WINNERS IN WASHINGTON ESSAY CONTEST

Miss Jane Hatcherson, of Rock Hall High School, won first prize in an essay contest, sponsored by E. Thomas Massey, president of the Kent County Farm Bureau. Miss Carolyn Jewell, Chestertown High, was awarded second prize and Miss Annebell M. Fogwell, Galena High, received the third award.

The prize-winning essay by Miss Hatcherson is printed below.

First In The Hearts Of His Countrymen

The war was won. At Tracunes Tavern, New York City, Washington took leave of his officers. They wept as they embraced him and kissed him good-bye. Washington was glad to return to Mount Vernon, his farming, his wife, and his step-children.

Mount Vernon was his quiet and lovely home on the beautiful Potomac. It was built on an elevatiin commanding an excellent view. When he married Mrs. Curtis he had enlarged Mount Vernon by buying neighboring farms. His first concern was to increase his lands and rebuild his barns for his stock. This estate he divided into separate farms each under a separate manager. The house was always his most cherished possession. He drew plans for remodeling it, transplanted hedges, lilacs, mulberries, and sweetgum, laid out drives, and even sent to England for boxwood.

During the Revolution Washington received written reports from the managers of his estate to whom he in turn wrote advice and instructions. Nevertheless Mount Vernon needed his personal supervision. His slaves had to be managed and his managers had to be watched. Southern plantations in those days were communities in themselves and it was no light task to care for them.

Washington loved farming and he determined on his return to seek every method and means of improving it. His estate was managed with unusual care. He studied manures, new plows, and new methods. When he first came to Mount Vernon he found the thin, red soil run down from constant planting of tobacco. Thereupon he practiced the rotation of crops, read treatises on agriculture, and consulted English authorities. In order to improve his production he bought the best seeds and roots no matter what the cost. He plowed under lucerne or alfalfa in order to improve the soil. His greatest interest however was in wheat. He obtained the seed from Siberia.

George Washington was a hard worker. He rose at four, inspected his farm and finishing his work returned at seven for his breakfast. On Saturdays the managers of his farms reported to him how each negro had spent his time, what crops were planted and harvested and every other detail of the farm.

When George Washington attempted anything he was not satisfied to simply succeed as well as others. He strove to do better. He was not content to do this year as he had done last. He was a progressive farmer. His barn was the largest and most convenient in the country. It was a silo-like building made of bricks, about seventy-five feet high with a special threshing floor. His plows he spent years in perfecting and his letters show increasing enthusiasm over a new thresher.

Besides tilling and improving his lands he took up stock raising. In 1783 he had three hundred black cattle of all sorts, six hundred sheep which he had studied until he had improved the breed enough to gain 3½ pounds of wool more than his neighbors. Washington was the first American to attempt raising mules. At Mount Vernon he used them to do all the heavy work. He had fifty mules and fifteen yoke of oxen.

George Washington succeeded in farming because he was alert and thrifty. He realized that marketing his crops were important. Therefore he established a mill where his wheat was ground into flour and a weaving shed where his wool was made into cloth. These products he took in his own schooner to market. He was not content to trade in the colinies but carried his produce to the West Indies and other places where prices were better.

George Washington's farming fully repaid him in money and progress. However he was a southern gentleman and he did not spend his entire time in work. In the evenings he played cards and danced. His home was frequented by many visitors. He was an excellent horseman and his favorite recreation was fox hunting. On his large estate he had grounds where he and his guest hunted and fished.

Although Washington delighted above all else in his life as a country gentleman he found it his duty to participate in the building of the nation for which he had fought. The great problem was to unify the states. George Washington was not a political leader, but it was he who was the great aid in prompting the states to adopt the new Constitution. The Articles of Confederation had been found inadequate, so a conveniton was called May 1787 to remedy them. Washington was chosen president of the convention, not because he was the best leader, but because the people loved and respected him for the man he was.

In 1785 he invited commissioners of Maryland and Virginia to Mount Vernon to establish a uniform commercial code. This paved the way for the Annapolis convention which solved the commercial problem of the whole nation the following year.

When harmony was restored Washington returned to Mount Vernon only to be called again to receive the greatest honor the American people could bestow upon him, the office of President.

He was truly—"First in the Hearts of His Countrymen" the "Father of the Land We Love."

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STEPHEN R. COLLINS, Attorney.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

In the Circuit Court for Kent County
In Equity No. 2737

Julian Smith
vs.
Raegan Secureties Company a body corporate of the State of Delaware, et al

Ordered, this 26th day of May in the year 1932, by the Circuit Court for Kent County, in Equity, that the creditors of Raegam Secureties Company, a body corporate, be, and they are hereby directed and required to file their claims with the proper vouchers thereto attached and authenticated with the Clerk of the Circuit Court for Kent County on or before the 30th day of August in the year 1932, provided, a copy of this Order be inserted in some newspaper printed and published in Kent County, once in each of there successive weeks before the 30th day of July, 1932.

