A Queer Passenger

By CLARISSA MACKIE

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MISS ANN RICHLAND locked the back door of her small house, and went out to the tumble-down old barn which had become a shelter for the ancient automobile that she vainglioriously called "the car." She had dusted and washed it that very morning. There was a minute or two of hesitation on the part of the car, after Ann had stepped on the "gas," and then an exciting thrill shuddered through the vehicle, and it rolled importantly through the open door and down the incline to the grassy yard, where it rattled and snorted while all the hens craned their necks curiously.

"Now, giddap!" commanded Ann Richland imperiously, as they reached the road, and soon they were spinning madly along toward the cross road that led straight to the railroad station. Since she had acquired the car Ann had made it her business to meet every important train that stopped at Little River. If the day was a stormy one, the car was buttoned up snugly in black rubber curtains and the passengers were kept warm and dry in return for the 25-cent fare. But this morning was a cool, delicious spring one. The big "stage" that always met the trains was already there when Ann reached the station. Dan Mills was the appointed carrier of mail bags to and from the trains, and he grinned at Ann and touched his cap.

"How's she goin'?" he wanted to know.

"Like a bird!" laughed Ann happily.

"Humph," grunted old Benjamin Brown, who had come to the station to meet his new hired man. "Like a crow-bird—that old rattle trap humps along. Here comes the train, I wonder what kind of a poor tramp they're sending me this time?"

Ann's car was filled soon after the train stopped, and she turned to run to the village. But Benjamin Brown, who had just taken on a single passenger, had cut in ahead of Ann's car. She waited until he had passed, telling herself that the passenger did not look like a regular farmhand. After she had left her passengers in the village she went slowly homeward. Just as she was turning into her gate, Dan Mills came jogging along, his empty stage stretching behind him.

"Wait a minute, Ann," he sang out.

Dan emerged from the stage and came over to talk to her. "Say, Ann," he said in a low tone, "did you see the queer party that went home with Ben Brown?"

"I thought that he was to well dressed for a farm hand," admitted Ann. "You act queer, Dan—suspicious, aren't you?"

For an answer he thrust a hand into an inside coat pocket and brought out a paper—it contained pictures and descriptions of several wanted criminals, and issued warnings against them.

"Why!" Ann Richland pointed toward a familiar picture. "Benjamin Brown's farmhand?"

"That's what I want to know! You see the bank has a registered bag coming along on the evening train—they're keeping the bank open after hours to receive it and lock it up in the vaults—and I'm wondering about that queer character that went to Ben Brown's."

Ann locked her car in the old barn and walked over to the house. She was feeling very lonesome, and rather upset about what Dan Mills had told her, for Brown's land adjoined Ann's on the south! She went around to the south porch now, and started back aghast at the sight of the strange "farm-hand."

"The same Ann Richland," he said in a vibrant voice that thrilled Ann.

"Why—" stammered Ann, "I do not remember you—you have made a mistake! And all the time she was wishing that Dan would come along so that she might appeal to him for help. Then a sudden shocked expression came to her charming face. "It must be Everett Lewis," she said softly.

"Of course it is—I know I look years older than you; but there was the war, and it rather battered me up; since then, I've been back at my old job—teaching school—until I was bitten with a longing to come back to Little River and see the old place. Then I saw an advertisement of old Ben Brown's place open for summer boarders, so I telegraphed that I would be here on the two-thirty train today. Old Ben was there, hustled me into his wagon and ran me out to his place. First thing he said—something about my being too dressed up for a hired man—brought forth an explanation, and he was so mad because he had probably mislaid the real farmhand at the station, that he put me off his place—I'm on my way to the village hotel. I stopped here, Ann, for the sake of old times—you know what I mean?"

Ann blushed beautifully and nodded and offered to drive him to the village hotel. In five minutes the old car had become a wonderful chariot in which two people rode once more through the scenes of happy youth and relived an old love story. Leaving Everett at the village hotel, Ann drove happily back home again.

That all happened years ago—and the Little River bank has never yet been robbed; while Ann Richland has married Everett Lewis! And they live a very happy, almost idyllic life in the old house. Everett teaches the village school and Ann still drives the old car to the station every day for passengers.

