Queen Anne's Record-Observer

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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

As the sun does not wait for prayers and incantations that he may rise, but shines at once, and is greeted by all: so neither wait thou for applause, and shouts, and eulogies, that thou mayest do well—but be a spontaneous benefactor and thou shalt be beloved like the sun.
—Epictetus.

SHARPENED INTEREST

The abrupt plunging of Centreville into darkness during the rush hours of Saturday evening spurred a revival of the people's interest in the Centreville Electric Light Plant. For some time their interest has been dormant, chiefly because they learned so little about what the plant was doing and where it was headed. After all, the plant belongs to the people of Centreville and they can be pardoned for taking some interest in its affairs.

From the standpoint of capital at least, the Centreville Electric Light company is the largest industry in Queen Anne's county. Its management is a heavy task and many no doubt underestimate the burden resting on the Town Commissioners' shoulders.

With certain salient features the public is familiar. They know that the plant is there, that a bond issue of some $60,000 was floated for new equipment this year and that work has been going on in preparation for installing new machinery.

But there is such a thing as repairs and replacements always needed in an industry of this size. When will the next major repairs come up and what will they cost?

The plant has steadily extended its system and embraced new territory. And folks wonder what are the chances of the plant again becoming overloaded, and what the likelihood is of a repetition of the experience of Saturday night.

They wonder when the plant will become self-supporting and if and when it will turn a profit into the town treasury. A publicly owned plant does not pay taxes and usually that saving comes back in some form. And they also wonder about the chances of a cut in rates perhaps to the level of those in Easton.

The public knows so little about the policies of the plant, its inside story. They usually learn what is going on after it happens. Maybe if they were taken into confidence of the management occasionally they might be more sympathetic to the problems of the electric light plant.

OCTOBER'S GOLD

Gold is the color of October, the color of last leaves, sun-burned grass, and pumpkins in the sun. September's gold is too new. It lacks the rich patina which comes with time. The gold of November is pale and worn thin in places, like a gypsy peddler's jewelry when the baser metal underneath begins to show through.

But October's gold is fine as a king's crown and plentiful as the whole out-of-doors. Then hills and fields and orchards offer their accumulated treasures to the passerby and the coffers of the sun lie opened and unguarded. Every weed feels the touch of Midas and turns to gold overnight. Stubble, too, and the ruined aisles of corn where larks sang on summer mornings.

The meadow stream is lost in a maze of tangled gold, and the cows along its banks stand with gold on their flanks and in their eyes a look of dreaming. October's gold is scattered everywhere; in the dust of country roads, in village streets, and down the narrow lanes where crows are laughing. On hillsides, too, and in mountain canyons where aspens stand in showers of gold, and sycamore shed their bright leaves downward.

October is a spendthrift. All her ways are extravagant and there is a certain recklessness in everything she does. Gold for each blade of grass, gold for the little, sleeping form of a butterfly that waited too long, and gold for all the worn-out husks of flowers in the garden.

It is no wonder that a few short weeks find her with her inheritance almost gone and all the wealth which summer stored up so carefully sown broadcast to the winds.

But the cautious months are coming, the months when the heart must treasure each small scrap of color that it finds, knowing, full well, that it is a luxury not easily come by. Months when all the world is an etching in steel-point, acid-bitten, framed in the narrow black of leafless elms.

Then we shall remember the gay profligacy of October with gratitude, for the gold she squandered in the hills when the sun was still high will keep us from poverty in less generous days, and the fortune she scattered lavishly on field and stream will enrich our thoughts until the spring shall come again.—Christian Science Monitor.

INFANT INDUSTRY

The soybean car exhibited at Centreville on Monday was a map of the future of the soybean industry. The seemingly endless uses of the oil bean almost parallel the development thirty years ago of corn products to diversify the traditional ones of feed for livestock and corn meal for human consumption.

In the first decade of this century the pioneers in corn processing sent exhibits all over the ocuntry displaying jars filled with corn starch, corn sugar, corn rubber, corn syrup, gluten and other products developed by chemists. Schools received smaller exhibits numbering up to a hundred small bottles each showing some variant of corn in its processing, and all designed to acquaint the public mind with uses for corn that otherwise might seem too novel for acceptance. That day is passed for corn processing. The industry has grown into an established business with far-flung markets.