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Understanding

By RUBY DOUGLAS

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(WNU Service)

GRACIA Collins had an enviable income. And, now that she was the sole surviving member of her family she felt that she had a right to live as she pleased. She had always fitted her tastes to those of the family and it was not until the last two years that she had begun to be an individual and express her own personality.

Her apartment was not large, but it was furnished exactly as she had always dreamed her own home should be.

Today, she sat in the big cloth-covered chair beside a log fire in her library. All about her were shelves of books. A little autographed volume of Christopher Morley's lay open on her lap. She had found a line that had struck home. "Poetry must be lived before it can be either written or properly understood. And that is why the enjoyment of poetry is essentially a feeling of recognition: the recognition of something you thought you had forgotten or were hardly aware that you had once noticed."

Gracia's eyes took on a glow that made her very lovely. "So that is why I have begun to appreciate poetry of late. That is why I am secretly trying to express myself in verse," she admitted. "I have lived—I understand."

Perhaps the thoughts that tumbled one after another through her mind as she sat in the solitude of her own environment were not too tangible, even to Gracia herself, but when she finally moved to mend the fire her spirit was possessed of a strange homesickness.

"It's ridiculous," she said, quickly switching on a light. "I'm not homesick, I'm only lonely. I have all that I want—all that I have ever wanted—right here." She let her eyes wander about the room as if to convince herself that she was not mistaken. "I need a cup of tea. It is the dampness and the gloom that has put me into this mood. There, Christopher Morley, go back to your nook.'" She tucked the small volume into the vacant slit on the shelf.

"Music—that's what I want this afternoon—not literature. I'll have music with my tea." She adjusted the dial of her inconspicuous radio set in a secluded corner.

"Liebestraum," she murmured. "Oh, why is everything possessed to make me suffer this afternoon? That is the one bit of music that hurts, oh, how it hurts me." And yet she did not stir. She sat with her head in her arm on the big chair. Her tea grew cold. The last haunting strains of Franz Liszt's beautiful dream of love died away.

The voice of the announcer brought her back. She looked at the cup of cold tea and at the dying fire. A petulant, whining gust of wind sought admittance at the window. Gracia shivered.

She arose and walked toward the telephone. For a long moment she sat with her hand on the receiver as if summoning courage to lift it.

At last she called a number she seemed to know well. Her hand was cold; her lips trembled close to the glass mouthpiece. No answer. She waited to be told that the party did not reply and then she hung up the receiver.

A sound startled her. The knocker was being gently tapped.

She opened the door. A man with a folder of manuscripts stood there—Don Hubbard.

"I had just called you on the telephone," she said, trying to act cheerful. "The smoke from the fire has made my eyes too tired to read and I was—lonely."

The man put his cap—he wore a cap and tweeds as if he had come from the country—on a chair.

"I have been writing down at my sister's bungalow and, somehow, it seemed as if you were the only one who could help me," he began.

Gracia had made the fire bright and was offering him the big seat opposite her own.

"Poetry! But—Don—you never used to write poetry," she exclaimed after she had looked at the page he handed to her.

For an important fraction of a minute they looked at each other while understanding dawned in the eyes of both.

"Sometime I'll tell you what I have been doing this afternoon, Don," she said, later, "and that may explain many things."

The rain seemed not to chill Gracia now. The fire burned brightly. She was happy. They talked on about Don't efforts and Gracia almost admitted to him that the two years of perfect freedom were not too perfect, after all.

"You do miss your family and—the old home?" he asked when, in his heart, he knew very well what it was that they were both missing.

Gracia nodded. "I seem to need something more in my life," she whispered.

"I know," he said. "I have always known that some day you would understand. I have had faith, Gracia."

But one thing she would not do was to give up the lovely apartment. It was big enough for him, she insisted, and he had suffered too much to protest longer. After all, what did mere things matter so long as he might marry the girl his dreams had given him.

John Smith the World Over

The good old American name of John Smith goes through some curious transformations when it is used in other languages, relates the Albany Ledger: For instance, John Smith in Latin becomes Johannes Smithus; in Italian he is known as Giovanni Smithi; in French he becomes Jean Smeet; the Russians call him Jonloff Smittonski; the Poles know him as Ivan Sschittweiski; the Welsh as Jihon Schmidd; the Hollanders as Hans Schmidt; the Greeks as Ion Smikton and the Spaniards as Juan Smithus, while in Turkey he is disguised as Yoe Seef.

