Queen Anne's Record

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To tell the news accurately, interestingly and promptly. To espouse the best interests of the Nation, Queen Anne's County and the Eastern Shore fearlessly, whole-heartedly.

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QUOTATION OF THE WEEK

I often lie awake in the stillness of the night and think of this wonderful world. I ponder over, say, the st ucture of the human body and think of the perfect adaptation of part to part. And as I so meditate I seem to hear a voice above all restless questioning: "Be still, and know that I am God."—John Baird.

HURT vs. BENEFIT

Judge Keating sounded a salient note in the mandamus hearing at the courthouse Tuesday when he said that the taxpayers of Queen Anne's are entitled to the fullest information on the financial affairs regardless of who it may hurt or benefit.

In our opinion, as repeatedly expressed, no one can have a feeling of complete satisfaction until the county's books have been subjected to a thorough, impartial audit by a certified public accountant.

This is not said in disparagement of any member of the county auditing committee. All three men are of unquestionable honesty and unassailable position in the business life of Queen Anne's.

This is not said in disparagement of their abilities as bankers.

But outstanding ability as a banker does not bespeak outstanding ability as a public accountant. It is asking too much that any group of county citizens should be thrust into the job of making sense out of the whirl of confusing figures that emanate from the courthouse.

No one dry behind the ears would argue that the p esent strife is utterly devoid of political interpretations.

Depending on one's factional persuasion, the audit could be examined until judgment day, and figures from the voluminous report on file in the Clerk's office could be adduced to support any contention. Witness the Observer's editorial last week in which the county owed the former Treasurer a net balance of some $4,000.

As a matter of fact the auditing committee's report contains no balance sheet, no recapitulation of the findings, although the discrepancies are set forth on the various pages and can be totaled quickly.

As another indication of confusion, the attorney for the former Treasurer filed mandamus proceedings to force publication of the audit and in the next breath filed exceptions with the County Commissioners setting forth that the auditors' report should be rejected and utterly disregarded.

The only way to solve this controversy and get at the facts "regardless of who it may hurt or benefit" is to call in certified public accountants who have no knowledge of blood streams, family ties, and political affiliations in this county.

Then and then only will the taxpayers of Queen Anne's get the fullest information on their affairs to which they are entitled.

GOOD WORK

Under the able and conscientious direction of County Roads Engineer Walter Blackwell, Queen Anne's in the latest snowstorm has been given excellent service in highway clearance.

A ten-inch fall early last Friday morning, ordinarily sufficient to tie-up all the principal routes, was cleared from the main roads by the time most people were up and stirring. There was little if any inconvenience reported.

Five plows went to work almost at the outset of the storm. Four of these were assigned to this county on a full time basis with a fifth sharing patrol of the Centreville-Galena route. Plows out of Sudlersville, Stevensville and Centreville swung into action promptly with the latter heading out of town around 4 o'clock in the morning.

Radio reports out of Baltimore said the Stevensville-Matapeake ferry road was blocked but this was a false alarm. The ferry roads were opened promptly and kept open.

After the rather sorry attempts of the last three winters to keep the roads open, it is a source of considerable g atification to see snow removal now moving on all cylinders.

May the good work continue.

FEED THE BIRDS

It is not so much kindheartedness as thoughtfulness which should inspire Queen Anne's residents to scatter a little food for our feathered neighbors while the present siege of winter lasts.

The heavy snows blanketing the earth are beautiful. To the children with sleds they mean sport. To the birds the white mantle means only famine and death.

At the best there is a scanty supply of food for birds during winter. Why the cardinal should remain in our woods or even in our towns to lend a red streak to the landscape is surprising.

But the cardinal is here, as is an occasional mockingbird, with flocks of starlings and sparrows. They lend a little life to the otherwise still scenery.

In open winters the birds make out somehow. When snow cuts off their usual food range they cluster near barnyards and poultry pens to salvage a few grains. A comparatively small amount suffices for the creatures of the air.

So for those who wish to do a good deed each day now is the time to scatter a few crusts, pieces of suit or handfuls of wheat, oats or cracked corn where the birds may feast. It is merely a matter of thoughtfulness.

SCOUT WEEK

The Centreville Troop of Boy Scouts this week joins scouts throughout the country in marking the 26th anniversary of the introduction of Scouting in the United States.

As a movement of civic importance in this country, Scouting deserves a place way up front.

