Women's Page

THOMAS MOORE

Thomas Moore was an Irish poet, born in Dublin in 1779 and studied law at Trinity College. But his talent lay in writing and versifying.

He was a great social favorite, and his poems set to music are still heard every where. 'Tis the last rose of Summer'. 'The Harp that once through Taras Halls' and 'Come ye disconsolate' are known to all lovers of lyrics. Moore also wrote prose works. His story, 'The Epicurean' was a most interesting description of priest craft in Egypt, very mystical and exciting.

In every way, Moore was a master of harmony. He, like Burns of Scotland, stands out in lyric poetry, 'but while Burns wrote of nature and the simple ways of life, Moore's savors, more of the drawing room.

He wrote many biographies, among them, Edward Fritzgeral, Richard Sheridan, and Lord Byron. As he was a great friend of Lord Byron's, perhaps his biography of Byron is the best that has been written of that poet.

But one of his most successful works is Lallah Rookh, which tells the story of four gaudy Eastern tales.

But the way the stories are written is what makes them so alluring.

It was in the vale of Cashmere, that a young prince was to send for a maiden, who was to be his wife.

As was the custom in those days they had never seen each other.

When the cavalcade arrived which was to accompany the fair Lallah Rookh to her future home, she met the hand some young man who was to be her escort, during the journey.

And so he beguiled the way by telling her these eastern tales.

Day after day they traveled together on their palfreys while their train of escorts followed them.

And day by day the princess would lift up shy glances to his face, and see the love light in his eyes.

Did she wish for the end of the long journey? not she, for she dreaded the time when she would no longer be with her escort and when she would become the wife of one whom she had never known.

But all journeys must end, and they at last saw the towers and minerets of the great city. Long processions came out to meet them and they entered the court amid the blowing of trumpets and clashing of cymbals.

And then the fair princess was taken to her room to be robed to meet her future husband. In vain she searched in the crowd for one last look at her escort, he was not to be seen.

Then she found herself advancing in the room and she was greeted by the groom. She dared not lift her eyes, until a familiar voice said to her, 'Look up, sweet,' and she looked and saw her beloved prince standing beside her. Yes, he had gone in disguise to meet her and had won her heart without her knowing who he was.

And so the ending was a happy one, unlike the story in the Idyls of the King, where King Arthur sends his trusted friend, Sir Lancelot to bring the fair Guinevere to him. The story goes that long before they had reached the end of their journey Guinevere loved Sir Launcelot and though she married the King she was an unloving wife and gave her husband who loved her dearly, much pain and sorrow.

Moore was very hot headed, and once when his friend Jeffrey, criticized his writngs they had a duel. Byron made sport of the affair and said that their pistols were loaded with salt petre.

Any how neither of them was hurt and after the dual they shook hands and were friends again.

Moore died in 1852 well beloved, after a much easier life than that of most of his friends.

NATIVE AND FOREIGNER

Into court at Cologne last week was dragged one of the original Coblenz Nazis, strong-minded, sharp tongued Frau Lily Schultz. It appeared that this 40 year old boardinghouse keeper had loudly disparaged Cologne's District Storm Troop Leader as 'a young upstart!' Promptly convicted, Original Nazi Lily was sentenced to eight months in jail.

Same day Stenographer Elsa Sittell, arrested for saying 'You can bet your life Hitler is no Aryan!' was released without trial after ten days in jail, apparently because she is a U. S. citizen and the German Government feared the publicity she could give them. Correspondents waiting outside a thin door heard the prosecutor shout at the top of his voice 'Miss Sittell you are free! You can go wherever you please! You can make any satement you like about your imprisonment BUT BE SURE TO SPEAK THE EXACT TRUTH!!!'

This unnerved Stenographer Sittell to the point of scuttling out a back door without making any statement. She expected to visit her German parents in Gangloff, then sail for the U. S.

HAVE YOUR WINTER COAT
RELINED
beautifullyandat
SMALL COST
by thoseskilled in the art of tailoring at the
PARK CLEANERS AND DYERS
Telephone Bid'g Phone 318
Chestertown Maryland

Charles Dickens' DAVID COPPERFIELD

ADAPTED BY BEATRICE FABER from THE METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER Picture

Chapter One

THE BLACK PANTHER

A strange, hatched-faced woman rapidly made her way through the grove of swaying elm trees and determinedly headed for the Copperfield home.

