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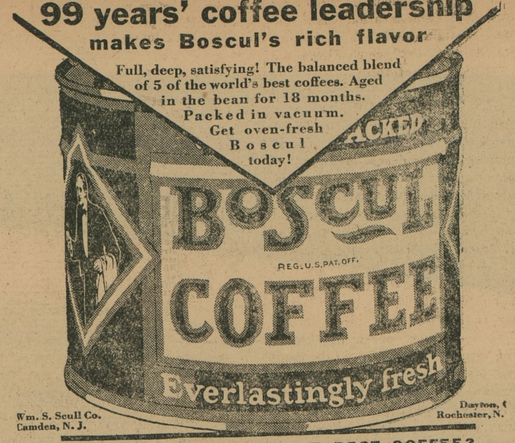

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HALF MILLION DUCKS KILLED

An estimation that more than 500,000 ducks and geese were killed during the past hunting season by gunners in the waters of the State was made by E. Lee LeCompte, State Game Warden, on the strength of reports sent to the game department by a number of gun clubs which operated during the season.

In the reports of twenty-five of the principal clubs, a low percentage of the total shooting, the birds killed between November 1st and January 31st totaled 34,851 ducks and 401 geese. Although no figures have been obtainable other than those offered voluntarily by the clubs, Mr. LeCompte declared that the half-million estimation is considered by himself as a conservative one.

He declared that the past season was one of the most ideal in recent years because of the abundance of birds and because of the remarkable weather conditions which kept the Susquehanna flats free of ice throughout the season.

In commenting on the reports of the clubs he said that the largest number of ducks killed at any such resort were reported from the club of Col. Albanus Phillips, of Cambridge, where 5,967 ducks and 63 geese were killed. The club of Emerson C. Harrington, Jr., was second, with a reported kill of 3,334 ducks and 12 geese.

The largest single kill of geese was reported by the Pope's Island Duck Club, where the sportsmen shot 243, the largest single season's report on this wild fowl in a number of years. The Honga River and Dorset Rod and Gun Club reported the shooting of 3,100 ducks and 10 geese.

In addition to the clubs reporting to the department, the Game Warden stated that licenses were issued by his department for 2,051 duck blinds, 50 pushers, 111 sneak boats and 76 sink boxes at a total license cost for hunting rigs of $11,942:37. The largest number of the blinds were licensed for the waters of Dorchester county, where sportsmen set up their blinds at 405 different locations. Cecil county was second with 230 blinds, 80 of the 111 sneak boats and 30 of the 76 sink boxes.

SUCCOR SUCKERS

"What, if anything," inquired a reader of the New York Post, "has the recent market break taught us?"

"One thing, conclusively," sighed the editor; "that most of the names on the sucker list really belonged there."

TAKE IT FROM DAD

By Frank H. Cheley

I'm Going to Quit School and Go to Work

Bob was all boy, every inch of him! To call him an animated interrogation point would be putting it mildly; alive from head to toe, eyes open, ears open; his mind an endless sensitive movie film catching everything that came his way; a growing unfolding young modern American (of which there are some twenty-five million more or less in this land of ours).

Above everything else Bob was a never-ending array of questions. No sooner would Dad have his dinner and get comfortably settled with his paper than Bob would appear, after twelve hours of busy activity, as fresh as a fly and loaded with a new perplexing query for Dad.

It got to be a regular game at the Smithhoughs, this question and answer matter, until Dad Smithhough often found himself wondering through the day or as he relaxed a bit on the way home, what fool question Bob would have concocted for him that day.

His dad had always been too busy for questions and he often recalled as he pondered some of the "staggers" his Bob handed him, how different he might have been if his father had only talked things over with him!

So, after Bob Smithhough had floored his dad a few times with queries that were too deep for the old gentleman, he began to prepare himself.

Tonight, obviously, something was wrong. Bob was quiet, almost melancholy and noticeably irritable. Something had gone wrong! In due time it would come out and it did. When both gravitated to the living room, without much ado and no introduction to the subject, Bob seated himself half dejectedly and asked his question by way of an ultimatum.

"Pop, I'm going to quit school and go to work."

"That so," said Dad, without looking up. "Been elected president of an oil company or director of the United States Steel Corporation? Congratulations, my boy, I didn't suppose you had sufficiently trained your mind as yet for so great a responsibility. Now if you had said you were going to work on a road gang or had a job delivering milk, I would have understood."

There was a friendly twinkle in Dad's eye and a humorous tone in his voice. "When I was your age, Bob, I'd have given anything I possessed to have gone to school and I didn't have any modern university like your new school to go to either, but I had to work to help the old folks make ends meet. The thing which I knew best was that I didn't know much. I read a good deal and was just sort of half conscious of a great marvelous world about me and I was hungry to learn. I didn't want to live in my little world always. I wanted to know about science and invention and travel. I was hungry to be in the midst of the big things of the world. I was earning twenty dollars a month and my room and board and lived twenty miles from anywhere. I longed to be in the midst of things; to be a somebody and do something beside hard manual labor all the time. I had to fight for my chance, Bob. Yours came without a fight, that's why it seems worthless to you.