A quarter of a century ago thoughtful persons engaged in social and penal work were disturbed by the growing problem of the boy and his gang. How to guide the natural instinct of youth to group with his chums so that it might be helpful both to the boy and the community instead of harmful did not seem easy.

Then came Scouting, introduced from England. It offered much of the activities that a boy desires and which he could not learn in school or on the street corner.

Scouting gives youths a chance to associate together under the counsel of adults. It gets boys in the open.

Through its woodcraft and its numerous branches stimulated by merit badges it develops self reliant, informed boys. It creates a healthy outlook on life. It gives a certain amount of discipline, enough to make future good citizens.

The Centreville Troop increasing steadily under good guidance has shown its worth in the community. When a field day or other public gathering requires parking supervision the Boy Scouts are called in. When Santa Claus comes to town or the Poultry Show to the Armory, the boys lend a hand. When President Roosevelt asked for the collection of clothing and food to be distributed among the poor, the job was given to the Scouts.

More important than these easily observed activities is the benefit Centreville lads themselves are getting from their Scoutwork. They are responding to the aims of the movement which seeks to create boys who as men will be physically strong, mentally alert and morally straight, dedicated to service and loyalty to God and man and friendliness to man, beast, bird and even the trees of the forest.

Because the Boy Scouts have proved their worth, Queen Anne's salutes them during their week of celebration.

ALBERTA DREAM FADES

Believers in the Townsend Plan, Share-the-Wealth and other fantastic schemes for spreading easy money among citizens from an imaginary national reservoir of dollars should study the actual working of one of these bubble promises in Alberta, Canada.

William Aberhart floated himself and practically his entire ticket for the Legislature into office on a Social Credit platform whereby he promised everyone in Alberta a "social dividend" of $25 a month. The public swallowed his glittering promise; "Don't worry where the money is coming from. Put me in and I'll get it."

Aberhart went into office as Premier in August. No social dividend checks came to the deluded public that month. None have come since.

The Premier has steadily put back the date for beginning his social credit scheme until now he says it is eighteen months away. He means eighteen times eighteen months.

Immigrants who flocked into Alberta and old back farm residents are getting restless. The usual threatening letter has come from a crank. The great dream of easy money from a government till is moving off into thin air. Alberta residents are not going to get something for nothing.

The Alberta delusion is a fair sample of what to expect from similar visionary schemes like Townsendism. No government treasury can carry them out. Originators of the wildcat promises know this but as long as sugar-coated doses of wind will bring power through election to office or money from contributions seductively extracted from the gullible, Townsendism, Social Credit, Share the Wealth and other impossible isms will be held before the public.

As Alberta has shown, such schemes transformed into action result in fiascos.

THE Rambling Recorder

The b ight light of a full moon and the carpet of snow made the nights beautiful during the past week. Shadows of trees and buildings were etched as sharply as at midday in summer. A fog unusual for the season hung over the landscape early Sunday evening as a result of chilling air following a comparatively pleasant day when the thermometer hit 38 degrees in spite of the snow, but even that soon vanished.

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The dog may be man's first friend but he is also capable of being man's worst disturber. The other night a pack found or dug a hole under the lattice of J. B. T. Merrick's porch and for hours kicked up a ruckus playing, fighting and snarling, or thumping up against the porch floor for variety every once in a while.

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Mr. Merrick decided the next morning to prevent a recurrence of the racket. He looked under the porch and not seeing any animals put a chunk in the hole as a stopgap. Some hours later a little girl told Mrs. Merrick that she thought there was a dog under the porch. Mrs. Merrick doubtful at first, passed the word to her husband and when J. B. T. removed the chunk out came in quick succession a little black dog, a red dog, a gray one, a spotted one and a police.

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C. P. Carter talked himself into a tough spot at the Queenstown Local meeting not so long ago. Realizing that a debate furnishes the livliest type of program C. P. offered to tie onto any end of any question with any member—for the fun of the thing. So the Local hung one on C. P. They gave him the negative side of the question, "Resolved that the principles of the AAA should be continued." Even if C. P. is good the Farm Bureau Local isn't going to like it much. If some of C. P.'s many friends barge in to give him moral support in a pinch the Queenstown meeting will have more sparks than a black cat in a thunderstorm.

