NOW AND THEN

ART IN THE SERVICE OF LOVE

To Vittoria Colona

Lady how can it chance—yet this we see
In long experience—that will longer last
A living image carved from quarries vast
Than its own maker, who dies presently
Cause yieldeth to effect if this so be,
And even Nature is by Art surpassed;
This know I, who to Art have given the past
But see that Time is breaking faith with me.
Perhaps on both of us long life can I
Either in color or in stone bestow,
By now portraying each in look and mien;
So that a thousand years after we die
How fair thou wast and I how full of woe,
And wherefore I so loved thee, may be seen.

Michael Angelo.

MICHAEL ANGELO

It was in 1472, this poet, painter and Sculptor was born in the city of Florence. It has been many many years ago but his memory is as fresh now and more revered than in the days when he lived and created his immortal works. The Medici a ruling family in Florence were lovers of Art and did all they could to encourage it. Under their patronage young Michael plied at his art, preferring sculpture to painting. The Pope hearing of his genius sent for him to come to Rome and decorate the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel. In vain he protested that he was a sculptor rather than a painter, nevertheless he went to work and painted his wonderful painting of "The Creation" For years he painted lying on the scaffold which he erected, while the paint would drop down in his eyes as he worked. He dared not have assistance for fear they would not carry out his ideas. In painting or sculpture he never thought of his comfort or health, but labored incessantly. Whne the ceiling was finished and he threw open the door, the spectators were amazed and overcome with wonder. There was a whole acre of painting, portraying The Creation and the prophets and other characters in Bible history.

After that he went to work on the tomb of Pope Julian II. It was for this that he carved the wonderful statue, Moses, and many other famous pieces in stone. That it was not fininshed was a bitter disappointment to him for he had labored so to make it a magnificent group of sculpture. Everything that he did was large and imposing. The Statue of David is one of the largest known. It is cut from dazzling white carara marble, and a copy of it is seen in many museums, towering way above the other statues in the room.

Later he painted another famous picture in the Sistine Chapel. "The last Judgement". This depicts the Son of Man coming in power to judge the world. His paintings and those of Raphael who painted too in the Sistine Chapel have made it the most beautiful in the world.

In spite of his great work Micheal was an unhappy man. Florence was so disturbed by internecine wars and the church was beset with enemies which troubled him very much. But when growing old and infirm there came into his life the lovely Vittoria Colonna, a friend indeed. She had an unselfish understanding heart and her friendship was to him like a beautiful sunset coming at the end of a gloomy day, watching over him and making him feel that he had one who cared for him. Perhaps he loved her with an intense love, though her feeling for him was only admiration and friendship. Her portrait shows a lovely sensitive face.

Perhaps she would hardly have been known to posterity were she not his loyal friend. Michael Angelo lived to be a very old man. He was 89 years old when he died but his works have still their ancient beauty which will last for centuries yet.

HITLER

Though he seems to be the lord and master of a great part of Europe, to whom he broadcast his will from his mountain retreat, Hitler is a dreamer, so his friends say. In fact, he thinks of himself as Siegfrid the great hero of the German people. Such a pity that he is so insignificent looking, and wears such a funny mustache.

SEEKING COVER

"My lord above," the colonel cried,
As he saw the general's lip.
Lost was the shaven outline
It bore before his trip.
Nestling below the sturdy nose,
Concealing the mouth so firm,
Reared a bristly looking brush,
A net for the wandering germ.
"If, my general, you must be rash,
Grow whiskers along with that mustache."

COURTESY'S REWARD

Philadelphia

As refreshing as a chapter from Horatio Alger is the episode in the life of a popular and obliging newsboy, Gerry Reed, who has recently been made $10,000 richer, because he never failed to be courteous, and under all circumstances greeted his customers with a smile, and gave the service of a helping hand without being asked to. His newsstand is at an airport where there is much activity.

The money was bequeathed to him by Oliver H. Genert, a well-known theater operator and baseball manager. Many another, as well as the donor, has taken interest in the welfare of the congenial lad, who has just passed his eighteenth birthday. His legacy will go toward his future career.

Mr. Genert had long observed Gerry and admired him deeply for his friendliness and constant cheerfulness, and gave expression to his admiration in this tangible and substantial way.

HUMANITARIAN

(Portland Oregonian)

Portland, Ore.

Man's humanity to dumb animals was touchingly illustrated a few days ago when William Block, railroad brakeman, rescued a stranded dog.

Mr. Block saw the animal, which apparently had fallen twenty feet to a ledge, as his train rushed by underneath the ledge a short distance out of Ridgefield, Wash.

Reaching Portland, the end of his run, Mr. Block and his wife returned immediately to Ridegfield, a distance of about 60 miles and, enlisting the help of City Marshal Frank Wray. Night Marshal C. F. Bruner, and Fred Herbert, drove through the darknes sto the crest of the bluff.

Mr. Wray was lowered by a tow chain to where the frightened black and white Springer Spaniel was whimpering in the cold.

Then the rescuers returned the dog to Ridgefield and released him to find his way home. And Mr. Block drove back t o Portland, arriving in time to report for his next shift.

Germany has solved the servant question. It has decreed that every young woman, before she undertakes any training for a profession, shall work in some one's household, not her family's, for a year or two. As the men have to take training in the army, so they compell the women to learn domestic work. How would the women of America like this?

DR. H. C. HUGHES
DENTIST
Office In the Telephone Exchange
Building, Chestertown, Md.
PHONES: Office 223

Notice To Creditors

FOR REAL ESTATE ONLY

Thsi is to Give Notice, That the subscriber has obtained from the Orphans' Court of Kent County Ancillary letters of Administration C. T. A. on the estate of

EUGENE M. HANSON

late of said county deceased. All persons having claims against said deceased are hereby warned to file in said Court their claim against said decedent, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated, on or before the 5th day of September, 1938; they may otherwise by law, be excluded from all benefit of said estate. All persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment.

