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L. B. RUSSELL, President,
FRED. G. USILTON, Vice-President.
CHAS. N. SATTERFIELD, Secretary-Treasurer.

Harrison W. Vickers, Attorney.

ORDER NISI

Harrison W. Vickers, Assignee
versus
Isaac Cleaver et al

In the Circuit Court for Kent County, In Equity, No. 2464.

Ordered, this 28th day of June, 1927, by the Circuit Court for Kent County in Equity, that the sale of the mortgaged Real Estate mentioned in these proceedings, made and reported by Harrison W. Vickers, Assignee, under and by virtue of the Power of Sale contained in mortgage from Isaac Cleaver and wife to Robert M. Francis, dated June 28th, 1906, and duly assigned to Harrison W. Vickers, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 2nd day of September next; provided, a copy of this Order be inserted in some newspaper printed and published in Kent county, once in each of four sucesssive weeks before the 1st day of August next.

The report states the amount of sales to be $10,350.00.

ROBERT R. AYRES, Clerk.

True Copy—Test:

jy2-4t ROGERT R. AYRES, Clerk

S. Scott Beck, Attorney.

ORDER NISI

S. Scott Beck, Attorney, Assignee
versus
Harry Hogans, et al

In the Circuit County for Kent County, in Equity, No. 2462.

Ordered, this 1st day of July, 1927, by the Circuit Court for Kent County in Equity, that the sale of the mortgaged Real Estate mentioned in these proceedings, made and reported by S. Scott Beck, Attorney, Assignee, under and by virtue of the Power of Sale contained in mortgage from Harry Hogans et al to The Chestertown Bank of Maryland, dated February 10th, 1926, and duly assigned to S. Scott Beck, Attorney, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 2nd day of September next; provided, a copy of this Order be inserted in some newspaper printed and published in Kent county, once in each of four successive weeks before the 1st day of August next.

The report states the amount of sales to be $5,000.00.

ROBERT R. AYRES, Clerk.

True Copy—Test:

jy2-4t ROBERT R. AYRES, Clerk

Duncan, Jane and Fudge Sauce

By JANE OSBORN

(Copyright.)

DUNCAN HODGES was not particularly sensitive. Soft music made him feel neither sad nor sentimental. He felt no special thrill at the sight of the rosy glow of sunrise. His friend, Charles Cornwall, told him that whenever he chanced to get a whiff of that particular brand of expensive perfume used by the girl to whom he had once been engaged he felt a queer, depressing sort of thrill. Duncan Hodges had listened politely—maybe other men were like that, but Duncan couldn't understand it.

He had seen Dora Claire that afternoon. They were going to a masquerade dance together in a week and they had been shopping to get their things.

Dora was a nice girl—Duncan would have granted that if you had asked him and it had never occurred to him to ask anyone else to go to that masquerade dance. Still he had never thought of her as anything but a good pal. They were walking down Broad street after having bought their masks and some enormous earrings for Duncan's pirate make-up.

"You're going to look too wonderful for words, Duncan."

"Going to look pretty nifty yourself in that Spanish get-up," countered Duncan.

"Do you really think so—Duncan?" she asked. "I wonder whether you mean it. Men say such nice things—but when you know they say the same things to all the girls they know—it doesn't count for much." Dora sighed. It was a sigh that went more or less directly to Duncan's heart. They walked on a step or two and Duncan hurriedly reminded himself that Dora was supposedly something of a flirt, and that it had even been hinted that the reason she had accepted his own addresses for the past months was because of his good job, and not inconsiderable private fortune. Still, she was a nice girl. Perhaps the tender feelings he had about his heart were, as a matter of fact, love—perhaps he really did care a great deal for Dora—

"I swear I never say things to girls just to say them," remarked Duncan. "When I say you are the prettiest girl in our crowd I mean it." This was a good beginning. They were passing a popular candy store—that was the end of romance, at least so far as Dora and Duncan were concerned. For up from the basement, out from the shop there came the enticing fragrance of fudge sauce. Duncan took two or three good whiffs—and—presto chango!—there came before him—between him and Dora it seemed—the image of a frank-faced girl with reddish hair—a few freckles—eyes that were merry though not exactly beautiful. It was Jane Cobham.