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It is interesting what different people look for in a newspaper. The inmates at the Centreville jail scrape up the price of a paper among themselves each Thursday and read the Police Court items first.

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T. H. Palmer ventures the guess that the ice around Kent Island is in for a long stay. Unlike the ice in rivers it has no place to move to when melting starts but must lie there and rot, figuratively speaking. Incidentally watermen are likely to be given a chase by their boats when the thaw around the Narrows starts. The ice has lifted boat stakes and when the channel opens again a high tide may be expected to set the boats drifting.

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The use of wooden pins instead of rubber ones at the Centreville alleys has put a decided crimp in the fat scores the strong arm bowlers formerly posted. Games over 200 were fairly frequent with the old pins but thus far only Ed Valliant has been able to get three century games in a league match. The boys prefer the wooden pins, perhaps because the going is harder.

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The early bird still gets the worm, or whatever it is. When the telephone linemen rooted up the pole which stood before the Record office for some years Walter Rozier had visions of firewood and asked for it. He had the pole with its dollar's worth of kindling sawed up a few jumps ahead of a half dozen other applicants.

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A fairly low meteor with a trail of smoke whizzed over Centreville early Friday evening and disappeared in the direction of Queenstown. The heavenly visitor was a blazing blue-white as it approached and shone yellow through the trail of smoke as it vanished.

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Justice of the Peace W. Lloyd Ford has bought a new loom for hooked rugs and a shuttle to get a little profit and pleasure out of the time when clients are not available. Mr. Ford expects to hook a few rugs himself and add another occupation to the many now practiced on Lawyers' Row.

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Mary Fennimore Sheppard ,one of our good friends at Crumpton, can tell a rather long story in an exceptionally few words. She covers the snow situation in her bailiwick in this fashion: "And it came to pass that a snow plow came to Crumpton. To be exact it was Feb. 7 in the year of 1936. It passed the main highway at 7 a. m. and again at 11 a. m. A great rousing cheer went up from the taxpayers, along with a few gracious words for the Record . . . Yeah, that's true!

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And lest anyone should point the finger of scorn at us for not prefixing a "Mrs." to Sheppard's name, we hasten to remind one and all that she does not believe in such genteel trimmings. When woman suffrage was a throbbing issue she was right up front with a banner. Also she backed this up with some rather fervid writings on the subject.

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Should anyone care to make her mad, just refer to her as Postmistress. It's Postmaster Sheppard, if you please.

Her First Valentine

BY MARGUERITE ENGLEKE

'Twas in a town of small renown
She dwelt without a care,
Except to let her dresses down,
Or fasten up her hair.
Her age fifteen, her attitude
Reluctant toward ladyhood.

Then like a meteor it came,
Her own first Valentine!
With wreaths of roses, hearts aflame,
And scroll "I would be thine."
Alas! no name was signed to this,
And postmark blurred did blur her bliss.

With potion of such strange delight
Love's greeting filled her cup,
That in the passing of a night
She found herself grown-up.
Yet ah, no winter daisies grew
To solve the tender riddle—Who?

Oh, could it be Tom, Dick, or Ned,
Or some bold stranger swain?
But old St. Val just shook his head,
Callous to Love's sweet pain.
Decades have flown and Grandma yet
Keeps wondering with soft regret.

Mussolini wants the Italians to live dangerously. If he'll cut the gasoline cost from $1 to 18 cents a gallon they will.—Dallas Morning News.

"Helena, Montana, Uses Borrowed Railway Coaches as Schoolhouses."—Headline. That's taking education off the beaten track.—New Haven Journal-Courier.

Uneasy Editor's Chair

EXIT ALL CANDIDATES

Inte pretation of a speech by the Hon. Robert Moses of New York on Republican presidential possibilities as seen through the eyes of that astute propagandist, Charles Michelson of the Democ atic National Committee:

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"Foremost on his (Mr. Moses') list of unavailables are "former leaders whose names are indelibly associated with ineptitude and defeat." That eliminates ex-President Hoover. "Second on his ban are "old reactionaries and standpatters. The Republican party has more than its share of these embittered old statesmen." Exit Wadsworth and Ogden Mills of New York.

"Third of those Mr. Moses proscribes are: "Village Hampdens dressed up to look as much as possible like Abraham Lincoln. The defense of such nominations is always that Lincoln was an uncouth, homespun character who developed eno mously after he got into office." Out of the picture goes Governor Landon of Kansas.

