Happy Fools

By M. McCULLOCH WILLIAMS

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

"YOU don't say," Miss Lexy exploded, rising so quickly she literally rained scissors, thread and emery bag upon the carpet. "Did you ever in all your life? I shorely never did."

"No, sir," said the Widow Lane, chuckling. "That Copley boy has run away with Damaris, one of the dancin' Reeves twins, shore enough. I just stopped by to tell his mother. The Reeves girl's stepfather is that cut up he cried in the telling. Said he got the blame, same as for the stage-dancing, and him as innocent as a babe unborn."

"Lying, as usual," Miss Lexy commented. "The twins would be quietly at home if he hadn't fooled away the nice money Tom Reeves, poor fellow, left his widow. She's one of those smart fools—I tried to warn her against Jack Ross, being a church-sister, but she paid no attention. So she married him and he used all her money, and it was sinful hard on Damaris and Doris, Course they took to dancin'. They had to do something for their living."

"Ain't heard tell—yit. Let you know when I do," Widow Lane said grumpily, whereat Miss Lexy countered. "Needn't trouble, I'll see that child in about half a jiffy—"

"What for?" the widow demanded.

Miss Lexy, already bonneted, nodded toward the door, with a "Come on." But outside, she slid through the side gate, almost running towards the short cut leading to the Ross home.

Sliding in ghost-like, instinct guided her to Doris—who had found sanctuary in the playroom, where in front of a big clouded mirror, she was essaying a new step.

"I'm glad you—know," Doris told her. "Dammy wanted to tell you—but they had to hurry so, Mr. Ross was simply dreadful—talked about kidnaping. We are not of age—won't be for a year. We've been paying him to leave us alone since we went to work. Says now he means to keep me here and save the cook's wages—"

"He cain't!" Miss Lexy exclaimed.

Doris smiled wanly, gulped and replied: "But he can. Mother made him our guardian—I can't get work without his consent. Besides—I can't get away—he has locked up my dancing, my jewels—three silver dollars is all the money I have in the world. Sid had so little I couldn't let Dammy go to him empty-handed. So—I'll grit my teeth and bear it for the year, rather than give him three parts of what I earn—if I were free—"

"You're goin' to be free in short order," Miss Lexy interrupted. "Come with me right now. Time somebody took Mr. Jack Ross in hand—and I'm the person to do it—with a little help from the good Lord, and Tommy Woodley," the last under her breath.

"Come just as you are—fetch nothing but your music," Miss Lexy ordered very low, setting her back against the door. She heard from the front Jack Ross laying down the law furiously to his weeping wife. Instantly she set her black hat upon Doris' golden head, huddled the girl into her own prim jacket, and, walking in front of her, went to the back door undiscovered. There she whispered: "Run your best to my house. You know the way. Here's the key. Lock up—tight—and open to nobody."

Five minutes later she had gained the highway. The first passing motorist was glad to take her straight to the country town. There she divided an hour between the bank, the courthouse and the law office of Bryce & Woodley, whence she rode home in a rather extravagant car, with Tommy himself at the wheel.

Tommy talked but little and chuckled a lot on the way home. "Thinking over the case," he explained to Aunt Lexy. "Puzzle? Not a bit. There's several ways to win it—question is—which is best?"

Tommy was sudden—after the manner of youth. But he had the grace to wait until after a late but lovely dinner was out of the way before saying anything startling. Then, in the warmth, glow and perfume of a June afternoon, he stepped behind Doris' chair, leaned over her, and said, with the least touch of tremor: "Honey, I've loved you nineteen years at least—since I saw you first, you know—so if only you can tolerate me it will be a joy to look after you all the rest of our lives."

"But—Mr. Ross—my guardian?" Doris stammered.

"Mr. Ross knows his danger—prison if it were proved in court how he had looted your father's estate, of which your mother had life-use, but which he assumed to be hers in fee. But we don't want to send him there—no blots on the family record if we can sidestep it."

"Is that really how it stands?" said Doris wonderingly.

He smiled down at her, saying: "Say you'll marry me, darling—say it right now, do it right now. We can go get the license and find a parson in an hour at the longest. Aunt Lexy shall be our bridesmaid and Judge Bryce our best man. First thing after that, we'll serve notice to vacate to Mr. Ross—tell him to go quickly while the going is good. That will leave nice quarters for Dammy and Sid—they love country living as we love town atmosphere. You'll go with us, of course, Aunt Lexy."

"For a lad, you do talk right down sensible," Miss Lexy said with a chuckle.

Just So

Life is full of puzzles for children of the modern age. Albert Edward Wiggam tells of a ten-year-old boy who, seeing a horse and buggy ambling down the street, asked his father, "Dad, when you want to make a horse go slower how do you put him in low?" It was the young daughter of a radio announcer who, called on to say grace at a family dinner, bowed her head and said in loud, clear tones, "This food comes to us through the courtesy of God Almighty."—Survey.

