FURROWS



BY JOSIAH ALLEN WEATHERBY

There is a lot of people in thsi country whose philosophy of life is to git something fer nothin. This sort of attitude is very evident in the attitude of a good many that is askin fer help now. There ain't no bigger "racket" in the country now than beggin. I ain't sayin that there ain't no deservin peple askin fer help. But there is a lot of undeservin people usin the beggin game to make money without workin fer it. It is surprisin how much money these beggars will take in durin a day's time. Like every other deservin cause, unemployment and poverty is bein used to further the ends of a group that lives by preyin on the sympathy of the public.

There is too many people waitin fer the return of what they call prosperity. They want money wages and hich wages at that. While the movement of population back to the land looks bad fer the country districts, it ain't so bad as it looks. It will give them that is willin to do with little a chance to exist without charity and that is worth a lot to a man's self-respect. Things ain't equalized in this country noway.

There is too many people dependin on money returns fer their labor. With little money in circulation more people ought to try to grow something to eat. This may be hard on the folks that grows stuff fer sale but it will help a good man to tide over a bad situation. The farmers don't git nothin fer their work but about what they eat anyhow and it can't hurt them much.

Merchants has to make profits before they can eat and it may be that a lot of merchants ought to go into some other line to make a livin. Fewer merchants would be better. Factory workers has to git wages before they can eat and with a lot of factories shut down there ain't much chance fer a lot of workers to eat except on charity. So I hold that these people goin back to the country districts and tryin to grow a little stuff to eat will help the situation in the long run.

These fellers that is tellin the people that this depression is just a state of mind is not helpin this country a bit. It ain't a state of mind but a state of money. People ought to learn not to try to buy unless they can pay fer what they buy. Credit buyin has about ruined the country now. This will make a good many people do without some things they are used to havin, but they will be just as well off it they do without some of the extravagant things they have been accustomed to. This nation has been a spendthrift people fer the past fifteen years and it is about time to git down to hard pan and live within our means. Too much is wasted buyin stuff that people don't need. If folks would settle down and live accordin to their bare needs there wouldn't be so many people to be helped and then we could gradually git rid of this notion of gittin somthing fer nothin.

I ain't advocatin not helpin the worthy poor and real needy. I'm just saying we ought to give through the regular agencies that investigate needs before givin out stuff to help. People's spendin habits ought to determine how much help they should have from charity.

Gloves Two-Colored

New York, Dec. 3 (A.P.).—Two-color velvet gloves are the newest accessary fancy. They are made of black velvet and designed with wide gauntlet cuffs lined with white kid. The cuffs are worn turned back over the hand so that the white shows.

RECIPES

Sweet potatoes are at their best at this season.

Scalloped Sweet Potatoes, With Apples

(Bureau of Home Economics.)

3 medium-sized sweet potatoes
4 medium-sized apples, pared and cored.
1-2 cup sugar
1-2 teaspoon salt
3 tablespoons butter.

Cook the sweet potatoes in boiling water until tender; cool and skin. Cut the sweet potatos and apples into slices, place in alternate layers in a greased baking dish, sprinkle each layer with sugar and salt, dot with butter, add a litle water and bake 1or 30 to 45 minutes, or until the apples are soft and the top layer is brown. Serve in the baking dish.

With Pineapple

3 medium-sized sweet potatos
1 can crushed pineapple
1-4 teaspoon salt
4 tablespoons melted better

Select a dry, mealy variety of sweet potatoes and cook in the skins in water to cover. When tender, scrape, cut in slices of uniform thickness and place in a shallow greased baking dish. Pour the pineapple over the sweet potatoes, sprinkle with salt and add the fat. Bake in a moderate oven for 30 minutes, or until light brown on the surface and the sirup of the pineapple has become thickened. Serve from the baking dish.

Today's Recipes

Cranberry Cocktail.— One pound cranberries, one quart water, three-fourths cup sugar, grated rind of one orange, strained juice of one lemon. Cook together the cranberries (washed) and water until fruit is tender and broken. Strain through a fine sieve. Add sugar; stir until dissolved; cool. Add orange rind and lemon juice. Chill very thoroughly before serving. If a spicy flavor is desired, cook three or four whole cloves and an inch of stick cinnamon with the fruit and water. Serves six.