Soybeans are starting on the same road now, a quarter of a century later. Chemists have worked out bewildering assortment of processed products, attractive to the eye or appealing to the palate; candy, cakes, waffles, baked beans, salad oils, flour, rubber, soaps, paints, feeds for poultry and livestock.

Next will come the struggle for markets as soybeans crowd their way into realms held by wheat and corn. The American palate, always eager for new foods, will at least try out the novel food products.

Those close to the soybean industry see it still in the dawn stage in America and Queen Anne's joining the production group this year may be in a position to ride up with its future. If the future is as radiant as the leaders believe Queen Anne's may broaden the crop base which once clung closely to its old triumvirate of wheat, corn and pasture.

CURBING CITY LIFE

Life in our major cities is steadily penning man into a corner of solitude to be shared only by a wife or other adults. And the curse of great cities, loneliness, steadily augments itself.

In the early years of the twentieth century apartment house owners drew nation wide crtiicism when the edict, No Children Allowed, was first announced. But the owners being in the driver's seat and callous to everything but their business nerve, stuck by their pronouncement, rigidly barred children from exclusive apartment buildings, except perhaps for the brood of the janitor or superintendent in the basement, and let the clamor of pulpit and press wear itself out on unheedling ears.

That edict ushered in the era of the dog-men, as O Henry named them, the apartment dwellers who kept dogs for pets and aired them in daily strolls. It also ushered in the era of the doting females who with nothing better to lavish affection upon stuffed and spoiled some pampered yet luckless canines.

Now even the solace of dogs for pets is to be denied denizens of the swankier apartment houses. No Dogs Allowed has been decreed by a few cliff dwellers in Chicago and New York. Where one leads others will follow. And domestic life will become more lonely, will limit the childless couple even more definitely to their own companionship.

City life undoubtedly offers advantages lacking to residents of easy-going rural sections like Queen Anne's. But the edge of these advantages is badly blunted when contrasted with the freedom of living in an environment where a man may have both children and a dog without browbeating a stony-hearted landlord. No Dogs Allowed may seem like a crisis to thousands of middling rich urban residents but here in Queen Anne's it hardly causes an eye flutter. We are too accustomed to living naturally at a slow pace instead of wearing the straightjacket of hectic driving.

SOARING AVIATION

The tremendous strides of aviation have been so astonishing that this generation, living through their history, is numb to their immensity.

Consider the floating landing places talked of such a few years ago as indispensable to transoceanic flight. A Wilmington inventor was supposed to have worked out and patented a theoretically workable floating airfield to be anchored in midocean as a way station across the bid pond. France considered seriously the idea of building such artificial islands.

Now France formally announces that it has abandoned the idea. Plans have shown that they are ready and able to span the Atlantic without aiming for a floating air harbor. Just enough little islands fleck the broad Pacific to enable planes to cross that vast body in a hop, skip and jump.

And so the once bright vision of floating islands anchored at sea has been ruthlessly junked as needless.

Where the twentieth century giant of transportation will end is any one's guess. Seers now look forward to stratospheric flights with planes and their human cargoes traversing a region almost as distinct from our own as ours is from the habitat of fish. Pioneers are already probing the possibilities.

What the man of today tries to vision in the realm of flight his children will some day take as a matter of course with perhaps some vague speculation as to where aviation will next stride on its seven-league boots. For aviation is still in the soaring stage.

THE Rambling Recorder

Hallowe'en, Thanksgiving and Christmas just around the corner. One would hardly know it by the landscape. The extra moisture has kept trees thickly leaved and many maples are still emerald green. It is strange how the trees turn color when their time comes. And tey turn quickly. There's a maple we walk under almost daily which looked hale and verdant as it mates. One afternoon it showed signs of yellow. The next morning it was a shower of gold from crow's nest to keelson. Last year Hallowe'en was the time when the burning of leaves was at its height. It will likely be that way this year. Burning of leaves is a sort of contagious matter. Last week we saw one resident start a smudge and before we got out of sight two adjoining householders got rakes and matches into play.

