Sammy Is Saved

By DOROTHY DOUGLAS

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PERHAPS if the waters of the river had not seemed so wet and undoubtedly cold and the prospects of immediate rescue so remote Sammy might have considered jumping in—so gloomy was his mental state.

"No," decided Sammy. "I don't fancy foundering about in there and probably ruining the works of my watch." And with consideration for his watch came the memory of the false but undoubtedly fair one who had given it to him.

Her fleeing with another and much richer man on the evening of Saturday last was a part of the reason for Sammy's gloom. The other reason was that he had lost his very promising position because his boss wanted it for a relative.

And if Sammy had not been so depressed and gazing into the very depths of the earth, he would not have seen the small, daintily bound pamphlet that some one must have dropped while strolling along the river side.

Sammy picked it up absently and then because any small trifle would have interested his weakened mental outlook, he turned the pages as he walked along.

Then he read the words on one page that were destined to lead him to worlds where there was never a longing to jump into cold rivers.

"The mental attitude we take toward anything determines to a greater or less extent its effects upon us," was what Sammy read and somehow it sank deep into his brain. The little book was one of those many helpful ones by Trine but Sammy read no more for the moment as he was straightway in an argument with himself and knew that the depressed Sammy was beaten—knocked out at the first round.

"I'd like to see any girl or any blooming position either make me jump into that cold water. It's just a mental weakness to let things like that trouble a healthy mind. I was just a poor simpering fish, a total eclipse of a man for giving that girl, who was after money, a passing thought—fine wife she'd be if a fellow lost his coin. And as for the position, there are plenty more for an able man and I'm that all right."

It was in that state of renewed good comradeship with the world that he looked up and saw her approaching.

She was dangling her bag in one hand and was obviously searching for something as her eyes swept the ground every inch of the way—that is until she reached Sammy's side and it was then that Sammy knew his finish had arrived as far as other girls were concerned.

Nothing happening that could possibly form an excuse for speaking, Sammy was forced to let the girl pass him.

Then, for the second time within a quarter of an hour, Sammy called himself a poor fish, a boob and every other name that suggested a softened condition of the brain.

It was of course her book that he had picked up. She was even then returning to retrace her steps in a second attempt to find it.

So when she drew near again Sammy held the small book well up in front of his eyes, seemingly deeply engrossed in its contents, but wondering, with swiftly beating heart, what measures the girl would take to recover her treasure.

"Oh," she exclaimed suddenly and quite frankly when she saw her book in a stranger's hands, "that is my book you have. I lost it not fifteen minutes ago and have searched everywhere for it."

Sammy looked back at her and did a lot of quick thinking. "If I give it back to her now," ran in his thoughts, "that will be the end of the story and perhaps the end of my career—it will be thoughts of that wet river again." But he said to her, "Is there any name in the book by which you can identify it?"

"Of course, my name is in it. Just look and see. Mary Elwood, 53 Green Lane."

"Then I think it would be very much nicer, indeed, if I were to call around at 53 Green Lane, say about four this afternoon and return your property. I have much to say to one who reads such helpful stuff as this, in fact—" continued Sammy, feeling that his listener was not exactly averse to his idea, "I would like to tell her that one passage in this book has probably saved my life!"

"No!" cried the fair one with pity in her lovely eyes.

"Yes," said Sammy, "but now I feel as if I could conquer the world. That is," he added a bit consciously, "if I might be allowed to return this book in the afternoon. I have to jog into town now to get a crackerjack good position and I will need its helpful suggestions to show me the way."

"Oh," cried Mary delighted, "it is all too wonderful and I hope you will accomplish your ideals. Yes," she added softly with the twin of that other blush, "I would love to have my book returned this afternoon."

"Then there's no doubt about my ideals being realized," said Sammy, and while their material bodies moved in different directions their souls certainly strolled along the river bank together.

Protection in Chairs

Early medieval chairs were really small chests with removable backs and armpieces, writes Estelle H. Ries in "Mother-Wit." Later these became permanent parts and were usually very high at the back and deep at the sides. This was not for ornamental purposes, but for protection against drafts. Such a form was essential to comfort in medieval dwellings in northerly climates, whether cottages or castles, for their crude structure and ill-fitting doors and window casings did not keep out the gusts of wind that blew through every crevi-

DOROTHY DARNIT

By Charles McManus



How to Make It



A SET of shelves with ends cut out to represent animals provides an interesting piece for the child's room and encourages the child to keep his books and other things in order. It is easily made by anyone handy with a saw and hammer.

First trace the animal—in this case a bunny—on paper and cut to the desired shape. To prevent gluing two or more widths together for the end pieces, use pressed wood which may be obtained in sheets from your lumber dealer. Trace the paper pattern on the pressed wood and cut out with a scroll saw. The same material may be used for the shelves which may be of any desired length. Narrow strips of pressed wood or pieces of quarter-round may be used to support the shelves. These should be screwed to both the end pieces and to the shelves. A single piece of pressed wood will provide a back.

Paint the shelves any desired color. Touch up the eyes, ears, collar, etc., with a small brush, using a contrasting color.

OH DEAH!

