Women's Page

BY A WOMAN



Last Tuesday was Election Day, such a quiet time it was. People in passing would have been hardly aware that such a momentous event to the county was taking place if they had not been impressed with their own duty to vote for the men whom they thought would be the best to govern the country.

My friend has told me that it was different in her days that every voter in the county, was expected to come to Chestertown to vote and the Court House was the only place for voting. Women were expected to stay quietly at home on that day, while their lord and master went forth to decide the affairs of the nation. In fact, it was not considered the thing for women to be ut as a pretty rughh crowd would sometimes be on the highway. The ballots at that time were small slips of paper on which the names of the candidates for election were written, and it was very easy to know whom every one voted for. Not until Cleveland became president did the present blanket ballot came into use. It is called the Australian Ballot and folds in many folds so that the voters have to be instructed as one folded in the wrong way has to be thrown out. It is a wise system and leads to less electioneering. My friend remembers on one occasion, an over zealous Democrat found a colored man who said he wanted to vote the democratic ticket, so the gentleman in question volunteered to take him to the polls.

The court house yard was crowded, at that time by colored people and when the pair were making their way to the polls the white man called out. "Make way for a free American citizen to vote." The crowd closed in and a riot was about to take place, when Mr. Sewell Baker, a tall fine looking man, and a Republican leader at that time mounted the Court House gate and called for peace. It stopped the riot, but the free American Citizen vanished in the crowd and there was one less vote that day.

It was in that year that the bitter fight was waged between Tilden and Hayes. Excitement waxed high in Chestertown and vicinity. Two tall poles one Republiran and the other Democrat stood in the space of our present square: each pole with the banner of the state it claimed and the number of electorial votes of each. For many months after the election, there was no decision but at last the Returning Board, a commission appointed for the purpose of deciding, gave Hayes the majority and Samuel J. Tilden, feeling that it might bring about strife, yielded to the decision thus showing that the good of his country was more vital to him, than his own interests.

There were no water work in those days but each yard had a pump and those who could, would send down to the Free School Spring and have buckets brought to their home. This water was very sweet and pure, and when Tench Tilman stopped on his way to Philadelphia, to quaff a drink, we are sure that it helped to sustain him on his weary strenuous journey. This spring was in the hollow just below Mr. Marion Smith's residence, and was quite a meeting place for the young people, of that time. Later Mr. Charles T. Westcott a good and progressive citizen, had the water works installed and the springs were used for that purpose. Chestertown is noted for its pure water ever since.

LA MODE

Now it is the little things that count; that give character to the costume. The season's gowns so simple in effect, so intricate in architecture, have made accessories more important than ever before. From bonnets to boots a variety of wearable items, "little things," so-called, are being created for the individual type and in relation to the ensemble. Some of these accessories are practical; others are frivolous.

In the practical class are included matching bags and slippers nickel-trimmed belts, new sweaters and cashmere scarfs. A cardigan for country folk is hand-knitted of the same flecked Shetland wool that is woven into the famous tweeds of that name. And from Lucile Paray comes a little sleeveless waistcoat of white wool in the original waffle weave.

Hats Now Made Cheaply at Home

The expense of hats has ever been a severe strain on milady's clothes budget. It has been accurately stated that cheap ones are seldom successful and successful ones are seldom cheap. They are, too, items of the wardrobe about which it is easy to err. Those which make one look ravishing under the flattering lights of a millinery department may be a sad disillusion under the cold light of day. Women often thought that a big problem would be solved if they could only make them. And now they can. For nine out of ten of the new hats are made of fabric. And they take an infinitesimal amount of material. A gay little upturned hat, a sailor that slants over one eye at a very flattering angle, a turban with a new twist and a becoming bow—all these you can make for much less than you usually pay for one hat!

HOUSEHOLD HINTS

Labels Attached Loaned Articles

We may still gasp at the fervor of the borrowers. Let me borrow this, let me borrow that. But the card table neve finds its way home and the once new novel is cisp, brown and crumbling before it gets back to the rightful owner.

So now, less stupid and more orderly folks keep a lacquered tin box on the desk, which is filled with a roll of 300 personal labels one inch square, gummed and perforated, and slap one on to every borrowed item as it is whisked out the gate. Printed to order, with name and address, and an intelligent Christmas knicky knack.

Obstinate Egg Spots

Whether an egg is in the frying pan or on the tablecloth, heat will cause the albumen to coagulate at a temperature of 122 degrees. Since water boils at 212 degrees, you can see that it doesn't require very much heat to make an egg stain harden into an insoluble, sticky mass that may be difficult to remove.

Always soak egg spots in cold water before washing, or use cold water to sponge the spotted area. Often a considerable part of the egg can first be scraped away with the blunt edge of a knife. After cold water has been applied the spotted article should be washed in the usual way in warm soapy water.

