Mayor and City Council will proceed according to law to collect same. The new charter requires that all properties upon which taxes have not been paid by April 1, shall be sold to satisfy taxes and costs. All delinquent taxpayers are therefore urged to make settlement of their taxes at once.

By order of
THE MAYOR AND COUNCIL
OF CHESTERTOWN.
Thos. D. Bowers, Clerk. mr12-3t

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.

GILL BROS.
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CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND

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Chestertown, Maryland
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The Three Hortons

By FANNIE HURST

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NIMBLE-footed, nimble-witted, were the Three Hortons, and their long bookings on wide vaudeville circuits testified to it. The Three Hortons were a cheering part of any bill and almost invariably second only in importance to a headliner like Friganza, Brice or San Francisco.

There were Beatty Horton, whose patter was as nimble as his soft-shoe dancing. Alicia Horton, who could outpattern but not outdance her spouse, and, from the age of seven on, Winstead Horton, who could fling himself in a bridge from maternal to paternal shoulders, and sing in a choir-soprano that had captivated his audiences from the days he had toddled on stage with lifted hands balancing unsure feet.

All that was changed now. Winstead was grown, his father Beatty had developed a gouty tendency and had been obliged to cut out the soft-shoe work, and Alicia, while she still made up to something of the old dazzling blondness and was adorably cute in her flip line of patter, was nevertheless subject to the relentless eye of her audience to the extent that they simply did not want the "young stuff" from her any longer. Alicia, in rather severe togs and a slight comedy make-up, was getting around that, these days, by doing the young matron sort of thing, and to a point making her audience like it. But the fact of the matter was that by the time he was eighteen, and his parents were in their forties, Winstead, single-handed, was carrying the act.

And carrying it brilliantly. A flying contortionist, voice for comic, character and solo singing, a baffling ventriloquist and a soft-shoe dancer who seldom failed to get his six recalls, the Three Horton act practically rested on his slim young shoulders.

Not that anything of the kind was ever admitted in the confines of the Horton family, however achingly Beatty or Alicia might long since have realized it to themselves. Regularly, the Three Hortons held confab for the refurbishing of their act; periodically rehearsals were called, changes inserted, songs revamped and costumes freshened for each and every one of the three of them, with emphasis on the requirements of each. Beatty's audiences wanted his sure-fire bombardment of patter; Alicia's wanted her's blond and graceful; Winstead's wanted him the flying, dancing, comic, vocal young devil.

The Three Hortons. Up to the bitter end, until Beatty's patter began to crack in his throat, and Alicia's ankles to twist and turn as she danced, there was no out-and-out admission on the part of the older Hortons that they were finished.

The situation racked Winstead and tore at the very withes of him. They were such a gallant pair in his eyes; the dudish, rakish, old Beatty who would limp to the wings from his dressing room, with his face made up into a grin and the darts of pain through his ankles like fire; the prankish dear-beyond-the-telling, Alicia, whose role in life was to pamper everyone except herself, from her husband and son down to the most obscure performer on the bill. To see them slowly disintegrate, to see a merciless public grow cold to them, to behold the hurt in the eyes of his father and the bewilderment on the face of Alicia was pathos beyond the telling.

Not but what they gloried in the rising success of their son, and stood back with their faces perspiring and their hearts hurting from exertion and something else, for him to take the honors for the act, but there came the time when there was simply no easing the fact, for the two of them, that they were finished. Managers were clamoring for Winstead, and for years had been tolerating the presence of the older pair for the simple reason that he would not book without them.

But the time had come when it was apparent even to Winstead himself that there was imposition in any longer asking for bookings for the older pair. Beatty was winded almost before he reached stage, Alicia, poor dear, no longer had the stamina.

Strangely, this realization dawned, nearly simultaneously, upon the three of them, sparing Winstead the almost unbearable pain of telling them their hour had struck.

"We're finished, Beatty," Alicia announced to her husband one evening, as they sat around trying wholeheartedly to discuss plans for a next season's act. "What's the use beating around the bush? They don't want us. We're dead weight around Winstead's neck. Let's face the music."

It was with a sense of what seemed positive relief that Beatty capitulated. Actually, his old face seemed for the first time to allow itself to fall into the luxury of wrinkles.

"I guess you're right, Alicia. We're done."