Enthusiastic Agent: "Now here is a house without a flaw!"

Customer: "My gosh, what do you walk on?"

STEPHEN R. COLLINS and CHARLES C. KEEDY, Attorneys.

ORDER NISI

Julian Smith
versus
Raegam Securities Company, et al

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

Ordered, this 5th day of August, 1932, by the Circuit Court for Kent County in Equity, that the sale of the real estate mentioned in these proceedings, made and reported by Stephen R. Collins and Charles C. Keedy, Ancillary Receivers of Raegam Securities Company, a body corporate of the State of Delaware, under and by virtue of the authority conferred by a Decree of the Circuit Court for Kent County, in Equity, dated May 26, 1932, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary there of be shown on or before the 7th day of October next; Provided, a copy of this Order be inserted in some newspaper printed and published in Kent County, once in each of four successive weeks before the 5th day of September next.

The Report states the amount of Sales to be $12,000.00.

True Copy,
ROBERT A. SHALLCROSS, Clerk.
Test:
ROBERT A. SHALLCROSS, Clerk.

Like $1,000,000

By CORONA REMINGTON

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

EVELYN ACTON glanced quickly around to see whether any of the waiters were watching, then deftly removed two rolls from her gay little red-leather handbag and put them on the table beside her cup of steaming coffee. Coffee in this very glorious place was only 20 cents and it gave her a feeling of prosperity to breakfast with the successful business men and women of the town.

This morning, however, she was rather depressed because for three solid days she had been hunting a position without success and her funds were now reduced to small change and a square meal was only a nagging memory to her. She looked wistfully at a juicy piece of fried ham that a patron had hastily left on his plate at the next table and crinkled her little nose as its fragrance came invitingly to her. It seemed to tease her and make the dry rolls drier in her mouth. Then after she had finished she did a strange thing. As she rose from the table she opened her purse, took out a pencil and piece of paper, then sat down at the ham table. As she scribbled aimless words she noticed that there was a clean spoon beside the plate and the knife had only been used for cutting, so she was afraid of it—only a matter of seconds now and she would be nonchalantly placing bits of the tender meat in her mouth—sensing that some one was at her elbow she looked up into the implacable face of a waiter.

"Pardon, madam, permit me to remove this and you will have more room to write."

The ham was whisked away and the clean spoon and the knife that had only been used for cutting, but quick on the heels of disappointment came a sense of escape; if that waiter had not come at that moment he would have seen her eating the other patron's breakfast.

"Making your way in a big city isn't so bad," she reflected, "until you lose your position, and then—" poignant homesickness rushed over her as she thought of the little home town she had left and of Jack Dalton who had wanted to marry her and whom she had so flatly refused.

"All right," he had said with a shrug. "When you get through with your career you can come to me."

That was four years ago. With a toss of impatience she pulled herself together and walked swiftly along.

"If you want to impress people," she soliloquized, "you have to hold your head up when you wear a $5 dress marked down from $12.98 (on the tag) and want it to look like a $75 French creation." So she walked jauntily down the street, her disappointed stomach already beginning to scream for the ham it didn't get. That was one deceiving thing about a coffee-and-rolls breakfast; it had a way of playing hide and seek, it was gone and you found yourself all wish washy and weak.

"Now, let's see, where's that address?" she went on. "Yes, 746 Empire building. The Wearever Tire company. They said to call at ten o'clock. Its three blocks down and two across. I'll just about get there on time. Wonder how many others they wrote to call, too. But my letter was a good one if I say it—maybe they'll take me."

And the big building swallowed her up. She left the elevator at the seventh floor and turned the knob of the big door leading to suite 746.

"You wanted a stenographer?" she said to the man at the high desk.

"Yes, please step this way, Miss Acton."

He showed her to the office door marked "private" and returned to his desk. As she entered the man inside turned to face her, then he rose and took both her hands in his.

"Evelyn!" he said gently as the girl started at him, her face suddenly blanched, then she recovered herself and greeted him flippantly enough.

"Same old Jack Dalton," she laughed a little forced laugh.

"You look like a million dollars," he said surveying her. "Let's get out of here where we can talk."

Like an automaton, she followed him out of the office and they went to a little restaurant nearby.

"I was so excited waiting I couldn't eat breakfast," he explained. "What'll you have? When I read that letter signed Evelyn Acton in the handwriting I knew so well—"

"It was the biggest shock I ever got," she laughed. "You were prepared because you knew I was coming, but I wasn't."

"You've changed," he said, after a pause. "I don't know what it is; there's something—a little wistful about you. What is it? It's entrancing."

"Wistful! Downright hungry!" thought Evelyn, but she said:

"You've changed too—you're—I don't know—even nicer than before."

"Nicer than a career?" he asked. "Don't fool me, Evelyn. I'm serious."

"Uh, huh!" she replied, slipping a piece of broiled ham into her mouth.

"Come on," he begged. "Let's get out of here before I express myself in public," but Evelyn only crinkled her nose at him, gave his knee a little pat under the table and said:

"You're going to eat a good breakfast before you leave this restaurant."

And he did. They did, I mean.

