NOW AND THEN

LIFE IS LIKE THAT

By Spencer Hare

Poets are supposed to write
Poems, to show how life is run—
While singers are supposed to sing
Songs of love, when day is done—
The clown, I know, should always be
A fellow full of comedy—
With pantomime * * * nothing spoken;
Even tho his heart be broken.
But things are mixed and so we find
The poet has the singer's mind,
The singer has the clowner's heart * * *
While clowns possess the poet's art.

"Things are not always what they seem."

Some years ago, when Charlie Chapman was preeminent in the movies, before the talkies came, I saw him in a movie. He was a clown in the picture, and a young desolate girl came and asked his assistance. She was taken into the circus and soon became a star through Charlie's efforts. Of course he fell in love with her, but another man, a much younger one appeared on the scene and she became enanoured of him.

When the clown found it out, he was just ready to take part in a side splitting performance. After the play, and the roar of laughter he turned his face to the audience. It was one of the saddest faces I have ever seen. Though he was acting then, it recalled what we have heard of him so often, that naturally he was a very sad man, though perhaps one of the funniest on the stage.

MARK TWAIN

Mark Twain, though he has been dead for over twentyfive years his memory is still green to his admirers and to those who love his books and his unbounding wit.

And yet he too had a sad life. Three out of the four children died, and the firm in which he had his money invested failed, leaving him not only penniless, but badly in debt. It was to recoup his losses that he went about reading his works to an interested audience. Three out of his four children died before he did. Upon the stone which marked the grave of his daughter, Susan, he had engraved this lines of Robert Richardson an Australian poet only changing the word northern to Southern as the poet lived below the equator.

"Warm Summer sun, shine friendly here.
Warm western wind, blow kindly here.
Green sod above, rest light, rest light.
Good-night, Annette!
Sweetheart, good-night!"

THERE WAS NO AUTOMOBILE RACE

Such a scattering there was last week of the rich and great, as well as the salesmen and all who hoped to profit thereby, when the rain came down in torrents upon the assembled crowd. It had all been so nicely planned. The President in his Hyde Park home was to touch the button which would give the signal to start.

But the signal was never given, and Vandebilts, Asters, Rockfelters and all were pelted with the rain. Only the unbrella man and the taxis profited. Surely the weather is no respector of persons.

Dripping flags and bunting, and ruined decorations were all that the promoters of this Auto race in Long Island had ot show for their work.

THE CHARM SCHOOL

The Charm School, which the President planned on Jefferson Island in the Chesapeake seems to have had the desired effect. The Senators who were so violently opposed to any change in the Supreme Court, are now willing to hear of plans for Compromise. A jolly good time they had there, and now they seem to be resigned to sit longer in the air cooled houses and to hear of new plans for the Court.

WOMANS COLUMN

O women! in our hours of ease,
Uncertain coy and hard to please
And variable as the shade
By the light quivering aspen made,
When pain and anquish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou.
WALTER SCOTT.

AMELIA EARHART

What an anxious time it is for all her friends and well wishers. The speeding ships and airplaune are hoping to find her and her brave pilot, before it is too late.

The bride of 1937 is a shrewd bargainer and knows how to stretch a budget, Mrs. Iris Walker, assistant to the Agricultural Adjustment Administration's consumers counsel, said last week. The increased number of inquiries which come to the counsel is due to the educational opportunities now open to women, and to the entrance of women into the business world, she believes.

"LADY EDISON"

One night a blond woman, who looks a little like Mae West, was listening to a tiny Swiss music box. Before the tinkling notes died away, she had found the answer that business machine manufacturers have sought for over a decade.

From the unlikely source of a music box came Bonlah Henry's idea for a device which will hold multiple billing sheets in place in tabulating machines and typewriters. Last week in New York, the inventor was receiving bids from manufacturers all over the country who want the right to use her alignment patent on their machines.

Miss Henry, who has patented fifty-two inventions, lightly refers to her ability to make ideas "bounce back" from such strange sources as music boxes She was only 9 when she first was inspired to try her hand at inventing. Looking out a window, she saw a man who had to fold his paper up before he could free one hand to lift his hat to a passing lady. With rusty nails, a board, and a rock for a hammer, she perfected a rack for holding newspapers.

Later in her career, Miss Henry came to New York to sell an umbrella cover that could be changed in a minute to match the carrier's gown Six manufacturers jeered at the idea, but a seventh sold over 40,000 of the umbrellas in two months.