RECIPES

Chocolate Brownies

4 tablespoons butter
1 cup sugar
2 square chocolate, melted
4 tablespoons milk
2 eggs
1 teaspoon vanilla
1-8 teaspoon salt
1-2 cup nuts
1 cup flour
(No baking powder is required).

Cream butter and sugar. Add rest of ingredients and beat vigorously three minutes. Pour into shallow pan lined with waxed paper. Bake 25 minutes in moderately slow oven. Cool and spread with chocolate frosting or sprinkle with confectioner's sugar. Cut in bars or squares and serve. As soon as brownies are cool, store in airtight place and they remain fresh for a week.

Tomatoes and Corn Escalloped

2 cups tomatoes
2 cups corn
1 teaspoon salt
1-4 teaspoon paprika
2 tablespoons chopped onions
3 tablesooons chopped celery
1-2 cup crumbs.
5 tablespoons butter, melted
1 egg beaten

Mix all ingredients. Pour into buttered baking dish and bake 25 minutes in moderate oven.

French Dressing

1 teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon mustard
1-2 teaspoon paprika
1 teaspoon sugar
12 cup salad oil
1 teaspoon onion juice
3 tablespoons vinegar.

Mix dry ingredients and add to salad oil. Add onion juice and vinegar and stir or shake in a sealed bottle or jar until the mixture begins to thicken. A small piece of ice added before stirring makes it thicken at once.

Special French Dressing

1 cup salad oil
1 cup sugar
3-4 cup malt vinegar
1 teaspoon grated onion
1-2 cup ketchup
1 1-2 teaspoons salt
1 teaspoon Worcester sauce.

Mix ingredients and beat until thick.

WORTON

Mrs. Mary E. Bowers, of Aberdeen, visited her sister, Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Smith last week end.

Mr. and Mrs. John Carter entertained Mrs. Blanche Loller, Mrs. John Duyer and Mrs. Joseph Duyer at dinner last Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Ford Matthews and little son, of Washington, visited his parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Matthews last week.

Miss Mary Beulah Hadaway, of Wilmington, is spending the week end with her parents here.

Mrs. John Duyer, Mrs. Henry Rasin spent Wednesday with Mr. and Mrs. Walter Moffett, of near Chestertown.

Mrs. Henry Williams entertained at Bridge Wednesday afternoon.

Mr. H. M. Matthews spent several days this week with friends in Baltimore.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Rouse and daughter, Ann, of Aberdeen, spent last week end with her mother, Mrs. Henrietta Rasin.

THE MIGHTY OAK

"How did you receive those injuries?" asked an adjuster of a claimant unedr an accident policy, who had a badly bttered head.

"My wife hit me with an oak leaf."

"An oak leaf?"

"Yes."

"Where did she get an oak leaf that would inflict such injuries?"

"From the diningroom table."

Patsy in the Kitchen

By BETTY SHERPLESS

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MRS. WALTER COLLINGSWORTH opened the front door with her own fair plump hands, and there stood Bruce. But what a time for anyone to come unexpectedly, even her own, very good looking nephew whom she had urged to come any time he chose! "I'm terribly glad you came and I want you to stay," she told him, "but I'm giving a reception this afternoon and everything has gone wrong. You'll just have to let me go on dressing while I explain."

And there was plenty to explain as Bruce sat on a chair in his aunt's dressing room. The maid had left the day before, in a huff. Imagine anyone leaving a good place in hard times like these! And the woman she had managed to get turned out not to have any ideas about party refreshments. But finally they had got the sandwiches ready and the ice cream and cakes and things were coming from the store. She had just telephoned to an agency for a skilled waitress to take charge in the pantry. There would be five or six young girls to serve as floaters. Then the door bell rang and Mrs. Collingsworth hastened downstairs—and back again puffing.

It was the girl from the agency. Mrs. Collingsworth had just told her to go out in the kitchen and get an idea of how things stood. She powdered her nose and dabbed herself with violet perfume. "I'm ready now—but tell me, Bruce, what in the world brought you out?"

"For one thing, I wanted to see you, Aunt Nellie," he said, "but that was of secondary consideration. Mostly I wanted to get away from town. Best girl let me down at the last minute and I thought you'd cheer me up. But if I'd known about the party I don't think even a broken heart and my affection for you would have induced me to come. By the way, where can I conveniently hide while the party is in session?"

Mrs. Collingsworth suggested that he stay in the kitchen. "There are so many things a man can do in an emergency."

Bruce considered escape and decided it was impossible, and as his aunt went downstairs to greet the first of the floaters he beat a hasty retreat to the kitchen. And there sitting at the kitchen table slicing a lemon he saw Pasty.

