Rosie's Santy Man

By IRENE BEACH

OH DEAR! I wish he'd come," sighed Rosie Perrone.

"Maybe he be sick," said the brother, as he dusted carefully the array of fruit arranged with such a holiday air in the narrow window of his shop. "He come if he not sick. You wait, Santy man no forget."

But Rosie in spite of her brother's encouraging words became very impatient. Finally she started in search of the kind friend, who was none other than the Santy of her street. Not the real Santy of Christmas eve, but a man who just pretended he was the same jovial friend of holly and cheer and wore a cloak and hat of red, faced with fur, and carried instead of a long whip to urge tired reindeer, a sign which told of a wonderful toyshop just around the corner.

A week before Pietro had seen from his little shop windows this same Santy man stagger and fall. Then both he and Rosie had helped the stranger into the fruit shop, where food and sympathy had been generously given. Now, it was the day before Christmas and the stranger who each day had stopped at Pietro's little shop had failed to appear.

"Maybe—he up the street somewheres," the brother had called to Rosie. "When you see heem, tell heem, tomorrow we look for him to eat with us. Yes?"

Rosie nodded and went on down the long avenue. There was a gentle snow falling, just enough to add to the street the touch of Christmas. But nowhere

could Rosie see the kind Santy man of her street, who had told her such wonderful tales of toys, fairies and of the real country of deep hills and red sunsets.

Suddenly she thought of something, a something so different that it made her heart go thumpty-thump. She would go to the wonderful toyshop, just around the corner and see for herself, if her friend was there.

But not a tired, hurried clerk of the shop had time to answer Rosie's questions. Finally she approached a tall gray-haired man standing in the center of the long aisle. She felt certain he would know something about the Santy of her street.

"Please, do you know our Santy man?"

"Who?" asked the man.

"The Santy man, who wore a red coat, cap and carried a sign?"

"No, I don't. What is it you want to buy, little girl?"

"I don't want to buy nothin'. I'm just lookin' for the Santy man of my street. He—" Then Rosie could say no more. The lumps would stick in her throat, no matter how hard she swallowed.

Just what might have happened is hard to say, if a lady standing near hadn't heard what Rosie said and wanted to help her. She knew exactly what to do.

An hour later, after seeing Pietro at his little shop, Rosie rode away with the lady, who was very beautiful, by the way, in her big automobile, to the hospital, where the poor Santy had been taken the night before.

It was a wondering, curious little Rosie, who followed her friend down the long, cool hall to the ward where the sick Santy man lay. Timidly she walked to the man's beside. He saw her. He held out his hand. Rose grabbed it and held it close and fast in her own little hands.

"Oh—I'm so glad you're found. Me and Pietro love you so much. I never

would have found you if the beautiful lady hadn't—"

But Rosie didn't finish the sentence, for Santy hadn't heard a word she was saying. He was staring with deep, strange eyes at the lady, who had drawn nearer the sick man's bed.

"Sis," he whispered.

"Bob," she answered.

There Rosie sat with shining eyes and a little heart thumping and listened to the wonderful story of her Santy man and the lady. Santy was none other than the lady's brother, whom she hadn't seen since the day, years and years ago, he ran away to sea. And the lady? She was the beautiful fairy of the toy-shop.

"And did you know all the time she owned it?"

"Yes."

"Why didn't you go and see her?"

"Because I was too poor, sick and proud."

Now, of course, like all stories where fairies and Santy hold forth, everybody was glad and lived happy ever afterward. It was a wonderful day for Rosie and Pietro.

And up and down Rosie's street, too, there was gladness; for the good news had spread to the children, Rosie and the sparrows told, that the Santy man of their street had found a sister.

MAKING LIFE ATTRACTIVE FOR FARMERS' DAUGHTERS

Country Girl Winner Of $20 Prize In Maryland Week State-Wide Competition Tells What Makes For Contentment.

VIRGINIA LOUISE BYRD,
Of Worcester County.

In making the farmer's daughter happy, attractive country homes are first to be considered. The farmer's daughter should see to it that the farm house is tastily painted or whitewashed, the lawn well laid out, and sufficiently large to admit of flowers and shrubbery that she can easily care for herself; that the barns and other necessary out-buildings are far enough away from the house to insure good sanitation. Then if we add water, lights, and heat, much has been done to better social conditions, since our thoughts and feelings in a great measure are in keeping with our surroundings.