"What's wrong—teacher ridden you a bit, perhaps bawled you out? Perhaps you bluffed and got caught? Yes—well take your medicine like a man, my boy, but listen, remember you're a Smithhough—the only male descendant. Dad's counting on you to do at least some of the things he wanted to do and dreamed about but never could. Quit school? Nonsense! Listen, the only thing in the world they give away today is an education. A regular boy who means business can have all of it he'll take. Think of it, all the education that you'll accept, free; high school, college, and then on and on if you desire. It's simply up to you. The big stick of modern achievement is in your head, boy. See that little stubby red volume there on the shelf. That's the latest 'Who's Who in America.' Bob. There are about thirty thousand brief biographies of American men and women of accomplishment in that book—the folks who have led out in every single realm of constructive thought and action—only twenty-seven of them stopped school in the eighth grade.

"The other day I saw a very interesting query. 'When is a man educated?' and the answer was, 'When he can look into a mudpuddle and see more there than mere mud!' Bob, education is the knowledge of how to use the whole of one's self, and no boy in the eighth grade has ever approached that point.

"It's true college doesn't make fools, it just develops them. If you're a dumbbell you haven't much chance, but Bob, you're no dumbbell. You have the physique and the mind in the making, but it takes effort and struggle. Now get at your lessons. Know a little more history than your teacher tomorrow."

And Bob did!

(©, 1929, Western Newspaper Union.)

Got in By More Than a Hair

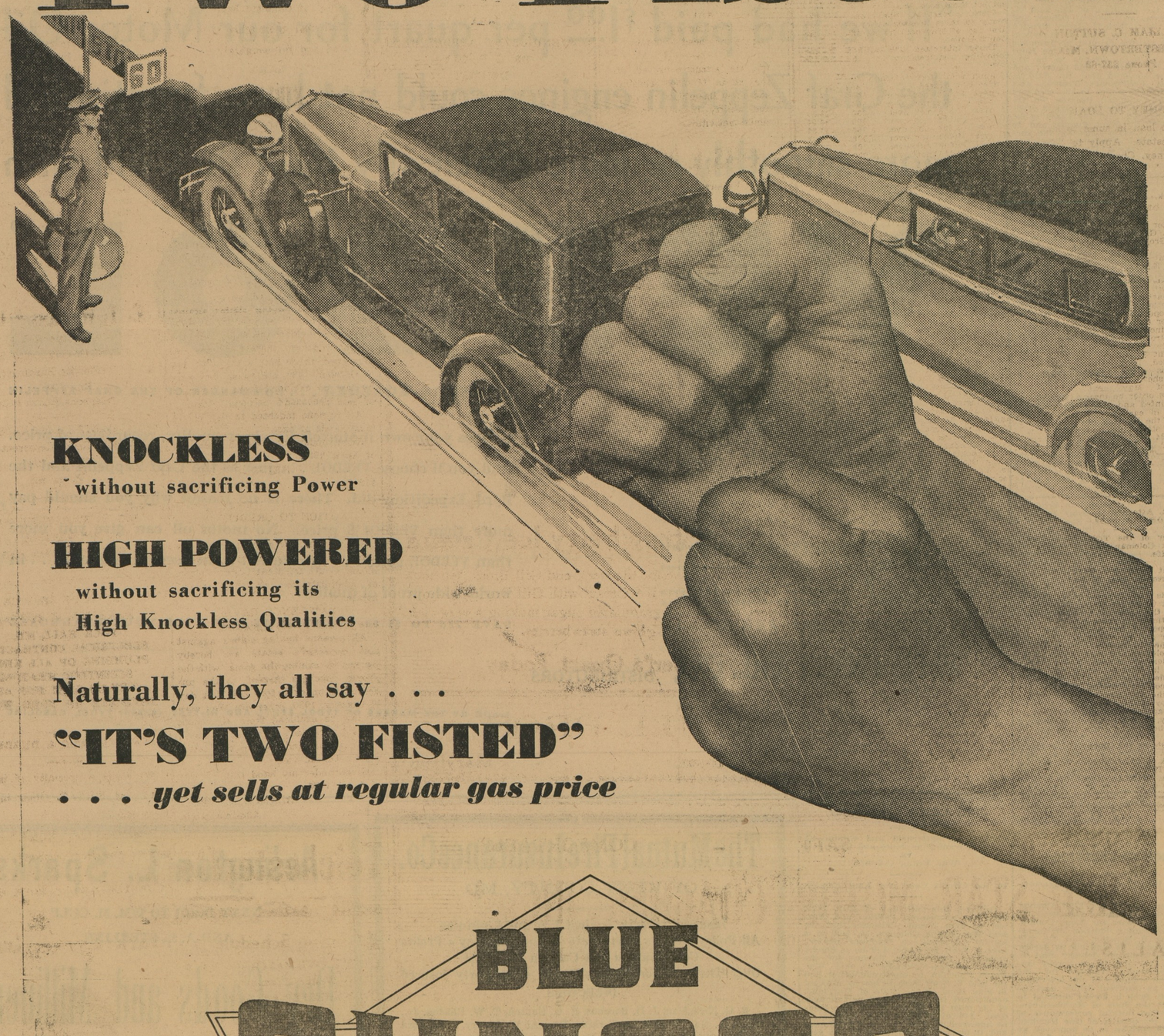
After all, the confirmation of the new chief justice was not such a close shave for Mr. Hughes.

Check and Double Check

A Chicago Electrical engineer compelled to remain in the Quaker City one Sunday evening was heard to remark: "Philadelphia is the largest electrically lighted graveyard I have ever seen."

World Court Propaganda Has Noth-

Two Fisted



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