Queen Anne's Record-Observer

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

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QUOTATION OF THE WEEK

Men of strong minds who think for themselves, should not be discouraged on finding occasionally that some of their best ideas have been anticipated by former writers; they will neither anathematize others nor despair themselves. They will rather go on discovering things before discovered, until they are rewarded with a land hitherto unknown, an empire indisputably their own, both by right of conquest and of discovery.—Colton.

JUST IN CASE

Pardon us for reminding you but have you made up your mind to shop early and mail early this Christmas season?

Both of these "early's" go together. You'll have to shop early to mail early.

Of course you know that getting at these two tasks in good season will take the edge of worry and strain off you. It will do the same for the clerks in stores and the clerks in the postoffices.

Besides the early shopper gets a chance to select his purchase before the stock is too thoroughly picked over. That means wider choice.

The postoffice will permit you to mark parcels with a notice, "Do Not Open Until Christmas." So there's no point in holding back your gift for fear it won't hit your friend's Chirstmas tree right in time with Santa's trip down the chimney.

So tickle yourself by being prompt. Shop early, mail early and meet Christmas with a smile.

MOTORISTS' WORRY

Strange what a virtuous feeling comes from knowing you have met some tasks or regulations promptly while tardy mates are scurrying to get under the wire on time.

If you are a motorist you are either feeling virtuous about two matters now or doing some worrying. .

One of these is getting your car inspected. If you have already done this you can agree with Kipling that those who are good shall be happy. If you have not had your car inspected you must have this done between now and next Thursday, December 16, to get your sticker without charge.

Every motorist should know that 1938 licenses will not be issued for cars, except new ones, unless the cars have been inspected. It is true that the new tags will be issued only in time for next April 1 but the inspection period is now.

The other matter is getting your new operator's card. For all operator's except those getting licenses this year new cards will be needed after January 1. The price is still one dollar for the remainder of December. After that time the cost is hiked and an examination is required. If you are one of the thousands who has neglected to apply for a new operator's card, do so right now before you forget. It will save regret.

CHRISTMAS SEALS

Buying Christmas seals is an investment in public health; more specifically, in the public health of Queen Anne's county. Almost all the money derived from the sales of the Christmas seals in Queen Anne's will be spent in fighting tuberculosis in Queen Anne's. Only a small portion will be used to finance the state program.

The war against tuberculosis, the white plague, has been a long one. Until the depression sowed seeds of lowered vitality among some parts of the American public we had been thinking that our medical experts were slowly but definitely stamping out the disease.

In the main this is true. The death rate from tuberculosis now is less than a fourth of what it was thirty or more years ago. But there was a faint rise in the rate in 1936 as compared with 1935. That shows that throttling the white plague requires unrelenting effort.

The medical profession and its aides are in the forefront of the battle. The general public whose protection is the goal of the struggle is seldom called upon to do much. At Christmas time they are asked to buy Christmas seals at a penny apiece. Not much demand upon the public is this.

The public is involved and should be interested in the fight against tuberculosis. Every contagious or infectious disease found in a community is a potential menace to all in the community. We expect public health bodies and the medical profession to stand between us and that menace.

You can give a little aid and support bly buying Christmas seals. As an investment in public health, the returns will be more valuable than on some investments lying around in vaults.

YOU CAN'T PASS THE BUCK

Few of us have any adequate realization of the amazing progress that has taken place in making our modern automobiles mechanically safe. Inventors and engineers have literally shot the works, all the way from major improvements in brakes and bodies, to relatively minor safety additions such as the elimination of projections on instrument boards.

Similiar progress has taken place in highway design. Non-skid surfaces have been applied, curves made into straight-aways, hills flattened, and turns banked with slide-rule accuracy. And what are the results of all this expenditure of time, money and ingenuity? A soaring accident record, and a death toll that approaches the 40,000 mark annually.

The motorist can't pass the buck. Individual carelessness, individual incompetence, individual ignorance—these are the prime causes of accidents. The most withering commentary that can be made on our driving habits is the fact that the great bulk of fatal accidents occur on good modern roads, under favorable weather conditions, and involve cars in excellent mechanical condition. The proportion of accidents that are honestly caused by mechanical failure of vehicles or bad road conditions, is microscopic.

Figures indicate that the 1937 toll will be even greater than the all-time record established in 1936. The most dangerous driving months are just in the offing, bringing with them shorter daylight hours, and snow and ice and rain. There is a very definite chance that you or one of your family will be the victim of a reckless motorist—or that someone else will be the victim of your driving. We will never reduce the accident toll until every motorist realizes the vast responsibility that devolves on a man at the wheel of a car, and takes the simple precautions that will avoid 90 per cent of all accidents.

