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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OWEN B. WINTERS ..... President
WM. E. GROSE ..... Editor
T. E. SHEA ..... Associate Editor
ROY H. WILSON Advertising Manager

QUOTATION OF THE WEEK

He that is down needs fear no fall,
He that is low, no pride;
He that is humble, ever shall
Have God to be his guide.
—John Bunyan.

THANKS ARE DUE

Public spirited business men at Ingleside following the example of oustanding citizens at Price have stepped to the fore for community betterment.

As the result a power line from the Centreville Electric Plant will be extended to Ingleside.

At Price and then at Ingleside progressive men came forward with hard dollars to assure a great convenience and comfort to the people of their towns and districts.

Putting forth cash is the acid test of loyalty to the community and willingness to do so is worthy of the highest commendation.

In a broader sense, too, a service has been rendered the county as a whole in that additional districts are enabled to take a long stride in progress.

The sponsors of these worthy undertakings deserve a rousing vote of thanks. Theirs is genuine service.

MOTHER'S DAY

Sunday is Mother's Day unofficially established as a focal point for crystallizing the powerful human sentiment of love of one's mother.

Considering the sniffs and tears that are wrung by mother and "mammy" songs and the endless quantity of verse and prose intended to express the depth of individual regard Mother's Day should witness a tremendous outpouring of affection. Actually it gets but little more than passing notice.

It may be that Americans by nature are averse to wearing their hearts on their sleeves for the world to see. Display of sentiment is often regarded as softness, and our rugged individuals wish to be anything but softies.

More likely the tepid observance of the day is because most of us are accustomed to being on the receiving end of the mother-child channel of affection. The child represents the "gimme" half, the mother the "here 'tis".

No little portion of the glamor that makes Christmas a red letter day is due to the efforts of mothers to make children happy on what is to a great extent a children's occasion.

Mother's Day should perhaps be a counterpart of that portion of the Christmas spirit. But the day was thrust into the calendar without any setting of an event of mighty significance behind it. And children lack practice in the art of bestowing affection upon parents.

So the individual contents himself with wearing a white carnation for a mother still carrying on, a red carnation for a mother departed, a message by mail or wire, perhaps a gift of candy,—nothing important, merely a token.

And Mother's Day passes, too lightly heeded.

THAT "TER" ERROR

The Post Office department, we have long been told, will not spell Center any other way.

So Centreville, for nearly one hundred fifty years the official spelling of the name of Queen Anne's county seat, has been consistently mangled into "Centerville" on the post office sign, the postoffice cancellation and the postoffice guide.

Residents put up with the resulting irritation, feeling that there was nothing that could be done in the face of hard headed government regulations.

Along comes Sauk Centre, the village made famous by Sinclair Lewis' "Main Street", and proves that the thing that could not be done was just another bugaboo for timid souls.

After six nine years of argument the Post Office department has surrendered peacefully and agreed to spell the name of the village the way the people wanted it. Beginning last Friday Sauk Centre got the "tre" in place of the undesired "ter."

That ruling should be an eye opener for the residents of Centreville. If they want the name of their town spelled correctly, now is the time to go after it while the gentlemen of the Post Office department are in a mellow mood.

The Woman's Club, the Rotary, the Young Business Men, the Parent-Teachers' Association, the Little Theater and other groups might name an individual member for a working committee of five or upwards to tackle the problem now while the chance is ripe.

They have the additional lever that Centreville is the name of a village in Prince George's county.

Sauk Centre proved that the Post Office will yield to the desires of townspeople vigorously pursued.

Centreville ought to get going while the going is good.

THE FISHING FAIR

Ranchers in the West once looked with scorn on the interest that city residents who could not ride a broncho nor swing a lariat showed in the activities of life on the range. Dudes, they called the city people. And then they learned there was money in catering to these people on so-called dude ranches, where the city man who could afford it got a taste of cowboy life.

Similarly watermen who gain their livelihood from fishing fail to understand the enthusiasm of the urban resident who goes after fish one at a time with a rod or hand line.

Yet there is money in this, also, as fishermen who take out "party boats" in other sections of the country have found.

For all its nearness to Philadelphia, Washington and other large cities the Eastern Shore has never gone very thoroughly into the business of taking out parties of fishermen for a day's sport.

To develop this business it is necessary to interest watermen in the possibilities in taking out parties, and to interest city folk in the possibilities of the Bay country as a sport fishing grounds.

