

NOW AND THEN

THE WORLD OF TOMORROW

The "World of Tomorrow" was opened on April 30, 150 years after Washington stood on the porch of the Old State House in New York and took the oath of office as first president of the United States. It was a very different country from what it is today. The number of stars on the flag have grown from 13 to 48 and the resources have multiplied by leaps and bounds. We are copying a poem by John D. Beaufort in the "Christian Science Monitor," relative to the Fair.

Salute To A Fair

Little Boy Blue, come blow your horn. The World of Tomorrow's about to be born. The flags are unfurled to the tremulous air. The Meadows of Flushing are set for the Fair! The Meadows of Flushing? Where have they gone? They're under the periscope and the trypion. The trypion is tall and the periscope, round. But the lush green of Flushing's nowhere to be found. Instead, Grover Whalen and some of his boys (With only the hint of publicity's noise) Have commandeered industry, Government, art— The World of Tomorrow is off to a start. So, come to the Fair, and come to the Fair! The world and his brother are going to be there. Banish yesterday's care and yesterday's sorrow. Today is the day for the World of Tomorrow!

OLD CHESTERTOWN DAY

Old Chestertown Day comes on apace. As one goes around looking at the ancient landmarks he hopes that the trees, which are getting their leaves so slowly, will be shading the streets by then and that the weather will be kinder to that day than it has been to the Garden Tour which has just ended. Old Chestertown is full of memories to those who have lived here for a long time. Walking past the Abbey memory goes back to the time when the garden was a gathering spot for the young people of the neighborhood when the opposite lot was also a playground for the children and it was used also for open fetes and for memorable shows. Scotch Point was in those days occupied by the most respectable colored families, the women in their starched aprons and purple dresses sitting in the door ways while the men did the hauling in their carts, and other jobs about town. There were many characters among the colored people that would have delighted Dickens, had he known of them, among them was old Ches, the town chimney sweep. There was nothing which he enjoyed more than sitting on the top of the chimney while he swept it. The boys would gather around and every one knew that he was in the neighborhood. His favorite expression was "I see a bad looking man, but I got good feeling." The coachmen took great pride in having their team of horses well groomed while their carriages were spick and span. Fine days there were in those days, and though we had no telephones, radios, nor movies yet there was plenty of fun and amusement. Far more, I suspect, than in the present with its mad rush after pleasure. Now the telephone is calling and I must say "hello."

A GOOD TAILOR

A candidate for President was speaking in Washington, and had just described himself as having begun his political career as an alderman and run through all the branches of the Legislature, when someone in the audience cried out derisively, "From a tailor up!" "Yes," replied the candidate pleasantly, "I was a tailor, and I am proud of it. I will tell you why. I was a good tailor, made close fits, used good material, and was always punctual with my customers." The public evidently liked this manly, sensible reply; for a few days later this candidate, one Andrew Johnson, was elected President of the United States.

THE BISHOP'S TRUNK

Phillips Brooks, author of one of our best-loved Christmas carols, "O Little Town of Bethlehem," had arrived in Rockland, Maine, off the Boston boat very early one summer morning and wanted his trunk transferred to the "Morse," a steamboat running "down east." Someone agreed to get him help—it was a very small, lame man trundling a wheelbarrow in his direction. The Bishop helped load the trunk on this, and looking down from his stalwart six feet, said cheerfully to his helper: "Come on!" Then he learned divine trundled the barrow across the wharf and unloaded it on the other boat, handed the bewildered helper a substantial fee, and was gone.

LIMITED EDITION

A new poem or a freshly conceived fairy tale every week, in a limited edition of one copy, for one reader—that was once the labor of love of that gentle, retiring author, Sir James M. Barrie.

A picture of that particularly favored reader, a sturdy little boy with fair hair and blue eyes, stood upon the mantelpiece in Sir James' study. His name was Peter Scott, only son of Captain Robert Falcon Scott, one of the author's dearest friends. Barrie had entertained great faith in the ambition of his sailor friend to journey to the South Pole, and had helped to finance his last dash to the bottom of the earth. There, as all the world knows, the valiant explorer met his end; and a lonely little boy had waited in vain for his return. It was in this circumstance that the shy, gentle creator of "Peter Pan" sought to lighten the hours of a bereft little child in the only way he knew how: by a series of special poems and fairy stories from his whimsical pen. Every week for a long time all else had to wait while he sought by his tender magic to beguile the heart of a solitary little boy.