—o—

Dousing of the lights Saturday evening did not bother us any. We were down for an evening of bridge and somehow the game was even more pleasant than usual with four candles for four players and every finesse living. The Centreville Armroy was a beautiful sight. Dancers gliding along in the soft illumination of scores of candles while something of a carnival touch was added by lighted tapers outside the building. We eat most of the recipes that get in this newspaper. Somehow a copy of the paper gets in the house and sooner or later we see an old acquaintance in type staring at us as a prepared dish. But we ran into a new angle last Thursday. There was the meat pie running in today's issue waiting for us at least a week too soon. While we were cogitating as to whether signals got mixed and the meat pie got published in place of a good news item we learned that we had dropped a copy of the recipe and it had been picked up. All we can say for the recipe is that we have the best of evidence that it is good.

—o—

They tell us that wood merchants are running a fairly brisk trade this fall. And we were looking at an ad in another Shore paper where some one wanted to buy hickory logs of good size for export. It was the export feature that intrigued us. Maybe hickory makes nearly as good a rifle butt as walnut. That sixty-foot wide road leading to Wye Island was in pretty fair shape during the summer but it has taken a lot of punishment the last few week ends. Again last Sunday the road was alive with motorists driving down for a squint at the still incomplete Wye Hall restoration. The road is now as well corrugated as a washboard. And probably emphasizes the notion with the sightseers that if and when the Duke and Duchess come to Wye Hall they will be coming to an out of the way abode. Timothy seed, we notice, would make a good substitute for wax on a dance floor. But cheap as it is for planting, it is too dear to aid a limb-skinning.

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Squqirrels were more plentiful than expected during the recent hunting season, says the best county authority. The Centreville F. F. A. corn judging team had a tough reverse at Frederick. One of the two regulars was unable to make the trip. The other landed first place and with support would have lifted the team into the money. But the pinch hitter was young and short of experience so that the team placed twentieth. Sudlersville and Church Hill without outstanding stars placed tenth and fourteenth. Harry Reynolds offered to pick up a basket of sweet potatoes for a neighbor first chance he got. A short time later Harry spied a row of four baskets of sweets and one of whites. Harry ordered a basket of the sweets, the clerk went into the back room, bagged them and put them in Harry's car. When the neighbor opened the sack he discovered what he already had too much of, white potatoes. And the moral is, Don't have a nervous finger when pointing.

THE POET'S CORNER

IN OCTOBER

By Casper L Newcomb

Gone is the song of summer birds,
Whip-poor-will and night hawks hollow;
And grass in meads where lowing herds
Ate all that they choose to swallow.

No more we smell odorous rose,
Nor flowers of the shday dells,
Or fragrant odors that arose
In woods where other blossom smells.

No thunder peals pierce the sky,
Or lightning flash by day or night;
As high dark clouds obscure on high
Glowing stars and the sun's light.

The frost is on the pumpkin vine;
These crisp cool nights 'fore we retire
As the wind it begins to whine,
A glowing fire's what we require.

THE EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR

Wherein a linotyper on the esteemed Wilmington Journal gives Wallace Wade, Duke University football coach, a real Southern accent by the simple device of jamming the "r" in his machine:

"In the stong Southeastern Conference Alabama and Tennessee appea to be the teams to beat. The Cimson Tide is fully as tough as it was a yea ago and the Vols, if anything, are slightly stonger."

—o—

Year by year operation of motor cars has been simplified, cheifly for the benefit of feminine drivers. The ultimate goal seems to be devising a car which can be operated by the little finger. When that time comes folks will have to leave their dogs and other pets outside at home the animals go joyriding, as did the dog who laid the basis for the following item in the Kent News:

"One of Chestertown's prominent ladies had an unusual experience this week. She visited her farm, near Locust Grove, accmopanied by her dog. While she was busy consulting her tenant the dog became restless, and in some manner, caused the auto to start. The car continued to move down the lane until a tree got in the path and stopped it. There the owner found it. The damage is estimated at about $100."

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The Crisfield Post in the course of a hard hitting editorial on using a county road for a political football spies out another kink in the devious ways of the Phoebuses, Somerset county's senator and wife. First it was the Senator, next the Senator's wife became a motion picture censor then the Missus stepped down from her job while the Senator became State Labor Commissioner. The forthcoming move is intimated in the following excerpt from the editorial:

"Phoebus—Harry T., Senator, who is reported to have his wife's appointment as Senator locked in his safe at Princess Anne, while he continues to hold two jobs, Senator and Labor Commissioner. (Such tactics might be good politics, but certainly even politicians must admit that holding both an elective and an appointive job at the same time is not conducive to democratic government.)"