DOROTHY DARNIT

By Charles McManus



Affections In Same Class

That old theory that a common cow, killed by a railway locomotive, had a value far in excess of what she was worth on the hoof seems related in some way to the high price placed on alienated affections.—Toledo Blade.

Cattle Swim Well

Cattle, like most hoofed animals, are good swimmers, and have often been known to swim several hundred yards. The distance would depend somewhat on the current or roughness of the water.

Creator of Bell Music

It is due to a Cambridge (England) man named Fabrian Stedman that church bells make music instead of merely noise. He was the man who established the ringing of changes as an art, and the bell-ringers recognized the fact when they held a great bell-ringing festival to mark his tercentenary recently. Of course, there were bells before Stedman, and some very ancient ones are still in use. The oldest in Britain, a bell in the parish church of Lanark, dates back to 1110. It is probably the oldest bell in Europe.

NOW A

"Permanent"

for:

$7.50



SHORT or Long, your hair waved to flatter your individual features. Each waveset just so . . each ringlet end placed to reflect youth and beauty. Make an appointment now to get a Eugene permanent.

Grey Beauty Salon

Over Jefferson's Store Phone 106

SPECIAL

Men's Dress

Panama Hats

98c

FOX'S 5C TO $1 STORE

Where Your Dollar Has More Cents

Chestertown, Maryland

Hurlock Maryland

COMPLETE LINE OF Hardware AND Farm Implements

PAUL COMEGYS

Millington, Md

Stam Drug Co.

The Prescription Store

JERGEN SOAP SALE

Two for One

10c Soap, 2 for 10c
15c " 2 for 15c
25c " 2 for 25c

Luxor Face Powder, with Soap 50c

Cotys Face Powder with Extract $1.00
3 Flowers Face Powder with Extract 75c
2 Tubes Dr. West Tooth Paste 33c

STAM DRUG COMPANY
Phone No. 30.
Chestertown, Md.

Goat Ranked Above Cow in Mountainous Lands

Although they keep themselves distinct and appear to affect disdain one for the other, sheep and goats are, and apparently always have been pastured together, the goats eating the brush and roughage which the more tender-mouthed sheep will not touch.

In rough, rocky mountainous districts as is a great part of the land of Canaan, the goat is a more serviceable animal than the cow, more agile and wonderfully sure footed, content to wander about and pick a mouthful here and there, able to live without much more moisture than the heavy dews supply, long-lived, and generally free from sickness, especially from contagious diseases. They thrive best in the higher altitudes, and the wild varieties which existed until comparatively recent days in Syria and about the Palestinian Lebanon, are always sought on mountain tops. As the Psalmist says: "The high hills are a refuge for the wild goats." It is worth noticing that among all his riches of flocks and herds, Job counted no goats, as was to be expected, since he lived on an Arabian plain where was abundant pasturage for his "fourteen thousand sheep and six thousand camels, and a thousand yoke of oxen, and a thousand she asses," (Job 29:12) as well doubtless as immense numbers of cows.

Modern Detective Not "Sleuth" of Old Times

When did detectives finally discard the black mustache? We observe that detective fiction, at least, with which the book market is flooded, has quite withdrawn from the black and scowling sleuth with his all too visible trappings of the chase. The truth is, it was the melodrama more markedly than the novel that so pictured the pursuers of the transgressor.

The best detectives, we learn, are those whom nobody suspects of "detecting." It is your mild-mannered man, often of fair hair and guileless eye, who leads the wicked, step by step, into the trap of the law. This "detecting" is a gift, bestowed for the good of mankind. Its possessor learns his powers little by little and is possessed by them. Combined of intuition and an uncanny suspicion, the ferreting sees its hypothesis grow into stern facts. Such a detective is as clever in constructing the plot of crime as the scientist is in creating the whole prehistoric animal out of a single leg bone. Plato's logic, splitting hairs, is as nothing to it.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Testing Tin Cans

Millions and millions of tin cans are made use of for the preservation of fruit and vegetables, and it is a rare thing, indeed, to encounter a can which has proven defective. These cans reach the consumer in perfect condition as far as their contents are concerned unless they have been in a freight wreck or subjected to some similar experience. The reason that they fulfill their mission so satisfactorily is that each can is subjected to a severe test before leaving the factory where it was made. The process is the same as we make use of in locating an unseen leak in the inner tube of a bicycle tire. They are pumped full of compressed air while under water and the least imperfection manifests itself by a display of bubbles. Special machinery has been devised for the purpose and the work is done very rapidly.

Syrian Goat Immortalized

The common goat of Syria and Palestine, which is probably a similar animal to those tended by Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, stands on longer legs than some other varieties, but its hair in some cases reaches almost to the ground. It has curiously long drooping lop-ears of about a foot long, which give it a strange uncanny appearance, and is nearly always of a black color. "Thy hair is as a flock of goats that appear from Mount Gilead," sang the writer of the Song of Solomon to his beloved one, (Song of Solomon IV. 1) from which we gather that, like the daughters of Erin, though her skin was fair, and her eyes blue (like dove's eyes) she had long flowing black hair.