The story which follows was published in a School paper in Westminister, Md., and as it is vrey interesting we are glad to repeat it in our column. Mss Phebe Robinson is a grand-daughter of Mr. Wm. Medders of Still Pond.

ORCHIDS FROM JOHN

Linda pulled her brother into the room and closed the door softly behind her. Then she returned to him as he seated himself nervously on the arm of a chair.

"Now, John Anderson, you listen to me." Linda's black eyes glared at him "You're a sap but we won't go into detail—heaven knows I've told you that often enough though this time you will listen to me. Today's your wedding anniversary."

"Blazes, don't you think I know it," John picked up a cigarette.

"Well this is what you don't know, my dear brother. You've got to give Myrna something, so she'll know you haven't forgotten her. Poor dear, she feels deserted. Why she told me the other day she didn't think you loved her anymore."

"I don't," John cut in curtly.

"If I felt that way, John, I'd be ashamed to admit it. There aren't many men who have a girl like Myrna to stick to them."

"Yea, and there aren't many men who'd be fools enough to marry a sweet little preacher's brat either."

"You can't say we didn't warn you about that. Dad told you a millionaires' son wouldn't get along with a country clerk's daughter."

"You all seem to be getting along with her all right."

"Johnnie, of course, that isn't the question. She's a dear little soul, but it's you. It just turned out at Dad prophesied. You were tired of her within six weeks."

"Well, who wouldn't be with a fade-out for a wife. Why back there in college she outshone all those hicks. She was a swell dresser, too, and could she dance! But here—phew! I take her to a dance and she clings to the wall like ivy She insults my friends because she's afraid to drink, and smoke. If I puffed as daintily as she—good heavens!" He failed to find words to express himself.

Lindo scanned her brother's face, hoping for some sign of softening. Helplessly, she shrugged her shoulders. "But Myrna would appreciate a little something so much—candy, flowers, orchids."

John kicked open the door. "Thanks, sis, for your friendly advice," he exclaimed sarcastically as he slammed the door in her face.

In the hall John grabbed his hat and overcoat, running down the front steps and into the streets as he pulled them on.

"The dickens with Linda," he thought. "She makes me mad, always reminding me about Myrna—well, she is cute and respectable, but she overdoes it—such a meek little wife gets on your nerves." Send her orchids? Why, he had hardly enough to get Loli her promised flowers.

Loli! The name sounded sweet in his ears. My, she had been pretty yesterday, Gosh, so much spunk—it hadn't taken him long to get a date out of her for today, and it hadn't taken him long, either, to find just the kind of flowers she preferred—orchids! They just suited her, with that yellow blonde hair, those big violet eyes and warm red lips. He bet she was a good dancer, too. The way she tapped out her act last night in the show—why he had spotted her out from among all those other kids at once. She had class and wasn't afraid to show it. Boy—if only Myrna were like that."

His footsteps stopped before the florist shop, and lifting the latch he entered, while the bell overhead tinkled lustily. Miraculously a smiling salesman appeared behind the pots of green fern.

"Something for you today, sir?" he asked politely.

"Yes," replied John, "one dozen orchids."

He could hear the air escape through the florist's teeth as he thought of the profit one dozen orchids would bring him.

John watched the man arranging the flowers impatiently. He pulled out his watch. "Seven minutes to meet Loli," he sighed. Why doesn't the old cuss hurry up? Does he think I have all day to wait?"

"Lucky wife you have, Sir," interrupted the man as he put the finishing touches to the bow encircling the flowers. "Not many women get this many flowers all at once."

"No!" agreed John glancing at his watch again. "Five minutes to meet Loli." He'd make it on time yet if the old man would hurry a little.

"Some gardenias for the wife, too?" asked the salesman patronizingly

"No," John's voice was unusually sharp. "Fool," he thought. "Gardenias for Myrna—orchids for the wife— Myrna." He laughed.

"Twenty-five dollars, Sir," The man looked at him expectantly. John thrust the bill on the counter. All last week's allowance gone. Well, it was worth it, he insisted to himself, as he waited for the package. The salesman brought it to the front of the counter and handed it to him.

"Here you are, Sir."

"You didn't need to bring it all the away around," was John's reply as he snatched the box from the man's hand, and stepped hurriedly to the door. The salesman was there first. He stood aside bowing politely as John brushed past him. "Goodbye—come again, Sir."

John didn't answer. "Darn, how some people get on your nerves with their silly manners—old hypocrite. All that man wants is his money." John stepped off the pavement and looked down the street.