Character Not to Be Told by Shape of Head

The person who undertakes to judge character by the shape of the subject's head must have a care or a mistake might be made. The shape of the forehead is no index to the quality of the gray matter contained therein, according to Doctor Hrdlicka, who is an authority. A receding forehead or a high one is no guide to the moron or the intellectual. The shape or height of the forehead is not a safe gauge of intelligence. Indeed, if you take an individual and simply judge him by his forehead alone, nine times out of ten you will be more or less wrong. A sloping forehead does not mean brutality or low intelligence by any means. There are two good reasons for this generally accepted fallacy, one being that the main headquarters of intelligence is in the frontal lobes of the brain, and the other that many observers have noted a sloping forehead to be prevalent among certain criminal types, and generally speaking, among the lower animals and anthropoid apes.

Mushrooms

Do not depend on so-called tests for distinguishing between poisonous and edible mushrooms, warns the United States Department of Agriculture. It is not true that only poisonous mushrooms will tarnish a silver coin placed in the utensil in which they are cooked, or that they will become edible if soaked or boiled in salt water. Neither are mushrooms that peel readily always edible. Insects on mushrooms are no guide to their edibility—insects infest both poisonous and edible mushrooms. It is not safe, says the department, to eat young, unopened "buttons," as it is difficult to distinguish between poisonous and edible mushrooms in the early stages.

Elephants Roamed Sweden

A mammoth tusk was recently found by workmen in the sand by the River Goeta Aelv, not far from Gothenburg, Sweden. The find has been brought to the attention of the museum authorities at Gothenburg. This is the second similar find made at this river, proving that at some distant period the giant ancestor of the modern elephant roamed the forests of ancient Scandinavia. The tusk weighs four kilos. Zoologists and geologists believe it is about a hundred thousand years old.

Nothing but Contacts

We arise in the morning, contact a cake of soap briefly, a shaving brush more extensively. We contact a pair of eggs, a street car conductor, and finally the office. There is an unpleasant contact with a bill collector. He says he must contact some money. Later, perhaps, we contact a customer or two. When the shades of night have contacted the earth, we contact dinner, and pass the evening contacting poor bridge hands.

And so to bed.

Our fathers had all these experiences, but they didn't know how to describe them. — Louisville Courier-Journal.

Valuable Real Estate

The oldest part of Manhattan, often called the "cradle of New York city," is assessed for city tax purposes at $1,000,000,000, the New York Herald Tribune says. The property occupies the 500-acre tract south of a line crossing Manhattan island from the North river at Harrison street to the East river at James street, following along Worth street to Broadway and Leonard street, east of Broadway. Its estimated selling price is one and one-half billions of dollars.

Wake Up Your Liver Bile —Without Calomel

And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

If you feel sour and sunk and the world looks punk, don't swallow a lot of salts, mineral water, oil, laxative candy or chewing gum and expect them to make you suddenly sweet and buoyant and full of sunshine.

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.

It takes those good old CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." They contain wonderful, harmless, gentle vegetable extracts, amazing when it comes to making the bile flow freely.

But don't ask for liver pills. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills. Look for the name Carter's Little Liver Pills on the red label. Resent a substitute. 25c at all stores. © 1931, C. M. Co.



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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Funeral Director
Chestertown, Maryland
Telephone, Chestertown 164

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JOHN SCHAUBER
Chestertown, Md.

SHOPPING JEFFERSONS'

Now, look here, gals, I've been a-tellin' you and a' tellin' you, (pipe the mountaineer accent) to shop at Jefferson's FIRST. I really ought to get the printer to make up a nice little cut of me, printed in bright red ink, standing on one foot like good old Cassandra, screeching prophetic warnings.

In other words when I tell you there are things worth seeing and worth buying right here in town, I mean it. Don't come round to me, weeping and wailing afterward, and tell me you wish you'd seen what Jefferson's had before you went and bought something in Baltimore or Wilmington or somewhere and now simply loathe.

In the first place I do NOT tell you any whoppers. In the second place, I DO know what I'm talking about, or else fifteen years of fashion styling, designing and merchandising must be tossed overboard. It is NOT smart or cute of you to go shopping in cities and pay twice as much for what you can buy in duplicate in Chestertown. That's as childish as judging quality by the price mark.

So listen to Cassandra while she mentions some excellent buys in dresses and what-nots at Jefferson's.

1.—White Shantung, yellow jacket and tri-color sash, size 18—$3.95.

2.—Very unusual Sheer Navy Crepe, white raised dots, capi sleeves, white organdy butterfly bow, size 16—$4.95.

3.—Very cool Orchid Silk, hand drawn—$3.95.

4.—For the larger woman, powder-blue Silk Crepe, well-made, size 40—$3.95.

5.—Special bargains, good filler-in dresses, one blue and white, size 20, one pink rough crepe, size 20—each $2.95.

6.—Just three of those stunning wool crepe coats left. All silk lined, beautifully cut, blue, white or egg shell. Were $15—are now $10.50.

7.—Very special sale, satin back and plain crepe, all silk—ONLY 75c A YARD.

And there's not a "gyp" in a carload!

LYDIA LEE.

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