Home Work

By JANE OSBORN

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

STANLEY JONES was thinking of his sister Sally. He likened her to a duck. Water sliding off a duck's back. Sally had been like that—responsibilities, cares, things that other people would be troubled with—water that would soak through the plumage of any bird but a duck—always sliding off Sally, whose feathers were always as smooth and glossy and perfectly dry as those on a duck's back. Nice metaphor that, thought Stanley Jones, as he drove home from his office to what he had once considered his cozy, comfortable bachelor's apartment. It was no longer either cozy or comfortable—not even a bachelor's apartment since Sally, the duck, and her husband, Bill Ames, had sailed away to the south of France for the remainder of the winter, leaving eight-year-old Stan, named after himself, to share the apartment with him.

Having proceeded thus far with his meditation Stanley found himself in front of his apartment house. He found young Stanley joyously playing in the basement with the janitor's children. That was the only arrangement that could be made on afternoons when Stanley could not get home from work early enough to take charge after school hours.

Now it was five, and there would be an hour and a half before they would be out for dinner—and an hour and a half that had once meant peace and tranquillity with pipe and book for Stanley. Now it meant home work with Stanley. Young Stanley had been rather slow with arithmetic, but before Sally left for France she had explained to Stan's teacher that the deficiency could be easily made up when young Stan was staying with his uncle, who was a good mathematician, said Sally, and would have nothing to do but help his nephew.

There was a neatly penned note that first afternoon in Stan's school bag. It was from his teacher. "Dear Mr. Jones," it said. "Stanley still needs help in his tables. He understands the theory apparently, but he has not had enough drilling. And Stanley is careless. Would you please see that he knows his tables better and please drill him in accuracy." It was signed Matilda Hawkins.

"I'd like to see that teacher of yours," said Uncle Stanley, with a fine tone of sarcasm that was lost on his nephew. "How old is she?"

"Oh, she must be very old. I shouldn't wonder if she was forty or maybe sixty."

"Is she good looking—at all?" said Uncle Stanley.

"Well, some of us fellows think so—but you wouldn't. She's got a kind of roundish face with a sort of a funny nose and a bump on her head and a kind of queer mouth."

"She doesn't sound like a beauty," observed Stanley, undoing the buckles of his nephew's school bag. Spelling came first and then some written work in English, and after that, drill with the tables. Stanley found that since the day before his nephew had quite successfully forgotten all he had ever known of the seven times table. It didn't worry Stan very much. "Teacher says you ought to drill me more," he observed.

The next day Stan's bag contained a note from his uncle for the teacher. He regretted his failure as a tutor, and asked if arrangements could be made for her to tutor the boy from five to six every evening.

Stan brought back word that teacher said that it would be against the rules of the school for the teacher to accept fees for tutoring, but teacher had said she would come around at five to help, and would talk things over with Uncle Stanley.

So at a little after five that evening teacher arrived. But when Stanley answered her ring at the door and saw the pretty young woman standing there in the hall he hadn't the faintest idea that she really was his nephew's teacher.

"Is Mr. Stanley Jones at home?" she asked, somewhat perplexed.

"Why, I am Stanley Jones—won't you come in?"

"You are not little Stanley Ames' uncle?" she gasped. "I am little Stanley's teacher. He said you were—"

They stood regarding each other with amazement. "He said you were quite an old man—probably sixty at least—with wrinkles—"

"I've got wrinkles teaching him," laughed Stanley. "I happen to be twenty-nine. No one would guess that you were somewhere around fifty yourself."

"I'm twenty-three," protested the teacher. "The little wretch—"

Together they worked with little Stanley, somewhat bewildered over the mysteries of the multiplication tables. At six Matilda rose to go, but little Stanley, with his arm around his teacher begged her to stay, and big Stanley suggested that they all dine together. Matilda had already said she lived away from home in a boarding house.