The Chesapeake Bay Fishing Fair now being advocated on the Eastern Shore seeks to do both of these things. The incentive for the watermen is the profit they may derive. That for the anglers is a generous list of prizes for largest fish of assorted kinds.

For these motives the Fishing Fair is to be commended. Watermen especially should warm up to it.

But beyond the mere commercial side of the Fair there is a broader ideal, that of enabling visitors to revel in the atmosphere of the Eastern Shore, to become acquainted with its landmarks and native nautical terms, and of course to see the natural beauty of the region.

As a means for publicizing the Shore and developing an industry for it the Fishing Fair comes close to striking a perfect note. And watermen in Queen Anne's might at least investigate it.

A KANSAS VIEW

A curious phenomenon of the last two years is this: as the rich get richer, they have hated Roosevelt more bitterly. In 1933, when he was proposing really basic economic changes, hardly a voice was raised in opposition. Now that profits are jumping ahead and industrial activity is almost at the 1929 levels, the rich are hollering their heads off against Roosevelt.

The probable explanation: in 1933 the old order had gone so completely smash that the prosperous classes had nothing to lose but their chains. They were willing to submit to any alternation. Now that profits are restored and they again have something to lose, they are bitter against all hint of change.—Emporia Gazette.

The hardest tumble a man can take is to fall over his own bluff.

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It's better to give than to lend, and it costs about the same.—Philip Gibbs.

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Japan has a population of 70,000,000 which is increasing at the rate of 8% every five years—and all this population has to be supported on 147,000 square miles of territory, much of which is mountainous and sterile. Imagine our Government trying to support more than half the population of the whole United States on territory exactly the size of our state of Montana.—The Pathfinder.

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Copenhagen, Denmark, has a hotel that is piped for beer as well as water, and can advertise running beer in all rooms.

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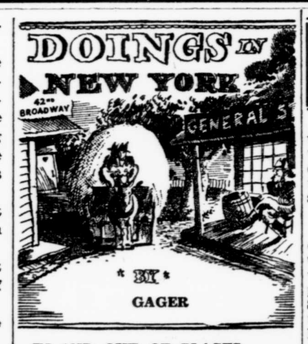
Each newspaper in Belgrade, Jugoslavia's capital, has a jail editor, to assume all responsibility for anything that appears in the paper. Even in the case of signed articles, if the man who wrote it denies that he did so, the jail editor will affirm that the work was his own, and when the govermnent orders his punishment he goes to jail without question. He receives a bonus after he come outs.—Maclean's.



IN AND OUT OF PLACES . . . . From Hollywood and seen around the town lately is movie actress Sally Eilers. Coming out of that new musical show (On Your Toes) the other night was operatic star Lawrence Tibbett accompanied by another little lady of the films, Kitty Carlisle. Enjoying the stage play, "Libel" this week was screen's ace Harold Lloyd. Why he was wearing dark glasses during the performance was just another mystery. And living at the Hotel Plaza these days is an old favorite of yours Thomas (Miracle Man) Meighan.

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After flying up from Miami, Fla., in a little over four hours, millionaire picture producer Howard (Hell's Angels) Hughes dropped into Arthur Harris' apartment the other evening for cocktails. It wasn't until the next day that Mr. Harris learned that Hughes had broken another flying record the day before as no mention had been made about it by the flyer to friend Arthur.

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Tommy Shevlin, whose father was one of the best football players at Yale some years back, is seen plenty around different spots in this town but not for long. He will soon be going down to his new home at Cat Cay Island in the British West Indies where he plans to spend the next three months doing some real deep sea fishing.

—o—

Colonel Jacob Tarhish, who is known to thousands over the radio as the "Lamplighter", was invited to attend the running of the Kentucky Derby where he would be sure to meet many of his brother colonels. As it so happened, the Colonel was unable to accept the invitation and consequently probably saved himself some money. He had picked Indian Broom to win the Derby.

About two hundred boys and girls were abroad the cycle train of the New Haven & Hartford R. R. when it pulled out of the Grand Central last Sunday morning bound for Canaan, Conn. Seems as this weekly bicycle excursion, which is under the personal supervision of advertising manager S. A. Boyer, is not only taking the place of last winter's Sunday ski trips but is even becoming a more popular sport. The answer probably to that is it is easier to peddle than to mush.