There was not any money scare. Winstead, of course would see to that, and besides the Hortons, Beatty and Alicia, simple-living, simple-minded folk, had put by their little penny.

It was fear of Winstead that lay in their hearts. This boy, never out of his parents' tracks, suddenly alone on the road! Fear of Winstead had squatted on their old chests, both of them, ever since the shadow of this day of their retirement had begun to cast itself across the circuit. He was such a child, Winstead was. A helpless, confiding, genius-like fellow. No good at money, for instance. Had to have it handed to him every morning. So much for taxicab. So much for lunches and little luxuries. So much for tips. No good at watching himself against colds, to which he was subject. It took all his mother could do to keep after him effectively with mufflers, rubbers and precaution about drafts. No good at eating well. His father was forever giving him the second helpings of food without his even knowing it, stacking his plate when his attention was diverted and then insisting that he eat.

"But I have eaten, father. Didn't you slip some more potatoes on my plate?"

"Nonsense. Eat, I say!"

Imagine a boy like that, a helpless, off-in-the-clouds fellow who had never had to think much for himself about the creature phases of life, off suddenly by himself on a circuit. It hurt the heart of Alicia so that she cried most of her nights. It threw such a dread into Beatty that his efforts to pretend to Alicia that all was well were pathetic to her almost beyond endurance.

Well, it had to be faced and the sooner the better. The Hortons purchased for themselves the inevitable chicken farm in New Jersey, that haven of all good retired vaudevillians, and Winstead, bewildered and a little frightened with his released, began rehearing a new act with a young girl with the stage name of "Yvette," whose singing and dancing had attracted the admiration of the Three Hortons.

It was a whirlwind turn of fast, amusing young-blood talk, really exquisite and highly diverting soft-shoe and toe-dancing, and some pretty duet singing that marked them for almost instantaneous success.

After a tryout in Newark, Winstead and Yvette were booked over a forty-week cycle and the pair of the older Hortons settled down to what gallant resignation they could muster.

And muster they did, except actually did seem that with the letting down of the strain and excitement of their life-time of years on the circuit, Beatty and Alicia were destined to fall apart like the proverbial one-hoss shay. Bad health set in for both almost the month after retirement. An old pair were nearing the final turn in their road.

It was quiet and peaceful and even beautiful in a way. Sweet, come right down to it, growing old out of a youth that had been so long and tumultuous and vigorous. It was Winstead that brought dread to the heart—Winstead, who had been so babied.

His first visit home after the forty weeks brought peace to the heart on that score. He and Yvette had come back to the farm to be married. She is a tumultuous little thing. Dances like a whirl and can fling herself in a horizontal bridge from the neck of Winstead and start whirling.

She is young, vivacious, beautiful and a whirlwind for making Winstead toe the mark. Rubbers! Let him try to venture out on a damp day without them. Appetite! Let him try to skip that glass of fresh cream with his lunch. Money! Yvette holds the purse strings and doles out to him as if he were a child.

There is nothing left for Alicia and Beatty to dread about the twilight.

Dogs With Titles

The amazing history of Pekingese has been told by Mrs. A. C. Dixie who spent a long time in China. A thousand years ago these small bundles of trouble were worshiped as symbols of Buddha, and invested with the highest titles an emperor could devise. They were created princes and dukes. They were granted gigantic revenues. They were honored with literary degrees. To steal one was to run a certain risk of enjoying that death known as the "Death by ten thousand slices." Today the Peke is guarded with something of the same stringency, but in Tibet and not in his native birthplace. China last her hold on him when the Summer palace in Peking was sacked in 1860, and an English general brought a "sleeve dog" home in his hat as a gift to Queen Victoria.

Britain's Red Tape

The sleepy little village of Upper Tean, between Uttoxeter and Stoke-on-Trent, is where the government obtains its red tape. Officialdom ties itself up with tape from Upper Tean. It also uses the same tape to tie up the parcels of restrictions which go to make Britain what it is. Old women with kindly faces turn out tape by the mile. It falls in cascades from the looms and, on the floor, great piles of red tape may be seen. There is enough tape to trip up the nation when handled with the cunning dexterity of Whitehall.—Montreal Herald.

