Roger's Press Agent

By MARK HEALEY

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ROGER TRUE always had dreaded parties, but that night of the Shaw's dinner party everything seemed different. The charming Mrs. Shaw greeted him with a beaming smile and Mr. Shaw, whom he had met only once before, had greeted him like an old friend. After that Shaw and he had gone arm in arm into the drawing room while Mrs. Shaw had presented him to the other guests.

"I do want you to meet Mr. True," she would say to one of the older women, "Roger True, you know. It's a great treat to have him with us." Or to another guest, "Molly, dear, this is our friend Roger True. You and he must have a chat together." And then Mr. Shaw again taking his arm led him into the study to two of the older men. "This is Roger True," he told them. "He's doing great things at the Durand plant—put over that new dehydrated process." And then Roger True forgot all about his sandy red hair, his spectacles and his large awkward hands, and felt as much at ease as he would have felt at the Durand plant.

Naturally Mrs. Shaw didn't present him to Stella Howe because it was Stella who had introduced him to the Shaws just ten days ago at the country club. Stella, talking to one of the younger men when Roger came in, had merely smiled and said "Hello, Roger," as Mr. Shaw led him to the library.

That half-hearted sort of greeting from Stella had been a little disconcerting and as Roger talked easily with the men in the library he had it in mind that later he must have a talk with Stella. He had expected to sit beside her at dinner but fifteen minutes later he found himself seated as guest of honor at Mrs. Shaw's right, with a charming, golden-haired blond on the other side.

In the back of his mind Roger tried to figure out what had happened. Either Mrs. Shaw was one of those perfect hostesses whose object is to make shy and awkward guests feel at home, or else her guests were much more responsive than any he had met at parties at home.

Mr. Shaw insisted on driving Roger back to his hotel, an arrangement that made it impossible for him to go home with Stella, and Roger felt not only a sense of disappointment but something of self-reproach as well because he had had no time to talk to her.

"I'm sorry I didn't have a chance to talk to you," he told her when they chanced to meet in the hall. "Maybe I can see you tomorrow evening."

"Maybe," said Stella rather vaguely.

Roger sat thinking things over in his hotel room after the party trying to account for his amazing success as compared with the sense of complete failure that he usually experienced. The odd thing had been that of all the guests he had met, Stella and the Shaws were the only ones he had known before, and the Shaws he had met but once before. "They treated me as if I were somebody important. That's why I didn't feel shy."

The next day Roger was too absorbed with conferences and consultations at the plant to worry much about the situation, but that night when he went to call on Stella his embarrassment amounted almost to humiliation. And as he met her in the stately old-fashioned drawing room of her father's house he felt all the old-time awkwardness and self consciousness returning.

"I'm afraid I made a fool of myself last night," Roger told her. "I'm sorry for your sake."

"Fool of yourself?" said Stella. "You were gorgeous. Mrs. Shaw has telephoned me twice to tell you how wonderful you are and two of the other people have called up to find out how much longer you'l be here in the East. They're planning to have more parties. Mr. Mason told Mrs. Mason you were the most brilliant young man he'd ever met. They want you for dinner Saturday."

"But how did they—" Roger began, and then stopped, as his eyes met Stella's. "What made them think I was somebody? I felt like the worst cheat in the world. As a matter of fact, I've nothing to offer—"

"Don't you ever say that again, Roger True," Stella said. "You know what you've done for Durands'. I know, because you've told me and because my brother told me when he wrote that you were coming on."

"If I have done a little something—how do they know?"

"Because I told them. I told the Shaws that you were one of the cleverest men I knew. I told them you were a comer, I told them that some day you'd be famous. I told them because I knew that if they didn't know it to start with they'd ignore you and that when people ignore you, you act like a goop. I knew that what you need is a press agent—"

"But, Stella, you had no right—" Roger realized he had made a false start. All that seemed to matter then was that Stella thought he was somebody. Ever since he had met her he had been fighting against his feelings of inadequacy, fighting against the charm that she exerted over him—and here she was telling him that he was somebody, telling him he was the cleverest man she knew.

Roger left his chair and took her in his arms. "I can't figure it out, Stella," he told her. "I know I need you. But more than that I love you!"

Just Between Financiers

A well-dressed man swung into stride with Jack on the boulevard.

"Four years ago," he began without preliminaries, "I had $25,000."

"Is that so?" said Jack. "I didn't have more than $1,000. I congratulate you and hope you still have it."

