

NOW AND THEN

THE OLD MISSION BELL

I remember very well That Old Monastery Bell In a time-worn tumbled tower Spectral ghost of early power; Where the Cloister section stood As a sentinel of good, Wrapped in hallowest intense In a forest dark and dense.

Though the bell has long been dead, And the script long since been read By the Monks assembled there In an atmosphere of prayer: They have sanctified, I found, Mother Earth, and all around; Too, the battered windowed wall, Standing still, and straight and tall, With the tower and hanging bell Mute and silent; still they tell Of the manner and the ways Of the Quaint Old Spanish Days . . .

There in spirit Friars dwell In the body of the bell They had tolled for evening prayer; Now they slumber peacefully there. Still, they Holy Vigil keep O'er the place where Friars sleep. Stately caks with hanging moss Now form Stations of The Cross. Angels cast their mystic spell Around The Old Monastery Bell. To chime the hours of passing day— Calling the Friars kneel and pray For you — For me. Mary Fenimore Sheppard

California is a state of a wonderful variety of products and of almost unrivaled beauty, where tourists flock at every season. But one thing the visitors are especially anxious to see, and that is the old mission houses, built long years ago in the Spanish when they owned California, which was then a land of mystery and romance. It was after the Mexican War that it was ceded to the United States. Old Captain Sutter ruled there in almost feudal splendor, until one day, some of his workmen came to tell him that gold was found in an old mill stream. In vain, he charged them to keep the secret. The news spread like wild fire, and hosts of gold seekers crossed the desert that they might find their fortunes. It was not long before California had population enough to admit it as a state of the Union. Captain Sutter's power was at an end. But the old mission houses still remain, and the bell still hangs that called their votaries to the ancient services.

DEAR NEIGHBOR

In the home of young Louisa Alcott the spirit of charity and self-sacrifice was a breathing, living thing. When Louisa was nine years old her family moved from Boston to Concord. There, her mother's cousin came to visit them, and in a letter wrote: "Mrs. Alcott told me of the miserably poor woman in her neighborhood in a poor hovel with four children. She had been aiding her to a little meal. She said it seemed as if this poor family had been brought to her notice to show her how much better her own situation was. . . . While I was at Mrs. Alcott's I saw no meat, nor butter, nor cheese, and only coarse brown sugar, bread, potatoes, squash and simple puddings. The Alcotts had just begun to do with two meals a day, that the children might have the pleasure of carrying once a week a basket of something from their humble savings to the poor family."

MOUNT EGO

Early in his career, Robert Louis Stevenson came to realize the destructive power of vain pride and self-glorification, and sought to keep these so-called forces out of his life. He was equally concerned when he discovered them working their havoc in the life of a friend. "The most dangerous height to which I ever climbed," he once said to a vain friend, "was Mount Ego. I reached the top, and looked over it. I never got over that dismal view. I wouldn't advise anyone to give himself up to looking at it. Some day one would overreach one's self and topple in."

QUEEN MARY OF ENGLAND

There is no one more revered in England than is Queen Mary, the dowager queen of England. Even the king himself holds second place in the affection of the people. A citizen of this country in describing the city of Exeter, told of a visit that was recently made to that city by her. Every subject seemed zealous to do her honor, and in his visits to the various restaurants, the proprietor came in to tell them how honored their city was by Queen Mary's visit. "She is the best of all," said one, "the little princesses are having too much publicity, but Queen Mary will alter all of that when she has them under her influence."

CATHEDRAL OF RHEIMS

It was the most beautiful Cathedral known. Carving and fret work showed the work of ages. There was a legend that told of an angel who came down in the reign of King Clovis, carrying a vial of holy oil which was to anoint the kings of France. This was done until the French Revolution when Citizen Ruhl crushed the vial under his foot. Since then no king of France has reigned until his death. All have been dethroned. This beautiful Cathedral was the target of German bullets during the world war, but today nearly twenty years after the rebuilding has been finished, and the immense bells rang out clear and strong last Sunday and told the story that the church was restored to its pristine beauty.

THE ANIMAL SHOW

There has been an animal show held in the lower west side in the James Centre of the Children's Aid on Hester Street, New York. All the dogs and cats were in evidence before the 500 spectators who attended. The various pets received blue ribbon for reason unknown to the dog fancier. Thus Ginger, sort of a Staffordshire terrier belonging to Ralph Pace of Elizabeth Street, is now known authoritatively as "the dog with the largest ears." Pussy, the pet of a little Chinese girl, Celia Doon, who lives at No. 111 Mott Street, is "the cat with the most colors." Recipients of other honors are "the dog with the largest feet," the "cutest kitten," and the "dog with the most spots." But the brown-eyed Trixie is regarded as a bit outstanding. According to Steve Severs, known to radio fans for his "Pet Chub of the Air" talks, who was one of the judges at the show, "the way you tell if a dog has a kind face is to see if his

eyes and tail co-operate." Trixie's performance of that shining-wagging co-ordination revealed eyes that were "trustful, sympathetic, cheerful, yet with the fire of alertness," and a staccato tail.