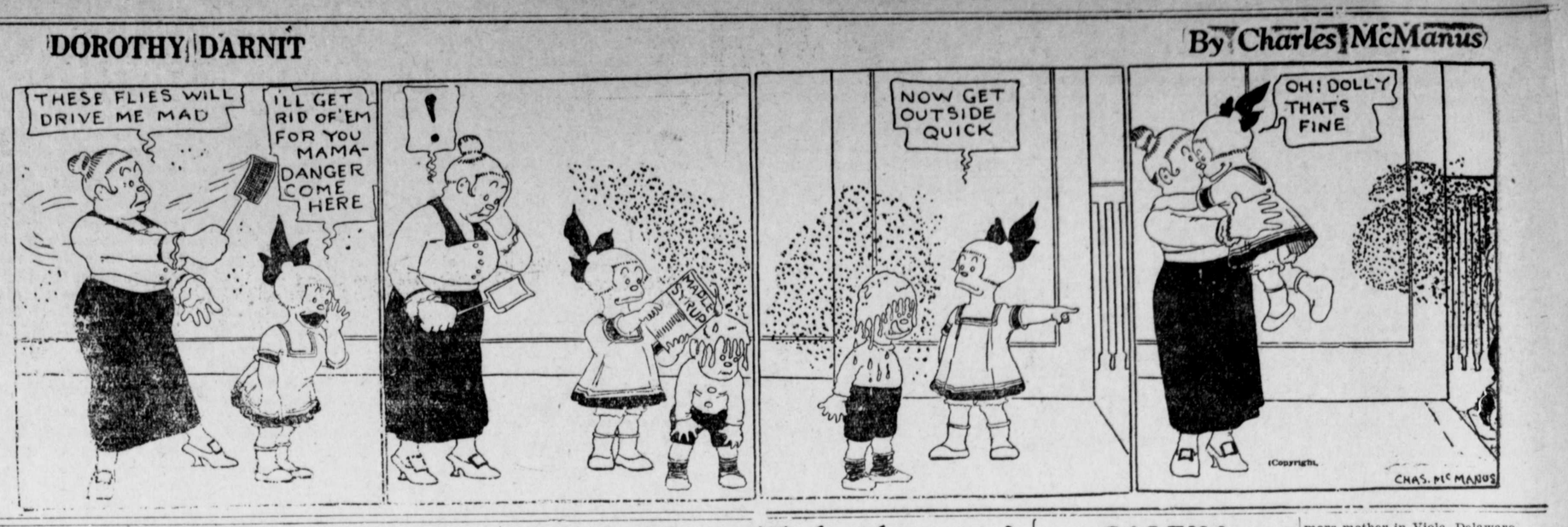
After that three times a week Matilda came to help tutor little Stanley, and when at the end of the spring the wandering duck and drake cabled that they had decided to stay on—and tour Europe for the summer months—Stanley cabled back this surprising message:

"Will meet you in Paris in July. Coming on honeymoon. Will leave Stanley with you. Stanley Jones."

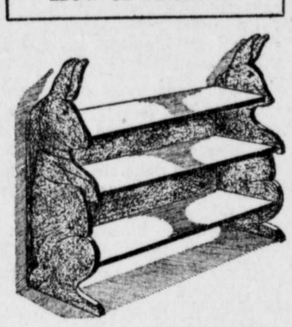
Wall Decorations

Mural painting reached its highest development among the Italians, enlisting the genius of Michelangelo, Giotto, Raphael, and Titian. The word "mural," derived from the Latin "mura," meaning "wall," refers to wall painting, especially that involving systematic decorative design. It had its beginning in the prehistoric cave paintings, and, in spite of several declines, has never been a "lost" art.

Subscription to the Transcript $1.50



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.

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.

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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.

It takes these 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.

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PERCY SHELLEY

"The trumpet of a prophecy! Oh, Wind, if Winter comes can Spring be far behind?"

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JOHN SCHAUBER

Chestertown, Md.

Only Two Telephones?

In The U. S. 70,000 Communities Are Served By Nearly 20,000,000 Telephones



Once upon a time only two telephones serving the average city or town would have caused no surprise. Today in this modern age of efficiency and speed such a fact would be startling. Just think of the impatience people would display while waiting for one person to complete a conversation with "the other telephone" while time was slipping by.

Conditions such as this could hardly exist in America today, for no matter how small the community, there is telephone service to meet its requirements. More than 70,000 cities, towns and rural communities are now reached by the far-flung network of the Bell Telephone System. Connections can now be had with telephones serving more than forty countries on six continents.

Telephones In Iceboxes Convenient On Hot Days



A cool call on a hot day. Charles W. Poole dials a telephone number from Kingan and Company's cold storage plant at Washington. Note the quarters of beef hanging from the scale rack at his left.

Use of the telephone in cold storage vaults has long been recognized as necessary to their efficient operation. Large meat packing and provision companies now maintain complete telephone systems serving their plants.

A survey of meat packing and provision companies in one of the larger cities in the territory served by the Chesapeake and Potomac Telephone Companies discloses that eighteen of these establishments have forty-six telephones in their cold storage vaults.