She peered into the parlour through the window and saw, sitting by the fire, a young, lovely woman, dressed in mourning weeds. She looked up, her eyes meeting those at the window and jumped to her feet, startled. With a brusque gesture the figure outside directed her to open the door.

'I am Betsy Trotwood,' the woman announced, entering the house, 'you've heard of her I daresay.'

'I—I've had that pleasure.'

Miss Trotwood marched into the sitting room and glanced around inquisitively.

'David Copperfield was my favorite nephew,' she said, 'and I was mortally offended when he married a wax doll—of course, I'd never seen you. What will you call your girl?'

'But perhaps it will be a boy.'

'Don't contradict! I have a presentiment it will be a girl. She shall be christened Betsy Trotwood Copperfield.'

Mrs. Copperfield suddenly leaned weakly over to one side. Then she fainted.

And after many hours of suspense, while the elm trees swayed more wildly than ever, with Doctor Chillip going about his tasks swiftly and silently, Aunt Betsy left off her steady pacing back and forth and approached him as he entered the sitting room, a noncommittal smile of greeting on his face.

'Mercy on the man!' she burst out. 'What's he doing? Can't he speak? How is she?'

'She ma'am? I apprehended you had known. It's a boy.'

There was a loud gasp and Aunt Betsy struck Doctor Chillip squarely on the head with her bonnet. Then, jamming it on her ahead, she stalked out of the room and house like a discontented fairy.

Eight years later, little David Copperfield sat in the sittingroom, reading to his nurse Peggotty. He was silent for a moment in sad remembrance of the father whom he had never known. Then he spoke hesitantly. 'That man in church today with mother s — is like a black panther in my animal book, Peggotty.'

She lowered her eyelids discreetly. 'Hush, that's Mr. Murdstone—a friend of mama's. Now read me some more.'

He had no more than started when the doorbell rang. Flying into his mothers' arms, he kissed her affectionately, but stood aside as he saw Mr. Murdstone. That gentleman would have shaken hands with him but David hung back rudely, while his mother glanced at him in reproach.

Later, in David's room, while she washed him, Peggotty suggested that he come with her to the fishing village, Yarmouth, to visit her brother.

The next day, as the cart moved over the country road, David looked eagerly about in all directions for he was feeling the thrills of a boy on his first journey away from home.

And so the Yarmouth beach rose before them out of the surrounding landscape. The busy fishermen and the proud sailing vessels occupied David's wide-eyed attention.

They were met by Peggotty's nephew, Ham, a strong young fellow with an honest boy's face and curly light hair. 'You's our house Mas's Davy,' he said. It was an old converted barge, attractively painted and fitted out.

A half hour later, after tea had been served, Mrs. Gummidge sat by the fire, complaining of the smoking chimney while Ham told fortunes with cards Peggotty worked on her sewing and Little Em'ly pointed out the pictures to David.

The door was pushed open and Dan Peggoty, a large hearty man, entered with a dufflebag which he placed on the floor. Then he brought out a string of beads for Em'ly. 'Blue like your eyes my pretty,' he said fondly, 'They've come in a big ship from France.'

'Mr. Peggotty,' David asked, 'did you give your son the name of Ham because you lived in a sort of ark?'

'Why no sir, Twas given him by his father — my brother Joe.'

'Well — '

'Come Davy,' Peggotty cut in hastily, 'I'll show you to your room.'

Alone with him, Peggotty explained. 'That Mrs. Gummidge — her husband was Dan's partner, but he was drowned And Ham and his cousin Em'ly are orphans my precious. My brother adopted them and Mrs. Gummidge too. He's as good as gold but he gets very angry when anybody talks about his helping people.'

'I'll be careful,' David promised.

David and Little Em'ly romped and played together day after day.

But the all too short visit was soon over and David was standing before his own door again.

Peggotty untied her bonnet with shaking fingers. 'Master David,' she said, popping out with it, 'you've got a pa. A new pa.'

David stood there dazedly, then followed her in. 'Davy boy, how do you do?' Murdstone greeted him. David gave him his hand then turned to receive his mother's embrace. She enfolded him warmly, but there was a curiously strained tenseness about all her movements.'