All this summer the writer of this column has been wondering who is taking care of the fountain in the centre of the square and thought how well attended it has been all the season.

In reading the letter of appreciation which told of the little Kindergarten tots sticking their baby fingers in the soil and planting their own seed, it makes one appreciate the pretty flowers all the more.

To a lover of beauty there is much to delight the eye in these services in the park, the light glinting through the trees, the setting sun in the west and the ivy covered old church in the background, and added to these the fountain with its well tended flowers completes the picture. Surely the audience is grateful to the guiding spirit of the flower decked fountain.

REVIEW OF SOME OF THE BEST SELLERS

Francis Ludlow, Editor of The Retail Bookseller, takes as his choice of the July books, "The Horse and Buggy Doctor" and says, "This month I recommend to you 'The Horse and Buggy Doctor', by Arthur E. Hertzler. It is not, let me warn you, the ordinary 'doctor book'. There is little of the white robed medical priest in solemn ritual about this book. If you are looking for dramatics don't read it. If you're looking for sensational disclosures or pathetic bedside scenes, don't bother with it. But if you're interested in horse sense and humor and the shrewd observations of a man who has been Doc Hertzler to Kansas for forty years here is your book. Here are chapters on the country doctor versus the city doctor specialist. Here are frank statements of what doctor's don't know. Here are mischievous discussions of "female ailments"—which Doctor Hertzler attributes largely to women's difficulty in correlating her animal impulses and her spiritual aspirations. Here are anecdotes and dissertations and flippancies and a few passion protests against stupidity and greed. Oh yes, there are some dramatic moments. There is for instance, the time when Doctor Hertzler arrives hours after being in the road to see a boy who may die with any breath. There are moving scenes, terrifying scenes, farcical scenes—but all touched by Doctor Hertzler's Yankee reticence and humor.

I think if you enjoyed reading the books of Will Rogers and Clarence Day you will enjoy "The Horse and Buggy Doctor," because Doctor Hertzler has much in common with them and the same mildly sardonic perception. He tells jokes on himself more often than jokes on others. And yet for all his modesty, he shows in a hundred ways his very real love for his work, his compassion, his courage. They said of him in Kansas "All hell couldn't stop Doc when a patient needed him."

A "doctor book"? Yes, but much, much more. Dr. Hertzler is a noted character in the medical profession, respected for his spindled work and famous for his homely American wit. He is something of a stormy petrel also, inclined to scorn most of the new-fangled aids to science. Not only laymen but the whole medical profession will enjoy this book.

MURDERS. The Man Behind by John Hunter. Unknown, unseen, and unscrupulous London master criminal falls at last to amateur Pressley and Capt. Dantey. Intelligent sleuthing and two-fisted handling. Good. Melodrama. Murder at Manovera, by Royce Howes. Bullet through tent slays Soviet observer at American Manovera. Capt. Ben Lucious Out-generals a clever killer.

LOOKING AROUND WOMEN'S CLOTHES ARE SENSIBLE, they are light and comfortable (I suppose). The evolution of feminine garments has kept pace with progress

in other fields. On the other hand men have stuck to their traditional attire and even at this moment they are suffering for their stubbornness. Modern houses are planned primarily for function, they are not decorated with cupolas, fancy cornice and various and sundry bric-a-brack that have about as much use as a canoe paddle on a modern liner. Emphasis on utility is the keynote of the day but the style in men's clothing remains as prewar as ever.

Why have a collar on a shirt? What good is it? It not only feels uncomfortable but it compresses the blood vessels and interferes with circulation. All right, we discard the collar. Fellow Suffers, lets take a pair shears and cut our pants off a little above the knee. That's better isn't it? Trousers were invented to cover up defeats in male limbs but this suit we're making is for comfort, if you are bowlegged you had better consult a bone specialist. Now we chop off the shirt sleeves above the elbows and the shirt tails to the waist. We sew buttons around the bottom of the shirt and cut button holes around the waist of the pants. The two piece outfit is buttoned-together and we're ready for the office. It'll probably look a bit conspicuous but so did the first automobile.

A GOOD POLITICIAN is a man who can successfully play both ends against the center. On questions where there is a great diversity of opinion, he either doesn't commit himself or by an occasional well placed tactful support—thus his re-election or continuance as a boss is assured. The average intelligent citizen listens to the vote getting promises with a knowing smile but is left in doubt as to the candidates stand on important questions of the day. Take for instance the barrage of speeches by the Democrats seeking the Governorship of Maryland. They have covered numerous and varied subjects and their promises and pledges could be carted away by the truck load but none of them have taken a definite stand on a question that is of vital importance to all of us. They've

side stepped and avoided committing themselves for or against the "New Deal". You might say that the Democratic primary is purely a state affair, which of course it is, but Maryland has traditionally stood for States Rights and while the candidates shout themselves hoarse about a bit of everything they fail to take a stand on the administration's brazen interference in the Senatorial campaign.