—o—

Did you know that the Voice of Experience will soon be doing his daily broadcasts from the NBC studios in Rockefeller Center? He will leave Bill Paley's roof the twenty-fifth of this month taking with him his voice and his problems.

—o—

Artist and farmer Paul Newman and friend Howard (Nellie Flagg) Williams are just a couple of sissies. Both had a hot tip on the Derby winner, Bold Venture (20-1) and when the time came to place their bet they split their ready cash on three horses instead of one. At that they are a hundred dollars a piece richer today than they were yesterday but just to make everyone feel better it might have been ten times as much.

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Just before leaving for the Coast last week Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., and his new bride, the ex-Lady Ashley had lunch at Club 21. Mr. Fairbanks no longer plans to make any more pictures himself, but will confine his talents solely to the art of production. 'Tis just as well.

—o—

Steve Birch and Texaco's Mr. Brown recently left our fair city for a three week hop, skip and jump tour of most of the important cities in these here United States. Mr. Birch will attempt to make the country as a whole more Havoline conscious, or oil to you folks.

—o—

What does Jimmy McLarnin and his pretty wife mean by doing the rounds of the different hot spots in this burg at this late date? Jimmy, you know, is fighting the veteran Lightweight king Tony Conzoneri this week at the Garden. Just because old Harry Greb could do it is no excuse, James.

Uneasy Editor's Chair

GILDING THE LILY

Prime example of political gush as gushed in behalf of Hizzoner T. Alan Goldsborough by the Quinn clan in the Crisfield Times:

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People have forgotten or else do not care that he is a Democrat. His politics makes no difference to them; it is what he actually has done for them, singly and in groups, for the widows, the orphans, the poor, the distressed, for ex-service men, and for communities and for towns and for villages that will give him the tremendous vote he will receive in November. There are, in fact, too many people who thank God on their knees every night and every day for a man like T. Alan Goldsborough, and what he has done for them, for there to be any chance on Earth of anything but a decisive victory for this champion of the people at the election in November.

We may not be able to speak with authority about other sections and about other counties but as for Somerset—IT IS A GOLDSBOROUGH COUNTY, AND NOTHING LESS THAN AN ACT OF GOD CAN CHANGE IT!

A JOB WELL DONE

Wherein a Rebel, at this late day, sees some good in a Yankee (he was a Democrat). From the Wayside Rambler in the Democrat and News, Cambridge:

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Do you know that General Grant was a Democrat when he was persuaded to run for President on the Republican ticket? Well, he was, and that accounted for his having made such a success of the job.

Emerson in his diary tells about a friend who went every year to Europe. He made up his budget in advance, including all forseeable items of expense. And at the end he added a generous amount "to be robbed of," and set forth to enjoy his travels with no financial irritations.—The Rotarian.

THE Rambling Recorder

The first twin girls ever to register as voters in Centreville lined up last week when Evelyn and Ethel Connolly, daughters of J. Edward Connolly, added their names to the Election Supervisor's list.

—o—

Presumably congratulations are in order for the Sudlersville kildee which we reported last week as having a nest with three eggs in it in a state of complete exposure near the Sudlersville Supply Company elevator. Word comes that two of the three eggs hatched out last Thursday and two little nestlings started running around in true kildee fashion as soon as they pecked their way out of the shells.

—o—

Postmaster L. Tilghman Hayden, holdover at the Centreville office, had to shell out $8 this week for a premium on a new bond and if reports are true he did not relish the idea. Mr. Hayden's term expired on April 12. The bond covering that term ran out at the beginning of the week. He acquired a new bond whether he continued a day or a year extra. 'Twas said Mr. Hayden thought his successor should pay the premium. And 'twas also said that if the postmaster hangs on two more weeks he will collect $100 or so in salary.

—o—

A sketch of Betty Raskob's starboat is the latest addition to the types of Chesapeake Bay boats which George Hall is doing in water colors as part of a WPA art project. This particular sketch required nice handling to make the white sails stand out against white clouds as well as to get a satisfactory effect out of the flat Kent shoreline in the distance. Mr. Hall's portrayals of colonial homes and marine views have elicited such favorable comment that they may yet be maintained as an undistributed collection.

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Town Bailiff Hicks who supervises the collection of Centreville refuse was under the first straw hat to roam the county seat this year. Mr. Hicks got out the Panama headpiece when the thermometer cracked 80 degrees last Friday.

