

NOW AND THEN

As we approach our country's birthday we are thankful indeed to be living in a land like ours. The following poem was written by one of our native poets, Miss Matilda Earickson who is now living in Baltimore.

A SONG OF OUR HEARTS
This may be sung to the tune of—
MARYLAND! MY MARYLAND!

Our hearts and lips both sing the song
America! America!
Where right prevails instead of wrong
America! America!
Where beauty reigns in sky and sea,
O'er woodland hill and dale and lea;
Where birds snig off' and merrily,
America! America!

Where love and honor e'er abide,
America! America!
Where in achievements all take pride,
America! America!
Where rich and poor alike, adore
Rich harvest's yields and fruit galore,
Of which God gives us bounteous store,
America! America!

And so we sing our glad refrain,
America! America!
For all the blessings that we gain,
America! America!
By living in this land so bright,
E'er striving for the good and right,
With God to help us win our fight,
America! America!

This morning the parents of the birds under my window thought it was time for their nestlings to make their debut into the world of self help after being fed to the limit for over three weeks. Such chattering and expostulating one never heard, and the pop of the fire crackers which have been exploding for the last weeks.

The little birds, scarcely clothed, were jumping about the yard while the old birds were frantically trying to teach them to fly. They seemed so silly to make so much noise for many a wary cat would know that the little birdies would be easy prey. Were the parents wise enough to keep quiet I suppose many birds would escape being devoured by their enemies.

THE FILOPINOS

An army officer's wife in recounting her experience in the Philippines says that the inhabitants are so faithful and loving to those they serve. In speaking of their accomplishments, she says they are unusually clever in their handicraft, and they excel in cake making, which they like to adorn with icings of different colors, while they usually have some motto made in the center of the cake. One day, when she was expecting guests she ordered a cake. It was brought in gorgeous indeed, and in the center "Hello Jesus".

Another tells of their cook being converted by Billy Sunday. He was very earnest in his efforts to do right. He was ordered to make a cake to serve their guests. It looked very beautiful as it was brought in but in the center in bright candies was the words, "Prepare to meet thy God."

BYRD LOSES WAY IN 'WILDS'
OF N. Y.

Rear Admiral Richard E. Byrd, who has explored 300,000 square miles of Arctic wastes, was lost in the "wilds" of Jamaica some time ago.

Going to Babylon, Long Island, to dedicate a private seaplane base, Admiral Byrd missed train connections and disappointed a police escort and several thousand residents who were at the station.

Arriving about an hour late in a taxi, the explorer said "No one told me to change trains at Jamaica. I didn't notice my mistake until too late."

He addressed a crowd at the new seaplane base of Capt. Ashley C. McKinley who was chief aerial surveyor and third in command of the Byrd Antarctic expedition of 1928.

The following story comes from Manchester, England.
A man hurrying along the street saw a ragged unshaven tramp standing by. He stopped and dropped a few pennies in his hand.

Moving off again, the business man felt a tap on his shoulder and turned round to face the "down-and-out." Rummaging in his pockets the man brought out a £1 note. "Pardon me, sir, but will you accept this for your kindness?" he asked.

The businessman was equally astonished to learn that the philanthropist in tramp's attire was hiking the country for a fortnight giving treasury notes away to anyone who professed him assistance without being asked.

The "tramp" himself was a London businessman who had accepted challenge to prove his own faith in the benevolence of the man in the street.

TOO RICH

At a meeting of prominent sketchers and painters, the name of a young artist was brought up. He had recently returned from France, where he had been studying.

When one of the artists was asked his opinion of the young man's future, he replied, "I am reminded of what Northcote said, in answer to a similar question. When he was asked if a certain art student returning from Italy would ever make a great painter, Northcote replied, 'No, never. Because he has an income of six thousand pounds a year.'"

THE POET ROE

He was a wonderfully gifted man the Poet Roe full of talent, very hand-

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some, and with a kind and generous heart. But like so many of his kind, he yielded to temptation, and was expelled from college, and was reduced to poverty by his extravagances. In spite of that, he married a poor comely girl, and took care of her and her grandmother, though sometimes they, too, had to suffer privation with him. At his wife's death he wrote his famous poem, "The Raven".

He was buried in the Churchyard of Old Westminster Church yard Baltimore and for a long time his grave was terribly neglected.

But posterity has recognized his great talent and he is now considered one of America's finest poets and his grave is a much visited place and many of the houses in which he lived, are preserved as museum in his memory.

There has been quite an argument going on in Baltimore as to the house in which he lived some claiming it was one, and some the other, as they do not wish to tear down his home.

THE LEVIATHAN

The sailing of the Leviathan some months ago to be scrapped and her materials to be sold at auction, was a sad sight to those who remembered her as the proud German ship, the largest on the ocean.

Many of her various bells were sold for cash registers her lovely furnishings were removed and adorns hotel lobbies. She was indeed a ghost ship sailing to a ghost town, the naval base of Rosyth.

