WATER SPANIEL STEALS BAIT

Dr. Frank Townsend, of Ocean City, Pharmacy tells a funny story of hooking a "sea dog." He has two fine pure bred specimens of small water spaniels, named, respectively "Apple" and "Tarzan." Right after landing a big fish, and all were busy extracting the hook, Tarzan made a dive for the bait on the second hook, and swallowed bait, hook and all, and then, realizing his error, made a dash in the direction of the pier entrance. Quickly Dr. Townsend caught up the pole and "reeled out" Tarzan, gradually slowing him down to a stop, and holding him there, advanced and extracted the hook from his mouth. Tarzan was but slightly injured.

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NOTIONS

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CHESTERTOWN, - MARYLAND

KENT TRUANT OFFICER ACTIVE

The first attendance officer in Kent was Miss Ruby Ahern in 1916 who held office for one year, then Miss Rebecca Davis for a short time.

Mrs. Mae Mills Beck was the third person in Kent to hold the position of county school attendance officer whose duty it is to see that every child of school age in the county regularly attends school.

During her incumbency in office Mrs. Beck has set a high standard for school attendance, and that her work has been effective is shown by the fact that Kent ranks among the foremost counties in the State in its school attendance records. Notwithstanding the fact that this is one of the most important offices connected with the State public school system, few appreciate this scope and character of the work accomplished from year to year.

By combining the duties of a social worker with that of attendance officer Mrs. Beck has been able to place several children in the State training schools, and through the enforcement of the law she has been able to maintain such an average for school attendance as not to jeopardise the annual appropriation from the State, which are conditioned largely upon average school attendance.

Mrs. Beck declares that extreme poverty, where parents are unable to provide proper clothing for their children, and labor conditions on the farms are some of the obstacles encountered in enforcement of the school attendance law, but that tere have been few cases in which it has been necessary to resort to the law, and truancy is very rare.

The record of every child of school age in the county is made from year to year and kept on file in the office of the Board of Education. Mrs. Beck has set a goal in annual attendance of 90 per cent. for elementary schools during the year and 95 per cent for high schools. She declares she finds a real pleasure in her work.

The biggest screen triumph of the fall is taking them down without knocking them to pieces.

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WHY DENY YOURSELF THE BEST COFFEE?

LOST IN ATLANTIC OCEAN

Urban F. Diteman, Billings, Mont., cattle man and aviation enthusiast, hopped off from Harbor Grace, N. F., near St. John's at noon October 23 on a proposed flight across the Atlantic with London as his goal. He is piloting a low winged Barling monoplane known as the Golden Hind. He is little known as an aviator. Several days overdue at London, nothing has been heard from him since the take-off.

Lena—So you think you're got a better husband than Mrs. Peleg?

Fatima—Yes, mine gets me twice as many washings to do.

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Scott & Bowne, Bloomfield, N. J. 29-47

When Betty Steps Out

By DUFORD JENNE

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SO HAPPY that she almost felt as if she wanted to cry, Betty Lane sat down in the only chair that graced her hall bedroom and re-read the note that she had found under her bedroom door.

It read: "Brown Eyes—Will you go to the Blair dance with me? Please. Tom Hyland."

Then she stopped to think. Why should he ask her? She glanced at her mirror. Her eyes might be pretty; but her hair she never seemed to be able to make attractive, and her nose—she turned away. Anyway, he had asked her, and he had always smiled at her when she happened to see him at the house where he was a popular caller.

A knock on the door, and pretty little Dolly Murdock looked in. Before she could speak, Betty told her the good news: "Dolly, Tom Hyland has asked me to the Blair dance.

Dolly's eyebrows went up. "Lucky kid. Tom can give a girl a happy time if anyone can." Dolly's eyes grew serious. "Betty, you come home early, and let me get at that hair of yours. I'll—"

"Oh, Dolly, will you?"

The older girl smiled a little. "And why don't you get a cute dress I saw at Claire's?"

Betty thought of her small savings. Then she remembered: it was one chance at a happy time; she must not lose it. She nodded, "I'll get it, Dolly, I'll get it."

Betty knew that Dolly was an expert hairdresser in a downtown establishment and quite an expert on dresses within the range of limited pocketbooks.

The next day Betty came home with the treasure under her arm, purchased with Dolly's guidance. She tried the dress on and paraded around the room; and there Dolly found her and looked at her a bit wistfully.

"Honey, it makes you look—" Then she paused. How could she describe the odd quality of loveliness the simple dress gave the slim girl in front of her. "Tom will be proud of you. Now for the hair; let's get busy," Dolly added.

When Dolly's skilled fingers had done their best and she had gone, Betty once more rushed to the mirror. She gasped. "What a difference knowing how to fix yourself up makes!" she exclaimed. She danced across the floor.

A quick rap on the door caught her attention. She answered, and in came Blanche Benton. Blanche stared at her, then said briefly:

"Betty, I just heard about your note that you think was from Tom. That green maid shoved it under your door, but Tommy intended it for me."

The room seemed to revolve around Betty. She sank down. Blanche's eyes were brown. Tom had often taken her, and the new maid may have mixed up the rooms. Suddenly the room seemed to grow dark. An idea trembled to life in her mind, then grew to a cry.

"Oh, Blanche, I thought it was for me—and I bought a new dress—and I haven't been to a dance for months—and I just love to go—can't you—can't you just make believe—fix it with Tom—so I can go? Please do that!"

Blanche's somewhat cold, hard eyes softened. "Well, if you are crazy about it, perhaps I can."

There was more talk, but Betty hardly heard it; she was going, any way.

