NOW AND THEN

JUNE

I knew that you were coming June,
I knew that you were coming!
Among the alders by the stream,
I heard a partridge drumming:
I heard a partridge drumming, June,
a welcome with his wings,
And felt a softness in the air half
Summer's and half Spring's.

I knew that you were nearing, June, I
knew that you were nearing
I saw it in the bursting buds of roses
in the clearing:
The roses in the clearing, June, were
blushing pink and red,
For they heard upon the hills the echo
of your tread.

I knew that you were coming, June,
I knew that you were coming.
For every warbler in the wood, a
song of joy was humming.
I know that you are here, June, I
know that you are here—
The fairy month, the merry month,
the laughter of the year!

Douglas Mallock.

A friend handed me a book of poems, "The Melody of Earth" compiled by "Gertrude Moore Richards" who says in her foreword, "In these days of the World's travail, let us seek inspiration and content within the delightful confines of these Gardens of Poetry."

This poem was selected because it suited so well with this lovely June day, and because "we are nearer God's heart in a garden than any place else on earth."

THE DOVE OF PEACE

A tiny white dove with an olive branch tied to its wicker cage. This was one of the "special messages" carried by a transcontinental plane to Mayor Fiorello La Guardia of New York on the opening of National Air Mail Week. It was from Mayor Angelo Rossi of San Francisco as a symbol of friendly cooperation rather than competitive rivalry between the San Fancisco Exposition and the New York World's Fair, both of which will open during the coming year.

A MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY

It is sad indeed for a man not to be able to say. "This is my own, my native Land."

This is what poor Haille Selassie cannot say. He is on his way to Geneva to make his complaint but what can be done with Mussolino, his conqueror who is a great believer in the Slogan, "Might Makes Right".

Commencements are over for the year, and the sweet girl graduate, and her sturdy sun browned companion, the young man, are already facing the Arena where they take up the problems of the future.

May they be able to find the work which is most congenial to them.

Chestertown will miss their bright young faces and all wish them a very happy voyage through life.

THE TOM THUMB WEDDING

A large crowd attended the commencement of Mrs. Moore's kindergarden school at the elementary school on Friday the 27th of June. When the curtain rolled back a host of little tots were seated just as eager to see the crowds before them, as the crowd was to see them.

A lovely scene it was to watch their bright baby faces and to see how interested they were in all the games in which they took part.

And when the wedding was enacted they all took their parts beautifully, showing how carefully they were trained by their teacher, Mrs. Robert Moore, assisted by Mrs. James Kreeger. The bride, Sallie Moyer, seemed more composed than many older brides.

She was dressed in the conventional white with a flowing veil, while the groom attired in his full dress suit looked as happy as grooms generally do, and the ushers in full dress added much to the fun.

The bridesmaids too came in for their share of praise, and all the guests robed in gala attire added much to the play. It was altogether a very pretty and amusing show.

Mrs. Moore has certainly the gift of entertaining the young children, and showed as much enthusiasm and enjoyment as any of them.

A MEETING

James M. Barrie, according to a story he told at a dinner, met Robert Louis Stevenson only once, and then only in the most informal manner. That was in Edinburgh in 1879.

It was a windy day, and Barrie was crossing Prince's Street, when he ran against another pedestrian, an extremely slender man wearing a velvet jacket. Barrie walked a few steps, then stopped and glared back at the other man. The stranger returned his gaze, proceeded a short distance farther, then retraced his steps and spoke to Barrie in a placating manner. But Barrie only answered with a brusque remark.

The stranger raised his cane, but his ire seemed to vanish, and he asked, "Do I know you?"

"He said it with such extraordinary charm," related Barrie, "that I could only reply wistfully, No, but I wish you did.' "

"Then," said the stranger, "let's pretend I do."

Whereupon he introduced himself as Robert Louis Stevenson, grasped Barrie by the arm, and carried him off to an inn on Leith Street.

ONE OF THE TWO

She was literary but he was not.

He had spent a harrowing evening discussing authors of whom he knew nothing and their books of which he know less.

Presently she asked: "Of course, you've read 'Romeo and Juliet'?"

