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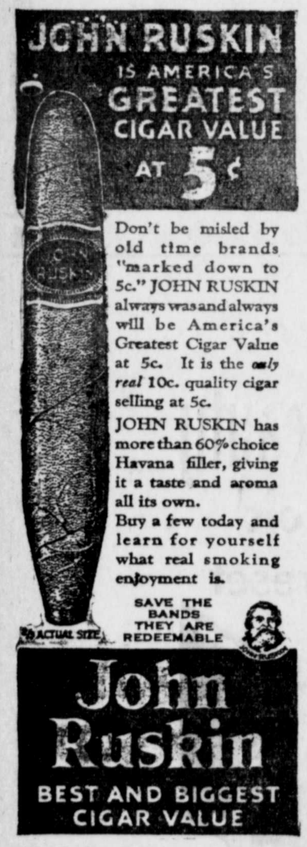

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Leaves Tolchester (Eastern Shore) Daily and Sunday 8.30 a. m., 2.00 p. m. and 7.30 p. m.
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EXCURSION SCHEDULE
Baltimore To Tolchester
(Eastern Shore)
Effective June 20, 1933
Steamer
Leaves Baltimore, Pier 16 Light St. Daily and Sunday, 8.45 a. m. and 2.15 p. m.
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Insubordinate Smith

By JOHN RATHMERE

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"GOOD morning, Smith," Mr. Laurence said, and looked inquiringly first at Walter Smith and then pointedly at the clock on the wall at the end of the large office. It was five minutes after nine o'clock and never in the five years that Walter had been employed by Laurence and Street had he ever come in later than a quarter to nine.

Walter simply said "Good morning, Mr. Laurence and went to his desk, ignoring Laurence's obvious displeasure.

After all, Mr. Laurence quite frequently made his first appearance much later than this and Mr. Street was not yet in.

When Walter had looked over the letters that lay on his desk he turned to Miss Greely, the stenographer, who was obviously doing nothing. "Take these answers, will you, Miss Greely," he said, and Miss Greely looked up in amazement. Always before Walter Smith had said: "If you have nothing to do for Mr. Laurence—or for Mr. Street—I wonder if you would have time to take a few letters."

An hour or so later Walter gave another amazing sign of insubordination. "Go out and see Jones Brothers today," Laurence told him. "Tell them that we will discontinue deliveries immediately if they don't make a payment for everything up to date. Speak sharply to them."

"No, no," said Walter. "That won't do. Jones Brothers are one of our best customers. They are a little hard pressed now but perfectly sound. We can't afford to antagonize them."

Mr. Laurence turned red in the face. "See here, Smith," he said. "I told you to go up and tell those people—what right have you to dispute my authority?" Walter merely grinned genially at Laurence and went into Mr. Street's private office.

"These specifications you've drawn up for So and So," he told Mr. Street, "won't do." Mr. Street looked in amazement at the young man and then feeling the new note of sureness and self-confidence in his voice listened intently. Obviously Walter Smith was right. As the day advanced every one in the organization was aware that a change had come over young Walter Smith, and no one was more aware of the fact than Walter himself.

At twelve Mr. Street asked Walter Smith to have luncheon with him at his club—a hitherto unprecedented occurrence.

"What's got into you, Smith," Mr. Street asked abruptly when they had taken their places at a table for two in the club dining room. "You had Laurence all worked up."

"Nothing has got into me," Walter told him. "My manner has doubtless changed because I'm through. For the first time since I went to work it doesn't matter whether I keep my job or not. When I left college five years ago I had to support my sister and brother. My brother was through college last June. He's doing well. And my sister was married last night. I've a few thousands in the bank. I no longer have to put up with Mr. Laurence's stupidity and your shortsightedness. I intend to take a few months vacation and then make connections with a really going concern. To be sure you people are holding your own, but you're missing big opportunities because you're too conservative and you discourage your employees—"

"But look here, Smith," Mr. Street was all solicitude. "We don't want you to work for one of our competitors. That's bad business. Why do you want to work for another concern?"

"Because another concern would pay me more nearly what I'm worth. They would or I wouldn't work for them. I've only myself to consider now—"

"If I'd known you had it in you I'd have given you more money," Street explained. "I'll talk to Laurence."

"Laurence has nothing to say about it," Walter said with assurance. "Laurence is merely a figurehead. I know as well as you do that he's lost whatever ability he ever had."

Street looked perplexed. "You certainly have changed," he told the younger man. "I'll think things over. You weren't thinking of making any changes before the first of January?"

