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Death Knells

"Customs of Mankind" says that the ringing of bells or death knells for the deceased is very ancient. Bells themselves are very old, dating back many centuries before Christ—indeed, going back even farther than the biblical record. In ancient times bells were rung only when important people died, but with the coming of Christianity it was the custom to ring death bells "for all good Christians."

Diogenes' "Tub"

The "tub" of Diogenes, or "pithos," was a huge earthen jar that had been used for holding wine or oil for sacrifices in the temple of Cybele and had been discarded. It was large enough for Diogenes to lie in at full length.

Fairy Meadow Dairy

SPECIAL

Opening Announcement

We will begin our ice cream season on Saturday, April 30th, and for one month thereafter we will sell our fine "Home Made Ice Cream" at a special price of 40c per quart delivered any where in Chestertown on 15 minutes' notice; 10c extra for packing in ice and salt.

Have also our own make Cottage Cheese at 15c per pint and whipping cream at 20c per half pint.

Buy health "by the bottle" for yourself and family in our famous pasteurized milk. Every bottle sterilized and safe for invalids and babies.

Every item here guaranteed to please or your money back.

Thanking you all for your kindness and patronage to us we remain, yours to serve,

FAIRY MEADOW DAIRY
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Communistic Experiment

Brook Farm was a communistic experiment founded in 1841, at West Roxbury, Mass. The Brook Farm Association of Education and Agriculture, as it was officially styled, was an attempt to solve the social problem through the institution of equality in rewards and the adaptation of tasks to individual capacities. It grew out of the social and philosophical movement represented by the Transcendental club, of which Ripley, Channing, Emerson, Thoreau, Hawthorne, Dwight and Margaret Fuller were leading members. Not all of these accepted the Brook Farm plan of economic organization, but all were in sympathy with its ideals. The leading spirit in the Brook Farm association was George Ripley.

Rude Suggestion

Bonehead Muir, whose paintings of the World war are renowned, is the subject of a Washington anecdote.

A rich Washington couple quarrel a great deal. But at a dinner party the other night they were on good terms for once, and they talked about having their portrait painted—a portrait group of two.

"But we didn't know," said his wife, "what painter to get to paint us."

An aged diplomat suggested in a solemn voice:

"Why not Bonehead Muir, madam? He does excellent battle pictures."

Air Hunt for Minerals

Airplanes and seaplanes are being employed in a three-year geological survey of Saskatchewan. It is known that the province, particularly to the north, contains vast undeveloped mineral wealth, and research will be concentrated upon that region. The machines draw supplies of gasoline and oil from convenient centers, and the airmen, as a preliminary, make maps of little known or unknown territory. These maps are handed over to geologists, working in consultation with the airmen, and in turn the geologists are followed by expert prospectors.

Differences in Feet

The French foot is narrow and long. The Spanish foot is small and elegantly curved. The Arab's foot is proverbial for its high arch. The foot of the Scottish is high and thick; that of the Irish flat and square; the English short and fleshy. Swedes, Norwegians and Germans have the largest feet, Americans the smallest. Russian toes are "webbed" to the first joint.

ESTER CHANGED HER MIND

(© by D. J. Walsh.)

ESTER BOONE made a final stroke with her brush and stood back to view the effect of her work. Upon a large white board she had printed beautifully these words: "For Sale." No one could mistake the meaning, no one could overlook the message.

She put her hand to her throat to press back a painful lump. "For Sale!" She never dreamed it would come to that.

Yet she had done the best she could, the utmost that was in her. Ever since Stephen died she had fought her way with every bit of strength and ingenuity she possessed. For eight years she had coaxed the soil to yield what it would not, and had experimented with chickens and turkeys. She had hung on with fine valor until there no longer was anything to hang to. There was no "give-up" in Ester's nature, no succumbing to vanquishment until her very last resource had expired. Now owning herself beaten, she had mustered such grace as she could summon and had printed her sign. It was the symbol of much more than selling the old farm.

The sign having been finished, nothing remained but to put it in place. She found the hammer and nails and went out of the house and down to the big maple that stood like a sentinel in that corner of the yard where the new highway swept along. With steady fingers she held the sign and began to tack it into place.

Down the road came a smart car driven by a man who first grinned as he saw Ester, then drew up to speak to her.

"Had to come to it," I see, he remarked. "I knew you would."

Ester dropped a nail and pounded her thumb at the same instant. But not until her sign was firmly in place did she turn and look at the man. In her face was indignation, restraint and defiance, but she said not a word.

"Look here, Ester," Merton Finch went on, ignoring her attitude. "I'll buy your place and give you a good price for it. That's straight. I'll draw you a check now." He reached into a pocket.

Ester's chin lifted in superb scorn.

"Yes—if I'll marry you, that is," she said in a vibrant voice. "I understand you, Mert."

He had produced the checkbook and a pen.

"Come now," he said. "A bargain is a bargain. You want to sell, I want to buy. Name your price."

Ester gasped.