"The fourth of the series are "amiable gentlemen with no conspicuous qualifications and experience, who would like very much to have the job, and who are already out in front before there is a program." Colonel Frank Knox of Illinois will please take notice.

"He puts the bar upon "stooges and pawns of powerful groups," and he adds as an example: "I present the spectre of the dying Boies Penrose, directing the 1920 convention from his sick bed ordering with his last breath the nomination of Warren Harding and thus raising the curtain on an amazing melodrama in which only death, prosperity, fool's luck and Calvin Coolidge saved the Republican party f om imp>achment and lasting disgrace." There are so many sporadic candidates in this classification that it's hardly worth recounting them.

"Then he pays his respects to "Republican demagogues who spout radicalism at every show and run away from every showdown. Every party has them. This is not a year for Republican New Dealers." Senator Borah will please rise and take his hat."

IN P. O. CIRCLES

Major and minor disturbances on the Eastern Shore postoffice front as gleaned from a wide reading of the public prints:

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Denton—I wish to correct a mistake published in the CAROLINE SUN, February 1, 1936. I have not withdrawn as a candidate for the Postmaster of Denton. Rep. Goldsbo ough, without any solicitation on my part, promised the appointment to me at the expiration of the term of the present incumbent. I concede no just reason for him not fulfilling the promise. If the minor positions my children are filling are preventing my appointment, they will gladly resign.

ERNEST G. COOPER.

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Pocomoke City—As the term of the p esent postmaster expires, agitation as to his successor seems to be on the increase. Dr. Hall will probably retire in April, and a Democrat, according to the Jacksonian theo.y, will step into his shoes.

Probably those who are working to shake the plum off the tree don't care at this time to have much publicity given to them, but a little inquiry will reveal that there is a pretty lively chase for the position, with probably one man in the lead—guess who?

INTERVIEWING MR. SHAW

Sharp evidence of the duPont influence at the Wilmington Morning News as developed by reading dispatches in a number of daily papers relative to an interview with George Bernard Shaw at Miami, Florida:

Quoting Mr. Shaw, these newspapers said:

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Philadelphia Record—"You have a good President but a bad Constitution".

New York Times—"You have a good President and a bad Constitution".

New York Herald Tribune—Arriving here by cruise ship from Southampton, England, the 79-year-old Irishman fingered his white beard with a mischievous twinkle in his eye as he decla ed that Americans had " a good President," but "a bad Constitution."

Wilmington Morning News—George Bernard Shaw, Irish playwright . . . suggested that Americans "scrap the Constitution"'.

RADIANT LIVING

THE WAY OUT

By Rev. C. M. Griffeth
Pastor Calvary M. E. Church
Sudlersville, Md.

The way out of darkness is through light.

But the light is of no avail to him who will not submit to it.

If I would be healed by radium I must submit my body to its healing rays. If I would have my spirit healed from cancerous sin I must submit my spirit to the healing powers of the radiant energy of Infinite Love as contained in the blood atonement of Jesus Christ.

John emphasizes this when he writes: "But to as many as received Him, to them, gave He power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe in His name.

Dante has beautifully symbolized the way out of the darkness of sin into the marvelous light of life—radiant and immaculate by his description of the three steps that led out of Purgatory.

The first of these is of white marble, "so polished smooth," he says, "that it mirrored me therein as I appeared." What is this but the self realization of one's sinfulness as illustrated to us by the prodigal son when, as it says, "he came to himself."

The second step was dark and rugged and cracked in its length and breadth. This, as is evident, depicts the sorrow of a broken heart, the contrition of repentance, so well illustrated to us by the publican who went up to the Temple to pray and could cry out naught but "God be merciful to me a sinner!"

The third step was of Porphyry, so flaming red as blood that spurts from a vein. What is this but the atonement of the blood of Christ, reminding us of the piercing of that sacred heart and bringing to our minds the sacrifice on Calvary to which Paul referred when he wrote with gratitude: "Who loved me and gave Himself for me."

These three steps, those of conviction, contrition, and atonement are indeed the steps that lead from the abysmal darkness of the tomb of sin into the glorious light of a Divine redemption.

Record by Hal Stephen. —Drawn especially for Queen Anne's

THE POET'S CORNER

No Angel

By Mary Fennimore Sheppard

I don't want to be an angel
And with the angels stand.
I don't want to be a member
Of the crazy silly band.
I want to journey to some distant land
And be myself.

