NOW AND THEN

SPRING TIME

"O little buds all burgeoning with Spring.
You hold my winter in forgetfulness;
Without my window lilac branches swing,
Within my gate, I hear a robin sing
Oh little laughing blooms that lift and bless!

So blow the breezes in a soft caress.
Blowing my dreams upon a swallows wing;
O little merry buds in dappled dress.
You fill my heart with very wantonness.
Oh little buds all burgeoning with spring."

Thos. Jones.

Oh the beauty of Nature!
Wild flowers everywhere.

The golden forsythia has just gone out of bloom but it brightened everything with its glow for a long while. This flower is named for a botanist, William Forsyth who went to China with Robert Fortune the naturalist. It was in the days when China was forbidden to foreigners, but Fortune, on a salary of 40 pounds a year, went there and roamed all over the interior disguised as a native and obtained for the Kew Gardens of England, a score of valuable plants among them the forsythia, the gorgeous wistaria and the regal lily. The gladiolus was found growing wild in South Africa, where also was found the geranium, growing wild.

So each country has contributed to the loveliness of one another each giving its wild flowers to be acclimated elsewhere.

SING, SING, SING

If you wish to be happy then sing. Fairfax Downey, in the current "Commentator," tells us that more people daily are finding surcease from these troublous times in song. There are now choral organizations, besides school clubs, in 44 states, Hawaii, and seven Canadian provinces. They range from groups of 40 to 500. And already they have made progress in improving international understanding, in industrial relations and in bridging the gap between generations. Singing, says the writer, means harmony in more than one sense, "for it carries with it practice of the art of human companionship." True words, these. Singing lifts the heart; lifts facial lines; lifts moods of depression; lifts thought to joyous expression and happy expectation. Forebodings flee from the atmosphere of song. "Sing, brother, sing."

In writing of nature, one is always reminded of the birds whose voices are now filling the air with melody.

"The trees were feathered like birds, birds, birds.
Birds were in every tree.
Yet nobody heeded nobody heard,
Nobody knew, save me."
(Peabody.)

Justice Done In—John A. Heffernon tells this story in the Brooklyn Daily Eagle of Mr. Justice Dunne of the New York State Supreme Court. It seems Justice Dunne was presiding at a damage suit, when came this dialogue between the lawyer and the witness:

"Did you see the plaintiff knocked down?"
"Who, me?"
"Yes, you."
"No, not me."
"Did you see the defendant at all?"
"Who, me?"
"Yes, you."
"No."
"Then why are you here?"
"Who, me?"
"Yes, you."
"To see justice done."

"Who, me?" demanded Justice Dunne, gazing sharply down from the bench. The story is recent enough to have nuisance value; and the pun broad enough to have nuance value.

Thirst for Knowledge—The Fleming Prize for the outstanding graduate of the Lawrence (Mass.) Evening High School is awarded. It goes to a native of Syria and a mother of three children who, nine years ago, could speak but a few words of English. It went to her out of a class of 150 other students, most of whom were some 15 years her junior, after she had first completed an evening grammar school course, served as associate editor of the school paper, and while two of her three sons were attending day school. It went to her through much burning of midnight oil, many rebuffs, hours of questioning and black despair. The prize, what was it? Oh, some immaterial object. We don't know what. But, wait! The prize? Why, the prize i sthe individual consciousness of having faced a task and seen it through. Nothing of human fashioning could compete with that!

GOOD INCREASES

Chicago

It was a rainy day and a man tried repeatedly to start his car, but the motor refused to turn over. He got out and inspected both sides of the motor, but seemed to see nothnig wrong, and was about to walk away when a young man came to him.

Pleasantly the lad said, "I have been watching you from my window across the street. Perhaps I can be helpful. You see, I know something about cars. Do you have a cloth I can use to wipe off these plugs? See how dirty and wet they are? Impossible to start a car when the plugs are in that condition. Now just wipe them off this way." He proceeded to explain as he worked.