REVIEW OF SOME OF THE BEST SELLERS

This month's book list means money in the bank for booksellers and lending libraries, for there are two books published "right up their alley." "Career by Proxy," by Faith Baldwin, and "Uncle Caleb's Niece," by Lida Larrimore are both sure fire hits and will be welcomed by their many admirers. "Career by Proxy" tells of the very social Joan Armstrong who had taken a complete business course and was perplexed as to what to do with this knowledge. In taking the place of another girl who must get her salary in order to live but is forced to give up her job, Joan finds out many things about love. It ran serially in Liberty as "Rehearsal for Love." It will be published about the first week in May. To solve the financial difficulties of the charming but indolent Merrille, Faith turns her Cape Ann cottage into a Summer boarding house—with astonishing but wholly agreeable results, is the story of "Uncle Caleb's Niece" by Lida Larrimore.

You may remember that Lida Larrimore, who is the daughter of a well known Methodist clergyman who served churches all over the Eastern Shore is one of our own notable authors. The book she has written is the first since "Tuesday Never Comes." This one has not appeared as a serial and the setting is in New England. The story has all the appeal of Mulberry Square and it's coming just when readers are looking for gay, diverting romances. It is an ideal "summer book." Another very important book announced this month is "April Was When It Began," by Harry Benfield. It is said to be pretty nearly "Benfield's best book since 'The Chicken Wagon Family'." It hasn't perhaps the pathetic appeal of "Valaint is the Word For Carrie," but it has a great deal of the charm that made "The Chicken Wagon Family" famous. It is a modern fairy tale that included fairies, dragons, and witches in its cast of characters, but equally impossible. It concerns a boy who gets a job in the editorial department of a publishing house around New York and in his rambles around meets Dik-Dik, the royal Abyssinian antelope. Dik-Dik is a lonely little girl who lives with Old Tiger, an Italian servant and Bloodhound. Dik-Dok's father, the story moves through adventures that carry Benfield's love to describe, colorful, touching, or humorous. Dik-Dik, of course falls in love with Mole, but Mole falls in love with Birdie O'Sheel—known to Mole as Judith Disdebar. Judith is an heiress, however—and Benfield manages to "warm the cockles of your heart" as Mr. Wolcott puts it so you can't well help liking the story.

GALENA

The marriage of Miss Elizabeth Hall, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James F. Hall, of Church Hill, and Mr. W. Frank Jarrell, Jr., son of Mr. W. Frank Jarrell, of Galena, and the late Mr. W. Frank Jarrell took place at 4 P. M. Thursday, April 20th at the home of the bride's parents. The bride wore an afternoon dress of blue and pink marquisette, with a corsage of sweetheart roses and lilies of the valley. Her sister, Miss Martin Hall, was maid of honor and was dressed in blue lace with a corsage of roses and sweet peas. The ceremony was performed by Rev. W. L. Beckwith, formerly of Church Hill M. E. Church, North, and was attended only by the immediate family. The home was beautifully decorated with bridal wreath and other spring flowers.

Immediately following a wedding dinner the happy couple left for Washington and other points. Mrs. Edward Simmons, of Portland, Maine, has returned to her home after

THREE KENT COUNTY FARMS FOR SALE

- 1—Lauretum in 4th District tenanted by Charles Hawkins, containing 157 acres.
- 2—Smith farm in 6th District, tenanted by Romie Fogwell, containing 338 acres.
- 3—Fowler farm, in 6th District, tenanted by Milton Fogwell, containing 204 acres.

HARRISON W. VICKERS, HERBERT E. PERKINS, Executors of J. B. Y. Vickers, dec'd.

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MEAT ON THE TABLE

There are striking differentiations in the per capita consumption of meat in various countries. The peoples of New Zealand, Australia, and the Argentine eat large quantities of meat, mainly beef in Argentina, and both beef and mutton in New Zealand and Australia, the total in each of these countries being well over 200 pounds per capita. In the United States, Canada, and Great Britain the per capita consumption averages about 140 pounds. In the case of the United States and Canada, pork on an average accounts for about half and beef for most of the rest. But in Great Britain the meat consumption is divided into three distinct categories: namely, mutton 30 pounds, pork 45 pounds, and beef 65 pounds. European countries in general consume less meat. Germany eats more pork than beef. France more beef than pork, and neither of them any material amount of mutton. —The Commentator Magazine.

Wasting Time

We waste time if we let people get on our nerves or rave or rant over someone's little trick or mannerism which is really none of our business.