"Well, how the dickens!" Bruce said. Patsy dropped the knife and turned around. "Oh, Bruce," she cried. "What a time I had to find you, and then before I could explain, she marched me out here and told me to get busy. What does she think I am?"

"Thinks you're an expert waitress from the agency, I suppose," Bruce was explaining, and then Patsy put a warning finger to her lip as Mrs. Collingsworth bustled in.

"You're sure you know what to do?" she asked. "My nephew here will go errands for you if you need them."

The telephone had rung in the pantry and Bruce answered. He explained to his aunt that the call was from the agency. He said they wanted to know whether another helper was needed and he had told them no.

"I had a terrible time finding you," Patsy was beginning again, and then Mrs. Collingsworth reappeared with a slender young floater to introduce to Bruce.

"I'm crazy about floaters," he told his aunt on the side, "but they rattle me. If you want me to keep an eye on things you've got to get them to stay out of the kitchen."

Then there was no time for Patsy to explain, and after the last guest had departed and Mrs. Collingsworth had regained some sort of composure.

Then—a quick get-away in Bruce's roadster, past the residential streets to more open country. Bruce drew up at the roadside and slouched down behind the wheel and looked at Patsy in bewilderment.

"Why did you follow me out when you were so sure at ten this morning that you didn't want to see me?"

"Because I changed my mind," the lovely Patsy explained. "Something happened Friday that made me not want to see you, and then when I thought it over I wanted to see you more than ever."

"Why didn't you let me explain to my aunt—why did you go through with it? I could have had the real waitress come."

"Because," said Patsy, "because, Bruce, I was glad to earn the money. Your aunt gave me five dollars. You see, I've lost my job. That's what I wanted to tell you. I thought maybe if you knew you'd ask me to marry you again—"

"You don't mean it, Patsy! You're not serious—"

"Yes, I am," Patsy insisted. "I've always intended to marry you some time if you still wanted me. I mean it still, Bruce, but you don't have to marry me now. I mean that I have a job."

"But you just said that you had lost it."

"I did lose my job at the office, but when your aunt paid me she asked me if I'd consider taking a regular place. I'd have my board and keep and more left over than I had in the office. I'm thinking of taking it unless—"

"Like fish you are, Patsy. Let's drive out as far as the ten-mile run and then come back and tell Aunt Nellie."

Origin of "Farce"

Farce originated from the Latin farcire, to stuff, and with the meaning of "stuffing" or forcement it appears in old cookery books in English. The French farce, the form to which we owe our word, was originally the "gag" that the actors in the medieval drama inserted into their parts, generally to meet the popular demand for a lightening of humor or buffoonery. It has thus been used for the lighter form of comic drama, and also figuratively for a piece of sham or mockery.

For Sale or Exchange

By JANE OSBORN

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"REMODELED Farmhouse, in Perfect Condition—For Sale or Exchange." Sally Humphrey read the sign thus worded as she spun along the highway one midsummer's day. An arrow on the sign pointed away from the highway up a hillside lane and, as Sally's eyes quickly followed the direction of the arrow, she saw a low-roofed little house peeping from the side of a knoll of oak trees on the hill. She and her roadster had been steadily mounting since she left home an hour and a half before, and there was a welcome freshness about the air that had made her wish that she might spend long days in this hill country.

Since Sally had left art school she had devoted her talents to the decoration of lampshades and dinner cards. When Sally's old aunt had died six months ago, just after Sally had finished her art studies, she had found herself possessed of a rather small but very solid brick house as her home even though it was placarded with the enormous "For Sale" sign of one of the local real estate agents.

Apparently no one wanted to buy the house, for so far there hadn't been a nibble. But there, up that hill with the red arrow pointing to it, was just the house she wanted. With her car she could get away from the city occasionally now—now she was driving over hills and down dales to get mountain laurel which she needed to copy in decorating some shades that had been ordered. Sometimes she went in her car far out in the country where she might catch little glimpses of woodland scenery that would do for her place cards.

With the laurel stowed in the back of her car Sally was coming back an hour later, and still remembering the charming little house, she drove slowly when she came to the sign. "Or Exchange"—that was part of the sign that took her eye now. She drove up to the roadside, stopped her car and got out. Of course there wasn't a chance that the owner would like to exchange this lovely country house for her red brick city place, but she would be safe in asking.

That was when she saw David Gage for the first time—Doctor Gage, in spite of his youthful looks and not very professional manner. She said she had called to see about the house—and the young man asked her to sit down and told her that he was very glad he happened to be in.

"It was the real estate agent who put the sign up. I wouldn't have said the house was in perfect condition, and it is only partly remodeled."

But whatever shortcomings the little house may have had they did not displease Sally. "Now, I'll tell you what I have to offer," said Sally after their tour of inspection. "You probably wouldn't be interested—"

"I wouldn't unless it is something in a city or big town—preferably in a busy, congested neighborhood."