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Former Sheriff J. Elmer Anthony deserves credit or censure (depending upon the viewpoint) for drumming up the bulk of the gathering which heard Colonel Henry Breckinridge flay the New Deal Saturday night on the courthouse green.

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The former Sheriff had just finished a furniture auction at Callahan's Hardware Store. With bell in hand he crossed Broadway to courthouse square. At that time Breckinridge's ballyhoo staff were ready to start but were murmuring at the smallness of the crowd.

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Overhearing these remraks, the ex-arm of the law sprang into action. "Want a crowd, Want a crowd?" he inquired. "Hey, you! Hey, you" he shouted to a group of eager youngsters.

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Then he picked out a boy built for speed, handed him the bell and told him to run up and down the streets ringing it and yell: "Free movies at the courthouse!"

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In less time than it takes to tell it, Col. Breckinridge had a crowd.

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When the Colonel reached the height of his tirade against New Deal spending one muffled razzberry was heard, but that was the only mild approach toward heckling. The crowd was orderly.

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Deputy Clerk B. Hackett Turner termed the speech the greatest he had ever heard.

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The Breckinridge party tried to get former Senator J. H. C. Legg to act as keynoter but were rebuffed in short order. "No sir. I'm for Roosevelt 100%, and I won't be a party of it", the colorful Senator said.

RADIANT LIVING

TWO MEN IN THE ABYSS

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

Looking over the rim into the deep abyss of a canyon imprisoned by massive walls of rock, I observe in the dim depth what appears to be a man. Through my glass I can now see him clearer. He is old, bent, with a pack strapped upon his back. His wrinkled bearded face is haggard. He is looking at his feet that seem to be miring down in clay of the chasm floor. There is about him an atmosphere of weariness, discouragement, hopelessness.

Near him as it winds its way through the canyon rushes a torrent of wild water. As I watch him through my glass it seems as though I can almost read his mind, as though he is thinking of his life, starting out in youth to seek for gold he has been able to accumulate only a life of toil and poverty; and as he looks at his feet becoming more and more mired into the clay, the roaring water seems to call to him as the place to end it all.

Is the trail of that long life to end in that raging torrent?

Thinking that I was about to observe a tragedy. I was horrified when my attention was attracted by something else.

Hastening across the rough floor of the canyon to his rescue rushed a younger man, who throwing one arm about the aged prospector, with the other, he pointed down the canyon where in the dim distance could be seen threading up the canyon wall a narrow trail that seemed to stand out in attractive brightness as though it were a shining sunbeam, a ray of light, the escape from the abyss.

Then it all flashed upon me. "This is a picture of life", I exclaimed. We are prospectors all. Spending our lives trying to find hidden gold, life passes, and all that we have found is age. Yet despair should not be our lot. There is a man of perpetual youth who points out the shining pathway that leads out of the grim canyon. He is the Christ. He points to the path of Divine fellowship, that leads to the heights of joy.

The Psalmist exclaims: "He brought me up also out of an horrible pit, out of the miry clay, and set my feet upon a rock, and established my goings."

Coue complained that his famous formula, "Every day and in every way I'm getting better and better," was of little use in America. It took too long to say. Americans just cut it down to "Hell I'm well."—Scientific American.

—o—

The main course at a political banquet always seems to be the roast.—Harm Hershfield.

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

The Wind Bag Club

BY JOHN EMBERT

Dick Tolson lives over the Maryland boundary line. His home being at the Narrows. He resents being called a Kent Islander.

—o—

Olin Hoxter, the driver of a John Dees Pony Express, is considering going in training as a steeplechase jockey. Then he will be able to see if his two buck donations for oats are really fed to the nag he wagers on.

—o—

Moe Messing likes the name of Smith and you can't hate him for that. He's fond of Smithfield ham, Smith Brothers Coup drops, and especially fond of Eddie Smith the jockey who brought home the daily double bacon for his increasing the old bankroll one hundred twenty-four.

—o—

I dropped in to see my old friend Joe Boyles, Sr. He has been housed in since early January. His dogs were frostbitten and come mighty near having to have them amputated. They have ceased barking so loudly through his continuous use of baking them under heat of two sixty watt electric bulbs and he believes he will be okay by Decoration Day. This was his first time of seeing the inside of a hospital. He didn't like the idea of sleeping without underpants so he soon convinced the nurse it was essential for her to return them. He kept the nurse's disposition sweetened with Martha Washington chocolates.