And a new existence began for David. He formed the habit of peering fearfully into dark corners expecting The Black Panther to leap out at him and he would jump nervously whenever he heard a heavy footfall.

One afternoon, Mrs. Copperfield, dressed in a loose flowing maternity gown, sat at her desk as David recited his lessons to her. Mr. Murdstone and his sister, Jane, watched him like a pair of hawks about to pounce on their prey. After stumbling and faltering a number of times, David finally stopped, confused by the two glaring faces before him.

Murdstone walked to the corner and brought out a limber little cane which he switched threateningly. At this, Mrs. Copperfield burst into tears. But Murdstone winked to his sister, blandly telling her to comfort Clara for the worry and torment David had caused her. Then he took David upstairs.

Reaching his room he raised the cane and brought it down on David's back with sickening ferocity, rising and striking regularly with the beat of his fury.

Hours later David still lay on the floor, fevered, torn and heart-broken.

Not until gray dawn had shown its light on the horizon did Peggotty open the door.

She cradled him in her arms and her voice shook. 'Your mama, the precious—the darling—she's dead.'

'Peggotty,' David cried in anguish, 'Oh Peggotty! We're all alone now.'

Then, with shocking suddenness, Peggoty was ordered to leave. David tearfully bade her farewell, sure he would never see her again.

Murdstone's harsh voice cut in on his reflections. 'Here sir,' he said with rasping deliberateness.

He went on to tell David that he was being sent to London to work in the warehouse of Murdstone and Grinby. 'Now remember, you're going to London to work.' His strong fingers bit cruelly into the flesh of David's slender little shoulders. 'To work. To work,' he repeated with snarling emphasis.

At the warehouse in London David's duties were a nightmare of washing great stacks of dirty wine bottles in a huge wooden tub filled with filthy soapy water. Fat old rats ran between his feet and rottenness and refuse were everywhere.

When his labors were over for the day he made his way to the address he had been given for lodgings. Outside the dilapidated Micawber house, angry bill collectors pounded on the door. One of them quickly handed David an envelope to give to Micawber.

The door was opened by Clickett the servant-girl. David looked around wonderingly at the disorder of the room. Garments hung in unexpected places and two children were screaming on the floor, fighting a battle to the death over an old hobby horse.

Mrs. Micawber, a thin faded woman, hung out the window, in a state of mournful excitement looking at the moving van. 'If Mr. Micawber were at home they wouldn't dare. Oh to see Mama's beautiful bed so desecrated.' She spied David. 'Oh welcome Master Copperfield. This is my family. But you must be impatient to see your room.'

Reaching the attic shaped chamber that was to be David's room, Mrs. Micawber displayed it as though it were fit for a king. 'No luxury but simple comfort.'

Suddenly, there was a strange noise from above. The children clung to their mother in alarm. Through the skylight there appeared two stout booted legs. Then a large round face beamed down.

Mrs. Micawber screamed, 'Mr. Micawber! Children, it is your papa.' Instantly, she rushed into his outstretched arms.

'Having been driven over roof and chimney,' Micawber said in high spirits. 'by the machination of our enemies — I — in short, I have arrived.' He noticed David and greeted him with booming heartiness, offering their domestic comfort and privacy.

David smiled. 'Thank you sir.'

Then Micawaber went on to tell of the termination of his connection with the haberdashery. But, he continued serenely, he had cast his eyes over the entire world of business and had selected—Beer! Mrs. Micawber was delighted. If there was anything at which her husband was calculated to shine, she declared proudly, it was malt and hops.

Suddenly David remembered the letter. He gave it to Mr. Micawber who left the room, singing merrily.

Mrs. Micawber was just telling David of the ENORMOUS profits to be made in beer, when she was interrupted by a series of frightful cries emanating from the throat of Mr. Micawber.

The childrens' eyes bulged with horror and David stood transfixed as the blood-curdling screams mounted in intensity.

'Clickett rushed it. 'Oh, oh. He's cuttin' his throat. Mr. Micawber is cuttin' his throat.'

(David has no more than made the acquaintance of the Micawbers when he is confronted with dramatic happenings. What has come over Micawber? Will they be able to save him, or will David lose the only friends he has met in London, just as he has found them? Read tomorrow's exciting installment.)



Flying into his mother's arms, David kissed her affectionately, but stood aside as he saw Mr. Murdstone.

