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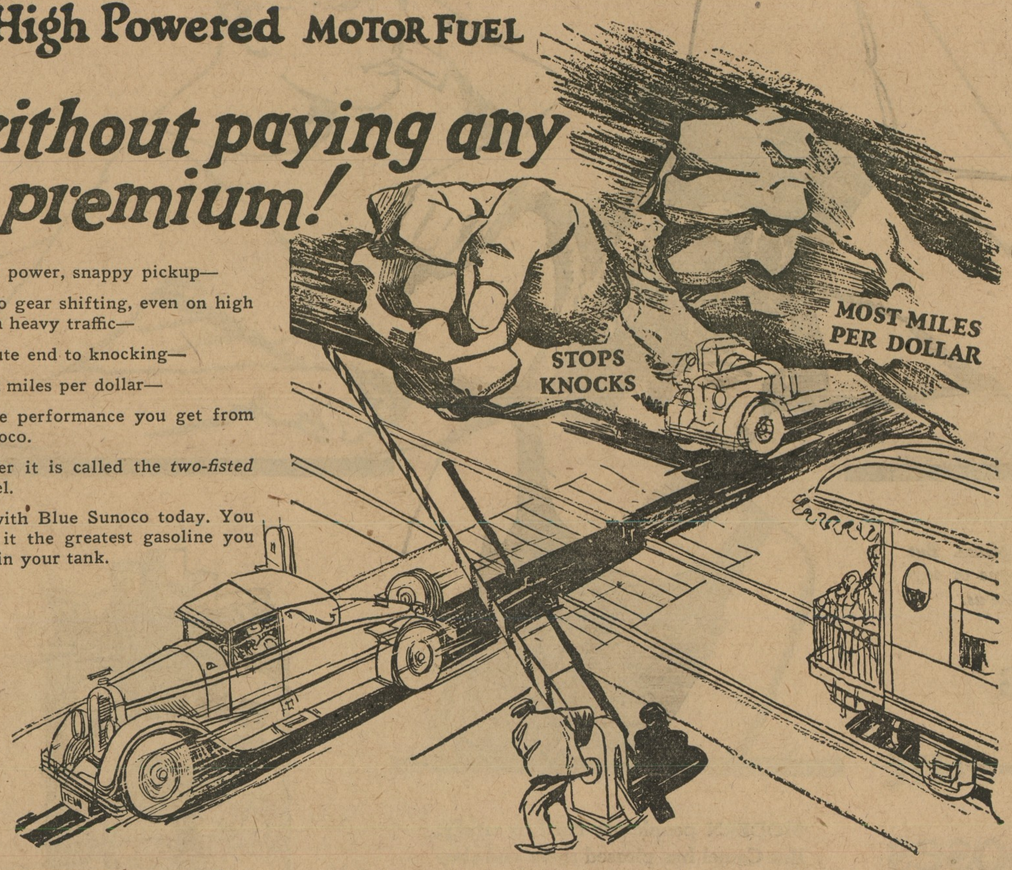

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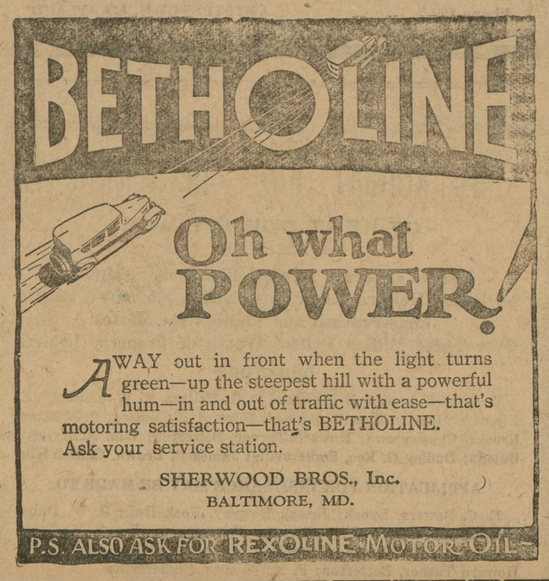

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Stirling Finds a Maid

By JANE OSBORN

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STIRLING had contrived to leave his office so that it was not yet five o'clock when he turned the latch-key in the front door of his house in Marden Lane. He strode into the kitchen and dropped the bags of bread and bananas and bacon and canned soup on the table—or rather on one end of the table, for most of it was occupied with a clutter of unwashed breakfast dishes. Flies buzzed about in the afternoon sunshine, feasting now and then on the sweet sediment in unwashed coffee cups and cereal dishes. "Oh, h—l!" he muttered in a bored tone of voice.