POGONOLOGY

In these days of ologies, scant attention has been given to pogonology notwithstanidng the fact that of all the ologies at present extant none demands attention with greater persistency. Pogonology, as described by the dictionary, is a study of beards, and it has been brought to public attention through a Mellon Institute report on its investigation into problems relating to shaving.

Reduced to a common denominator, pogonology has to do with understanding whiskers. Pogonotomy, on the other hand, deals exclusively with the cutting of the beard or shaving. And pogonotrophy steps into line as dealing with the subject of beard-growing or, in agricultural parlance, the whisker crop.

The oustanding point in the report is the assertion that the face needs far better preparation for the pogonotomist operation than it gets from the average or ordinary shaver. It is held that the common variety of whisker needs to be soaked for at least two minutes before the lather is applied. Dense growths of the jungle type, in which the whisker is especially wiry, should be subject to a five-minute soaking. If these and other minor rules are compiled with, the shaver may in time qualify for a doctorate in pogonology. —Christian Science Monitor.

THE SHORT DAY

The men may say that the shortest days for them are the ones just before Christmas, when they have to dig up so much money for gifts. But the days that are short because the sun is low on the horizon and they get few of his health giving rays, may make more serious trouble.

Winter is supposed to have a tonic effect on our physical systems. Yet the curve of sickness rises in winter. The lack of sunlight lowers our powers of resistance to the germs that ever lie in ambush, and strike us down when we least expect it.

The prudent person can minimize these chances. Let him keep out doors all he can, walk his four or five miles a day, and take his daily dozen of exercises faithfully in the morning. He should have vigor enough to carry him over until the returning sun spreads its magnetic power over our land.—Milford Chronicle.

By leaving the five-cent chocolate bar in the glove compartment over the car heater, the seven-year-old gets the same result as sitting on it. —Detroit News.

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Mussolini, following his recent visit to Hitler, declared that Germany should have her colonies back. There's a man who writes a lovely bread-and-butter letter.—New Yorker.

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And one college boy of our acquaintance swears he is now getting more than 30 miles to the fender.—Studebaker Wheel.

—o—

Wouldn't it be fun if they wouldn't tell us how wonderful a new movie star is and let us guess?—Detroit Free Press.

THE Rambling Recorder

Days are getting shorter. Today is clipped to nine hours twenty-four minutes. . But that is nearly as far as the clipping will go. Less than six more minutes will come off to make the shortest day of the year. Don't wear out your eyes in December trying to read in the dusk just because it seems too early to swish on a light. Eyes are worth more than electricity or coal oil. The passing of Henry Smith took one from the sextet of Queenstown pinochle players who used to foregather for the old German double-deck pastime. The others who sat in were Dr. Sam Price, Dr. Theodore Sattelmaier, Sam Friel, George Aldridge and Harry Reynolds. The bare trees reveal the empty little nests where birds raised their broods. The birds live closer to homes than one expects. And nests nearer to the ground, perhaps to keep as thick an umbrella of leaves overhead as possible.

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Dr. George Smith tells us that a couple of Centreville nimrods who are probably the town's best when it comes to talking a hunt have been much embarrassed this season by failure to land birds or bunnies. Rabbits must be plentiful now. We saw a fat one that some one had shot and discarded lying in a gutter near the center of the town over Sunday. When the cottontails are scarce gunners treasure them more highly. A B. and E. station agent who is usually the last word in carefulness had a highly colored neck the other Sunday when he locked his ticket office with the keys inside while a passenger was dancing with impatience to get a ticket before the train left. He fairly unpinned the building to get back in.

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The overhauling of the Orphans' Court room is certainly thorough. Workmen stripped off plaster to the original brick partitions, took out the flooring so that they walked on the ground beneath and of course removed the ceiling. The Centreville bowling league is small enough this year to make competition hot. With four teams rolling there are enough good bowlers available to keep each lined with dynamite from leadoff man to anchor. No upset will be a surprise. We were listening to a football game with a radio smaller than a shoe box. The announcer shifted abruptly from speaking to catch a Navy song. Our two-year-old looked up from her play and asked mildly, "How did all the peoples get in the radio?" And what can you say to that?