When a man, organization or a newspaper comes out for or against a law, plan or idea you might disagree but you're bound to respect this or their idea if put in plain unmistakable language. It is the evasion and straddling of important questions that leaves one in doubt as to the candidates fitness to hold a high office.

TO-MORROW THIRTY YOUNG FELLOWS from Chestertown and vicinity are leaving for a vacation with pay. They are members of the Medical Detachment of the Maryland National Guard and they will spend their two weeks at Camp Ritchie in the mountains of Western Maryland. I know what swell time they will have. Don't let me mislead you, it isn't all play, they have to work and when they do they work hard. The "brook" will find out what it is to peel a barrel of spuds in a morning.

It all comes back pretty plainly, the regiment marching across the parade ground, the band blaring out the Washington Post March and the echo from mountain to mountain. The rickety ambulance (a relic of the World War) would be close at the heels of the sweating marchers to pick up and occasional stray felled men together with too much cold water before the parade began.

Soon the sun would be dropping behind the mountain range. You could feel a bit of chill in the air as the band marched out again for the colorful ceremony of "guard mount". Boys in uniform or "civies" would be walking across the dusty drill field and the valley toward Chocolate Park. I would like to be on that train when it pulls out early to-morrow morning.

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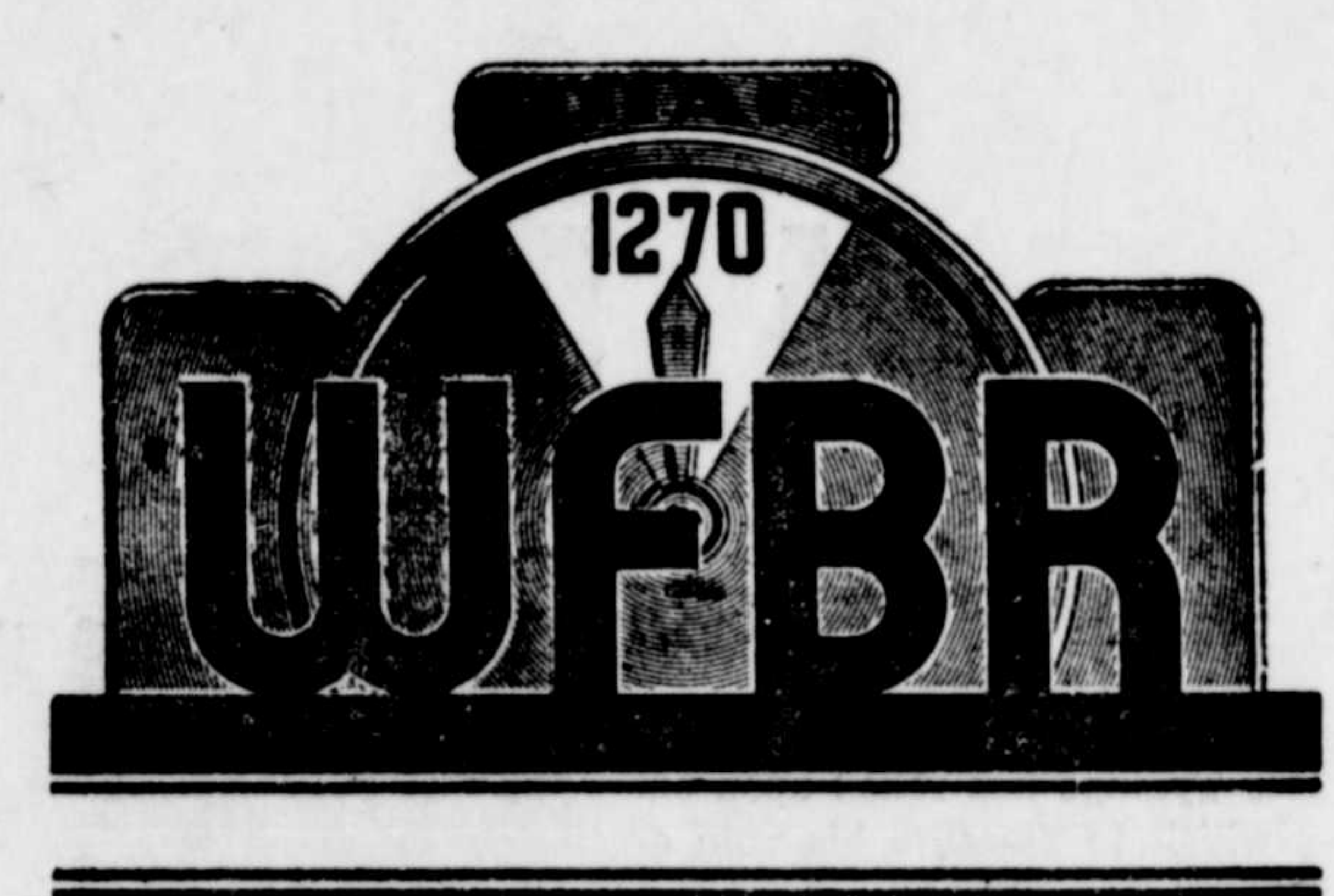
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BY

GEORGE A. HANSON

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TRANSCRIPT

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