Such a home will want the latest magazines and books that are worth while, the reading of which will not only cultivate the tastes and desires, but open to them larger possibilities. A piano, a Victrola or some other musical instruments should not be lacking in adding to the refinement and pleasures of home life for the farmer's daughter.

She should, of course, be indepenent enough to hitch up her own horse and buggy whenever she needs it, and will thus be able to greatly improve her opportunities for social intercourse. In addition to this, occasional automobile trips can be arranged to more distant friends or to attend something attractive at the theater or opera for the automobile is no longer a luxury, but a necessity of country life. With such conveniences as rural mail delivery, telephones, parcel post, and automobiles, distance is no longer a drawback and the system of good roads which our State is building has already done much to better our social conditions.

EARNING EGG MONEY.

The farmers' daughters can earn money for herself in some home industry such as the poultry business on a small scale, or by having a vegetable garden whose products can be marketed at the near-by town, while she enjoys the ride delivering them, or if she has more vegetables than she can dispose of at the home market, she can ship them by parcel post. Dairy products, poultry, and eggs can be disposed of in the same way. Such things can be and are being done by many a farmer's daughter, who is well-educated, well-read, and is conversant in some degree at least with the public questions of the day.

The farmer's daughter in any community should never out-grow the country school. She shoould teach it herself, for she knows best the existing conditions of the children and having common interests can best serve them. Further, the establishment of high schools in many rural districts is doing much to better the social conditions of the country, making it possible for her to receive something more than a "common school education" such as has been regarded for generations "good enough" for the farmer's daughter.

FEEDING DAMAGED GRAIN A POOR PRACTICE.

ROY H. WAITE,
Maryland Agricultural Experiment Station.

There is always a temptation when mouldy or spoiled grain is around to give it to the chickens so as not to waste it. While often no ill effects follow this practice, still there is considerable danger attached to the practice. The argument is often advanced that chickens running around naturally at large, eat feed in whatever state they find it, and still keep perfectly healthy. This may be true, but under these conditions the birds probably do not get an especially large "dose" of any one particular kind of spoiled grain and their digestive system is able to handle it.

Where one feels he simply must feed damaged grain to poultry some precautions should be taken. It might be fumigated to kill the mould spores or it could be heated up to a high temperature on the kitchen stove, small quantities being thus treated as used. Another method might be to scald the grain with boiling water a short time before feeding. The safest method if it is at all bad, is to use the feed for fuel.

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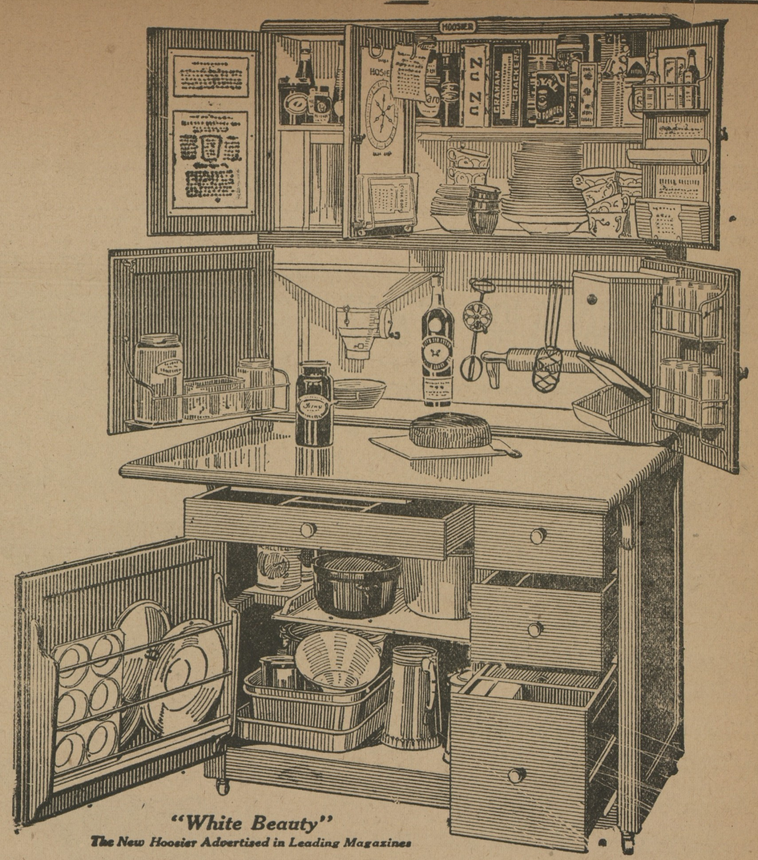

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JOHN BARTLEY, Chestertown, Md

L. W. WICKES, ATTORNEY.

Order of Publication

George Broadway, Colored,
versus
All Unknown Heirs of Alexander Corse, Colored, deceased.