It is nothing out of the ordinary on a hot day with the thermometer hovering around 90-odd degrees in the shade on the outside, to find meat packing representatives bundled up in heavy overcoats covered by white ulsters for sanitary purposes, weighing quarters of meat, or checking in shipments by telephones from the cold storage vaults, giving their reports to the outer office as the tallies are made. The thermometer in these cold storage vaults is maintained steadily at about 38 degrees.

Another advantage of telephones in these meat packing and provision establishments is a communication system connecting the various departments which gives customers an opportunity to talk directly with individuals in the several branches of the organization.

High Lighthouse

On a tiny island, Lehua, in the Hawaiian group, the government has the highest lighthouse service. It is on top of a high rock and stands 707 feet above the Pacific ocean. Because it is difficult to climb the rock, the light, which shows ten flashes a minute, is capable of burning a whole year without attention. Twice a year it is visited by a lighthouse tender for installation of new tanks of gas.

Ordinarily lighthouses are made to stand 100 or 200 feet above sea level, so they will not be obscured by low-lying fogs. But in Hawaii, where the trade winds cross, fog is a rarity.—Capper's Weekly.

Hair Cutting No Light Matter Among Indians

A haircut for a member of the Piaroa tribe of Venezuelan Indians, on the Upper Orinoco river, is not only a laborious job, but it involves the careful gathering and burial of all the clippings.

Three men work on one patron, who sits on a log. Two of the barbers in turn hold their long knives under locks of hair. The third man strikes a sharp blow with a piece of wood, cutting off the hair that rests on the keen edges. The process goes on until it is possible to see the customer's scalp behind the wool.

Then comes the work of cleaning up. Every single hair is picked off the ground, which has been swept clean in preparation for the operation. The clippings are buried in a hole a foot deep and the ground packed down tightly.

The Indians believe that if an enemy should find one of the hairs and give it a sharp pull, it would have the effect of pulling the brain of the former owner against his skull and thus killing him. It is believed also that if anyone steps on a hair lying on the ground, it will give the former owner a headache.

Settles Federal Claims

The United States Court of Claims was established in 1855 to adjudicate claims against the United States. It consists of five judges, a chief justice and four associates, and sits at Washington. The court considers matters placed before it and upon the first day of each regular session of congress presents the findings of the court for the year, and upon recommendation of the court congress appropriates money for the payment of the awards. It is not necessary for more than a majority of the judges to approve.

Short Sermon

When you hear an ill report about anyone, halve and quarter it, and say nothing about the rest.

GALENA

The Ladies Aid met at the home of Rev. and Mrs. Charles Atkins on Tuesday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Phillip Riggins moved to town last Friday and will occupy the Horsey house on Main street.

Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Smith and son, of Ferndale, have moved to the Steele Bungalow, near town.

Mr. and Mrs. Sam Caldwell, of near town, spent the week end at Seaford, Del., and Rehoboth Delaware.

Mrs. Wilson Cochran is spending this week with her son in Philadelphia, Pa.

Miss Margarete Walsh is entertaining friends and relatives from Wilmington, Del.

Mrs. James D. Davis, Jr., who has been quite ill is some what improved at this writing.

Mrs. Helen Kent, of Wilmington, Del., spent the week end with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Bolton.

Mr. James Ryan, of Philadelphia, Pa., was a week end guest at home of Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Jarman.

Mrs. Charles Atkins and daughter, Gladys, returned home on Saturday after spending a few days with the formers mother in Viola, Delaware.

Mrs. Walter Gale is visiting her son, Mr. Frank Gale, near Baltimore, Md.

Mr. and Mrs. Virgil Smith, of Jackson Heights, N. Y., are spending this week with the latters parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Jarman.

Miss Mary Carroll Smith, of N. Y. C. New York, spent the Labor Day holidays with her mother, Mrs. C. Smith.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Smith and son, of Salisbury, Md., spent the week end with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Scotton.

Mrs. Mollie Mark, of Centreville, Md., spent a few days last week with Mr. and Mrs. Lemuel Mark.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Reed, fo Wilmington, Del., are spending a few days with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Johnston.

Mr. Amos Harrington, of Wilmington, Del., spent the week end with his grand parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Wood.

Mrs. Sam Powell, of Wilmington, Del., is visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Bramble.

Miss Dorothy Jarman, of Bel Air returned to her home on Monday after spending a month with grand-parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Jarman.

Lessening Sadness

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