Then he went to the telephone and called up the number of the employment office in Meldon. A few minutes later he had agreed to pay a hundred dollars a month to a servant who would come the following Monday. This was forty dollars a month more than he meant to pay. Still he couldn't go on as he had gone, and he had been working for weeks now trying to get some sort of houseworker.

People spoke of Stirling Griscom as a most exemplary young man. He had deliberately made such wonderful sacrifices. After the death of his father, five years before, he had shouldered most of the burden of supporting his mother and his two younger brothers—Larry and Tom—one sixteen and the other twelve.

Then a few months ago his mother had died—and now Stirling had chosen to play the role of father and mother both to the younger brothers. Chosen—they said—but Stirling wondered. He had simply done what any other man would have had to do. Then, too, people said, Stirling had definitely given up the idea of marriage—because of his responsibilities. There was Vera Thorne—lived in Marden Lane. Every one knew he was in love with her and that Vera had thrown over two or three other suitors no doubt because she preferred Stirling. But Stirling felt that he had had no choice in the matter. Of course he loved Vera but since marriage was out of the question he had made a stammering sort of statement of the facts and after that he never went to see Vera.

Of course Tom and Larry ought to have done more to help Stirling. The fact that they didn't was hardly their fault. While their mother had lived, she had never thought of asking them to help with the work in the house. Stirling helped—and she let him, but she would not have asked him. And now that the mother was dead Stirling somehow managed. He had persuaded the middle-aged practical nurse who had cared for his mother to stay on for a week or two to straighten things out. And Saturdays the boys did do what they could to clean the house and after supper at night they helped Stirling with the day's accumulation of dishes.

Three miserable days passed—days when Stirling should have spent every bit of his working energy at his office, instead of fussing early and late trying to keep the house in a semblance of order. A neighbor had suggested to Stirling that he ought to put the boys in boarding school and board in the city himself. But good boarding schools were expensive—and he'd half promised his mother to keep a home atmosphere around them until they went to college. Anyway, Stirling said hopefully, everything was going to be all right. A woman was coming. Quizzed by the neighbor he told her what he had agreed to pay. That sort of gossip ran fast in Marden Lane and the neighbor happened to know Vera's mother.

That evening while Stirling was standing over the dishpan, an unexpected thing happened. Vera arrived by way of the back door, alone, and after an embarrassed exchange of greetings she told the younger boys to run away and do their lessons while she dried the dishes with Stirling.

So it was there over the dishes that Vera—who seemed such an old-fashioned girl, actually proposed to Stirling.

She was drying a plate and went on polishing it needlessly as she talked. "You're going to pay that woman a hundred dollars a month. I work in an office for fifteen dollars a week and pay a little board at home out of that. But they don't need me—don't even want me—much. That is, they'd rather have me safely married. You see what I mean—"

Stirling tried to push back the thrill of joy that started to come over him. He felt tremendously embarrassed. "I couldn't," he said. "I mean when I marry I want to have something to offer—I wouldn't want to marry just to have some one keep house for me."

"But once every man married for that reason, primarily," said Vera. "I mean back in Colonial days when there were hardly any old maids—and every one seemed to be happier then—and besides even now every girl I know—nearly—does her own work. It isn't hard with vacuum cleaners and things. You've got a vacuum cleaner—and I don't much like to work in an office—" Vera put the plate down and began to weep a little and then Stirling took her in his arms. "It's just because of what people might say," said Vera. "They'll manage to talk anyway—" But Stirling held Vera so closely in his arms, with the soapsuds from his hands making little patches on her frock, that she didn't finish her argument.

Famous Old London Club

The oldest and one of the most famous clubs still in existence is White's club, founded in London in 1697, and whose register of past and present members includes some of the greatest names in English history.