—o—

The Board of Directors on the Ways and Means Comimttee voted on the best way to get rid of mosquitoes and the idea submitted by Hen Smith was chosen. His suggestion sounds promising as the town is already contemplating spending a few thousand dollars for the erection of a standpipe in order to have a sufficient supply of water for ghting fires as well as supplying it for the homes. Instead of the old remedy of Citrinella to destroy the bloodsuckers place a large light over the standpipe and the bright light will draw the mosquitoes. When they come up for a drink of water they will fall in and drown. The ones that aren't thirsty and have no appeal for bright lights could be murdered by the taxpayers who are opposed to the additional water supply.

—o—

If you mention plate supper to Jim Reynolds you're liable to get a frying pan wrapped around your neck. It is kinda tough to smell good food and not be able to get sufficient quantity to satisfy a craving appetite. He says no light lunches or tea parties for him as he's passed that age.

—o—

The ten percent tax put on cosmetics, listerine and all mouth washes will be kinda tough on the whisky drinkers and beer guzzlers.

—o—

A deaf person always hears when you don't want them to and temporary deafness overtakes most of us when it's our turn to set 'em up. Mike Aker will vouch for this.

—o—

Betcha Roosevelt will be re-elected over his opponent by a larger majority than Hoover polled over Al Smith in '28.

Betcha with all the boloney of what a fast ball club the Orioles have this year they will be closer to the cellar than the top when the season is over.

—o—

Ben Melvin is thinking seriously of building burglar proof out buildings. The night owls have climbed his chicken house, butchered a lamb on his premises, and left the meat here bare.

—o—

The parrot isn't the only bird that can talk. The one I have in mind comes from every hamlet and city in the universe. Some of them talk more when they are put in a cage. Others melancholy and think only of the freedom that once was theirs in the jungle. No a jail bird.

Proceedings of the Orphans' Court

Letters of Administration on the estate of Mary C. Bartlett were granted to C. Tilghman Bishop. Warrants to appraise the real estate and personal property were issued to B. Hackett Turner and L. Herman Meredith. Renunciation of the heirs were filed in favor of C. Tilghman Bishop.

The Court examined and passed sundry claims against decedents and ordered them entered on the Claim Docket.

Letters of Administration on the estate of Fannie K. Walls Bramble were granted to J. Erdman Bramble. No warrant was deemed necessary. The usual Notice to Creditors was published in Queen Anne's Record.

First report of Claire B. Bayless, Guardian of Terry Bayless, was recorded.

C. Tilghman Bishop, Administrator of Mary C. Bartlett, was authorized and directed to give the usual Notice to Creditors to file their claims against the deceased by advertisement in one newspaper in Queen Anne's County.

SUDLERSVILLE

The proceeds from the bake sponsored by the Civic Betterment Club for the benefit of the girl scouts last Saturday was $20 and at the same time a bake held at Millington for the same purpose netted an additional $9.85. The total amount will be used to defer the expense of the court of awards.

Mrs. Annie Jones has returned to her home in town after passing the winter months in Baltimore and Wilmington.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Ripka, of Wilmington, were guests Sunday of Mr. and Mrs. J. Edward Stevens.

Mr. W. W. Rambo and daughter Frances, visited Baltimore one day last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Price Johnson entertained at dinner last Sunday their guests being Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Price and Miss Mary Caldwell, of Chestertown, Mr. Louis S. Price and Miss Catherine Magness, of Worton, Mr. and Mrs. Wesley Thawley and two boys, Robert Hooper and Wesley, Jr., of Denton, Mr. B. Ross Duling and Mr. Frank Cohee, of Salisbury, and Mr. B. W. Duling, of Millington.

Are you among those whose subscriptions are now due? Please refer to the address label on your copy of the Record. If so, kindly remit.

A family dinner party in honor of her birthday anniversary was given Mrs. G. Edward Gillespie by her son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Victor P. Gillespie last Sunday. The guests included Mr. and Mrs G. Edward Gillespie, Mr. and Mrs. J. Edward Stevens, Mr. and Mrs. Tom Gillespie and Mr. and Mrs. Guy Bowdle, of Dover.

The teachers and pupils of the Grammar School were pleased to know that their card party held Friday night was quite a success. About $27 was cleared and this will be used for the benefit of the school.