There was Loli waiting for him, down by "Bill's Saloon." She had kept her word "Good girl," he thought. Loli's head turned in his direction, a brilliant smile flashed for him as she waved a gloved hand. Lured on by Loli he started madly across the street.

"Watch out, Sir," yelled the florist behind him. "Good glory", thought John, "hasn't he gone in?"

The big trucks brake's screamed, the wheels swerved to the left. John jumped, but too late. Two seconds afterwards his body lay still, but the orchids were in his arm, untouched.

Down the street Linda was hurrying to the florist's shop. "If John won't think of Myrna at least I will. He won't have the courage to deny he sent the flowers to Myrna, if I sign his name to them."

The scream of truck brakes broke into her thoughts. She started. An accident! Linda hurried up the street. "What happened?" she questioned a hard faced blonde who stood by the edge of the gathering crowd.

Loli curved her lips. "Another fool gone," she sneered and walked away.

Ten minutes later, as her brother's cold body was stretched before her, Linda gently took the box of orchids from his nerveless fingers. "Dear boy. Myrna will always remember her orchids from John."

PHEBE GALE ROBINSON

Miracle House Opens At Claybourne

Approximately 125 happy children arrived at the Miracle House at Claybourne last week to spend the summer at the seashore building up their strength and resistance so that they can stage a successful warfare against tuberculosis—a disease with which they have been in constant contact.

"These children come from many different sections of the State", said William B. Matthews, Managing Director of the Maryland Tuberculosis Association, the organization which operates the Miracle House.

"This group is one of the largest that has ever been to the preventorium and this season should be the most successful. It was necessary to turn down many applications due to lack of space but those who were selected were carefully chosen and should derive great benefit from the treatment."

The present season is the nineteenth in the history of the Miracle House. During this time more than 2,000 white Maryland children have been treated there.

The children attending are white Maryland children and are between the ages of 6 and 12. The group includes both boys and girls. They are underweight and have low physical resistance and are in need of treatment to build up their small bodies. To accomplish this they are now undergoing a regiment of good food, rest, fresh air and healthful play.

Ocean City Celebrates 62nd Birthday

While nothing in the form of a celebration was planned, Ocean City observed its sixty second birthday last Sunday, July 4th. This Maryland seaport city dates its beginning from the opening of the Old Atlantic Hotel which took place on July 4, 1875.

The first building of any importance erected at Ocean City was the old Atlantic Hotel, razed in a fire in 1925, and later rebuilt.

When the idea of founding a seashore resort on the narrow strip of beach was first broached in 1872, the proposal was hooted at by folks who lived nearby. But the men who conceived the idea worked with zealousness to fulfill their dream of a great resort city.

Over sandy roads and through the marshes came the first patrons of Ocean City. At the edge of Sinepuxent Bay they were met by a scow which bore them to the other side. Years later the railroad was built from Berlin to the bay shore and then across the water into Ocean City. The railroad bridge was washed away in the storm three years ago and never rebuilt.

New Marriage Law Inoperative

The Maryland 48-hour marriage law, ntroduced in the regular session of the Legislature by State Senator Harold E. Cobourn, Cecil county, and signed by Governor Harry W. Nice, has automatically become inoperative until after the election in November 1938, when the question will be settled by the voters of the State.

Following the signing of the bill by the Governor, Elkton taxi men, headed by William L. Cann, circulated petitions throughout the State and according to the provisions of the referendum law, 5,000 names were submitted to the Secretary of State by the first of June. This resulted in a thirty day delay and during that time, the sufficient number, 10,000 names were secured to the petition. In all, according to Mr. Cann, 13,007 names appear on the petition. Of this number, 5,830 were secured in Baltimore City and 7,175 in the State, thus forcing a referendum.

LOVE POINT FERRY Saves TIME—MONEY

To and from the Heart of BALTIMORE

Schedules in effect June 14, 1937 (Eastern Standard Time)

LEAVE LOVE POINT (B & E PIER)

*7:00, 9:35 a. m., *1:30, 6:00 and *8:30 p. m. daily; 1:00 a. m. daily except Sunday.

LEAVE BALTIMORE (PIER 5, LIGHT ST.)

7.00, *10:00 a.m., 3:00, *6:30 p.m. daily; 9:00 p. m. daily except Saturday, and *11:30 p. m. daily.

*Trucks not handled on these trips.

Passengers and automobiles handled on all trips.

PASSENGERS:

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75¢ Round Trip (4-day limit)

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BY

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