To the present generation Rosyth is but a name. Not so the gigantic bridge which flings its ribs of steel across the Firth of Forth, a few miles down the river.

But Rosyth? Outside Scotland, only naval men, generally speaking, can tell you where it is. Yes, its name is a base of historic importance, its accommodations sufficiently ample to shelter the whole of the fleet its position virtually secure to make the town virtually proof against submarine attack.

Is Rosyth coming back to life? For years it has lain desolate, forgotten, a deep silence brooding over it. In the trying days of the World War it was a giant of towering strength, actively engaged in repairing disabled ships and busily employed in improving new ones. The clatter and din of its machinery, the creak of its massive cranes shattered the quietness of the valley. Through this "city of tin," its corrugated iron workshops and houses rising in a gentle sweep from the water's edge, there was a never-ceasing hum of industry.

The war made Rosyth Peace crushed it. How could it resist the cry for disarmament? Its fate was sealed when the heavy expenditures on fleets moved a war-weary world to talk retrenchment. Ships and base alike came under the scrutiny of the British Government. The axe was applied. Rosyth had to go.

The hopes of the world brightened and the thoughts of the people turned constructively toward peace and sanity. Statesmen were entrusted with the job of reducing armaments. Repeated efforts were made to come to terms, but in the end the negotiators, became bogged in a mire of phrases. "Qualitative disarmament" or "quantitative"—which should it be? Meanwhile Rosyth receded into the background. It became a forgotten town.

With re-emergence of the Leviathan, a vessel, as is known, once owned by the Germans and turned over to the United States in 1918, Rosyth comes to the fore again.

LOOKING AROUND

TAKING A GUESS, I would say that half of humanity suffers from chronic indigestion. Most of it, I suspect, is caused from eating too fast rather than overeating. We had that uncomfortable after dinner feeling in our house a long time before we recognized its cause and decided to do something about it. We first planned to remind each other to slow down if caught stuffing it in too fast. This worked all right for a short time but we soon forgot and went merrily on running our digestion. We next tried listening to radio music to act as a brake on our speeding molars. This proved satisfactory when we were able to tune in slow soothing music, but around meal time jazz was the only thing we could get and we would swing along faster than ever from

soup to dessert. We finally solved the problem by getting a victrola and some light classical and semi-classical records. Music of this type tends to soothe and relax you. We found ourselves sitting at the table much longer, we enjoyed our food more and indigestion—well, I've forgotten what it is.

FOR THE PAST FEW WEEKS the Baltimore Sun has printed letters, pro and con, regarding married women having jobs. I have followed these letters with a great deal of interest and now I would like to put in my two cents worth. When a man can support his family in moderate circumstances, it is not only unfair but down right hogwash for the wife to continue to work. If one husband is making more than a living wage and his wife persists in working, she is doing her bit to keep the number of unemployed at its appallingly high level. She may say that she is familiar with her job and better equipped to hold it than anyone else and that she isn't paid very much anyway. Her first argument would be silly and the pay that she considers trivial would mean a bread and butter job for some man—just one family less to receive dole and dictation from Washington.

Every year the colleges and normal schools in the state graduate a number of men and women who would make fine teachers. What happens to them? Some get teaching jobs, others work in filling stations, chain stores, etc., some of the less fortunate must return home and continue their dependence on their family. Of course if all the married teachers in the state were to give up their jobs, the vacancies would by no means absorb all the would be teachers but it would help a great deal.

The married women job holders aren't going to voluntarily give up their jobs and you can't blame them a whole lot. The fault lies with the employer whether it be a private company, state or Federal government. If the employers would weed out the married women who didn't need the work, they would help re-

duce unemployment and stimulate recovery.

It would be foolish to say that no married woman should have a job. There are so many cases where the wife's small salary is the means to keep the family off relief. Many young couples would be unable to marry if the prospective bride should give up her job. Employers should take these and many other factors into consideration before hiring or firing a married woman.

KENT'S BAYSIDE RESORTS have been getting the breaks in good weather the last three week ends. It has been rainy or cloudy most of the week but when Saturday rolls around lo and behold, the sun shines and the mercury rises.

Take my word for it, Betterton is on the way to become a first rate summer spot. There is no reason why it shouldn't, they have one of the most beautiful sites on the bay and excellent swimming and fishing. Betterton has been languishing on her past glories, the automobile has made ocean resorts so close that each season, more and more vacationists have passed her up. Bettertonians have squeezed their pocket books a little tighter and looked forward to the next season with some hope and no little fear. They now realize that other resorts are fishing furiously for the tourist and vacationists' dollar and they know they'll have to change their bait if they're to get a share of the haul. A beach improvements company has been duly organized and incorporated. Results are already to be seen. The new boardwalk is nearly completed. New concessions are being opened and the Chesapeake Hotel is being remodeled and modernized. All of this activity is a good sign and may presage a return of the popularity Betterton once enjoyed.

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OLD KENT

BY
GEORGE A. HANSON

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TRANSCRIPT

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