I hate the common herd
Called human beings in our life
Who are putrid in their wiles
Amid the way of strife.
And never note the sweet notes
That give the tone to Life.

I don't want to be an angel, but
I want to find a land
Even though, I'm no angel—
Or a member of the band
Where humans all are human—
Just enough to understand
And be myself.

February Thaw

Spring comes not with a scented bough,
A soft wind, a green shoot;
Spring comes earlier, spring is now
On the damp air, in the brown root.

A thin edge of noon sun
Touches ice with a cracking sound
And splits the cold. Now is begun
The work of clearing, breaking ground.

In hollows under the rotted leaves
The earth crumbles, the mosses show
Greener. A thread of water weaves
Out of a raveling patch of snow.

With bloom for a garland, the spring will be
Loudly welcomed, greatly prized—
Now she is working secretly
In the frosty earth, unrecognized.

—Anita Laurie Cushing.

White Thoughts

Close your eyes while snowflakes pass
Like tassels of the sweet June glass,
And while the dry snows sigh and shift
Think how white petals slowly drift
When no slightest breeze is there,
To stir the branches of the pear.
How white are phoebe's eggs! White foam!
The white, white hyacinths at home.

—Edith Benedict Haines.

The Shell

Here in the hollow of my hand I hold a shell,
And, holding it, I seem to stand
On white, deep sands
Where moving blossoms sway in water gardens.
I move my arms as do the moving leaves,
While coral fish, and blue,
And fish with luminous scales,
Pearled like a sunrise cloud,
Or jeweled with red and gold,
Swim by me lost in some dream of deeper tides,
Lost in a rhythm older than the sea.

—Sara Van Alstyne Allen.

FOOTNOTE TO FOLLY

NIRA, a stop on the Rock Island, is now minus its station. Sold by the railroad to an Iowa farmer, the structure was to be moved to his farm. Nira's 20 residents were not downhearted. John Whetstine, 87, spoke their minds. "We got along before we had a depot," he said, "and we got along before NRA. In fact, all it did was to clutter up the place with stamp collectors."

"Let us never forget the cultivation of the earth is the most important labor of man."—Daniel Webster.

The Good Old Days

Incidents in the founding of Crumpton which would indicate that the capital of the Seventh District had difficulty in arriving at a name.

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Crumpton is refered to as Collister's Ferry' in the year 1814 in an act providing that a commission shall 'lay out survey work and bound a public road in said county (Queen Anne's) not exceeding thirty feet wide, beginning at or near Dudley's meeting house and running in such direction to Collister's Ferry as the said commissioners may designate.' The name should have been Callister's Ferry for Henry Callister who lived on the Kent side of the river at Crumpton sent ships loaded with tobacco to England, and called his home and warehouses on the Kent County side of the Chester, 'Townside.'

This Week IN HISTORY

Feb. 13—Ethan Allen, noted Revolutionary General who captured Ticonderoga, died, 1789. Sydney Smith, cartoonist who originated Andy Gump, born 1877. Lillian Leitzel, world famous trapeze artist, killed by fall in circus tent, Copenhagen, 1931.

Feb. 14—St. Valentine's Day. Oregon admitted to the Union in 1859 and Arizona in 1912. General Winfield Scott Hancock, Union leader, born, 1824. Hitler abolished Reichsrat, German Upper House, 1934.

Feb. 15 — President-elect Franklin D. Roosevelt is target of would-be assassin's bullet which fatally wounds Mayor Cermak of Chicago at Miami, 1933. Joseph Hergesheimer, novelist and short story writer, born, 1880. "Remember the Maine!" United States Battleship "Maine" blown up by a mine in Havana harbor arousing American ire and leading to Spanish-American War, 1898.

Feb. 16—Mussolini sends the first detachment of Italian troops to Italy's African colonies as first step to the Italo-Ethiopian war, 1935. Samoset, Narragansett Indian Chief, welcomes Pilgrims, 1621. Ulysses S. Grant wins his nickname "Unconditional Surrender" Grant at capture of Fort Donelson, 1862. Newfoundland surrendered its historical status as a British Dominion to be ruled by a Crown commission, 1934.