QUEEN ANNE

Miss Emily Sneed is visitng friends in Baltimore.

Mr. and Mrs. Bryan Moore, spent Sunday afternoon with Mr. and Mrs. Robert Moore, of Centreville.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Taylor and Miss Gladys Taylor were recent guests of Mr. and Mrs. Dorsey Webster, of Preston.

Mrs. R. Basye Gibboney, of Bakersfield, Calif., has been visiting her cousin, Mrs. Nellie M. Willis. Mrs. Gibboney and her twin brother, also a resident of California, were childhood playmates of Mrs. Willis.

Mr. Wilbur Fleming and friend, and Mr. Clyde Fleming, all of Baltimore, spent the week-end with Mr. Will Fleming and Miss Edna Fleming.

The Stork paid two visits to this town last week, leaving a son at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Whitby, and a daughter with Mr. and Mrs. Milby Geib.

The bake held in Hillsboro club house last Thursday, netted the Ladies' Aid Society of Hillsboro M. E. Church about twenty dollars.

Miss Madge Jump has returned to Baltimore, where she will remain for some weeks.

Rev. and Mrs. James M. York were welcomed back by their congregation, Rev. York having been returned to this charge for another year.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Taylor and daughter, Miss Gladys Taylor, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Coulbourne, of Hurlock.

Mrs. May Dean spent the week-end with Mr. and Mrs. Howard Booker, and daughters, at Barclay.

Mrs. Bernard Sparks, visited her mother, Mrs. Selby Smith, of Ridgely, on Wednesday afternoon.

Mrs. J. Harrison and children, Frances and Bobby, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Bryan Moore one day last week.

The Woman's Home Missionary Society of Hillsboro M. E. Church met on Tuesday afternoon at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Fred B. Sylvester, near town.

The Community Club met on Tuesday evening. A very enjoyable program was presented by the committee. Mrs. Calvin Anderson is chairman.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Lawrence Wright and family, of Tuckahoe Neck, were recent supper guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Taylor and Miss Gladys Taylor.

Killing frosts that came on the last days of last week practically destroyed most of the flowers and vegetables in Queen Anne gardens. Dahlia and Zinnia growers were hardest hit by the early breath of winter. Chrysanthemums are unhurt, it is reported, except in a few cases.

Many of Queen Anne's younger set are anticipating taking part in the Hallowe'en frolic at Easton this year, for which plans have been made on a large scale.

Rev. and Mrs. J. M. York entertained at dinner on Tuesday evening the following guests: Rev. and Mrs. Lee Richcreek, of Easton, Rev. and Mrs. Thompson and children, of Church Hill, and Rev. and Mrs. Smallwood, of Royal Oak.

Miss Esther Skinner spent the week-end with Miss Elaine Murphy, near town.

THIS WEEK'S OLD TIMER

With Queen Anne's County still very baseball minded as a result of the fine article of baseball displayed by the Centreville team of the Eastern Shore League throughout the past summer, it is right and appropriate that a former big league baseball star, who now is a resident of Queen Anne's county, should be given a niche in this column.

He is Conrad "Nick" Powell Carter, former pitcher for Connie Mack's Athletics.

"Old Timer" Carter was born at Oatlands, Loundoun County, Va., on May 19th, 1879, and is a son of the late George Carter, a direct descendant of William Carter, of Hertfordshire, England, who was a son of "King' 'Carter, who was an outstanding resident of Virginia.

"Old Timer" "Nick" Carter attended the Leesburg, Virginia Academy, the Rockville, Maryland Academy; and was graduated from Philip Exeter Preparatory School in New Hampshire. He then entered the University of Virginia, where he took a four year medical course. He played ball with his college team throughout his four years, and was captain of his outfit. After four years of pursuing his medical course he left college to enter the baseball world. Long before he had been given the title of "Nick," which suited him admirably in his baseball activities.