"That's just what it is—" said Sally. "it is in Malford—once a nice quiet neighborhood but now, I'm bound to admit, in a rather crowded section."

Then David explained that he had just completed his work as interne at a hospital, and that he was about to start out on his career as a general practitioner of medicine. Alone in the world, he had spent practically all he possessed in completing his education until some months before an old uncle had died leaving him this house. He had hoped to sell it and with what he got pay something down on a house where he could begin his career as a doctor. No use trying to get enough patients there in the country. No one had wanted to buy it—so the agent had suggested the possibility of exchange.

That afternoon Sally drove David back to see her little house, and the next day she came back to the country house. Then David came back to see the little house in the city—there was much to talk about and consider even before going to the real estate agent for the terms of the exchange. And as David saw and admired the tastefully furnished little house in the city Sally saw new charms about it, and as she praised the little country house David began to wonder whether he would really be content to sell it.

There were several more meetings when Sally and David told each other far more about themselves than would have been appropriate under any other circumstances.

Then a week later, when David was drinking tea at Sally's, Sally began to waver. She had spent a lot of time furnishing the little house—after all, it had belonged to her own people—maybe she oughtn't to sell it after all. "I want to live there in the country—yet it breaks my heart to leave this place."

David suddenly looked embarrassed. Then he set his tea cup on the tea table and moved his chair near to Sally's.

"Why shouldn't we both keep both houses," he said. "I think it might be done—I've been thinking, hoping. I hope you won't think I am conceited even to think that you might even be interested in me.

"I'm interested now," said Sally; "and now we'll have a town house and a country home and a car—a little money and enough coming in from the lampshades to keep going."

And so it was agreed.

Astronomy's Importance

Does anyone still ask—what are the uses of astronomy? As one instance, American scientists with their telescopes provided the means of combating the Zeppelins, had the World war lasted a few months longer. They first discovered noninflammable helium gas in the sun, then extracted it from the Texas natural gas wells, and when the armistice was signed hundreds of cylinders of compressed helium lay at the docks for shipment to England, where it would have made the allied dirigibles masters of the air.—Exchange.

SIXTY DISASTERS IN 1932 ADD TO NATION'S DISTRESS

Red Cross Spends $2,760,000 To Help Victims of Catastrophes.

In a year of great misfortune caused by economic depression, in which the American Red Cross assumed heavy burdens of relief for the unemployed, the organization also responded to emergency needs in 60 disasters in the United States and its insular possessions.

During the twelve months ending June 30, 1932, the Red Cross gave aid to 75,000 families totalling 338,000 individuals, with expenditures of $2,760,786. These people were in distress because of drought, flood, forest fire, tornado, snowstorm, mine explosion, or other similar great disaster.

Prolonged drought caused the Red Cross to go with help to 58,000 families in the northwest. Here in 144 counties in North and South Dakota, Montana, Nebraska, Washington and Iowa the Red Cross spent $1,980,000 from its own treasury to feed and protect people through the winter and spring.

Other grave disasters were floods in southeastern states, where the organization spent $192,000 from its treasury and $66,000 local contributions to help 13,000 persons.

More than 50,000 people were homeless from floods in tributaries of the Mississippi river and again the Red Cross faced a long relief task, aiding these people. The national organization gave $108,000 and local contributions were $10,000.

The Red Cross always maintains a state of readiness to meet these sudden emergencies, and funds and other essentials to this work are supplied, in part, by the annual roll call, held each year from Armistice Day to Thanksgiving Day. Every citizen can support this worthy activity through joining as a member in the local Red Cross chapter.

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ORDER NISI

Clarence Newsome, late Treasurer of Kent County, Maryland
versus
Sarah Dunn

In the Circuit Court for Kent County
No. 2 Petitions October Term 1932

Ordered, this 13th day of October, 1932, that the sale made and reported by Clarence Newsome, late Treasurer of Kent County in the year 1930, of the real estate described in the aforegoing Report of Sale and assessed to Sarah Dunn for taxes for the year 1929, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary be shown on or before the 16th day of January, 1933; Provided, a copy of this Order be inserted as an advertisment in some newspaper printed and published in Kent County, once a week for each of four successive weeks before the 14th day of November, 1932.

LEWIN W. WICKES

True copy,
Test:

STEPHEN R. COLLINS

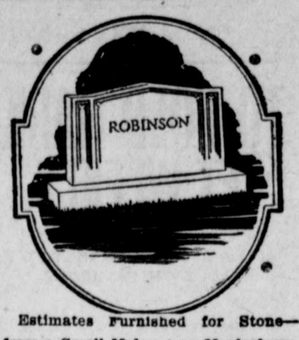
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