HE WAS ONLY EXPERIENCED

BRADLEY RICHARDS did not realize that, at the time he left Dightonville for the city, he was greatly looked up to by all the small girls in town.

His reputation as the star football man on the local high school team, the swagger way in which he strode about the streets, his charming profile as seen at the movies or Sunday school entertainments, had enshrined him in a dozen youthful hearts, the most faithful of which was Sally Marbury's.

Five years in the city modified Bradley's swagger but did not change his profile nor erase his memory from Sally's dreams. Not, however, that he remembered Sally! Even when she was most worshiping from the side lines or across the aisle, he had been unconscious of her very existence.

His success at football had not followed him in business. One job after another had been tried out and he was embarking on his fifth venture when the letter telling of his uncle's sudden death back in Dightonville reached him.

"Now he has left you," wrote his old friend and lawyer, "the house he was born and died in and the store that gave him his living."

He got out of the Dightonville train the following afternoon. His throat tightened when he crossed the threshold of the old white house. After all, it had been his home for years.

It was when he went down to the store, however, that he was seized by an idea.

He hadn't made good in the city. Suppose he took over this down-at-the-heels emporium with its out-of-date stock and cobwebbed windows and tried to make a success of it.

To be sure, he knew nothing about the drygoods business. He would have to have an experienced clerk.

Next morning there appeared in the Dightonville Star an advertisement: "Wanted—A clerk in Richards' Drygoods Emporium. Experienced only need apply."

That afternoon a special delivery letter reached him. It read:

"Dear Mr. Richards:

"I am applying for the position of clerk in your store. (By the way, don't you think it would sound more modern to call it a Department Store instead of an Emporium?)

"If you will hold this position open for three days, or even two, I will be at liberty and will call on you.

"I am sure you are going to be a success.

"Yours truly,
"S. MARBURY."

That afternoon Bradley went across the street to the one other store in town handling the same sort of stock as his uncle. Bradley's old classmate, Dick Endicott, now owned and ran it and Bradley was anxious to strengthen relations before any spirit of rivalry should affect it.

He was leaving, after a pleasant chat in the office with Dick, when he passed a strikingly pretty girl looking up at him from her typewriter. Their glances met and the girl blushed furiously.

Three days later she walked into his store and applied for the job as clerk. She said she was the S. Marbury who had written to him.

But Bradley shook his head. "I'm very sorry," he said, and meant it, "but I don't want to start business by hiring my neighbor's clerk."

For a moment Sally seemed startled. Then at a loss for what to say. Finally, "I was going to leave anyhow," she declared. "Mr. Endicott knew it. I assure you he will be glad rather than sorry!"

Somehow or other, Bradley got the idea from the tone of her voice that she had been discharged. The thought gave him a fellow-feeling of sympathy. He had been discharged and knew how she felt. He gave her the job.

In the days that followed Bradley frequently patted himself on the back for having had sufficient perspicacity to hire a clerk with "experience." Instinctively, she seemed able to guage the needs of her townspeople and to advise Bradley in his buying accordingly.

But not until Sally had been working for him for some time was he able to pin her down as to the extent of her experience.

They were standing one day in the doorway of the store and from some nearby garden drifted the scent of lilacs.

"How long," asked Bradley, "did you work for Dick?"

She didn't answer for a minute. Then, "Three days," she said meekly.

"Three days!"

"Oh, I'll explain! When I saw your advertisement I made up my mind to land the job. I hadn't a speck of experience but Dick married my cousin and I teased him into letting me work three days for him so that technically I could be eligible.

Bradley regarded her curiously. How lovely she was! But why had she, an only child of a well-to-do father, been so anxious to work for him?

"Sally," he said impulsively, "what say we try something more romantic than drygoods partnership? I—I love you, Sally!"

And blissfully Sally saw her girlhood dream fulfilled.

Object of Prayer

"We pray to a joss," said Hi Ho, the sage of Chinatown, "not so much in reverence as in the hope that he may have some mysterious and far-reaching political influence."—Washington Star.

Uncle Eben

"A hoss race," said Uncle Eben, "makes a winner take credit for bein' smart. Den he perceeds to use his imaginary intelleck to spoil his dumb luck."—Washington Star.

DUCKS SCARCE IN MARYLAND

Sportsmen are at a loss at the scarcity of wild ducks in Talbot waters. The warm weather has caused these wild fowl to cavort out in deep water during the day and steal in after sundown and eat up all the corn they can find in front of the blinds.