When the chap had finished, the man again stepped on the starter, and the car started immediately. Then he turned to thank the boy and to offer him something for his kindness; but he had quietly returned home.

The man drove to a filling station to make a purchase, and saw that two drivers were having the same trouble. Neither car would start. The man's first thought was of himself—how late he was for his appointment. Then he walked over to the driver of the first stalled automobile and started the car; and he repeated the process with the other.

Before the man returned to his home the next day, he had taught 21 persons the simple lesson in brotherly love that the boy had taught him. What far-reaching results a simple act of kindness may have!

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 responsibility 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
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ANACHRONISMS

Some critics have accused Thornton Wilder of anachronism, of bringing in Characters that belong to different periods of time. He answers them:

He says what different does it make as he is writing a novel, not a history! In this week's "New York Times" there is an article headed by a large picture showing old Father Knickerbocker one time ruler of the state talking to Mayor Le Guardia Things have changed much since those old days, though no one held more dictorial pawers than did those old Dutch Masters.

IN BLOSSOM TIME

(By Mary R. Stokes)

Orange rays from the disc of the setting sun flash and flash through the white bloom of the cherry; the heavy perfume of white narcissus is borne away on the air's kerchief and tall white lilac bushes spatter exquisite odor over the garden. How unforgettable is blossom time in Kent the paradise of an apple orchard covered with tinted petals over which rolls on each sunny day the languid surf-like boom of bees; lanes of white-flowered pear trees; and fairy pink of the few peach orchards; the shell tints of crab apple and the delicate silken blossoms of stray quince trees, the arresting beauty of wayside blow. The loved flowers of dogwood braid the woodland and the redbud hangs sprays of purplish pink against the yellow of new leaves. It is loss to miss a moment of this glorious resurgence after the long, literal gray of winter. The blossoms paint out the shadows that have lengthened in the heart and urge "onward again." Milton says it is an injury against Nature not to go out and see her riches.

I once saw the arcade of a large department store in a great city decorated to picture an apple orchard in full bloom and everyone who walked through seemed to become suddenly happy; seemed to thrill with pleasure. More than half of those people had never walked in a real apple orchard. Fruit trees in bloom are the lovliest, I think, of all the plant world. The robins and bluebirds try to tell of their delight as they fly from orchard to orchard when "The whole air pulses with its weight of sweet."

The owners of tidy farms have cleared away much of Kent's charm in the way of vagrant old fruit trees that tramped the roadway, or camped in odd corners, and sometimes spread their tents of shade in the middle of grain fields—the juicy black heart cherry, a noble tree; the butter pear, the pippen apple. When all the land is so beautiful who could go unheeding? The city crowds hurry to the parks and lanes and out on the open roads break the blossomed branches with eager hands so they may take back to town" some token of the robin's note."

In May chestnuts shake out a russet fringe; the poplars pass a rare metheglin to the breeze from asthetic cups of green and orange. The magnolia of the swamp is a fascinating bloomer and many trees of the wood, the wild cherry, the servis, but none are more beautiful than our locusts dripping with blossoms in the misty May sunlight. The most delicate plants of the woodland are now in perfect bloom—the anemone, the wind-shaken, with its wistful solitary flower; the rue anemone with its fairy clusters; the toothwort in pinkish beauty; the bloodroot or red puccoon of the Indians with shining white petals around a drop of gold. Violets weave their rich purple and yellow all through the brown warp of strewn leaves.

"I think if you listen closely,
In the sweet glad days of spring,
With the song of the brook,
The breeze and the birds,
You can hear the flowers sing."

REVIEW OF SOME OF THE BEST SELLERS

Book Club Selections.

Book-of-the-Month Club. May. The Flying Yorkshireman and Other Novellas, edited by White Burnett and Martha Foley. Harpers.

For June. "The Great American Novel"—by Clyde B. Davis. F and B Catholic Book Club. May. Death Solves Nothing, by Margaret Southern.

Literary Guild. May. The Conquest of Civilization, by James Henry Breasted. Harpers.