"Do you think I'd marry you even if I hadn't a penny or a crust?" she said. "I know how you used your first wife and what you did to your second. I—" Suddenly she turned, ripped the sign from the tree and slapped it against the tree trunk, splitting the thin board into kindling. "There!" she said. "You can drive on. This place isn't for sale now. Drive on, I say." She lifted, perhaps unconsciously, the hammer high in the air and with a laugh Merton Finch drove on. But his small face at its long neck was crimson with defeat.

Ester went back to the house, round to the kitchen steps and sat down. She wiped the cold sweat from her forehead.

"Marry him!" she repeated. "Let him have Stephen's farm!" She dropped her face in her hands.

"Ester! Ester Boone!" It was a familiar woman's voice calling her name. She looked up and saw her nearest neighbor, Mrs. Gurnsey, running cross-lots. What could have happened? Ester's first thought was to aid. She sprang up and went to meet the woman.

"Ester!" Mrs. Gurnsey panted. "There's three men over on your flat prowling around and acting awful queer. They've got instruments. I've been watching them an hour. I wondered if you'd seen 'em or knew what they were up to."

"No, I can't see them from here. I'll have to go upstairs and look out of the west chamber window. Come along, Mrs. Gurnsey."

From the west chamber window the two women observed the three men, without in the least understanding what their actions tended to.

"Seems like they're looking for something," Mrs. Gurnsey said. "There! They are coming this way. Now likely we'll find out."

Presently there came a knock at the front door and Ester and Mrs. Gurnsey went down. Ester opened the door.

"Does Mrs. Ester Boone live here?" asked the oldest of the three men.

"I am Mrs. Boone." Ester answered with her quiet dignity.

"I should like to speak to you for a few minutes, Mrs. Boone." The man held out a card. Ester glanced at the name—"Rufus J. Bramley, attorney-at-law." She had heard of him.

"Come in, Mr. Bramley," she said, and opened the door to her parlor, the room where Stephen had lain those last three days he was in his house, the room where his pictures looked down from the wall. She lifted the shades and placed chairs.

Mr. Bramley came to the point at once. He had strong reason to believe that there was oil on Ester's farm and other places in that locality. He was buying up the land; he wanted to buy hers. Would she take—and he named a sum so much in excess of any that Ester had ever dreamed of getting that she turned deadly white and shook like a leaf.

At that instant she met Mrs. Gurnsey's eyes fixed upon her in a compelling stare. Those blue eyes of Mrs. Gurnsey's usually so mild had grown fierce. Added to this she was shaking her head.

A flush, partly of surprise, partly of joy, chased away the pallor of Ester's face.

"But I don't care to sell," she said.

Nor could she be made to alter her decision. In the end Mr. Bramley was forced to compromise. If she would not sell her land would she sell her rights? Ester glanced at Mrs. Gurnsey, faltered and then spoke:

"I'll see my lawyer and let you know," she said.

Two months later Ester at the wheel of her new roadster, with Mrs. Gurnsey beside her, was motoring home from town when she saw Merton Finch stalled in the road ahead of her. She slowed down out of courtesy.

"Bad luck?" she called.

He glanced up, but did not answer.

"Poor man! I don't blame him for being mad," Mrs. Gurnsey said. "He didn't get you or the farm, either. And you have made good, more than good."

Ester radiantly returned the laugh. She looked ten years younger in her stylish hat and coat. The oil well was flowing tremendously and bade fair to make her a rich woman. She could afford to be generous even with Merton Finch.

Woman of Resource Just "Outsat" Senator

She says she is not a lobbyist. She says that she merely takes an interest in politics. She says she likes to get things done. It's lots of fun.

"One day I out-sat Senator Topical," she told.

He's hard boiled, is Senator Topical. He does not commit himself easily. Men come to him, all flushed and steaming, with projects on which the fate of the nation hangs. Senator Topical sits and listens. Says nothing. By and by the assailants gather their forces again and charge home. The senator sits and says nothing.

"In forty minutes' time he can wear out the best man," she says. "They blow up. They stamp out of the office acting like fire signals. No man has ever yet out-sat Senator Topical."

But she did.

The members of the miscalled weaker sex are currently reported to be flighty, irritable and petulant in politics. They are apt to try charm on granite statesmen, who have had charm used on them for years. Like their male rivals, they lose their tempers when confronted by a silent, sitting senator.

She did not.

She sat. And sat. And sat. And sat. It was the senator who caved.

Which seems to prove that an immovable post is sometimes uprooted by an irresistible force.—Kansas City Star

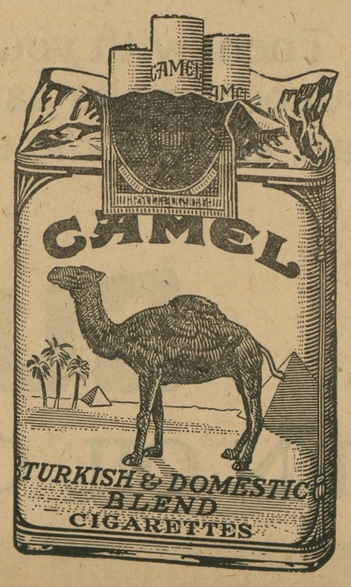


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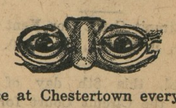
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