One prominent sportsman who has hunted ducks for many years stated this week that it was a mistake to bait the blinds with corn. "If the people would let the ducks search for their food they would be forced to come near shore and feed. As it is tons of corn are thrown overboard and after sundown when the law protects the ducks they come in, fill their craws full, then go out in the bay and sun themselves while the digest the corn.

"This practice of feeding them is ruining the sport. I have hunted ducks along Poplar Island for many years, and I believe that the corn we throw overboard is doing more harm than good.

"I remember when I was a small boy there were thousands of ducks in these waters. We shot them as late as May, and all of a sudden the ducks left and were not seen for several years afterward. My father stated then that the reason the ducks left was that the floods that year had sent down such vast quantities of fresh water that the grass growing on the flats was killed.

"Just as soon as the grass catches on the flats again, said my father, we will have ducks. And this turned out true. The grass was formerly seen growing out of the water, and all of a sudden it disappeared. And so did the ducks. The grass came back again and so did the ducks. But the mild weather and the heavy feeding along the grounds in front of blinds has made the ducks forsake the grass and wild celery.

"We have enough natural food to entice the wild ducks here, but they refuse to eat it while they can slip in near shore after sundown and fill their craws with corn and then leave before we can get a shot at them.

"Just as soon as the weather freezes over the flats in the upper bay thousands of ducks will leave there and come down this way. Then they will seek the shelter along the shore and forsake the broad waters. But the weather must change considerable to what it is now."

All over the county the cry is heard that the ducks fail to feed at the blinds in the day time. Many sportsmen have gone to other parts of the states to shoot, some going up to the Susquehanna, where the shooting has not been much better.

One man returned home not long ago with two blackheads as the result of his day's shooting. Probably when the time comes for them to be protected thousands of them will be seen here. Wild swan are reported in great number near Poplar Island. They are getting tamer all the time. One gunner stated this week that while ducking with a visitor he saw a great flock of them circle very close to his decoys. They were not in the least alarmed at the blind, and had he been so disposed could have killed nearly all of them.—Star-Democrat.

Mankind's Wallets

Jupiter has loaded us with a couple of wallets; the one, filled with our own voice he has placed at our backs; the other, heavy with those of others, he has hung before.—Phaedras (circa 8 A. D.). Fable 10.

Fresh Air Important

Bad air is narcotic poison. To sleep in a room that hasn't a current of air moving about is to invite depression, ill-health and grayness of complexion. Proper ventilation in the home is important. Years ago there existed an idea to the effect that night air was poisonous. That was silly bunkum.—Exchange.

Good Breeding First

The scholar without good breeding is a pedant; the philosopher, a cynic; the soldier, a brute; and every man disagreeable.—Chesterfield.

Device That Measures Temperature of Moon

Modern observatories are equipped with instruments whereby the temperature of the moon can be measured. The temperature of the moon depends upon the amount of heat it receives, the amount it reflects, and its rate of radiation. It is easy to measure with some approximation the amount of heat the earth receives from the moon, but it is not easy to determine what part is reflected and what part radiated. When the moon passes into the earth's shadow so that the direct rays of the sun are cut off, then all the heat received from the moon is that radiated and this can be measured, and from the amount received and the rate at which it decreases as the eclipse continues, it is possible to determine approximately the rate at which the moon loses heat by radiation, and from this the temperature to which it has been raised. Observations show that the amount of heat received from the moon diminishes very rapidly after it passes into the earth's shadow. This indicates that its radiation is very rapid.

Short "Sob Story" of Two-Wheeled Tragedy

The flames shot upward; the smoke curled in clouds around the doomed building.

Suddenly a young woman rushed up to one of the firemen.

"Oh," she cried, "save it for me! Save it!"

She pointed to a second floor window, and without a word the fireman rushed to do her bidding.

"How old was it?" asked one of the bystanders.

"Only a month!" sobbed the woman. "And look!"—as the figure of the fireman could be seen coming down the ladder again. "He has failed! He's coming back without it! Oh, what shall I do?"

The fireman approached.

"I'm sorry," he said, "but I could find no child."

"Child?" cried the woman. "I said nothing about a child!"

"Then—what was it?" they asked her.

"It was my b-b-bicycle!" she sobbed. "I'd only had it a month—on the installment plan, too!"—London Tit-Bits.