Feb. 17—Albert I, 58, King of the Belgians, killed in a fall from a cliff at Marche-les-Dames, 1934. Charlestown, S. C., surrendered to Sherman's forces, 1865. Mrs. Catherine Brickland who died at the age of 123 years, buried at Ballycommon, Ireland, 1934.

Feb. 18—The United States Supreme Court, 5 to 4, holds the Gold clause constitutional, 1935. Rhode Island adopts property qualification for voters, leading to Dorr's Rebellion a century later, 1724. Fire destroyed Illinois State Arsenal at Springfield burning service records of all Illinois soldiers in all wars, 1934.

Feb. 19—Edison gets patent on his phonograph, 1878. Adelina Patti, opera star of generation ago, born, 1834. Kolomon Wallisch, socialist mayor of Birsch in Austria, courtmartialed and hanged for his part in the Vienna revolt, 1934.

Guineas Watchdogs For Chuckle-Headed Turkeys

Always alert and watchful, guinea fowls have a special value as danger alarms and safety leaders for other poultry, particularly the rattle-headed turkeys. H. L. Shrader of the United States Department of Agriculture suggests that turkey growers will do well to include a few eggs of guinea fowls with e ach incubator lot of turkey eggs. They have the same period of incubation.

"The guinea chick", he says, "is brighter, more alert. It teaches the turkey poults how to find the feed hopper and the warm spots under the brooder. As the two grow older and range together, the young guinea sounds the first alarm when strange animals or predator hawks appear. To see a few guineas in a large flock of turkeys reminds one of a motorcycle policeman weaving in and out in a crowded traffic."

Guinea fowl also give variety for the table, and many consider the gamey meat a great delicacy.

Dame Rumor Says

Up Church Hill way a father and grown son, both of whom like an occasional nip, have figured out how to work the missus who is an ardent White Ribboner. Pop sits with mom while son fires up and then son sits while Pop tosses off a couple.

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Word of advice to a Tuckahoe Neck student. Learn your lessons better and you won't hear so many sermons in class.

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And while in Tuckahoe we learned that a certain politician got ribbed to a fare-thee-well over his whirl amidst the Kent Island night life.

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An Ingleside Hotspur is champing at the bit since bad roads blocked him off from Kane's Cross Roads. How about getting a girl on the Price Station Boulevard?

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Too bad that Wilmington and Hebron are not on the same road out of Templeville. Sometimes one of the town's Romeo's stops at the forks of the road for five or ten minutes trying to decide which way to turn when he starts out.

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That Centreville gent who publicly sounded off the other day that he could deliver fifty votes should get in the postoffice race. That's enough votes to give pause to the most calloused campaigner.

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A certain gal, sometimes known as the "Belle of Cathedral Heights", is drinking entirely too many milk shakes for lunch—providing she is sincere in her desire for a trim figger.

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A county seat authority who keeps a jump or two ahead on what men should wear, opines that striped ties and sox with rings around them will be the rage for spring. For himself, however, the best he hopes to do is an old necktie with a grease stripe on it and a bare ring on his right heel.

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There should be an item for the "Receiving Congratulations" column before long. A jittery husband was seen with a cradle on the back seat of his car.

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A certain county seater who formally emba ked in the race horse business Monday got his fingers burnt the first time out. It seems he picked the wrong tout and the horse, at last reports, was still running.

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And while on the subject of ponies, your Old Lady saw somebody clip a Hush-a-phone ad which would indicate that in the early future when the device has been installed selections will be made in a subdued tone of voice.

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A strapping Church Hill gent, big enough to enter the ring with Joe Louis, is scared stiff for fear he will get the mumps.

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A Sudlersville madam who thinks it's quite the thing to do to take her knitting to all the meetings has been working on the same sweater for two years. Her conferes have begun to comment on the lack of progress and think that at least one arm should be finished by this time.

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Despite the fact that an athletic minded Centrevillian is just before breaking into the pudgy forties, he still stands up to put on his shoes and sox. He insists that to sit down for this operation is a sign of advancing years.

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A cityfied matron who frequently visits in Centreville insists on bringing a flashlight. It seems she once chose the door to the basement in her before-daylight wanderings and is anxious to avoid a similar mistake.

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That chubby-faced county seater who has such a confirmed habit of being late, arrived at a birthday dinner the other night after the candles on his cake had burned to the icing. His fellow diners pointed out that if he didn't change his ways he would be late for his own funeral.