Dying Request Denied

Though England has produced great painters, oddly enough the only one commemorated in Westminster abbey is Sir Godfrey Kneller, portrait artist from the time of Charles II to George I. Still queerer, Kneller's dying words were: "By G—d, I will not be buried in Westminster." To make absolutely certain he designed his own monument and paid $15,000 for the stone and work and chose a spot in Twickenham churchyard. But due to a dispute of his widow with Pope over the rights to this plot, Kneller was buried in the abbey in spite of himself.

Need Not Visit Europe for Literary Research

Two professors of English at Southern Methodist university published a book, "Famous Editions of English Poets," in which 18 volumes of verse are reproduced in full, just as they appeared in the originals, with photographic copies of the old title pages. This involved a vast amount of labor and research, and was done at Oxford university and the British museum, where original copies of such works as Shakespeare's sonnets. Pope's "Essay on Criticism," Byron's "The Prisoner of Chillon" and Tennyson's poems were available for copying. On returning to this country, the Texas Weekly relates, the scholars were surprised to learn that all the rare volumes they had consulted overseas could have been found in libraries of their own state. This is an amusing incident, but it is more: it indicates how our country has made intellectual progress while it expanded economically, and that it has libraries as well as skyscrapers to be proud of. It is not always necessary to rush to Europe for a draught from the Pierian spring.

Subscription to the Transcript $1.50 per annum.

HIGH SCHOOL NOTES

By Ruth Fox

A group of the Kent County English teachers met Monday afternoon in Miss Kersey's room for the purpose of planning and discussing of units to be used in the first year English course. Those who attended were: Mr. Fontaine, Mr. Robinson, Mrs. Strang, Miss Ferguson, Miss Riches, Miss Gessford, Miss Leary and Miss Bryan.

The History Club has done it again. They have put their money into circulation and bought two of the finest maps possible. One shows the United States and all its possessions; the other is slated—that is, it can be drawn on. This last one is particulary nice for it can be used to show so many different things. It very definitely brings out the idea of topography.

You probably know, or perhaps you don't, that the Dramatic Club is a Junior Organization. The present Seniors started it last year—and have not let go until today (Tuesday). However, this afternoon a meeting of the new members was held and these were the students elected:

President—Elizabeth Fontaine.
Vice-President—Vernon Seward.
Secretary—Phoebe Pyle.
Treasurer—Lelia Anthony.

Dots and Dashes.

The Dragon is looking for forty-six dollars and forty-one cents.... Thursday afternoon marks the beginning of the Easter holidays—and are we glad!... Mrs. Greene has sent away for some graduation music on approval—is it that near?... Miss Fitez is going to Baltimore over the holidays... Katherine Atwell has finished two dresses, a pair of pajamas, a slip, and two skirts in Home Economics since Christmas... And I spent six months on an apron.... Harriett L. Rogers and John Wright are compiling the material for The Dragon... The Senior Class is still searching for a play—has anybody a suggestion?... The 10th graders are using sewing machine attachments in Home Economics... Didn't I see Mr. Robinson, County Superintendent, at C. H. S. Tuesday afternoon?... The Seniors are expecting a visit from Miss Beckham—she's going to instruct them in the useful art of bandaging... Miss Gessford's home in Baltimore was robbed and all her clothes were stolen... Exams are in full swing, and I don't feel as tho I am in a hammock either.

The Ping-Pong tournament is bouncing gayly along. The three boys still in the running are Ned Hepborn, Don Falls and Eddie McMahan, who has reached the finals. Others who played were: Atwater, Wheatley, Lord, Wright, Brice, Reinhart,, Owens, Dole, Truslow, Moore and Seward.

Marion Reinhart, solo ping-pong player for the girls won an undisputed crown.

As soon as the singles championships are decided the doubles tournament will begin. Entrants from the students and faculty include: Lord, Coleman, Gessford, Bryan, Wright, Reinhart, Dole, Atwater, Miller, McMahan, Truslow, Hepbron, M. Reinhart, Stenger, Willis, Moore, Baker, Wheatley, Owens, Kreeger, Falls, Seward, and Brice. We expect to know the results by April 6.

One of the outstanding social events of last week was the St. Patrick's Day Party given by the Dramatic Club. At a business meeting that preceeded the gayeties the former members resigned and new members were elected. Those elected were: Lelia Anthony, Fern Blackway, Elizabeth Fontaine, Phoebe Pyle, Alice M. Sterling, Virginia Yerkey, Charles Atwater, Charles Dole, Edward McMahan, Edward Loud, Robert Wright, and George Rasin. Vernon Seward retains his membership. Among the features of the entertainment were:

A German led by Evelyn Crew and Eddie Harris.