If They Had to Try It

I am tired of hearing our clever young men and girls say they would rather be living in the Eighteenth century. Like children, they imagine they would all have been fine ladies and gentlemen, Horace Walpoles and the like. It is more likely they would have been Spitalfields weavers, grenadiers with the lash waiting for them, footmen and maids sleeping in dark holes, ragged and starved ushers, some of Squire Western's oafs and slatterns. A day of what was ordinary life to the average man or woman in the Eighteenth century would probably reduce them to screaming imbecility. No, we move on, in spite of all our stupid people—and our clever people.—London Saturday Review.

Wizard of the Wires

"Almost every man can find work if he uses his brains," asserted one who had traveled a good deal—"that is, if he has the ability to adapt himself, like the piano tuner I once met in the west of America.

"'Why,' I said to him, for we were in a wild, unsettled country, 'surely piano tuning can't be very lucrative here? I couldn't imagine that pianos were very plentiful in this region.'

"'No, they're not,' said the piano tuner, 'but I make a pretty fair income by tightening up barbed-wire fences!'"—London Answers.

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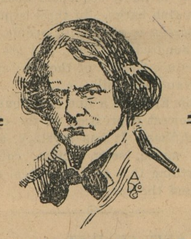

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Thomas F. Healey, Attorney.

ORDER OF PUBLICATION

May (Meekins) McClain
versus
Benjamin McClain

In the Circuit Court for Kent County, In Equity, No. 2601.

The object of the Bill filed in the above entitled case is to procure a Decree for a divorce a vinculo matrimonii for the Plaintiff, a resident of Kent county, Maryland, from the Defendant, a non-resident of the State of Maryland.

The Bill states:

1. That on the 13th day of June, 1923, May (Meekins) McClain was married to her husband, the said Benjamin McClain at Church Hill, Queen Anne's County, Maryland, by Rev. R. M. Wheeler, a duly ordained Minister of the Gospel, a certified copy of said marriage is hereto attached, marked "Exhibit A" and prayed to be made part of this Bill of Complaint.

2. That your Oratrix and the said Defendant, Benjamin McClain, had two children born to them from the said marriage. A. Mary Ellen McClain, aged 5 years, who at the time of the filling of this Bill of Complaint is in the custody of your Oratrix, and is being cared for and supported by your Oratrix, who lives with her father, Joshua Meekins, at Twilley's Lane, Chestertown, Kent County, Maryland.

B. Henry McClain, age 3 years, who at the time of filing this Bill of Complaint is in the custody of your Oratrix, and is being cared for and supported by your Oratrix, who lives with her father, Joshua Meekins, at Twilley's Lane, Chestertown, Kent County, Maryland.

3. Your Oratrix respecifully prays the Court to award her the guardianship and custody of her two minor children, to wit. Mary Ellen McClain and Henry McClain.

4. That your Oratrix and the Defendant, Benjamin McClain, together with the children of said marriage, were living at New Castle, State of Delaware, until sometime in June, 1925, when the said Defendant, Benjamin McClain, refused to support your Oratrix and the two children of said marriage, and as a result of the same was compelled to return to the home of her father, Joshua Meekins, at Twilley's Lane, Chestertown, Kent County, Maryland, for food and shelter, and that the said Benjamin McClain, Defendant, has treated her with great cruelty, harshness and brutality, at times striking and beating her, and his conduct became so intolerable that she was obliged to leave his house.

5. That through the conduct of your Oratrix towards her husband, the said Benjamin McClain, has always been kind, affectionate and above reproach, the said Benjamin McClain has without any just cause or reason abandoned her, and has declared his intention to live with her no longer, that such abandonment has continued uninterruptedly for more than three years, and is deliberate and final, and the separation of the parties beyond any reasonable expectation of reconciliation.

6. That ever since their said marriage your Oratrix has behaved herself as a faithful, chaste and affectionate wife towards the said Benjamin McClain, defendant.

7. That your Oratrix is a resident of Chestertown, Kent County, State of Maryland, since June 1925, and has resided at Twilley's Lane, Chestertown, Maryland, since that time.

8. That the Defendant, Benjamin McClain, is a non-resident of the State of Maryland, and at the time of the filing of this Bill of Complaint was residing at 1210 Appe Street, Wilmington, Delaware.

It is thereupon, this 16th day of January 1930, 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 1st day of February next, give notice to the said Benjamin McClain, non-resident defendant, warning him to appear in this Court in person, or by Solicitor, on or before the 3rd day of March next, to show cause, if any he has, why a decree ought not to be passed as prayed.

ROBERT A. SHALLCROSS, Clerk.

True Copy—Test:
ROBERT A. SHALLCROSS, Clerk.
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