Later on she had her minutes of despair. She thought of calling Tom and telling him. But she could not bring herself to the step; so in the end she was ready when she was called downstairs. She went with trembling feet, her face flushed, to the small parlor. Tom's hearty, generous greeting saved her.

Outside, he tucked her into a taxi, and they were off through the gay streets to the dance hall. She thought of telling him how she felt, but his pleasant chatting gave her no chance; and she was on the dance floor, her light feet circling with the music before she had another chance. And then it was too late, for he said softly in her ear: "Little girl, you dance beautifully—and you certainly look beautiful!"

She knew his words were probably the flattering ones he may have spoken before to other ears, but they had a happy sound just the same—and it was the first time she had ever heard such words.

The last dance came after happy hours, and the music died in her heart and the lightness passed from her feet. She would have to explain. She was silent on the ride home. Tom looked at her curiously, she knew, but she was wondering what to say to him. She said it, haltingly. She heard him laugh, and a new firm note came into his voice. She began to tremble. He sensed her emotion, and put his arm gently around her:

"Listen, Brown Eyes, I meant that note for you. I've been watching you at the house. Blanche hasn't the sweetest disposition in the world, I am sorry to say, but I've tried to be nice to her. She may have been a little 'sore,' but we'll let her. The main thing is, I'm dating you for the dance next week, if you want to go?"

She hardly knew what she said, but she felt Tom's comforting arm tighten about her, and she knew he understood—no more was needed.

The Harder Task

Religion may help you to forgive your enemies, but only a miracle can make you forgive the success of your friends.—Capper's Weekly.

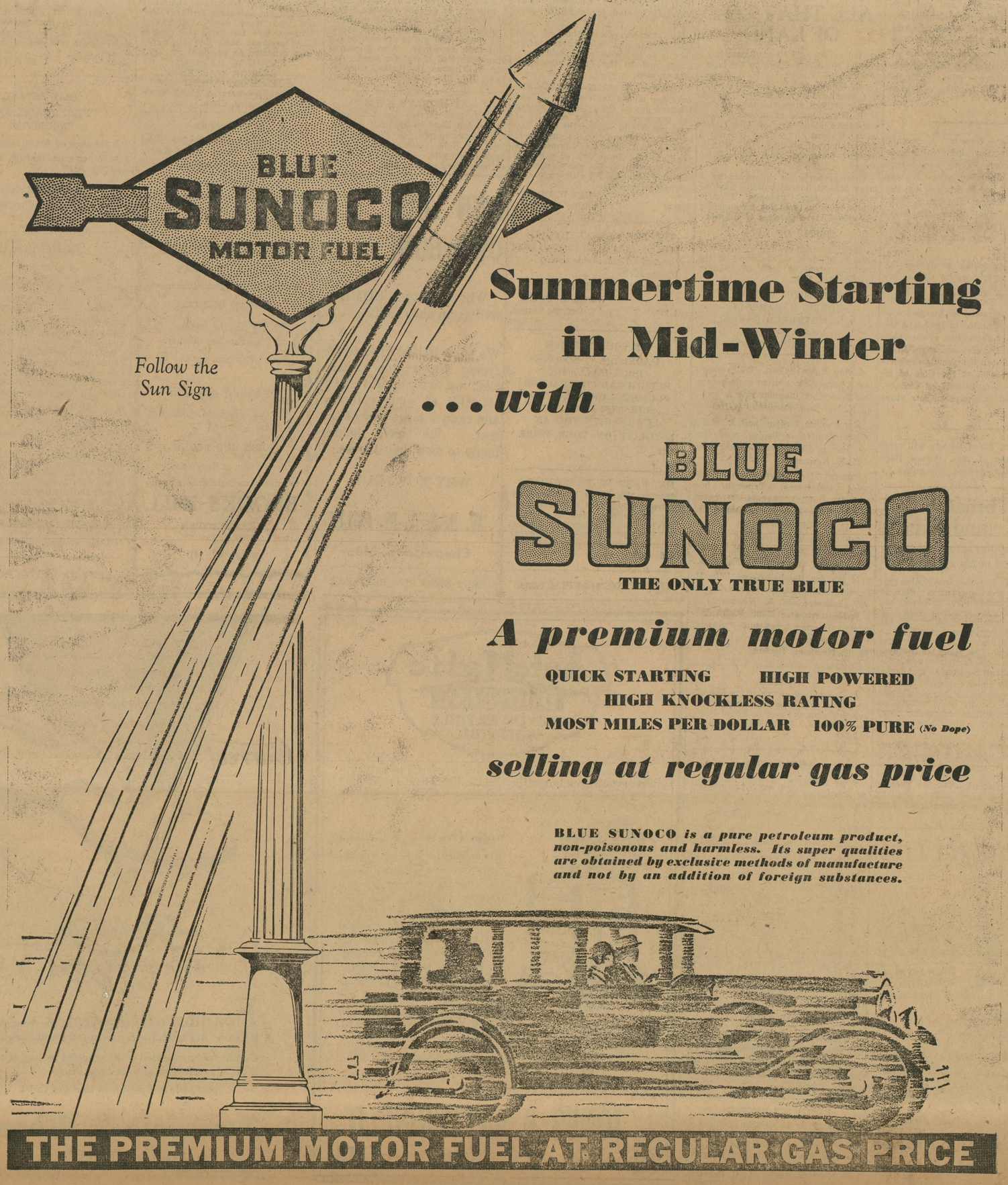
The Test

If you know good music when you hear it, a good book when you read it, a good picture when you see one—you're educated.—Capper's Weekly.

Par Varies

Par is most often 100, but there are many stocks whose par values are other figures.

Off Like a Rocket



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