Mrs. Micawber and David's eyes bulged with horror as Micawber threatened suicide.

New Kidneys
If you could trade your neglected, tired and lazy Kidneys for new ones, you would automatically get rid of Night Rising, Nervousness, Dizziness, Rheumatism, Burning, Itching and Acidity. To correct functional kidney disorders, try the guaranteed Doctor's special prescription called CYSTEX (Siss-tex). Must fix you up in 8 days or money back. At all Druggists.

Subscription to the Transcript $1.50 per annum.

STILL POND

Mr. and Mrs. Edgar C. Feairheller and daughter, of Lititz, Pa., and Mr. and Mrs. Bert Landon, of Lancaster, Pa, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Howard Toulson.

Miss Louise Pennington and Miss Katie Howard spent a few days this week in Baltimore.

Miss Ella Ford spent a few days last week in Annapolis.

The Woman's Foreign Missionary Society held their monthly business and social meeting at the home of Mrs. J. L. Price, of Betterton, on Wednesday afternoon.

Miss Louise Toulson, of Wilmington, spent last week end with her sister, Mrs. William Clark.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Stayton, of Wilmington. visited with Mrs. Angie Rasin and Mrs. Florence Watson a few days last week.

The Community was shocked and grieved at the sudden death of Mr. Paul Jones, formerly of Still Pond, who was loved and respected by all who knew him.

Mr. and Mrs. John Pruitt, Mr. and Mrs. Moffet Huffmon, daughter, Sara, and son. Billy, of Mount Vernon, Md., Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Craig and friend, of Newport, Del., spent last week end with Rev. and Mrs. Vaughn Moore and family.

The Friendship Rebekah Lodge, I. O. O. F. No. 57 has elected the following officers: Post Noble Grand—Mrs. Stella Geary; Noble Grand—Mrs. Minnie Brooks; Vice Grand—Miss Clara Jones; Recording Secty.—Mrs. Margaret Glenn; Financial Secty.—Mrs. Bertha Atwell; Treasurer—Mrs. Mary Myers; Warden—Mrs. Louise Weer; Conductor—Mrs. Mary Moore; Chaplain—Mrs. Reba Meeks; Musican Mrs. Elsa Dittman; Inside Grand—Mrs. Sallie Dasin; Outside Grand—Miss Effie Noblet; Marshal—Harry Jones. All members are urged to attend the next meeting which is to be held next Thursday evening.

Massey & Wilmer
CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND
Timothy
Red Clover
Red Top
Alsike
Alfalfa

Use the easy GERESAN Dust Treatment for SMUT in Wheat.

FERTILIZERS

1-9-4
2-8-5
5-8-5
0-12-5

MASSEY & WILMER
Chestertown, Maryland



JOHNNY ON THE SPOT
FOR COAL—149
Our coalis a hit—every little bit of it. It is properly screened at the mines, and delivered to you in full weight tons. Our delivery punctuality will please you.
C. W. Kibler & Sons
Chestertown, Maryland

"Nerves" "NERVES" "Nerves"



Dr. Miles NERVINE "Did the work" says Miss Glivar
WHY DON'T YOU TRY IT?
After more than three months of suffering from a nervous ailment, Miss Glivar used Dr. Miles Nervine which gave her such splendid results that she wrote us an enthusiastic letter.
If you suffer from "Nerves." If you lie awake nights, start at sudden noises, tire easily, are cranky, blue and fidgety, your nerves are probably out of order.
Quiet and relax them with the same medicine that "did the work" for this Colorado girl.
Whether your "Nerves" have troubled you for hours or for years, you'll find this time-tested remedy effective.
At Drug Stores 25c and $1.00.
DR. MILES' NERVINE LIQUID

SCHOOLS TIE FOR LEAD IN ATTENDANCE

Sisters Are Teachers Of Deadlocked Schools

Sisters, teachers in Kent, saw their schools deadlocked for attendance honors in December as each registered a mark of 100 per cent. The sisters were Mrs. Frances Orr Taylor and Mrs. Lillian Orr Crouch teachers at Janvier and St. Paul Schools, respectively.

Pomona, taught by Mrs. Edna E. Faulkner, had a mark of 97 per cent to follow the perfect leaders.

Galena High, with a mark of 96.2, easily led the high school division, none of the others breaking the 90 mark. Miss Lelia N. Ware is principal at Galena.