And Frequently He Does

It never rains on the unjust if he can get hold of an umbrella belonging to the just.—Exchange.

Scrubbed Floor Didn't Win Expected Praise

Mrs. Damon is a more than ordinarily painstaking housekeeper, especially in the matter of cleanliness. Rooms must be swept and dusted just so often, window draperies washed and the kitchen floor scrubbed, "whether they need it or not," as her husband says; and it is one of her little secret grievances that John does not always notice the improvements unless she mentions them.

"I suppose you'd never know I'd done a thing to that kitchen floor if I didn't call your attention to it," she says now and then.

"Why, yes, my dear, it looks fine. Shines like a new penny," says John graciously, and Mrs. Damon sighs and resigns herself to the inscrutable ways of men.

One day last summer, when his wife was to return from a little vacation, Mr. Damon thought he would prepare a surprise for her. So he got out the mop, the scrubbing brush and the pail and after half an hour's hard work felt that the kitchen was immaculate.

When Mrs. Damon came in she looked round somewhat suspiciously, but made no comment. In a spirit of fun Mr. Damon remarked: "I suppose you'd never know I'd done a thing to that kitchen floor if I didn't call your attention to it."

Mrs. Damon looked at it more closely. "Why, no, dear," she said. "Have you?"—Youth's Companion.

Yes, He Could Recall Just One Exception

In Dr. E. C. Dudley's autobiography, "The Medicine Man," is a story Doctor Dudley says was told him by Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, the novelist-physician, when the two medicos were dining together one night in Philadelphia soon after Doctor Mitchell had returned from a trip through the South, where he had been the guest of southern colonels all the way around.

At one plantation near Newburn, N. C., Doctor Mitchell announced to his host his intention of taking an early morning walk. That precipitated a lively discussion as to whether any gentleman ever should walk, the colonel insisting that "no gentleman, sir, in this country ever walks," either for pleasure or exercise.

"But," persisted Doctor Mitchell, "have you never walked in your life?"

The colonel was getting warm.

"No, sir," he said, "I tell you no gen—well, sir, yes, sir, I did walk once—I walked 400 miles with that d—n scoundrel Sherman behind me."

Saved Pup From Shark

A mother collie dog, belonging to a lighthouse keeper on the south coast of Australia, recently exhibited unusual courage in an attempt to save one of its pups. The young dog fell over a cliff into deep water and while the owner was attempting to rescue it with a boathook a shark appeared on the surface of the sea. The other dog, which until then had merely been watching the proceedings, jumped in the water and landed on top of the big fish. As the dog fell heavily with a great splash the shark fled. Both dogs were rescued.

Early Recollections

With plenty of patience, paper and a pencil, it is possible for you to remember what happened when you were six months old, asserts Dr. E. Pickworth Farrow, English psychologist, in Popular Science Monthly. For periods of one or two hours at a time, he says, write down any and every thought which occurs to you. Repeat the process several times. Then, as memories of recent happenings gradually are "worked off" on paper, you will go back to recollections of your early life.

Puzzles Radio Experts

In a Toronto flower shop it has been discovered that everything that is broadcast from a nearby radio station is received and made audible by the faucets of a metal sink, the sink itself acting as a loud-speaker. Music can be clearly heard ten feet or more from the taps. It is also said that in London a certain metal lamp pole has been found to act in the same way. Radio experts have so far been unable to explain these newest mysteries of wireless transmission.—Youth's Companion

Misunderstood

"You're back early, Michael," remarked the farmer's wife to the hired man who had been to a theater in town.

The other nodded a silent agreement and proceeded to enjoy a pipe and study his program.

"Enjoy the play?" asked the woman.

"No," replied the man. "Didn't see the end."

"Why not?"

"Well, take a look at the program here. The second act takes place in two years' time."

Naming American Cities

Nashville, Tenn., was first called Nashborough, in honor of General Nash, an officer of the Revolutionary war. This was changed in 1874 to Nashville. Los Angeles, meaning "the Angels," was at one time an old Spanish mission and got its name from California's early settlers. Detroit was given its name by the French settlers. In French the word means "the Straits," which was given the new settlement because of its location on the broad Detroit river, connecting Lake Erie and Lake Saint Clair.