His first job was with the Chickasaw Club of Memphis, Tennessee, from where he went to the Plattsburg team of the New York League for one year. His pitching with the Plattsburg team won him a berth with the Syracuse Stars, after which he returned to Independent baseball in Virginia. He only stayed away from the bigger league one year, however, when he returned to Syracuse and played for four years. His entire baseball record was filled with thrills, and he was declared the best pitcher in the league. The Syracuse Stars won the pennant in their league for the season of 1905.

In one thirteen inning game pitcher Carter while with Syracuse had the unusual record of having only forty men face him. In the first twelve innings the batsmen went down one, two, three, and in the thirteenth the fourth man went to bat. It was then that Connie Mack purchased him for the Athletics. It is unusually interesting to pursue "Old Timer" Carter's baseball scrap book, and pick out the highlights of his career. A particularly interesting cartoon of Connie Mack appears in the first game of the season in which Carter was the pitcher, and new in the Athletics uniform he swatted out a hit. Mack is shown with a broad grin, and says "Darn his hide, if he didn't swat it!"

On leaving the Athletics Mr. Carter went with the Kansas City team, and in 1913 left baseball to enter private business at Leesburg, Virginia. He continued only a short time however, and then entered Civil Service and was assigned as Inspector for Rivers and Harbors under the War Department in the Potomac River territory.

On December 15th, 1915 "Old Timer" Carter married Miss Eliabeth Hopkins, and while on their honeymoon, they visited the Eastern Shore. Mr. Carter found it so much to his liking that he did not return to Washington, but purchased a part of the Walsey estate, near Queenstown, which he named "Corotoman," for the old Carter estate in Virginia.

Immediately upon establishing a residence in Queen Anne's county, Mr. Carter became active in agricultural affairs. He was almost at once appointed a Deputy Forest Warden, which post he still holds.

Realizing the importance of organization among farmers, with James F. Boyles ,of Queenstown, he organized the Queenstown Farmers Club. He was also the organizer and one of the first directors of the Agricultural Cooperative. Both of these organizations are now affiliated with the Queen Anne's County Farm Bureau. In fact the Queenstown Farm Club went into the Farm Bureau as a club, and Mr. Carter was elected the first Secretary and Treasurer of the Bureau.

He continued farming until a short time ago, when he sold a large portion of his farm, and is now engaged in contracting and building.

So varied have been Mr. Carter's activities in the interest of all movements for the benefits of the community it would be hard to estimate his real value. He is a member of the Phi Delta Theta and the Phi Kappa Epsilom fraternities. He is a devout member of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and a vestryman of Old Wye Parish, which includes St. Luke's Church, Queenstown and Old Wye, at Wye Mills.

CHURCH HILL

The duck and chicken salad supper which the high school held in the Community Building last Thursday evening, proved to be a huge success. They realied around $135.

The October meeting of the Community Club will be held this Thursday evening, October 21st at the Parish House. The committee is composed of Mrs. Theobold Hall, Miss Helen Tatman, Miss Mary Cole and Miss Estelle Walls.

Mr. and Mrs. T. Rigby Valliant and daughter, Jeanne, were dinner guests of Miss Estelle Walls on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. James Wilson, of Smyrna, Del., were guests of Mrs. Edward G. Walls on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Walls entertained Mrs. Walls' mother, Mrs. Susie Ireland, of Centreville, at dinner on Sunday.

Mrs. Hunter has been visiting her son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Harrington for the past week.

Miss Gertrude Merrick and Miss Helen Tatman, spent Saturday in Baltimore.

Mrs. Mattie Richards went to Wilmington on Sunday where she will spend some time with relatives there.

Mrs. Ralph, of near town, is spending some time with her sister, Mrs. Bessie Dewberry.

The teacher and patrons of the Grammar School are busy making plans for the Hallowe'en Social which they are holding in the Community Building on Thursday evening, October 28.

Services at the Southern Methodist Church for Sunday will be Sunday School, 10 a. m., and preaching at 11 a. m.

Rev. and Mrs. C. M. Griffeth, of Sudlersville, were guests of Rev. and Mrs. Lester Smallwood on Monday evening.

BUSIC

Mr. and Mrs. Bryan Bowers and children, spent Tuesday with Mrs. Mae Thompson.