"I am planning to leave at the end of the week. After all when you fire employees you give them less notice than that—"

That evening while Laurence and Street were lingering at the office in heavy conference discussing ways and means of keeping young Smith while they were going so far as to consider how he might be taken in as a junior partner—Walter Smith was dining at the best hotel restaurant in town with Marjorie Black, Mr. Laurence's faforite niece.

"Of course I didn't tell your uncle we were going to met married," Walter told Marjorie. I thought you ought to tell him that. But he's had enough surprises for one day—"

"Shall I tell him we're going to be married—next week?" she asked. "And that after we come back from Europe you'll go back to work for him."

"Tell him we're going to be married next week," said Walter. "But don't tell him I'm coming back—that's entirely up to him. For the first time in my life I know I'm good, and I'm going to stay good by being independent."

Paradox

"You say that all you want to do is to talk plain common sense?"

"Yes," answered Senator Sorghum. "The trouble is that the kind of sense referred to as 'common" is at times so exceedingly unusual." — Washington Star.

Municipal Job

"I hear your brother's working."
"Yes."
"How long has he been at it?"
"Three months."
"What's he doing?"
"Six."

"THE CIRCUS QUEEN MURDER"

Veritable circus atmosphere, even down to those African ladies with broad, duckbill lips, known as the Ubangis was used for the Columbia mystery-film, "The Circus Queen Murder," at the New Lyceum Theatre as part of a Double Feature Program on Friday and Saturday, July 7 and 8.

This is one of the famous Anthony Abbot thrillers, the last of which "The Night Club Lady," proved a tremendous success. "The Circus Queen Murder" which is a best-selling novel, recently ran serially in Liberty magazine. It contains, as do all the Anthony Abbot yarns of the series, the debonnair detective, Thatcher Colt. Colt is of the same stratum—though he operates differently—as the celebrated Philo Vance of the S. S. Van Dine mystery tales.

A big top is the locale of the newest mystery that Colt must solve. A beautiful woman aerialist is killed in the presence of a great assemblage of spectators, while aloft on her trapeze—and killed in such a mysterious way that no one can say how until the detective unravels the clews.

Roy William Neill, director of many successes, was in charge of the making of "The Circus Jueen Murder."

Aviation Fan

Grandma had finally yielded to the repeated urging of a grandson to accompany him on a flight. Up and up they went until the youthful pilot leaned back and shouted: "Do you realize that we are 7,500 feet up?"

"Oh, I don't mind that," said the old lady bravely, "but don't you think it's cool enough for you to turn off the fan?"—Montreal Gazette.

Not Back-Fence Neighbors

"Where's your home?" asked the country child of a city visitor.

"In Washington," replied the city child.

"Why, that's where the President lives, isn't it?"

"Yes," was the reply, "but not on our street."—Boston Transcript.

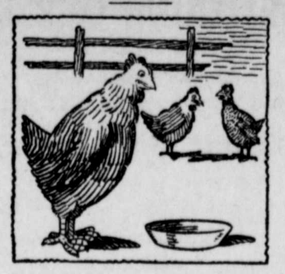
When the Crow Is Afoot

Hunger Marcher—How far is it to Washington?

Farmer—Well, it's about 60 miles as the crow flies.

Marcher—Yes, but how far is it if the darned crow has to walk and carry a pack with him?

PLAIN ENOUGH



First Biddy—I can't understand why Mrs. Plymouth Rock is opposed to votes for hens.

Second Biddy—What else would you expect from one who insists on hatching her own eggs?

WORTON

Mr. and Mrs. Everett Clayville and little son, of Baltimore, were the guests of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Clayville last week end.

Mrs. Henrietta Rasin has returned home after visiting her daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Harry J. Rouse, of Aberdeen.

Mr. Jack King, of Elmira, N. J., visited Miss Ann Matthews at her home here this week.

Miss Dorothy Massey, of Washington, D. C., was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Paul Steel over the week end.

Mrs. C. H. Clayville and daughter, Miss Esther who have been quite sick are slowly improving.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Winkler and Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Stiles nad little son, of Philadelphia, visited Messrs. Edward and Albert Winkler last week end.

Messrs. Henry Rasin, Edward Winkler and James Matthews spent Monday in Baltimore.

Mr. Thomas Hadaway has returned home after spending the past several weeks in Baltimore.

Mrs. Julian Crew and little son, Julian Lee, visited her parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Lee, part of the week.

Mrs. Margaret Duyer who has been visiting relatives in Baltimore returned home Tuesday.

Weak in the Flesh

Parson: "Why do you desire to join the church?"

Rastus: "Parson, I'se got a job putting mulehide on a chicken coop and fencing a watermelon patch, and I needs strengthenin'."

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—AND—

STAY COOL

WITH

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On Cross Street

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