Rocking Chair

By JANE OSBORN

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EVERY June the ten-year graduates of Brockton college make a special effort to be back at commencement time. Last June it was 1922's turn to come back and the usual arrangements were made to provide for their entertainment during the gala week. Cynthia Burton was making preparations for the Sunday tea party which her father, Professor Burton, always gave for the men who returned.

Saturday morning Cynthia was beating up the batter for a variety of sugar cookies for which the Burton tea parties had long been famous. Ten years ago she had helped her mother with these dainties and since her mother's death she had taken a loyal pride in making them in the precise old-fashioned way.

Stella Alden, her cousin, sat beside her cracking nuts that were later to be chopped and used with cream cheese and other things for the filling of the sandwiches next day. She had stopped on her way to Cynthia's at the railroad station on a pretext of getting a time table and there she had seen some of the "boys of 1922."

"If the gang isn't all here," she said, "it is almost all here. You've no idea how some of them have changed. I was talking to Harry Wallace—'member Harry? Well, he's quite gray but terribly good looking. And Fred's coming—going to put up at the inn because he's brought his wife. Tim Bruce and Granger Yates and Piggy Brown are all back. Carrot Jones and Spinich Smith are coming—and someone said they had heard in a roundabout way that Rocking Chair was coming. 'Member Rocking Chair?"

Cynthia looked up with a suspicion of a smile. "Yes—I do. But I don't believe he'd come. He's been in South America ever since he graduated."

"Queer fish, wasn't he?" from Stella. "Piggy Brown said he hadn't heard anything about him—couldn't even remember why they called him Rocking Chair. Nobody could."

Cynthia knew well enough but she didn't say so. In the days when the 1922 men were still undergraduates Professor Burton had held open house for students every Sunday afternoon and there were always fifteen or twenty who availed themselves of his hospitality. Cynthia's mother poured the tea in the old drawing room while Cynthia, a rather shy girl under twenty, had brought the tea things and the sandwiches and cookies from the kitchen. And almost every Sunday for two or three years a lank, rather awkward boy had sat at one side of the drawing room in the old-time rocking chair, drinking tea, which he could not endure, for the sake of the cookies and other dainty morsels that went with it. He continued to come because each Sunday her mother had held his clumsy, brawny hand in hers and made him promise to come again the next week, and there was a mute look of gratitude in his deep gray eyes as he looked down at her.

On the campus, in the dormitory—all about the college town—the tall, awkward student who was working his way through college was known as Rocking Chair. And Rocking Chair he had remained in the memory of classmates. Most of them could not even recall that his real name was Ben Owen.

Since then, of course, rocking chairs had gone very much out of fashion. And Cynthia had met with no opposition on the part of her father when she wanted to carry the old rocker up into the attic.

Having cracked and shelled the nuts Stella made excuses. She wanted to dress for the ball game that afternoon. She thought from something that Piggy said that perhaps he might call her up.

So Cynthia went on alone with the preparations for the next day's spread.

Sunday morning Cynthia went up into the attic and in a dingy corner found the old rocker so covered with dust that it needed a thorough soap and water scrubbing before she called her father to help her carry it down to the old drawing room. There were tears in Cynthia's eyes because the sight of the old chair recalled so vividly her mother's understanding smile as an awkward boy had looked wistfully at her so many years ago.

Fifty returned graduates crowded joyously into the spacious old drawing room the next day and those who could not find seats sat on cushions on the floor. A tall distinguished man of thirty odd sat at one side of the room in a shabby old rocking chair. A group of men had gathered around him while with brief, terse responses he told them of the railroads he had helped to build in South America. They had not even known that he was in charge of the gigantic undertaking of which they had heard so much. Stella edging up to Cynthia as they brought in the plates of cookies and sandwiches whispered with awe: "It's Rocking Chair. Isn't he stunning—and so distinguished!"

Rocking Chair lingered after the others had gone. As he took Cynthia's hand in his there was the old wistful look in his clear gray eyes.

"It seems like old times," he said. "You are very like your mother."