And They Do

A health specialist says that his hair and his teeth are a man's best friends, but even the best of friends will fall out.—New York American.

Worst Kind of Sport

Hunting trouble is a disagreeable business, but it's about the only exercise some people seem willing to take.—Boston Transcript.

Frigidaire A Home Comfort Aud A Home Need

Four out of every five electric refrigerators being installed in the United States are Frigidaires, it was recently estimated by Alfred P. Sloan, Jr., president of General Motors Coporation, of which Frigidaire tors Corporation, of which Frigidaire

The story of Frigidaire, infant prodigy of the world's largest industrial corporation and unchallenged leader in the electric refrigeration field affords a wonderful illustration of reasons for American supremacy in home comforts, in national well-being and in industry.

Forseeing in electric refrigeration a great universal service comparable with what had been accomplished by the automobile in benefiting mankind. General Motors, many years ago put scores of engineers to work in its development. Millions of dollars were spent with a free hand in perfecting it and adapting it to both household and commercial use.

"Some idea of what has been accomplished in this direction may be visualized by comparing our lowest priced Frigidaire, which now sells for $195 with the price of $750 which represented the cheapest unit manufactured five years ago.

The Frigidaire unit production of 50,000 units a month, exceeds with the exception of Chevrolet, the number of units produced monthly by any car manufacturing division.

"I should not be surprised if General Motors in another year or two had $100,000,000 invested in the electric refrigeration business. I am satisfied that the biggest development is ahead of us."

"Overwhelming acceptance of Frigidaire is taken as an expression of the high regard felt by the American people for General Motors engineering and its ability to build a quality commodity at a quantity price," says E. G. Biechler, president and general manager of Frigidaire Corporation.

The Frigidaire is sold in Kent by Geo. W. Baldwin, Chestertown, who will be glad to show you one of these machines at the Electric Light Co. Office, under Voshell House.

S. Scott Beck, Attorney.

ORDER OF PUBLICATION

Mary C. Hurlock
versus
James T. Hurlock
versus
In the Circuit Court for Kent County
In Equity, No. 2474

The object of the Bill filed in the above entitled case is to procure a Decree for divorce a vinculo matrimonii.

The Bill states:

1. That on the 27th day of July, 1910, Mary C. Hurlock was married to James T. Hurlock, at Smyrna, Delaware, by the Rev. Milton McCann and she resided with her said husband in Smyrna and Wilmington, Delaware, and at Betterton, in Kent County, Maryland, until sometime during the month of September, 1920.

2. That during the month of September 1920, while your Oratrix was living at Betterton, in Kent County, Maryland, her husband, the said James T. Hurlock, without any just cause, abandoned and deserted your Oratrix and has since lived apart from her although contributed partially to her support until sometime during the month of June, 1922, since which time he has contributed nothing towards her support.

3. That although the conduct of your Oratrix towards her husband, the said James T. Hurlock, has always been kind, affectionate and above reproach. the said James T. Hurlock has, without any just cause or reason, deserted your Oratrix, which desertion has continued uninterruptedly for more than three years and the same is deliberate and final and the separation of the parties beyond any reasonable expectation of reconciliation.

4. That there have been no children born as a result of said marriage; that your Oratrix ha sbeen a resident of Kent County, Maryland, for more than two years last past; has always behaved herself as an affectionate, chaste and kind wife towards the said James T. Hurlock and that the said James T. Hurlock is a non-resident of the State of Maryland and she believes that he is a resident of the State of Delaware as he had rooms or lodging in the City of Wilmington, State of Delaware, when she last heard of him.

It is thereupon, this 12th day of July, 1927, ordered by the Circuit Court for 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 15th day of August next, give notice to the said James T. Hurlock, non-resident defendant, warning him to appear in this Court in person, or by Solicitor, on or before the 29th day of August next, to show cause, if any he has, why a Decree ought not to be passed as prayed.

ROBERT R. AYRES, Clerk.

True Copy—Test:
jy16-4t ROBERT R. AYRES, Clerk.

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