"I haven't," said the other gloomily. "I lost all of it. Could you spare me a nickel to buy a cup of coffee?"

"I'm afraid not," said Jack judicially. "I would like to, but a man who has had that much and lost it is not to be trusted with money."—Detroit News

SCHOOL DAYS — By DWIG



SCHOOL NOTES

CHESTERTOWN HIGH SCHOOL
Janet MacVean

Ruth Fox has been in Chestertown for several days during the vacation following semester exams. Friday afternoon she spent in accelerating the Reflector staff, the assistant editor thereof, and various people connected therewith. Partly because of her persuasive influence, the Reflector will have a card party at 126 Queen St., on February 17, at 8 o'clock.

Macbeth will be produced in the Elementary School auditorium during the week of the 20th, probably the 22nd.

The pictures of the cast of "The Importance of Being Ernest" were unusually good.

The proposed additions to the Science Room text-book accommodations have been made. To see the new doors which close to hide disorder in anyone's locker is to wonder why the improvements were not made years ago. Perhaps the spruced-up appearance of their home room will have such an effect on the 10th grades that they won't have to stay in every afternoon.

Speaking of new shelves, you should see the new bookcase which has been built into Miss Bryan's room. Herschal Calloway is shellacing them. Now the small library, which belongs in Miss Bryan's room, can be removed from the top shelves of a mousy closet.

There will be a regional conference of high school principals from Cecil Kent, Queen Annes, Talbot ,and Caroline counties at Washington College on Wednesday, April 5th, beginning at 10 A. M. The general topic will be, "Some Implications of the Present ,Economic Situation for the American Public High School." Principals Beachley, Strang, Stevens, Duffy, Carroll will discuss various phases of this question.

The Seniors have decided to have a "Dragon" this year, after all. Some have already paid for their subscriptions and the cost of printing is now only $234.26.

The commercial section has entered a short-hand contest sponsored by the American Pencil Co. The notes must be written with Venied Velvet, one of their pencils, to be eligible. The contest is for a club of ten or more. A silver cup is offered, as well as certificates to every student who enters.

Several of the Seniors went to the dance held by the Beacom College Club at the Hotel duPont on Friday. They enjoyed it immensely, according to all this stories.

The Literary meeting was held the last period on Friday. The program as written up by the president of the Literary club, Alice Marion Sterling was:

The Freshmen English classes are beginning their study of Literature. Transportation is to engage the attention of the civic class.

The Home Ec. notes will mean most to the Freshmen this week. These girls have at last begun to cook. The 9A section is to have a party. They will serve refreshments, which they are to make themselves, to invited guests. Miss Hersey says that boiling water pie-crust is just as good as that made with ice-water. The 9B and 9C sections will prove this in their next lessons.

The 8th and 9th grades have been doing fancy figure marching in Physical Ed. classes. They have made the figures 1935 and 1936, so far.

The ping-pong tournament is in full swing. The boys seem to be fonder of this gentle sport than the girls, however. Marian Reinhart and Pauline Crew are the only girls entered. Some of the boys who have entered have already played their matches. Among the Freshmen, Owen Smith won over Bill Waddell 6-0 and 6-2. Johnny Benjamin has won through lack of an opponent. Billy McGregor and Ray Kirby are yet to play. The winning Sophomores are Owen over Miller, 6-0, 6-0, and Truslow by lack of an opponent. In the Junior class, Robt. Moore defeated Baynard Harper, 6-3, 6-8, 6-2. Charles Wheatley won 6-3, 6-4 over Ned Hepbron. Senior Harry Coleman defeated Maynard Porter 6-1, 6-0. Robert Wright also won over Mr. Nobody. Matches with Atwater against Smith, and Dole against McMahon are yet to be played.

The scheduled girls' game with Cecilton was postponed until this Thursday at 4:15. Come up and cheer for us.

Tuesday evening Chestertown defeated Oxford at Washington College 35 to 16. The high scorer of the game was Captain McMahon. It seems that Ed Patton is a welcome and experienied addition to the team. The crowd that attended in spite of bad weather gives promise of good support to the team.

Senator W. B. Copper gave a very interesting and instructive talk to the Literary Society on last Friday afternoon. His subject was the Bank Check.