In the Circuit Court for Kent County in Equity. No. 1897.

THE object of the Bill is to procure a decree for the sale of the Real Estate of Alexander Corse, deceased.

The Bill states:

1. That Alexander Corse, colored, was in his lifetime, indebted unto your complainant, George Broadway, in the full sum and just sum of eighty dollars ($80.00) on an open account for personal attention, nursing, etc., from April 1st, 1911, to July 30th, 1911.

2. That on or about the 8th day of August, 1911, your complainant paid to W. Frank Jarrell, Administrator of William E. Jarrell, deceased, the sum of nine dollars and fifty seven cents ($9 57) being a balance due on a confessed judgment of the said William E. Jarrell against the said Alexander Corse for sixty dollars ($60.00) dated May 11th, 1905, and recorded in the office of the Clerk of the Circuit Court for Kent county on the 13th day of May, 1905, as appears by the receipt of the said W. Frank Jarrell, Administrator as aforesaid filed herewith, and marked "Complainant's Exhibit No. 1."

3. That your complainant paid the State and County taxes on the property of the said Alexander Corse for the year 1912, which amounted to the sum of one dollar and ninety two cents ($1.92), as appears by the receipt of C. S. Hurlock, Treasurer, filed herewith and marked "Complainant's Exhibit No. 2." And he also paid the State and County taxes on said property for the year 1913, which amounted to the sum of one dollar and eighty five cents ($1 85) as appears by the receipt of the said C. S. Hurlock, Treasurer, filed herewith and marked "Complainant's Exhibit No. 3."

4. That the said Alexander Corse, being so indebted as aforesaid, unto your Complainant and also unto divers other persons and being seized and possessed of real estate located in the Second Election District of Kent County, State of Maryland, departed this life intestate or on about the 30th day of July, 1911.

5. That the said Alexander Corse, deceased, left no personal estate, and no letters of administration have been granted on his estate by the Orphan's Court of Kent county, as appears by the certificate of the Register of Wills filed herewith, and marked "Complainant's Exhibit No. 4."

6. That the said Alexander Corse was never married and that it is unknown to your complainant whether or not he left surviving him any heirs at law, and that so far as your complainant knows or has been able to ascertain, the said Alexander Corse left surviving him no paternal or maternal ancestor, and no descendant of such ancestor or either of them, and no brothers or sisters and no descendants of such brothers or sisters.

7. That the real estate of which the said Alexander Corse died seized and possessed consists of a lot of land, 77 feet front by 282 6 7 feet deep, situated in the Second Election District of Kent County aforesaid on the public road leading from Chestertown to Millington, improved by a small frame house, which was conveyed to the said Alexander Corse by Charles W. Jones and wife, by deed bearing date the 26th day of November, 1887, duly recorded among the Land Records of Kent County aforesaid, in Liber S. B No. 10 folio 85, etc.

8. That your complainant is advised that as there is no personal estate of the said Alexander Corse, deceased, for the payment of his debts, that your complainant and his other creditors are entitled to have their claims paid out of the real estate of the said Alexander Corse, deceased.

It is thereupon this 21st day of November, 1914, ordered by the Circuit Court of Kent county in Equity, that the plaintiff by causing a copy of this order to be inserted in some newspaper published in said Kent County, once in each of four successive weeks before the 28th day of December next, giving notice to the said All Unknown Heirs of Alexander Corse, colored, deceased, warning them to appear in this Court in person or by Solicitor, on or before the 14th day of January next, to show cause, if any they have, why a decree ought not to be passed as prayed.

JAMES T. DIXON, Clerk.

True Copy—Test:
Nov28-4t JAMES T. DIXON, Clerk.

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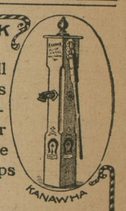

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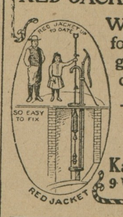

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