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People are accustomed to getting a big bargain at a church or club supper. We'll nominate the recent supper of the Kent Island Woman's Club for the orchids. Here's what was served for forty cents: a heap of turkey with turkey under it and the dressing elsewhere on the plate, a cupful of chicken salad, then potato salad, potatoes Legore, cole slaw, peas, beaten biscuits, hot biscuits, cranberry sauce, a couple kinds of jellies, coffee and the usual small accessories? Being press night we missed the supper but we knew what it did to folks from the way they patted both sides of their stomachs. Wagon loads of corn passing along the street look like yellow gold. Shrinking prices this fall have tarnished the gold this year for the farmers who labored to grow the grain. Eggnog ice cream would hit the spot better if there were a little eggnog to go with it.

THE POET'S CORNER

ROAD MAP

Route 9—but here there is no clue
To show the way the dahlias grew
At the cottage gate where we had tea,
And a dusky garden, thrown in free.
Junction—but never a mark to show
The little valley that seemed to know
We would be camping there the night,
Under a shower of starry light.
Hidden away on a mountain road.
(Remember the brook and where it flowed?)
Maps are great for mileage and signs,
And for People Who ead Between the Lines!

—E. A. C.

TREE IN DECEMBER

Unforgotten, unforgetting,
What do your roots find?
Earth bound, soil encumbered,
What radiance in the dark
Tempts you to silence?
Your last wreath of leaves
Is cast away,
Gone on the winds of November,
Gone into the corners
Of the big and little winds.
Is there some lamp lit for you?
Out of the deep is there some echo,
That you stand now
Like a song sung with no music?

—Sam Van Alstyne Allen.

People who claim the country is ruined try mighty hard to get control of the wreck.—Brunswick Pilot.

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A chuckle-headed beginner back from his first driving lesson is complaining that there isn't enough space around a telephone pole.—Detroit News.

THE EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR

GOOD DEED

The Rock Hall reporter in the Chestertown Enterprise recounts a pleasant example of honesty by an anonymous Baltimorean, the type that makes folks realize that there is a lot of good in people and the world, pessimists and crime experts notwithstanding. Says the Rock Hall writer:

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"Quite a number of us are interested that Miss Lorraine Coleman will again have her class ring that was lost shortly after she graduated at the local high school in 1935. It was found on the Tolchester boat by someone in Baltimore who lately instituted a search for the owner through several persons in Kent. The unexpected certainly happens some times. The writer once found her next neighbor's ring that had been lost for twenty years."

DEER STALKERS

Evidently that open season on hunting deer in Worcester county was as good as a circus to the residents and merchants of Berlin. A ringside seat of the pre-game festivities is provided in the following excerpt from an article in the Eastern Shore Times:

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"The number of hunters who sought the special loads required for hunting deer under the state laws, quite surprised Berlin stores. One store reported that it sold the special ammunition to 165 hunters before being sold out and had to turn 75 others away, as so many had not been expected.

"Hunters made a lively picture as they passed through town and along country roads on their way to the deer country. Red clothing of all kinds was worn and in many instances pieces of women's apparel such as their red hats had been borrowed to deck out the hunters in approved deer-stalker fashion."

WRONG MARKET

The Federalsburg Times tells the sad fate that befell a novel idea originated by a couple of lads who were short of cash, namely selling Caroline "dates" in New York. They might have tried adjoining Queen Anne's where Caroline "dates" are valued by folks who get around and like puckered lips. But the story:

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"A pair of nearby enterprising farm lads conceived the bright idea of shipping a supply of one of Caroline's best known, but little recognized crops to a New York Produce Merchant in order to raise funds to buy shells to go hunting when rabbit season opened. They carefully picked and packed the crate and shipped it on one of the overnight trucks. On the outside of the box, in bold crayons, they scrawled 'Caroline Dates.'

"A few days later a letter arrived, containing a check for 17c and a statement reading 'returns on 16 quarts of persimmons.'"

THIS WEEK'S OLD TIMER

Born in Queen Anne's county, and spending his entire life here, where he has combined the business of farming with preaching the Gospel, the "Old Timer" of this week, has sown the seed of industry and Christian living which will live throughout future generations as a monument to his splendid example.

He is Rev. Henry Covington, of near Centreville, who now although retired from the ministry, frequently substitutes for pastors of the community, and takes an active part in religious services in so far as he is able.

Rev. Covington was born July 11, 1858, and like most boys of that day spent his early life on the farm with his parents. On January 23, 1889, he married Miss Lillian E. Reed, and they lived for many years on the Gould farm, near Centreville.

About this time, he felt the urge to help the cause of Christ, and began his preaching career. For eighteen years he was the pastor of the Burrisville Methodist Episcopal Church. The Salem Church, on the Centreville-Church Hill highway, was also included in this charge, and "Old Timer" Covington, divided his time between the two parishes. Many of the older members of these churches, which have been abandoned with the exception of special services, recall the splendid work of Rev. Covington.