It was an eventful reunion in many ways. For somehow as a result of it Stella, who had let so many chances of matrimony slip in her youth, actually persuaded Piggy Brown into thinking that it was he who had proposed. And a week after their marriage Cynthia and Rocking Chair were married in the stately old drawing room.

STAR SKETCHES



Story of **RUTH CHATTERTON** *by Warren William*

IF Ruth Chatterton had lived two hundred years ago . . . she'd have probably dwelt in an intriguing little castle on the edge of a king's estate . . . ruling rulers in her sophisticated salon . . telling chancellors how to balance budgets . . . poets what words to save in their latest lyrics . . . courtiers how to woo . . and ladies-in-waiting how to keep their bustles becoming.

As it is, she's the first lady of a more modern world's capital . . . Hollywood . . . the capital of the film world which sends its ambassadors of entertainment and education to the common courts of every country.

Ruth Chatterton is one of the few persons in pictures who is exactly like her screen self in private. She makes you think of a Palm Beach hostess by Hergesheimer . . . there's a richness and culture to her mind that commands instant respect . . . a warmth and generosity in her heart which has won her more loyalty than many who sit on the uneasy thrones of Hollywood's social dictators.

She's of the theatre . . . and yet apart from it. For though her life has been spent putting on and taking off grease paint . . . her soul is as lacking in artificialities as a minister's wife.

She's a keen conversationalist . . . a brilliant musician . . . and has a flair for directing that may some day supplant her acting. She reads old books, new books, good books . . . she's as widely read and as well posted on literature as a publisher's purchasing editor. She likes negro jazz and Chopin . . Riviera's murals and Percy Crosby's cartoons . . . fast automobiles and slow boats to Europe.

She's a shrewd business woman, an exacting employee . . . demanding and getting a voice in the selection of story, director and supporting cast in all her pictures . . . a bitter dissenter from cob-webbed conventions . . . and an impulsive bridge player. Some say she is beautiful . . . some say she's only good looking . . . but one and all agree that Ruth Chatterton, both on the stage and before the screen, is one of the greatest actresses America has yet produced.

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Women's Page

BY A WOMAN



My friend was talking today of the Courts of Justice in the county and said she remembered very well when Judge Joseph Wickes. Judge Robinson and Judge Stump were over this Circuit, Judge Robinson being the chief judge. One of the most noted trials which happened in that era was for the murder of Dr. Hill, a young man near Millington. Dr. Hill had offended the colored people in that vicinity by his testimony in an inquest case. Soon after, as he was driving home from seeing a patient, he was met by eight negroes, who, caught hold of the reins of his horse, and murdered the doctor. The horse, knowing the way home went to the stable. Mrs. Hill heard the team come in, and waited some time for her husband, but as he did not appear, she went out to look for him, and found him dead. The people in the neighborhod were furious and began to look for the murderer. Then one of the crowd turned states evidence, and told all that has happened. The killers were immediately rushed here to jail and a strong guard was set over them. At the trial they were all sentenced to death. But four of them were mere youths and the Court was convinced that they were led into the crime by the others. One cold winter night the ice boat came from Baltimore, bringing with them guards who lined themselves from the boat to the jail and they took the four lads over to Baltimore where they were put in penitentiary for life, a few days before the others were hung. Father Sargent from Westminster, came over and staid at the rectory at night, but went every morning and was locked in the cell with the condemned men all day, being with them until the end. On the morning of the execution a great crowd came down from Millington angry and full of vengeance, but when Father Sargent came out with the condemned ones and said in a loud voice. "People let these men die in peace," they became quiet. Father Sargent had such a pure sweet face and I am sure, that the poor Criminals were told of things they had never heard before, during the few days he was with them.

The four boys who were rushed over to the penitentiary lived only a short time. Whether they caught cold that bitter winter night, when they were taken away or whether they were naturely frail and could not stand the confinement of prison life, they died one by one in a short time. Prison life is stifling. Death is much easier for them. One goes then to the Judge who knows all, and he can make them atone. In Oscare Wilde's "The Ballad of Reading Goal," he speaks of the prisoners' longing for the out doors.

"I never saw a man who looked
With such a wistful eye
Upon that little tent of blue
Which prisoners call the sky.
And at every drifting cloud that went
With sails of silver by."

HAVE YOU A CAT?