Her Happiest Day

Nine-year-old Regina was always very fond of her brother Bennie, three years younger. One day she came home from school very much excited over the fact that they had been required to write a composition on the subject—"The Happiest Day of My Life." She began telling of what some of the little girls wrote about picnics, trips to the woods, when mamma asked her about what day she had written about.

"Oh," she replied, "I wrote about the day Bennie was born."

SCHOOL DAYS — By DWIG



Galena High, Miss Lelia N. Ware, principal, continued to lead the high school division. Its mark for the month was 95.1. Chestertown High was second with 91.1.

The attendance for December was the poorest of the year thus far. Only fourteen of the twenty-eight schools had averages better than 90, while some were in the 70's and one in the 50's.

The records for December, as compiled by Mrs. Mae Mills Beck, attendance officer, are as follows:

1.	Worton	95.9
2.	Chestertown	94.9
3.	Hanesville	94.4
4.	Cliffs	93.7
5.	Pomona	93.6
6.	Janvier	93.
7.	Sassafras	92.8
8.	Still Pond	92.3
9.	Skinner's Neck	91.4
10.	Swan Creek	91.6
11.	Morgnec	91.
12.	Massey	90.7
13.	Millington	89.6
14.	Rock Hall	89.3
15.	Kennedyville	85.4
16.	St. Paul	85.1
17.	Piney Neck	84.8
18.	Fairlee	84.7
19.	Locust Grove	83.6
20.	Chesterville	82.3
21.	Galena	79.8
22.	Golt	75.
23.	Betterton	71.9
24.	Lynch	59.2

High

1.	Galena	95.1
2.	Chestertown	91.1
3.	Rock Hall	86.9
4.	Millington	86.8

Safety First

Lady (in booking office)—Can you recommend a safe ship? I am so very nervous.

Clerk—Well, madam, the Bremen has never sunk yet.

Lady—Oh, I am so relieved. Please book me a berth on that.—Das Bunte Blatt.

SCHOOL NOTES

CHESTERTOWN HIGH SCHOOL

By Janet MacVean

As usual pupils are wondering why reports for December are so discouraging. And perhaps unusually, some pupils are actually keeping their New Year's Resolutions to study harder. Those who remained on the December Honor Roll are as follows:

SENIORS — Katherine Anthony, Lelia Anthony, Charles Chester Atwater, Mary Virginia Brown, Kathleen Coleman, Mary Margaret Eliason, Elizabeth Fontaine. Rebecca Groves, Nancy Hepbron, Cora Mench, Helen Miller, Ringgold Price, George Rasin, Georgeanna Redman, Betty Storey, Marion Towner, Virginia Yerkey.

JUNIORS—Margaret Bell, Beatrice Berger, Myrtle Hadaway, Chas. Hague, Baynard Harper, Janet MacVean, Edward Patton, Marian Reinhart, Carrie Schrieber, Charles Wheatley, Mildred Willis, Mark Wood.

SOPHOMORES—Elizabeth Baldwin, Betty Coleman, Sarah Dodd, Freida Dorf, Virginia Dulin, Elizabeth Elliott, James Foreman, Mary Lillian Knotts, Grace MacVean, Opal Perry, Martha Speicher, Betty Strong Georgeanna Whitely.

FRESHMEN—Sara Baxter, Mina Brown, Annabelle Coleman, Gladys Gustafson, Erma Long, Anna Oliffe, Margaret Juinn, Doris Toulson, Christine Vansant.

For ardent history-lovers and bookworms the news that the History Club's semi-annual book supply has arrived is welcome. These books are: Debby Barnes, Trader; Parade of the States; No Surrender!; Cavalier of Tennessee; Ranch and Ring; and The Crossing. The 1933 Almanac is available on Miss Peacock's desk. With all these new books as a background, the last History Club program of the semester ought to be a success.