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Ratification Nisi

In Re: Trust Estate of Henry Mamber and Stella Mamber, his wife

In the Circuit Court for Kent County
In Equity, No. 2773

Ordered, this 26th day of January, 1933, by the Circuit Court for Kent County in Equity, that the Auditor's Account and Report, stated and reported by Herbert E. Perkins, Special Auditor, in the above entitled cause, be Ratified and Confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown within three weeks from the date of the first publication of said notice, viz: February 18th, 1933; Provided, a copy of this Order be inserted in some newspaper printed and published in Kent County, once in each of two successive weeks before the 6th day of February next.

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

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Mary Had a Little Lamb

By JANE OSBORN

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IT WAS the summer after Mary Lester's sophomore year in the state university that she met Bob Lamb at a country house-party. Bob Lamb had just finished his junior year at a smaller college. It was perfectly clear from the end of the first day at the hospitable old farmhouse that Mary liked Bob and that Bob was keen about Mary. But Bob thought he had no right to speak about marriage—he had a year more of college and it would be still another year—whatever work he took up—before he could think of supporting a wife. But he did not hesitate to tell Mary of his feelings for her. For the time all he begged of her was that she would permit him to be somewhere near her. It was Mary's idea, then, that Bob should transfer himself from the smaller college and enter the senior class of the university she attended.

So when Mary went back to college it was noised about that she had brought a "heavy suitor" with her. The girls in her fraternity house laughed at her and with her. Then one of them sitting at the piano began softly playing the strains of "Mary Had a Little Lamb."

The girls took up the words and Mary sat there blushing.

"But Bob's fleece isn't as white as snow," protested Mary weakly. "He has black hair."

"But he did follow you to school one day—you'll have to admit that," laughed one of the girls, and they went on singing their song.

Bob Lamb had been transferred from the fraternity in his own college to the chapter in the university where it was soon passed around that they had a girl to thank for the transfer.

"Nice girl—Mary Lester—a junior Gamma Sigma," informed one of the men. "Some one ought to drop a word of thanks to Mary—she did us a good turn."

One of the men who had listened to the remark began softly to whistle the notes of "Mary Had a Little Lamb."

Some one with a bass voice began croaking the words. A tenor took it up. Two others joined in and the impromptu quartette stood up with mock solemnity and chanted the song.

No one meant to give offense but everywhere Bob Lamb appeared with Mary—at college dances, at concerts or just strolling around the campus—there was always some one nearby to warble or whistle the annoying tune. All Bob desired was just to be somewhere with Mary. Yet as the teasing persisted they saw less and less of each other than they had hoped would be possible by both attending the same college.

So after the end of Mary's junior year and Bob Lamb's senior year they felt that they had seen far too little of one another. Bob was going to New York to go into business with his uncle and Mary would be back at college for her final year—a thousand miles from New York.

Bob heard of a college camp somewhere in the next state. There was a tent colony for the men and another for the women—a study camp where serious-minded students went to study astronomy under the direction of a number of renowned astronomers. Neither Bob nor Mary had ever felt more than a passing interest in the study of the stars, but at least there would be opportunity to see each other at lectures and on observation excursions. They could sit together in the evening on mountain tops gazing at the stars. True, there would be the other students and the learned professors, but there would be no one to tease them. They needn't let anyone know that they had ever met before. It was Mary's idea that their names must not go with them. Some one might think of the stupid song about Mary and her little lamb. It would be simple enough in Mary's case. She could easily use her middle name, Ella. It took some maneuvering on Bob's part. Finally he took an old friend, Bill Ball, into his confidence and arranged to use his college certificate for enrollment.

For the first two weeks of the sessions at the summer camp everything went beautifully. Then it became apparent that Bob—now Bill Ball—and Mary—not Ella—contrived to sit next to each other on all occasions. One evening when the class of campers were starting off up the mountain side some one in the party began to hum the tune of the nursery song that had become so odious to Mary. It seemed as if everyone took up the air—whistling or warbling as they went. Then some one began singing the words.

"Ella had a little Ball, his fleece was
black as coal—
And everywhere that Ella went the
Ball was sure to roll."

"Let's pretend we don't know they mean us," whispered Mary.

"That won't work," said Bob Lam—rather Bill Ball. "Let's pretend to like it."

So they stuck it out—wherever they were seen together some one was pretty sure to take up the notes of the old song. And at the end Bob got a letter from his uncle—offering him a little more than he had expected by way of a beginner's salary. On the strength of this Bob asked Mary to marry him as soon as they left summer camp. Mary, in spite of a final year at college, was willing.

"Don't let's have a church wedding," she suggested. "The organist would be sure to play that hateful tune instead of the wedding march."

DR. JULIAN T. POWER
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