Postage Stamp Pictures

The portrait of Martha Washington has been used on a stamp in two of the regular series and the likeness of Queen Isabella appeared on the $4 stamp of the Columbian commemorative issue. In addition, the central design of the 5-cent denomination stamp of the Jamestown series is a representation of Pocahontas. While other female figures have appeared in the designs on postage stamps, like the Red Cross issue, for example, in no case has the likeness of a woman known by name been used.

HOMESPUN : SENSE :

ETHICS OF BANKING

By MELVIN A. TRAYLOR
President
First National Bank, Chicago



Melvin A. Traylor

We must not take unfair advantage of our competitors. It is entirely proper for us by legitimate means to obtain all the business that we can, but in doing so we ought to do nothing that will injure our competitors and that will in any way aid to destroy the confidence which the banks must repose in each other and which the community at large must repose in the banks as a whole if we are going to thrive, and remember always we cannot thrive separately. We shall either all thrive together or all suffer disaster.

* * *

Sentiment in Banking

No sentiment in banking? Will you recall just one day's activity at your desk—what were the problems you considered? Did they apply solely to the cold-blooded conduct of the affairs of your bank, weighing, measuring, analyzing, valuing securities, extending credit, driving the best bargains possible, having in mind only the material return from your day's labor? Certainly such is not the case. I recall many days—happy days, too—in my experience in a very small country bank, in which I am sure not one-tenth of my time was given to the real consideration of the financial returns to my institution.

* * *

Open Markets

I believe in an open market for the actual purchase and sale both of commodities and securities. But so long as the actual rate for credit in this country swings up and down according to the demand for funds for speculative purposes, little influenced by central or other banking policy, then something is wrong somewhere. Moreover, if business is influenced—as is almost universally charged—by the state of public mind; and if the state of public mind is influenced, as in recent years it most certainly has been, to run the scale from extreme optimism to extreme pessimism according to the characters on a ticker tape, then something is wrong with the public mind, or the conduct of the forces back of the tape. Those responsible must provide the answer.

Touching

The landlady was in a sentimental mood when dinner was served.

"This is the anniversary of the death of my poor, dear uncle," she sighed. "He was a sea captain, and went down with his ship this day five and twenty years ago. I was only a child when he went away, but I remember he gave me a pet lamb as a parting gift."

The boarder regarded his lamb cutlet with mournful interest.

"Poor, dear lamb!" he murmured reproachfully. "And you've killed it at last!"

Subscription to the Transcript $1.50 per annum.

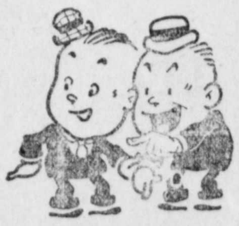
Claims Long in Dispute

French spoliation claims were demands upon the United States government by American merchants for losses of ships and cargoes between 1793 and 1800 at the hands of the French, whose chief excuse for the depredations was that the United States had violated its pledges to France under the treaty of 1778. By the treaty of September 30, 1800, and by the convention of April 30, 1803, France released the United States from certain treaty obligations, and in return was released from paying the merchants' claims. Between 1800 and 1885 about fifty bills to reimburse the claimants or their descendants came before congress. Appropriations were twice voted, but were vetoed. In 1885 redress was obtained when the adjudication of the claims was given to the courts of claims, and decisions were reached awarding some $4,800,000 to the petitioners.

Wonderful Cheddar Caves

The caves of Cheddar and Wookey Hole are beautiful beyond words. Beneath the rugged slopes of Mendip, in a vast network of subterranean passages, may be seen stalactites and stalagmites of wondrous shape and color; translucent pools, crystal clear and cold, curtains of dazzling whiteness, hanging folds of coral-pink—all hidden there in the ice-cold depths, now lighted by electric light! The drive to the caves through Cheddar gorge is a remarkable experience. At the bottom of the steep road, in the little white village of Cheddar, a rushing stream comes bubbling from the very heart of Mendip. At Wookey Hole, too, there are some wonderful caves. The story goes that the caves were once inhabited by a witch who was turned into stone by "an ancient clerk of Glaston."—London Times.





"What's Jones So Puffed Up About ?"

IT'S an old, old, story . . mates. A few months ago, Jones was one of that short-sighted group that figured "Advertising just a waste of money." His business went from bad to worse until, in desperation, he decided to "try it just once."

The results were so gratifying, that he's been ADVERTISING CONSTANTLY ever since. No wonder he's smiling and content now.

Moral:

He Profits Most Who Advertises Regularly

USE THE COLUMNS OF

The Chestertown Transcript

©Maryland State Archives msa_sc3326_scm8227-0189