Miss Sarah Thompson spent last Saturday evening with Miss Nettie Ware.

The Ladies' Aid was delightfully entertained at the home of Mrs. Annie Hall, Thursday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Norman Hobbs and Mr. Kayne Hobbs, of Linwood, Pa., spent the week-end with Mr. James Hobbs.

Mr. William Hickey, of near Chester, spent a few days of last week with Mr. and Mrs. Bryan Bowers.

Mr. Roy Thompson, Mr. Harry Thompson and Mr. Bryan Bowers, spent Monday in Rocksdale, Pa.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Schivert, Mr. and Mrs. Louis Schivert and son, Mr. and Mrs. Baynard Thompson and Mrs. Sallie Thompson have returned to her home in Greensboro, after spending some time with Mr. and Mrs. Edward Thompson.

Mr. and Mrs. Bryan Bowers and children, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Roy Thompson.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Huey and children and Mr. and Mrs. Frank Teat and children, visited Mr. and Mrs. Frank Huggins on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Herman Morgan and Mrs. Charles Nickerson, of Wilmington, spent Sunday afternoon with Mr. and Mrs. Charles Thompson and Mr. and Mrs. Fred Kaufman and children, of Centreville.

Mr. and Mrs. Homer Phillips and son Jackie, of Chester, and Mrs. Elsie Parsons and children, of Kenton, were visitors of Mr. and Mrs. William Ware on Sunday.

QUEENSTOWN

The Homemakers Club will meet on Thursday, Oct. 21, at 1:45 p. m. at the home of Mrs. Algernon Carter. All members having canning for the exhibition on Friday at the Little Theatre, kindly notify Mrs. Carter and be ready for collection on Thursday evening.

The hostess to the contract club this week was Miss Daisy McConnor. Mrs. H. C. Onley won top score with Mrs. Joseph Bishop coming in second and Mrs. H. F. Roberts totaling next.

A miscellaneous shower was held for Mr. and Mrs. Franklin Holden at their residence on "My Lord's Gift" farm, Tuesday evening.

Miss Ruth Maloney, of Easton, is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. B. R. Cook for some weeks.

The teachers and children of the Elementary School are having a card party Thursday, Oct. 28, at the school house for window curtains. Send a prize—or come yourself and win one.

The Boy Scouts are arranging a Hallowe'en party for Friday evening of Oct. 29th at the school house.

Mrs. Ed Rowens attended a bridge luncheon in Queen Anne on Tuesday at the home of Mrs. Flowers.

Mrs. William O. Orth and two children are spending the week in Towson with Mrs. Louis Hergenrather.

Mr. and Mrs. Lex Radcliffe and children, of Baltimore, spent the week-end with Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Roberts.

Miss Margaret Mitchell Gibson, who is training in Baltimore, spent the week-end with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Gibson, of "My Lord's Gift" farm.

Mrs. M. H. Mills, of Salisbury, is spending a few days with her sister, Mrs. Harry F. Roberts.

Mr. and Mrs. John Short and two sons, Jackie and Donald, were week-end visitors with friends in Salisbury.

Mr. and Mrs. B. R. Cook and Mrs. Harry C. Reynolds motored to Baltimore on Sunday to attend the Fall Demonstration at the Esskay Plant.

Last week this column wrote anent the high weeds along the left hand side of the road at the Easton-Centreville intersection with the Queenstown road. Well, the weeds have gone the way all weeds should go and am I elated.

Benjamin R. Cook recently moved into his attractive new home, which he purchased some time ago from the McConnor estate and remodeled extensively.

The Queenstown Packing Plant reopened last week under the management of a Wilmington company.

STARR

Mrs. Rena Adams has returned home after spending some time as the guest of her brother and sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. O. F. Montague in New Jersey.

Mr. and Mrs. Wright Everngam and children, of Chester, Pa., were the week-end guests of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Louis Everngam.

Miss Sallie Montague, of Philadelphia, and Mr. and Mrs. O. F. Montague, of New Jersey, were the week-end guests of Mrs. Rena Adams.

Miss Effie DeLacy visited friends near Willoughby, Sunday afternoon.

Miss Katherine DeLacy has returned to her home in Washington, D. C., after visitng her sisters, Misses Effie and Edna DeLacy.