"You didn't finish what you were saying," said Dora.

Duncan said that he was going to ask Dora to drop into the confectionery shop and have some tea or something. And all the time that they sat there vis-a-vis Duncan got whiffs of fudge sauce and with every whiff thoughts of Jane Cobham became more and more vivid.

Back in his rooms that night Duncan sat thinking of Jane—Jane, the girl he had liked so well four or five years ago when he was a student at a coeducational college. He hadn't had much money to spend then, but quite often he took Jane to the sweet shop. He had never analyzed the matter but now he knew that somewhere in his mind the smell of hot fudge sauce was intricately mixed up with thoughts of Jane Cobham—and both seemed very pleasant. He remembered that he had once intended to ask Jane to marry him.

Duncan went through with the masquerade. Dora scolded him for his indifference. Then she began flirting with some of the other men—thought she was punishing him, perhaps. And all the time he was figuring out how he could get away from his job long enough to run out to the college town where Jane Cobham lived.

Duncan arrived one afternoon and went straight to the old Cobham house looking for all the world as it had four years before. He rang the front-door bell and Jane answered. She seemed a little embarrassed, but she didn't look a day older than when he saw her last. In fact, to Duncan there seemed to be a softness and sweetness about her that had never been observable before. Duncan thought that was perhaps because she was engaged. So as soon as they had taken chairs in the rather shabby living room he asked her outright whether she was engaged.

"Of course not, silly," said Jane.

"Well, let's go down to the sweet shop and get a sundae with fudge sauce."

Jane giggled a little. "I thought you would have outgrown things like that. We have a tea room here now. I should think tea and toasted English muffins would seem smarter to you now."

"Next time, perhaps," said Duncan. "But all I want now is fudge sauce."

A week later, back at work, Duncan came upon his old friend, Charles Cornwall. "Congratulate me," he demended. "I'm engaged—guess you know her—Jane Cobham. Maybe you're right after all about the power of the senses—but it wasn't roses or expensive perfume with me—it was just fudge sauce."

The Difference Explained

It appears that the difference between an expert cook and a cooking expert is oral—the cooking expert lectures.—Terre Haute Tribune.

Bear It but Don't Grin

Paragraphers are long suffering. Occasionally they see their stuff credited to somebody else, but never think of shooting themselves.

All That Is Needed in Newspaper Game

A young man asked us our opinion about entering the newspaper field. We answered this wise:

"If he can listen with a smile to tiresome things he's heard ofttimes before; if he can refuse to do what three or four people ask him to do without making them mad; if he can write in a way to make people laugh when he feels like cussin', or in a way to make them weep when he feels like cracking his heels together and laughing out loud; if he can remain silent when he feels like he'll burst wide open if he does not talk; if he can argue without getting mad or making the other fellow mad; if he can refuse a woman's request for free publication without making all the members of her set mad at the paper; if he can react to the loss of a good news story and catch a better one on the rebound; if he can explain a typographical error without using up more than thirty minutes' time; if he can concentrate and write intelligent copy while three different conversations are going on around him, several typewriters clicking away and the telephone ringing and the subdued hum of the presses in the next room drumming on his ears; if he can explain why Mrs. Jones' poem on 'The Sylvan Depth of October Woods' did not appear in the paper without her husband stopping his advertising; if he can take a four-line story and spread it to a half column, or take a two-column story and condense it to two paragraphs; if he can read proofs without overlooking an error and write headlines without murdering the king's English; if he has a nose for news, an itch for writing and an inclination to work fifteen hours a day, then we'd advise him to get into the game."—Mineral Wells Index.

Mountain Peaks Old Places of Execution

Those tourists who delight to stand where tragedies were enacted by Indians may do so in the Denver mountain parks.