Not All Chinese "Coolies"

The original coolies were unskilled laborers from China, India and the Orient in general who first were imported into western countries under contracts according to which they bound themselves at a low wage to a certain term of service, at the end of which they were entitled to free passage back to their native land, says Pathfinder Magazine. The name is believed to be derived from Chinese "koo," meaning strength, and "lee," to hire. Hence a coolie was a hired laborer. During the decade between 1850 and 1860 more than 40,000 Chinese coolies were imported into California. It is incorrect to refer to Chinese immigrants in general as coolies.

Musical Note

Concerning the difference between a xylophone and a marimba, Harry Forbes writes as follows: "The marimba is built in a similar way to the xylophone, except that the compass is considerably lower. While having a very beautiful, mellow tone, the marimba is used only with soft beaters and for slow or sustained numbers. It is not suitable for the same class of work as the xylophone. There is an instrument now on the market which can be used for both soft-hammer and hard-hammer playing, known as the marimba-xylophone, having part of the marimba compass and also the range of the xylophone notes."—Washington Star.

Mother of 7—Still Young



THE woman who gives her organs the right stimulant need not worry about growing old.

Her system doesn't stagnate; her face doesn't age. She has the health and "pep" that come from a lively liver and strong, active bowels.

When you're sluggish and the system needs help, don't take a lot of "patent medicines." There's a famous doctor's prescription for just such cases, and every druggist keeps this standard preparation. It is made from fresh laxative herbs, active senna, and pure pepsin. Just ask for Dr. Caldwell's syrup pepsin. Take a little every day or so, until every organ in your body feels the big improvement.

The next time you have a bilious headache, or feel all bound-up, take this delicious syrup instead of the usual cathartic. You'll be rid of all that poisonous waste, and you haven't weakened the bowels. You'll have a better appetite, and feel better in every way. The constant use of cathartics is often the cause of a sallow complexion and lines in the face. And so unnecessary!

Would you like to break yourself of the cathartic habit? At the same time building health and vigor that protects you from frequent sick spells, headaches, and colds? Get a big bottle of Dr. Caldwell's syrup pepsin today. Use often enough to *avoid* those attacks of constipation. When you feel weak and run-down or a coated tongue or bad breath warns you the bowels need to be stimulated. Give it to children instead of strong laxatives that sap their strength. It isn't expensive.

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For they can't do it. They only move the bowels and a mere movement doesn't get at the cause. The reason for your down-and-out feeling is your liver. It should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily.

If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You have a thick, bad taste and your breath is foul, skin often breaks out in blemishes. Your head aches and you feel down and out. Your whole system is poisoned.

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EFFECTIVE JUNE 10, 1932
(subject to Change Without Notice)

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday

Leave Baltimore (Pier 16 Light Street). For Tolchester

STANDARD TIME

Str. Annapolis ..... 6.00 a. m.
Str. Express ..... 8.45 a. m.
Str. Annapolis ..... 11.30 a. m.
Str. Express ..... 2.30 p. m.
Str. Annapolis ..... 6.00 p. m.

Saturday

Str. Annapolis ..... 6.00 a. m.
Str. Express ..... 8.45 a. m.
Str. Annapolis ..... 11.30 a. m.
Str. Express ..... 2.30 p. m.

Sunday

Str. Annapolis ..... 6.00 a. m.
Str. Express ..... 8.45 a. m.
Str. Express ..... 2.30 p. m.

Leave Tolchester For Baltimore

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday

Str. Annapolis ..... 8.30 a. m.
Str. Express ..... 11.00 a. m.
Str. Annapolis ..... 3.00 p. m.
Str. Express ..... 5.15 p. m.
Str. Emma Giles ..... 7.30 p. m.
Str. Annapolis ..... 8.30 p. m.

Saturday

Str. Annapolis ..... 8.30 a. m.
Str. Express ..... 11.00 a. m.
Str. Annapolis ..... 5.15 p. m.
Str. Express ..... 7.30 p. m.

Sunday

Str. Express ..... 11.00 a. m.
Str. Annapolis ..... 3.00 p. m.
Str. Express ..... 7.30 p. m.
Str. Emma Giles ..... 7.30 p. m.
Str. Annapolis ..... 7.30 p. m.

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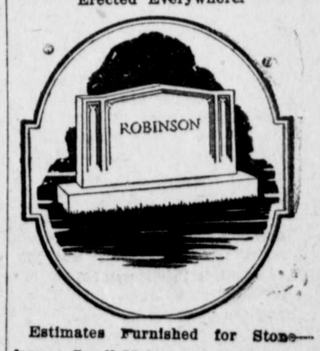
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