Literary Guild for June. American Years, by Harold Sinclair.

Religious Book Club. April. The Christian Message in a Non-Christian World, by H. Kraemer. Harpers.

Scientific Book Club. April. The Life Story of the Fish, by Brian Curtis. Appleton.

The Tydings-Miller Price Maintenance Bill make it possible for publishers to sign price-protection contracts with booksellers in other states. Thus placing every bookseller on the same basis as to price. Once upon a time the local bookshop was the only place to buy books. Booksellers were more than tradesmen; they were book experts, people to whom the community looked for advice upon reading, but later all stores except hardware and grocery stores had a book department at cut prices frequently. This bill was to put on the same footing the small bookstore and the largest department store. They, the small fry, were all set to make a profit and to do business as it used to be done.

But the big boys found a loop hole and with Macy's leading the procession many of them advertised their own book clubs, which offered 30% on all purchases of books, if a certain number were bought during a specified time at regular prices. This of course brought back the bugaboo of price cutting but in a new dress. This means that the publishers must find a way to put a stop to such unfair practices. It seems that in their contracts to bookstores there was a clause which book clubs could take advantage of and thus be more liberal when a number of books were purchased during the year.

The Prize of $10,000, offered by Dodd, Meade and Red Book Magazine for the best novel submitted, has been awarded to Elizabeth Seifert, of Moberly, Missouri. More than one thousand manuscripts were submitted.

Mrs. John Gasparotti is her real name. She is the mother of four children and was born in Washington, Missouri, attended school in St. Louis, and graduated from Washington University. She wanted to study medicine but had to content herself with some pre-medical courses and a job as chemical secretary in a hospital. Her novel is based upon her experiences there. "Young Doctor Galahad" deals with the life of a young doctor who sets up practice in a small city. It will be published in October. Other winners have been, The Old Ashburn Place, by Margaret Flint; Wild Geese by Martha Ostenso; Rebellion by Mateel Howe Farnham; and Candy by Lillian Alexander.

WORTON

Mr. W. Howard Carter, of Syracuse, N. Y., was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Rash, last week. Mrs. Carter and grand son, Ted Carter accompanied him home Saturday, after visiting her parents for several weeks. They will move from Syracuse to Rochester this week.

Miss Lula Van Dyke who has been visiitng her sister, Mrs. George Williams and family has returned to her home near Kennedyville.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Rasin had as their guests Sunday, Mr. and Mrs. George Cooper, Harold, Jean and Geraldine and Miss Ida Smith of Wilmington, Del.

Mrs. Blanche Loller with friends vsiited Washington, Sunday.

Mrs. Walter Moffett and daughter, Miss Ursula, of Baltimore, visited Mrs. S. J. Lee on Monday.

Mrs. Henry is visiting friends in Baltimore this week.

Little Miss Kay Booth Steele is visiting her grandmother, in Newark, Del.

Mrse. B. F. Urie, of Rock Hall, is Mrs. B. F. Urie, of Rock Hall, is Williams.

Mrs. Robert Loud, Mrs. Henry Rasin and Mrs. John Duyer spent Wednesday in Wilmington.

WANTED—Bronze TURKEY EGGS every week, beginning March 19; 18 cents each for first three weeks guaranteed.

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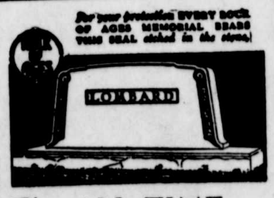

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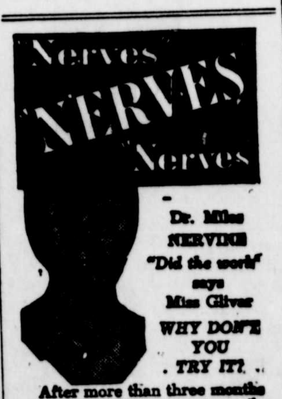

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NOTICE

OLD KENT

BY

GEORGE A. HANSON

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TRANSCRIPT

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