RADIANT LIVING

BEHIND CLOSED DOORS

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

You will recall, immediately after the crucifixion of Jesus, the disciples had secluded themselves away in some upper room in the city of Jerusalem. Here because of their fear they hid themselves behind bolted doors and shuttered windows.

It was while they were thus secluded that the Risen Christ suddenly appeared in their midst and cnnvinced them of His resurrection.

I wonder if, in the fact, that He appeared to them while they were secluded, that there is not here a suggestion of the secret of obtaining a manifestation of the living God? I wonder if, in order to become conscious of the presence of the spiritual, we must not first of all exclude from our attention, as much as possible the material, at least the entirety of that world whose spirit knows not God?

If the presence of God has never been a reality in your life may it not be due to the fact that you have too many doors and windows open?

To become conscious of the presence of the Spirit of God, one must get behind the closed doors of immaculate living. Behind such closed doors one finds a blessed relaxation from the strains of life—a resting upon the Infinite Love that transforms one's inward turmoil into a holy calm, one's worries into trusts, one's fears into faith.

MILLINGTON

Miss Ruby Ahern, of Perry Point is the guest of her mother, Mrs. Clara Ahern.

Mrs. John Hopkins, Jr., is spending a few days in Baltimore, as the guest of her sister, Mrs. Joseph George, Jr.

Miss Thelma Buckworth, of Chesapeake City, spent Friday as the guest of Miss Thelma Haupt.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Walls, of Rock Hall, spent Saturday evening as the guest of her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Howard Anthony.

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Porter and children ,of Dover, were the guests of his mother, Mrs. Eva Porter on Sunday.

Mr. Green is spending some time with his son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Joe Green.

Mrs. Ruth Bowman and son Paul, spent Friday in Wilmington.

We are glad to report Mrs. A. E. Tonkin is very much improved at this writing.

Mr. and Mrs. William Vansant, of Elkton, spent Wednesday as the guest of his mother, Mrs. G. B. Jones.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Akin, of Virginia, spent Monday as the guests of his uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Charles P. Jones.

Miss Evelyn Cochran has returned to her home after spending some time in Washington, D. C.

Mr. John Barnhart, of Chester, Pa., is spending a few days here as the guest of his mother, Mrs. Anna Barnhart.

Mrs. Mary Smith is spending some time with her brother, Mr. Lewis Price, of Still Pond.

Mr. Leslie Simms, of Chesapeake City, spent the week-end with his family.

Mr. S. T. Pippin, of Wilmington was the guest of his children, James and Billy Pippin, on Sunday.

WYE MILLS

Mrs. Harold Quackenbush, of New Jersey, who has been spending two weeks with her brother, Mr. Emory Roe, returned home on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Rennert and children, of Wilmington, spent the week-end with Mr. and Mrs. Charles Dodd.

Mr. J. C. Skinner spent several days in Wilmington with Mr. and Mrs. Harry Connolly.

Miss Mary Elizabeth Rathell, of Baltimore, spent Sunday with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Donald Rathell.

Mrs. Dulin Covey after having spent two weeks at home returned to the State Sanitorium. Mrs. Covey is improving nicely.

The Junior Choir and a few friends held a weenie roast at the church house on Thursday evening.

The L. T. L. went hiking on Saturday afternoon. Mrs. Carey Jewell, Rev. and Mrs. Murphy, also enjoyed the walk after which they were served with apples, pop corn and candy.

Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Wolcott, Mrs. Floyd Schaeffer and Miss Clara Higgins, of Longwoods, enjoyed a motor trip to Washington and Mount Vernon on Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Herman Orrell and son Dicky, Mrs. Emma Orrell, Mr. and Mrs. Stewart, spent Sunday in Baltimore.

Mrs. J. E. Kinnamon has returned home after having spent several days with Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Kinnamon, Jr.

Miss Margaret Callahan spent Sunday with Miss Betty Wolcott.

Rev. and Mrs. Murphy were dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. M. M. Price on Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. D. B. Wolcott spent Friday in Wilmington.

Abner *says*—

Sorta strange the big fella who wuz nice enough to be give a beautiful October rose by a lady wore it is his vest pocket under his coat.