Given under my hand this 1st day of March, 1938.

JOHN P. COCHRAN,
Ancillary Administrator C. T. A.
T. Ringgold Jones Register of Wills.
Mar 5-4t.

IT IS DANGEROUS

It is dangerous to sell a SUBSTITUTE for 666 just to make three or four cents more. Customers are your best assets; lose them and you lose your business. 666 is worth three or four times as much as SUBSTITUTE.

REVIEW OF SOME OF THE BEST SELLERS

Those of us who may remember Jeffrey Farnol's "Broad Highway" and "The Amateur Gentleman" will welcome his new book "The Crooked Furrow" published by Doubleday, oran and Company. This is what Lisle Bell, one of the chattiest of reviewers of the New York Tribune, says about it.

"If you are in the mood for a rousing yarn of bygone England, drop everything (including your aitches) and let Jeffrey Farnol be your guide. Here is a tale as solid and juicy as roast beef, with more punches than a blow-by-blow description in Madison Square Garden. It concerns the adventures of two cousins, Roland Veringer, aristocrat, and Oliver Dale, yeoman—who inherited a sum of money from a rich uncle, with instructions to go places and do things. Of Oliver it was said that "there beant no man in arl Sussex nor not nowheres else wot never druv no straighter furrer"—and if you can untangle these negatives you should have something positive. Rolands weapon was the sword not the ploughshare, and his distaste for his rustic rival was outspoken and roundly phrased. Mr. Farnol flavors his narrative with interludes of winning and wenching, and ling snatches of tap room tattle. Now and then the dialect bores from within, the novelist forgetting that there are times when yokels should be seen and not heard."

While listening to a radio program called "One Man's Family," which by the way is devoid of bad grammar and replete with intelligent conversation and quite worth your attention, one of the characters who was ill asked for the "latest who-dun-it" book. There is scarcely a reader who at one time or another does not like to read a thriller. One of the more recent of these is "The Dead Don't Care," the new Latimer book of the Crime Club. His mystery of 1936 "The Lady in The Morgue" was the sensation of that year. This one is faster, funnier, tougher and more readable than anything he has done. Once again Bill Crane, the hard-boiled private investigator and his two sidekicks, O'Malley and Doc Williams go into action . . . . and that action includes kidnapping and murder as well as many hilarious and ribald scenes in the true Latimer manner. The climax of the book, shocking as it may be, is bitterly true to human nature and is fitting close to one of the most startling and amazing stories that Crime Club has ever published.

As an additional Post-Mortem we suggest "The Mystery of the Painted Nude", another Crime Club book. This one was published in London as "Murder Most Artistic" a title which is less pulling than the American one. A nude body with a shaved head and the nose painted a bright red is fished out of the Thames, and Inspector Penk of Scotland Yard soon connects it up with the deserted studio of "Black Mac" MacCloachan, an artist of the modernist school who is half Scotch and half Polish and is looked upon in some circies as a genius. His private life however has been so lurid that any number of people might have murdered him, and Inspector Penk's chief difficulty is trying to find out whether the corpse (which had been stabbed with a lead pencil) is "Black Mac" himself, or some unknown victim disposed of by the artist before he bolted.

"To Wake The Dead" by John Dickson Carr and published by Harpers is about a husband slain at an English Country House and his wife similarly slaughtered in a London Hotel in which Dr. Fell performs deductive acrobatics.

WORTON

Mr. and Mrs. George Williams entertained a few friends at cards Saturday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Emerson Moore, of Chestertown spent Saturday with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Ford.

Mrs. Albert Williams' sister, Miss Caroline Lusby, a student at Beacom College Wilmington, is quite ill in Hospital in that city following an appendicitis operation. We wish her a speedy recovery.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Farlee, of Trenton, N. J., visited her parents, Mr. and Mrs. P. O. Jones last week end.

Mr. and Mrs. Clayton Mitchell, of Centreville spent Sunday with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Harrison Cornelius.

Mr. and Mrs. John Duyer had as their guests a few friends at cards Saturday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Riley, of Baltimore, visited Mr. and Mrs. Henry S Rasin several days this week.

Mrs. Wm. Thompsno spent Monday in Still Pond.

Mrs. Carter Rash and son, Larry Lee visited her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Duyer, of Queen Annes, Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. John Duyer, Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Riley, and Mr. and Mrs. Henry Rasin were dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. W. O. B. Knight Wednesday.

THOSE WHO REMAIN

When death visits a home, the first concern is to perform the last service to the loved one in a becoming manner. What ever is done must express all the reverance and affection that is felt at such a time. But in addition to this a further responsibilty rests upon the funeral director. It is his privilege and duty to lessen as far as lies with in his power, the burdens laid upon those who remain. By countless little acts of thoughtfulness he can make the way easier for them.

We consider this part of our work as important as any other. Our highest aim is to have our patrons look upon us as trusted friends, ready and anxious to render sympathetic assistance to those who remain behind.

B. R. FELLOWS,
Funeral Director.
Still Pond, Md.
ar27 Phone 3



LISTEN TO THE OPEN WINDOW

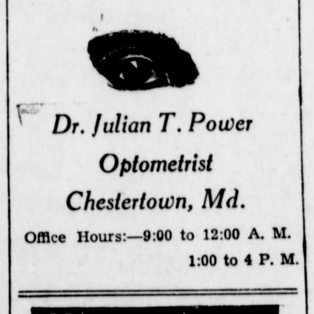
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NOTICE

OLD KENT

BY

GEORGE A. HANSON

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TRANSCRIPT

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