Mr. Elmer Boyles, of Pennsgrove, N. J., enjoyed the week end with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Boyles. Mr. and Mrs. James Davis, III, of Wilmington, Del., were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. James D. Davis. Misses Maxine Johnston and Helen Davis, of Salisbury, Normal School spent the week end with their parents. The Ladies Aid was entertained on Tuesday evening at the home of Mrs. James Mulford. Dr. and Mrs. J. E. Gillilan and daughter, Dorothea and Price Stradley were Sunday dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Strickland, of Newark, Del. Mrs. George Hadley has returned home after a pleasant visit with her sister, Mrs. John Gillilan of Philadelphia.

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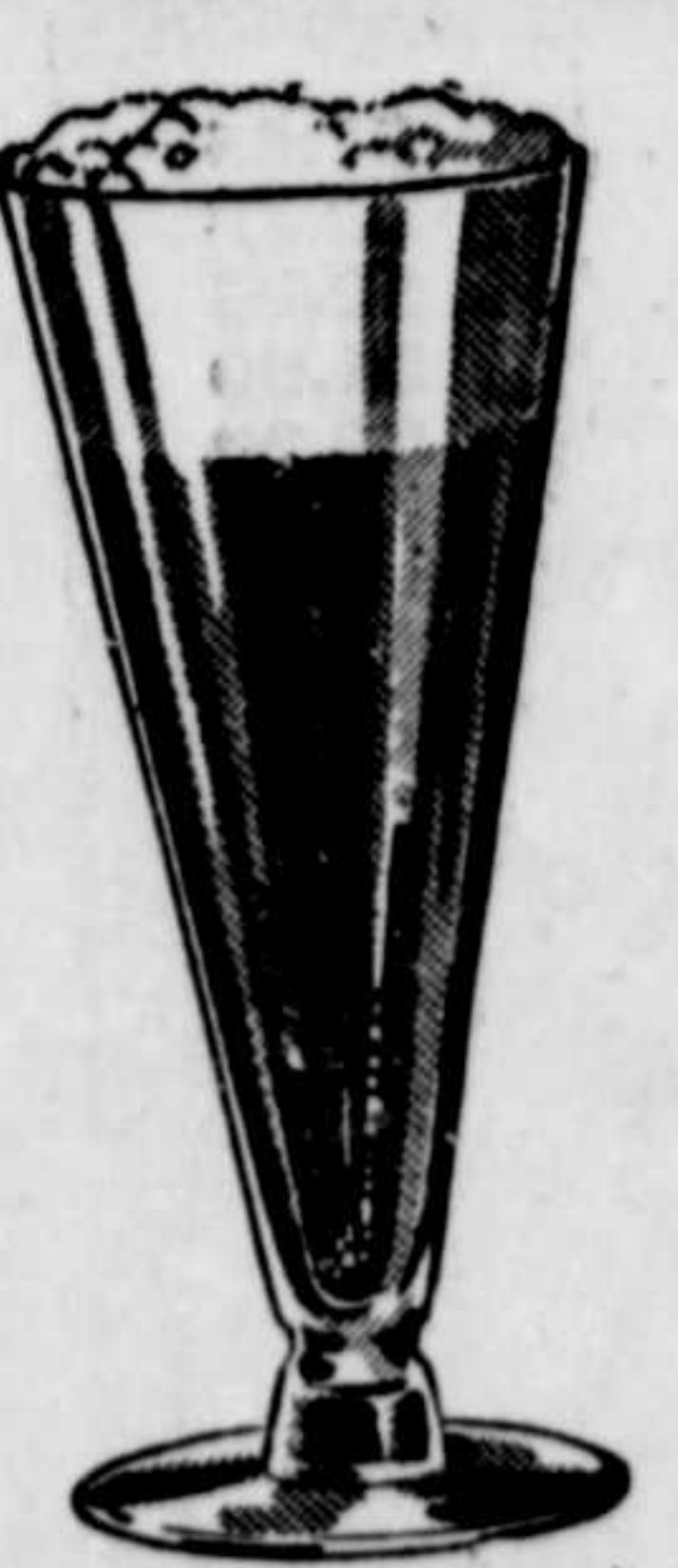
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APPLICATIONS FOR INSURANCE TO BE MADE TO THE FOLLOWING: Benjamin W. Duling, Millington, Md.; Frank H. Ruth, Galena, Md.; Medford E. Golt, Stevensville, Md.; J. Abner Bryden, Rock Hall, Md.; R. Wroth Stavelly, Lynch, Md.; Eben F. Perkins, Chestertown, Md.; and Joseph M. George, Sudlersville, Md.; Stradley & Kirby, Chestertown.

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