The Senior biology rat experiment is nearly completed. The bones and skins of the rats being mounted on a poster. One of these rats, you may remember, was fed on milk and crackers for six weeks, while the other's diet consisted of crackers and water. The rat who was fed milk was very much the larger and stronger of the two, and its bones were much heavier and tougher. The chart contains a graph showing a comparison of the daily gain in weight of each rat, and a brief report on the diet of, growth of, and results of the diet on each rat. Even the most unscientific student will be able to see the difference the milk made in the size and bone structure of the rats.

If a boy is at school one day with nothing apparently wrong with him and the next day appears with an arm in a most interesting looking sling, the school naturally wonders. In spite of much curiosity all that your reporter could find out was that Robert Wright put his elbow out of place while trying to jump over a hedge at a fire.

A look at Mary Margaret Eliason when the closing bell rings will convince one, rightfully, that a Reflector is due shortly.

Mr. Frank Goodwin, Instructor in Economics and Philosophy at Washington College, will talk to the Senior Class on Friday. It is supposed that he will speak about the entrance requirements and advantages of Washington College.

Walter Hampden will play Hamlet in Wilmington on Jan. 25th, and several Seniors are thinking of going.

The list of names of French boys and girls for the Seniors to correspond with has arrived. There is some excitement as a result.

The 10A French Class was taught by a college teacher for a week.

The Home Economics Department has been especially busy this week. The ninth graders, who have been making lightbread, reached school at 8:30 and worked at noon so that their product might be successful. From the proud airs these Sophomores put on, the bread must have been excellent. A few of the Freshmen and Seniors have just completed some baby clothes, buttonholes and all, for the welfare association. Other eighth graders are learning to patch and darn, and a few unlucky "Freshies" are meeting in the sewing room for fifteen minutes each noon to catch up with back sewing. The Seniors are starting to study the girl in her home and family relationships. The Juniors have just had a test, which is not a cheerful piece of news.

WORTON HAS THE LEAD

Galena Continues To Lead High Group

The attendance lead in the Kent county public schools for December went to Worton when a percentage of 95.9 was registered. The school there is taught by Miss Naomi R. Myers.

Chestertown Elementary, with by far the largest enrollment, was in second place with a mark of 94.9. Miss Marietta Loud is principal of the local school. Hanesville, taught by Mrs. Helen S. Sutton, was third, with a mark of 94.4.

Lessening Sadness

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If you all have been reading or hearing the latest cables from Paris, the reports of stylists and buyers, you probably are blessedly relieved to find that fashions are considerably less gaga and sentimental than for some months past. There are distressingly few of us females that look like anything human in costumes originally designed for delicate flowers of womanhood who made a career of fainting artistically. Anyhow, I am delighted to assure you that once more you can buy dresses that don't look as tho a couple of wandering balloons had been tethered to the shoulders.

Of course the new frocks are still the so-called dressmaker fashions,—soft and most-becoming. There are fewer very rough materials,—most are smoother and less conspicuous in weave. Take the dove-gray crepe with a yoke tucked in radiating lines from the neck, with a round little white collar to finish it. A dress that makes a girl look like a young man's dream of heaven—at $5.95. This dress is exceptional.

Another dress that is marvelous for a woman needing size 40, is a soft forest green, made very simply with long flowing seam lines, and sleeves of delicate cut velvet on chiffon. It's really a handsome dress and as usual Jefferson's price of $5.95 is below that for the same quality as sold in Baltimore Stores. And please, dears, do underline those words and don't forget 'em. I warn you that the next time I hear one of you who ought to have better sense say: "Why I can get (or saw) that dress at Hutzler's (or what-not) for $3.95." Well, I'm going to let out a piercing scream and kick the nearest shins.

Never, NEVER compare prices on apparent duplicates without comparing quality of materials, fulness of cut, niceness of finishing, accessory details and the reliability of manufacturers. And unless you are sufficiently well-informed to do this accurately, you have no more right to talk about prices than you have to compare Figi Island Art with that of Labrador—Hey there! Watch the sparks fly.

Don't forget the sale of hats, $5.00 models at $2.95, and the $2.95 models at $1.00. And I dare you to look me in the eye and tell me where you bought your last new dress and how much you paid for it.

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By Kent County Commissioners,
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