Have you a cat? Well treat it well, but do not neglect the poor hungry humans whom you see around. This story was told by a women "who sees." The were riding in an express train, the rather stout, heavily perfumed and fur-bedecked woman, and her friend, not quite so heavy perhaps, but just as well preserved and luxurious-looking.

"So there was my poor cat," the former was saying in a high distinct voice, "keeping as near to the stove as possible and refusing all food—even a dish of stewed liver with vegetables which I especially prepared for it. I was at my wit's end worrying over it until my maid finally suggested a cat hospital. My dear, you never saw a more spotless, cozy haven—why, it has every modern equipment for the comfort and well-being of animals. I went all through it; I saw the wards, the operating room and even the ambulance they reserve for more serious cases. Oh, Flossie. Well, it is quite sick, poor thing. Congestion of the lungs, maybe pneumonia. They're not sure yet. Poor, poor dear. I'm visiting it tonight. Oh, yes. They have visiting hours—from 11 in the morning to 6 at night, and I wouldn't miss seeing it one day!"

At this juncture a crippled lad, limping badly, wended his way through the train. His suit, bare protection against piercing November winds, was mostly patches. "Magazine, Missus." He addressed the fur-bedecked woman. In his outstretched hand he tendered a current periodical.

The woman glanced at him with an annoyed grimace and without even a "No," turned back to her companion. "As I was saying," she went on, "it's so pitiful to see that helpless cat lying there—"

LA MODE

The Suit

The suit at present is the most important consideration to women in general. Some creators are launching top-coat suits. They are extremely practical, for the full-length coat may be worn with several different frocks, as well as with the skirt and blouse originally designated for them.

Pre-Depression Clothes Predicted

Much of advance midseason gossip concerns itself with the waistline, and feeling is still high among the sponsors of the high and the advocates of the high and the advocates of the low, respectively. Judging by what one sees worn, each woman can suit herself; the high molded bust continues to be the silhouette for the evening; in the daytime, one sees waistlines—on fashionable women—at nearly every height, with the majority choice at normal or t he top of the hips.

Probably, on the average, the waistline has dropped a half inch; in many instances, street clothes have shortened about as much; there is very definitely less flare to skirts than last year. One stylist predict we are returning to pre-depression clothes, wanting nothing to remind us of the unhappy years.

WORTON

We are glad to report Mrs. Dora Prettyman a little improved at this writing.

Miss Anna Taylor spent several days last week with Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Taylor.

Miss Hazel Mason visited Helen Christopher last week end.

Mrs. Sara Anderson spent several days this week with her daughter, near Church Hill.

Miss Sarah Carter has accepted a position in Wilmington.

Miss Hilda Mason spent last week end with Miss Betty Hadaway.

The Worton P. T. A. will met at the school Wednesday evening, December 14, at 7.30. All patrons and friends are invited.



2 WEEKS TO CHRISTMAS
Shop Early
Mail Early
Buy Christmas Seals

Your opportunity comes but once a year to buy tuberculosis Christmas Seals. Use them liberally on your letters and packages. Every seal used benefits you and your neighbor, and helps make Maryland a healthier state in which to live.



1 WEEK TO CHRISTMAS
Shop Early
Mail Early
Buy Christmas Seals

Mather's Belief in Witches

Cotton Mather did literally subscribe to belief in witchcraft. In 1685 he wrote "Memorable Providences Relating to Witchcraft and Possessions," in which he told of cases he had observed. During the Salem witchcraft excitement in 1692 he published "Wonders of the Invisible World" to confirm believers in that kind of demoniac possession.

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STEPHEN R. COLLINS
ATTORNEY AT LAW
Court St., Chestertown, Md.

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HOW fond she is of ease and comfort.

How attive she is to new ideas—how quick to cast aside old ways.

How keen she is to recognize bargains—how immediate her response to them.

How ready she is to patronize those who do business in the way she likes to do it.



It's the Modern thing to do

If you know this woman, you know that the telephone has become a part of her very life.

If you know this woman, you will keep your telephone number ever before her, as a constant reminder that you are always at her elbow.

It will pay you to tell her, when you talk to her or advertise to her, how welcome she is when she comes to you by telephone.

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