He floundered helplessly for a moment and then, having a brilliant thought, blurted out happily: "I've —I've only read 'Romeo'."—Pearson's.

ABSENTMINDED

Many people are afflicted with absentmindedness. Some years ago there was a clergyman, Mr. Patterson who was a most loveable man, and had a host of friends who felt it their duty to watch over him, for he was terribly absent minded. Being a bachelor, he needed them to look after his interest.

He was appointed to an important place in a foreign country. His friends met together to discuss what should be done. A very desirable lady agreed to marry him and the Reverend gentleman consented to be come a Benedict, on the day before he sailed. Everything was ready for the wedding but the groom was absent.

His friends rushed to his dwelling and found him sitting quietly at his desk, writing. He had forgotten all about the wedding.

They hastened his dressing and he did appear in time for the marriage, which happened to be one of the most fortunate events of his life, for she was everything that could have been desired in his wife.

REVIEW OF SOME OF THE BEST SELLERS

Based upon the sales of Baker and Taylor Company throughout the country during May we find the following to be the Best Sellers for that period.

FICTION.

Free Land, by Rose Wilder Lane, Published May 4th.

Lisa Vale, by Olive H. Brouty, May 3rd.

Sleep In Peace, Phyllis Bentley, April 19th.

The Yearling, Marjorie K. Rawlings. April 1st.

The Handsome Read, Gwen Bristow. May 2nd.

The Mortal Storm, Phyllis Bottome. April 4th.

Promenade, G. B. Lancaster. May 5th.

The Citadel, A. J. Cronin. September 10th.

Raiders of Spanish Peaks, Iane Grey. May 11th.

Chan Osborne's Wife, Louise P. Hauck, April 29th.

The Cairo Garter Murders, Van Wyck Mason. May 6th.

The Late George Appley, John P. Marquarl. Jan. 4th, 37.

Dawn in Lyonnese, Mary E. Chase. March 1st.

Secret Information, Robert Hitchens, April 22nd.

GENERAL.

The Fight For Life, Paul de Kruif. April 28th.

How To Win Friends and Influance People, Dale Canegie. Nov. 35.

The Importance of Living, Lin Yutang. November 23.

The Evolution of Physics, Albert Einstein. March 25th.

Madame Curie, Eve Curie. November 26th.

The Story of Ferdinand, Munro Leaf. September 1936.

Heide Grows Up, Johanna Spyri. May 15th.

Fashion Is Spinach, Elizabeth Hawes March 22nd.

The Giant Quiz Book, Rose Jeanne Slifer. March 21st.

Our Town, Thornton Wilder, April 2nd.

Listen, Little Girl, Munro Leaf. May 2nd.

America's Sixty Families, Ferdinand Lundberg. October 29th.

The Summing Up, Somerset Maughn, March 25th, 1938.

Dry Quillotine, Rene Belbenoit, February 8th.

Fifty Years a Country Doctor, William Macartney, March 15th.

"Hope of Heaven" by John O'Hara, and "Action At Aquilla" by Hervey Allen, have dropped from the list completely: they are not rivals of the fire additional best sellers. This does not mean they are not selling but that stores have not begun to re-order, which shows that sometimes high pressure selling reacts unfavorably upon the publisher.

LOOKING AROUND

ABOUT TWENTY FIVE MILLION people in these United States have had the urge to write sometime or other during their life. Most of them never start, some write a few lines and give up. A handful become writers and a few insistant nonentities inveigle long suffering editors of weekly newspapers into giving space for an amateur column. Your narrator belongs to the latter class. And now that I am a columnist, having slaved through six editions, I would indulge in a bit of retrospection.

Looking back on "Looking Around" it seems that it might have been better called "Rambling Around", "Wandering Around" or even "Blundering Aroupnd" would be applicable. I notice that I have mentioned many diverse subjects. I have hinted at politics, sniffed at the Bay bridge and roared at reckless drivers. I have told you how to keep dandelions out of your yard and mosquitos out of your hide. I have enjoyed myself immensely while rambling around. This will continue to be a wandering, blundering column so don't be surprised at anything you might see herein.