The attendance for all white schools, as compiled by Mrs. T. Hynson Beck, attendance officer, follows:

Janvier, 100; St. Paul, 100; Pomona, 97.; Kennedyville, 96.5; Worton, 95.9; Skinner's Neck, 95.6; Sassafras, 95.2; Galena, 94.3; Fairlee, 93.7; Chestertown, 93.5; Swan Creek, 93.3.

Chesterville, 92.5; Massey, 92.1; Piney Neck, 92.1; Cliffs, 92.1; Still Pond, 91.8; Betterton, 91.7; Locust Grove, 89.5; Rock Hall, 88.5; Millington, 81.2; Morgnec, 77.2.

High

Galena, 96.2; Chestertown, 89.8; Rock Hall, 84.7; Millington, 84.1.

RED STAR LINES Inc.
DeLuxe Motor Coaches leave Chestertown Daily for Hurlock and Way Points 5.30.
Tolchester and Way Points 9.30 a. m 4.10 P. M. Daily except Sunday.
Making Baltimore connections.)
Centreville daily except Sunday at 10.35 a. m.

FOR SALE

Being in urgent need of money I will sell my 12 guage Winchester Pump Gun at a sacrifice price to quick buyer.
H. R. GRAHAM,
238 Kent Circle
n17-tf. Chestertown, Md.

Subscription to the Transcript $1.50 per annum.

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—
WITHOUT CALOMEL
And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go
If you feel sour and sunk and the world looks punk, don't swallow a lot of salts, mineral water, oil, laxative candy or chewing gum and expect them to make you suddenly sweet and buoyant and full of sunshine.
For they can't do it. They only move the bowels and a mere movement doesn't get at the cause. The reason for your down-and-out feeling is your liver. It should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily.
If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You have a thick, bad taste and your breath is foul, skin often breaks out in blemishes. Your head aches and you feel down and out. Your whole system is poisoned.
It takes those good, old CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." They contain wonderful, harmless, gentle vegetable extracts, amazing when it comes to making the bile flow freely.
But don't ask for liver pills. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills. Look for the name Carter's Little Liver Pills on the red label. Resent a substitute. 25c at drug stores. © 1981 C. M. Co.
No. 1

NOTICE OF RESERVATION OF NATURAL OYSTER BARS FOR CONSERVATION PURPOSES

In pursuance of the authority vested in the undersigned by law, notice is hereby given that from January 1, 1935, to March 1, 1935, both dates inclusive, all the natural oyster bars included in the area hereinafter mention are reserved for Conservation purposes, as set forth in the Annotated Code of Maryland, Article 72, Section 161:

All that area at the Head of Chesapeake Bay, northerly of a line beginning on the eastern side of the cut-off channel at Nun Buoy No. 10 K which is about seven-eighths of a mile northwest of Seven Foot Knool Lighthouse, and running in an easterly direction through Red Spar Buoy No. 8 on the range of the Craighill Light, and continuing past Fish Stakes Buoy (a white and black spar marked "7 B") to Hodges Bar Buoy Red Spar No. 2, and including Man O'War Shoals, Millers Island, Tea Table, Gales Lumps, Mitchells Bluff, Tolchester Lumps, Coal Lump, Deep Shoal, Phoenix Shoal and Hodges in its entirety or any bar, bars or lumps lying to the northward of said line.

All persons are hereby warned not to catch or disturb oysters on such reserved area between the dates above mentioned under penalty provided for in Section 156 of said Article 72.

CONSERVATION DEPARTMENT OF MARYLAND,
SWEPSON EARLE, Commissioner.

For Quality Household Merchandise
BE
IT
FURNITURE—
FLOOR COVERINGS—
CURTAINS—
PAINTS, VARNISHES, Etc.—
OR WALL PAPER—
JOHN BARTLEY & SON
Chestertown, Md. Phone 76

Lessening Sadness
Is the First Duty of the Funeral Director
My excellent system of arranging the details of each and every funeral entrusted to my care leaves with those upon whom I wait, a feeling of confidence and satisfaction that the last offices were performed with such perfect harmony sto greatly lessen the sadness connected with such an event
B. R. FELLOWS
FUNERAL DIRECTOR
STILL POND, MD
Phone 3.

©Maryland State Archives msa_sc3326_scm8228-0290