There is Colorow point, reached after the trip up Lookout mountain, where renegade Utes expiated unforgivable crimes by leaping to their death.

The point is 2,000 feet above Clear creek in the canyon of the same name, and legends handed down are that where an Indian had committed any crime against the tribal laws, which was not forgivable, he went to this point and paid the penalty.

Ute laws were immovable. There were no appeals, no postponements in trials and no fines. In certain cases death only was the penalty and the convicted man was his own executioner.

The Indian was not familiar with hanging and other methods of modern suicide. Leaping from a cliff was his means of passing out—and he was always assured of success.

Famous Violins

Opinions differ as to how many valuable old violins are in existence. The famous London experts, the Brothers Hill, some years ago, made an exhaustive search and traced some 500 genuine "Strads' over the earth. One of the leading American experts said "400, about," in answer to an inquiry, and added that of the number 100 were of the first rank. Alberto Bachmann, in "The Encyclopedia of the Violin," says it is calculated that there are about 3,000 in existence; yet if you would assemble the really genuine Stradivarius violins today you would only find about 100.

Reducing Means Explained

For no particular reason, the man was inclined to be a bit sarcastic about the woman's recent and sudden increase in weight He offered loads of advice on the best way to reduce, ending the boresome oration by saying:

"And I will tell you one of the best ways in the world to get back a supple and girlish figure is by washing."

The woman in question misunderstood and, saucer-eyed, gasped, "Why, Mr. McRonald, I take a bath every day!"

Drum's Long History

The history of the drum is both ancient and honorable. The Egyptians employed it, and the Greeks ascribed its invention to Bacchus. The Spanish conqueror Pizarro is said to have found drums in South American temples. The snakes of Ireland, we are told, fled from the Emerald isle before the drum-beats of St. Patrick. The Puritans of New England used the drum as a church bell, and it figured frequently and romantically all through our Revolutionary and Civil wars.

The Last Putt

In Washington they tell the story of a golfing clergyman who had been beaten badly on the links by a parishioner thirty years his senior, and had returned to the clubhouse rather disgruntled.

"Cheer up," his opponent said. "Remember you win at the finish. You'll probably be burying me some day."

"Even then," said the preacher, "it will be your hole."—Christian Advocate.

Recipe for Long Life

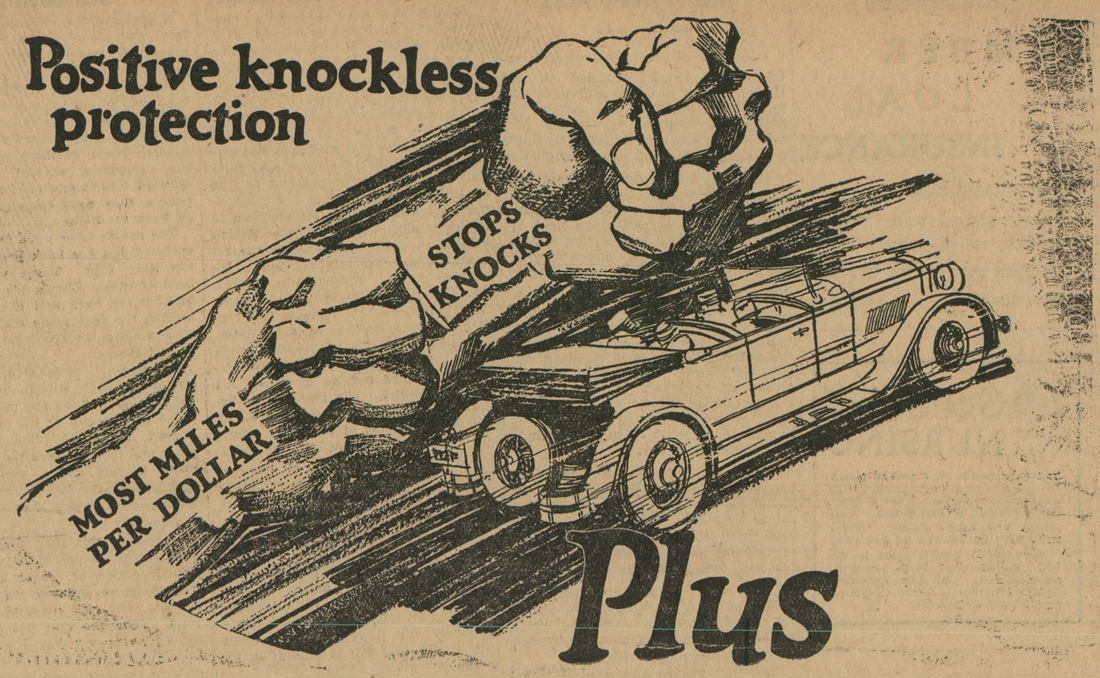
Anyone who will cultivate the habit of eschewing things that do not agree with him, and of partaking sparingly of things that do agree with him, is booked for a century.—Chauncey Depew.