After reading the present and deceased columns in the Kent County papers for the past five years, I came to one conclusion. I became a bit bored with "my car", "the baby," "the kid sister", "I did this." "I did that" etc., etc., and did therefore resolve that this column would be free of the 1st person singular and family and car and cat and dog. I am led to believe, after rereading my six weeks old brain child (or brain storm) that the 1st person singular is a better medium for a columnist and will give more feeling and warmth to what he writes. This column will carry a little of "I did this or that" until further notice. I will try to keep the I's to a minimum.

What I dislike most about my previous issues is the fact that I have been prone to give too much advice. Whether it was taken seriously or not doesn't matter, but it is likely to give the idea that the writer is a "know it all" far be it from that. I hereby resolve to refrain from advising along any line—but a columnist has to write about something!

I must admit one fact before ending this confession, my only previous literary efforts were the love letters of adolescence years (boy, were they honest). If you do or don't like this column and feel like writing about it, just send it to Jog Trotter, The Transcript.

This is my column, so if you call me too many names, into the waste basket you go—and I won't mention you in the coll——yum—so there!

YOU PEOPLE who lie in bed every morning until 7 or 8 a. m. miss the best part of the day and perhaps an adventure. The other morning my sleep was disturbed by a prowler in the yard. A glance at the clock showed just 4 A. M. Outside the shadowy objects were taking form in the greying light. Hastily descending the stairs, I grabbed a broom for defense and began peering out the window for a glimpse of the marauder. He turned out to be just a poor old work horse munching on the dew covered grass. He would stop eating for a few minutes and lazily scratch his back on a lilac bush. You could hear the lilac resist the intruder and then subside with a sharp snap. Our flowering friends were getting the worst of it so I decided to try and persuade Old Dobbin that the grass in the nearby lot was of a more tasty variety. I dressed and then swiped a couple of ears of corn from the chicken's larder. The nag viewed my approach with a certain amount of suspicion tempered with curiosity. He became quite friendly when he saw the corn and accepted the gift with an air of righteousness. After he fininshed eating the 'peace token' I said "giddap" and he did. His ungainly pace, the result of years in the harness, carried him slowly down the street and out of sight.

By this time, the early morning grey had changed to the brightness of dawn. In the east great beams of rose and yellow light heralded the sun. I suddenly became conscious of sound, sound so loud that it would have been noise if it hadn't been so lovely. Hundreds of birds in the trees were awakening and singing their joy to the heavens. You have to hear it to appreciate the unearthly quality and magnificence of this early morning chorus.

Thus far I had been more than repaid for the energy it took me to leave the solid comfort of my bed. The thoughts of returning to the blankets did not enter my mind. The air had a bracing quality in it that gave me a new vigor, quite opposite from my usual morning lethargy. I wanted to work. I remembered chores that had been put off for weeks, but now they did not seem like drudgery. I was having the time of my life.

I do not intend to get up every morning with the sun because I enjoy sleeping as much as the next one. I do intend however to set the alarm for 4 a. m. at least two mornings a week. For a couple of hours I will have the world to myself, I can do as I please. If I want to lend my cracked baritone to the birds vocal setting up exercises, I can retire to the henhouse and warble, the neighbors won't hear and hens aren't given to complaining.

Guard Health of Flock

The reason poultry diseases appear more prevalent today than formerly, says Dr. F. N. Marcellus, of the Ontario Agricultural college, is that the poultry population has greatly increased in recent years. The health of the flock depends, more than ever, he says, on proper management of the flock. A supply of succulent green stuff at all seasons helps to avoid trouble. Build up and maintain physical condition to prevent disease. Water is most essential and a lack of it means impaired body condition. Dr. Marcellus recommends the killing of infected and diseased birds, for recovered birds are often the cause of re-infection.

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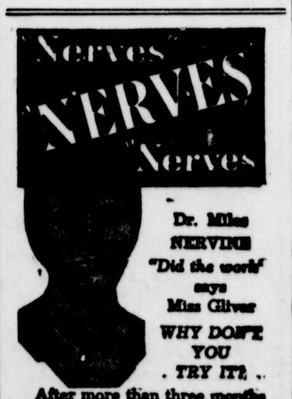
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