A solo by Mr. Stenger.

Singing of Irish songs by whole group led by Ralph Hopkins.

The game of murder.

Refreshments by candle light.

And as Mr. Stenger said, "We enjoyed every dramatic moment."

In this way the Dramatic Club rang out the old and rang in the new.

Miserable Early Days of World's "Great Men"

Sir Oliver Lodge's revelation of the fact that the only period of his life during which he contemplated suicide was during his very unhappy youth adds another to the "exceptions" which may or may not be held to "prove the rule" of the happiness of youth so frequently proclaimed by old gentlemen at "speech days" and other similar occasions, writes a columnist in the Manchester (England) Guardian. Men destined to eminence who had unhappy boyhoods would include Frederick the Great in a long list of royal persons. Among statesmen, Lord Salisbury and Disraeli made complaint of their early days in later life. Salisbury was so miserable at Eton that for 30 years after he left the school he never revisited it, although he was often at Windsor; and his only visit to the school induced a "fit of depression which, even at that distance of time, was so severe that the visit never was repeated."

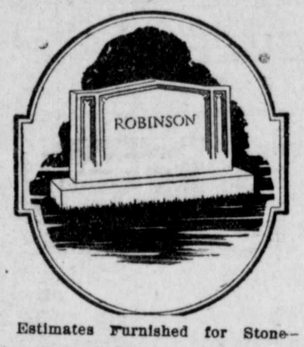
Passing Bradenham with a friend, Disraeli described it as the place where he had spent his unhappy youth, full of ambition, and without any prospect of using his talents for advancement. Hogarth's youth was no happy one, and Handel suffered much before he overcame his father's determination that he should not be a musician. Cowper left a pathetic account of the sufferings of his schooldays, and Schiller's life was clouded by the misery of his youth.

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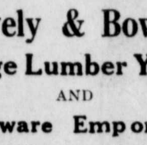
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HOME DEMONSTRATION NOTES

COUNTY-WIDE MEETING

The regular spring County-wide Meeting for women will be held next Thursday, March 31, at 11 a. m. in the Court House at Chestertown. The following program has been planned. In the morning will be the Business Meeting including election of officers. There will be several short talks at the luncheon table. At 1.30 p. m Miss Florence Mason, District Agent for the Eastern Shore Extension service will show pictures of some Maryland Flower Gardens. At 2 p. m. Dr H. S. DeVault, Professor of Agricultural Economics, will talk on "Consumers Preference and Economic Demands." The men are invited to the afternoon program.

Hostess Committee Miss Evelyn Brown and Mrs. Wm. Walter Morris; Registration Committee Mrs. Thomas Cruikshank and Mrs. P. W. Bigelow; Program Committee Mrs. Elmer Thomas, and Luncheon Committee Miss Olive Cornell.

The Ladies of Emmanuel Church will serve the luncheon.

The following were present at a meeting at Miss Schellinger's Apartment on Monday night:

Massey—Florence Dixon, Mary Ford.
Galena—Helen Fogwell.
Locust Grove—Margaret Sutton.
Betterton—Isabel Brice, Pauline Crew.
Janvier—Ellen Coleman.
East Neck, Rose Strong, Mrs. Willson, Julia Willson, Ann Brice.
Fairlee—Louise Ackerman, Beatrice Berger, Barbara Bigelow, Margaret Hendrickson, Elizabeth Elliott, Mrs. George Hendrickson, Mrs. Wm. Walter Morris.
Cliffs—Rhoda Williams, Ruth Legg, Doris Legg.
Flatland—Mrs. L. A. Sutton, Emily Sutton, Sarah Morris.

Plans for County Camp were discussed. The Theme for the camp this year is "The Girl and Her Future." Several Chairman were named and full details will be given later.

How to train a demonstration team was taken up. Beatrice Berger and Barbara Bigelow gave the posture demonstration that the girls in different clubs are working on.

The announcement was made that there will be clothing exhibits, judging food, canning and clothing, baking powder demonstrations, exhibits of secretary books, garden note books, 4-H club book, radio talks and radio music and a style show at the County Achievement Day, to choose the girls who will represent the county at State Club Week.



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