Aid to Memory

Avoid debt. It seldom happens that a man loses his memory and wanders away if his debts are paid.—Detroit News.

Flies and Bacteria

By actual examination, it has been shown that 6,000,000 bacteria may attach themselves to the body of a single fly.



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most miles for your money

from this

Two Fisted MOTOR FUEL

Proved!—By Official Test of the American Automobile Association to Determine Knockless Qualities

1. Outranked *all* standard-priced fuels.
2. Outranked *two* extra-priced fuels.
3. Only four extra-priced fuels equalled Sunoco's knockless performance.
4. Fifteen leading motor fuels tested.
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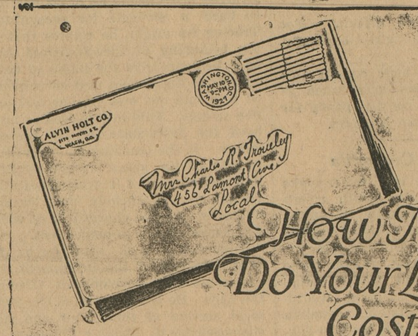
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ANYWHERE TO ANYWHERE—BY LONG DISTANCE



How Much Do Your Letters Cost?

A LARGE concern, thinking that the average cost of their letters was about five or six cents, recently undertook a thorough investigation of the cost of their correspondence. They made the discovery that each letter represented an actual outlay of forty cents. This was comprised of the salaries of their stenographers, the cost of stationery and a pro-rate of the general expense of office maintenance.

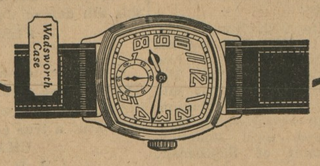
They also determined that the average salary of the officers who dictated letters was $75.00 per week. Twenty minutes of this time, devoted to a carefully worded letter, was worth about 62c.

Added to the initial outlay, this was $1.02 per letter.

Their officials are now advised that on important business, it is worth while to bring personality into play, by face-to-face *conversation over Long Distance. Less important business is still carried on by letter.*

Number Please?

THE CHESAPEAKE & POTOMAC TELEPHONE COMPANY



NO doubt you have often wondered why it was necessary to to pay so much for good jewelry. So have we; and upon gation have found that 25% of the price is due to the distribution (to the Middleman, in fact).

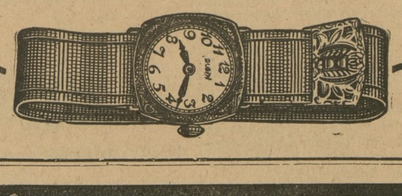
Following this discovery we went to one of the largest Jewelry Manufacturers in the country and said to him. "What price can you make us on a GOOD WRIST WATCH if we give you a big order?"

Only our large purchasing power and plan of selling direct to the consumer makes it possible for us to sell them to you for $9.85. Both Men's and Ladies are guaranteed for Ten Years against any part that is defective.

If you like them—and we know you will—send us your check or postoffice order. Why pay the Middleman? Mail the order now.

ROTE, The Jeweler

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