Mrs. Martha Bishop Crew and Miss Mary Bishop Keith, of Centreville, were week-end guests of Mr. and Mrs. Harrington Knotts.

Mr. and Mrs. Jefferson Gray, of Bridgeville, Del., visited their aunts, Mrs. Addie Sudler and Mrs. Annie Sudler last Sunday.

Mrs. Hewett Walls entertained at bridge Tuesday evening in honor of her house guest, Miss Jennings, of Easton.

Miss Lillian Grubb, of Baltimore, is spending several days with Mrs. T. A. Geiser.

The monthly meeting of the Woman's Auxiliary of St. Andrew's Chapel usually held the first Monday in the month was postponed and will meet next Monday, May 11.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Morgan, Mrs. Annie and Mrs. Addie Sudler spent Thursday in Baltimore.

Mrs. Charles Joslin is spending some time in Denton with her daughter, Mrs. Harry Nuttle and Mr. Nuttle.

Miss Alice Rigby is visiting relatives in Wilmington.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Clendenning and Mr. and Mrs. Charles Walls were guests Sunday of Mr. and Mrs. Meredith, near Chestertown.

Mr. and Mrs. Brown Roe entertained Miss Lucille Rasin, of Chestertown over the week-end.

Professor Howard Benson has returned to his home in Westminster after spending several days with his nieces, the Misses Fannie, Eva and Lillian Merrick.

Mr. and Mrs. Irving Walters, of Wilmington, Mrs. Julia Dill and Lloyd Dill, Jr., were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Nickerson on Sunday.

Dame Rumor Says

From which it is gathered that a Dudley's Corner gent has none too clear a conscience in connection with an item that appeared in this column: "The fellow who thinks the Dudley Corner gent has already said too much had better attend to his own affairs. I know everything that has happened and he'd better take it easy."

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Card playing in and around Chester on Sunday night seems to have dropped off.

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Looks like a certain Centrevillian who can't get along without his half dozen beers daily would have had enough forsight to lay in a case for election day. At that it seemed a shame for the guzzlers to be forced to skip Monday considering that the election was so quiet.

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A baby carriage around the county seat never gets any rest. By the time one family in the friendly circle in which it moves gets past the wheeling stage up bobs another youngster for a ride.

—o—

If that Millington husband wants to play safe he'd better stop borrowing a friend's car to keep a tryst and use his own. One of these days the wife will climb into their car and drive by.

—o—

A Rich Neck fox hunter is annoyed no end because his best hound strays to the home of a neighbor and the neighbor feeds it. Naturally the hound spends most of its time where the grub is.

—o—

Moon over Chesapeake is drawing a pair of young folks to Kent Point vicinity quite frequently.

—o—

That farmer near Crumpton who has been missing chickens here of late can't blame it on the colored folks this time.

—o—

That wife in Barclay who some times thinks her husband is good for nothing ought to watch him play checkers. It's tough to get to the king row on him.

—o—

A distinguished gent on Kent Island frequently hauls passengers to Centreville, but he's particular. They've gotta be gals and good looking.

—o—

Your Old Lady has a sneaking suspicion that a certain Millington lassie with soulful eyes is not as hard pressed for cash as she claims. It's a safe bet that she spent too much for a Easter bonnet.

The Good Old Days

Extract from a wedding reported with a lilt and pair of typographical errors in the Centreville Record.

LOVE'S GENTLE SWAY

Hope—Tynson

Miss Anna M. Hope of Centreville, a young lady with a host of friends and acquaintances, and Mr Frank Tyson of Odessa, Delaware, were married last Wednesday afternoon at 2 o'clock in the M. E. Church Centreville, by the pastor, Rev. Charles A. Hill.

The friends of the happy couple were busy all the morning decorating the church with the rarest of roses and beautiful potted plants, which with the sunlight and bright faces made the audience room present a lovely and beautiful appearance. Within fifteen minutes after the doors were opened the church was filled to overflowing with friends of the contracting parties who waited patiently to witness the nuptials. At the appointed hour the organist, Prof. M. J. Woodford, announced the arrival of the pridal party and as the organ peeled forth a beautiful wedding march the bridal couple marched gracefully up the aisle, preceded by the ushers, J. E. Covell, J. Fletcher Rolph, Robert T. Coursey, R. W. Eddins and Frank Keating of Centreville, and Lemuel C. Watkins of Odessa, Delaware.