The remainder of Rev. Covington's preaching career was spent at Queenstown as pastor of the churches of the Queenstown charge, where he served four years. While pastor of Queenstown a $3,000 parsonage was purchased for the Quenstown parish, and $1700 wa sspent in improving the church properties. His record as a minister included 160 conversions and the baptism of 147 children and 3 adults.

Rev. Covington has seven children, four sons and three daughters, all of whom have profited by the lessons taught by this fine man and his wife, and are now well established in homes of their own, where they are highly respected by their neighbors and friends, and in fact by all who know them. They are Mrs. Dunbar Chambers, Mrs. Daniel Hollingsworth, Mrs. Wm. Cook, Edward J. Covington, Henry Covington, Jr., Alfred B. Covington and Calvin Covington. They also have twenty-six living grand-children.

The Record-Observer is pleased to pay tribute to Rev. Covington and his family, whom we are glad to be able to call our staunch and true friends, and we wish for this grand old couple many more years of happiness.

OUR READERS SAY:

To the Editor;

We were lead to suppose not long ago, that there were those interested in seeing that something was really done about planting shade trees on the streets of Centreville.

Now I am told that where they would like to put them is along Commerce street, commonly known as Front street, but they are not allowed to do that.

Why not be practical I wonder and do what is possible. Surely no town after going to the expense of paving the principal street from curb to curb, is going to allow that paving to be torn up for the sake of appearances. Why not plant shade trees where it is possible i. e., along side streets and before they are paved from curb to curb. Now is the accepted time or even that may soon be too late. Such planting can be easily protected by the use of tree boxes as used in cities and elsewhere and there are places where sewer pipes do not run, certain sides of certain streets so that the roots will not be in the way..

Late fall and early spring are the accepted times I believe for planting and why wait for the impossible to happen?

Litlte by little Centreville has seen much physical improvement—as well as the other thing.

Had the town only acquired the Old Academy before another monstrosity beside the new porch, was put up, we could have made an attractive spot at that entrance to the town and at little expense. The longer we wait the more will it cost to get rid of eyesores and put it into any kind of shape. How nice it would be if some one with the means and the public spirit would buy it and give it to the town. Maybe endow it.

And while we are on the subject of town improvement, what about the horrible trash dump with papers blowing all through the shrubs planted and not only that, but in such quantities that I recently heard an official say he had personally picked up any number for fear fire might start among those blown. . If a small plot of ground could be got by the town and I hear there are such places very near with ravines where trash could be dumped away from improvements, the residents might be spared the fumes and the unsightliness. Of course a modern truck would be necessary for the town to own to haul the trash and why not. It would be useful for many purposes probably. A good deal of money has been spent by the women of Centreville in the effort to improve the appearance of our town and quite successfully we are told. It does seem too bad to have all our planting decorated with dirty boxes, papers, etc.

Incidentally I would like to compliment the designer of the stove pipe or smoke stack type of dam we have at our electric plant, for his originality and artistic taste. It is so unique that we can but hope he has a patent on it that will make it far too expensive to be copied. Surely there is nothing like it in heaven or earth, or elsewhere. Just where there might have been a beautiful stone wall are all kinds and sizes of pipes laid, laterally, to be sure, but none the less pipes, probably garnered from said trash dump—in case the water should flow in a natural way over the dam. In our ignorance that is one of the purposes we thought dams were for—for water to flow over if it got too high. But live and learn.

And once more, as a community are we going to do anything about Christmas baskets or dinners? Every one knows that Relief is just about sufficient to starve upon.

M. Y. B.

BOOKS You May Enjoy

By GRAHAM WATSON

Maryland's poets came into the limelight today with the publication of "300 Years: The Poets and Poetry of Maryland," edited by Loker Raley, and published by Henry Harrison, New York poetry publisher. The anthology contains complete biographies and poems of poets as widely separated in history as George Alsop (1666) and Hervey Allen.

The twenty-three poets represented are:

Edgar Allen Poe, Sidney Lanier, Lizette Woodworth Reese, Sally Bruce Kinsolving, Francis Scott Key, George Alsop, Ebenezer Cook, R. Lewis, Dr. John Shaw, Edward Coote Pinkney, James Ryder Randall, John Banister Tabb, Daniel MacIntyre Henderson, Daniel Henderson, Harriet Winton Davis, Homer C. House, Dell Raley, Loker Raley, Lillian Sue Keech, Maria Biscoe Croker, Hervey Allen, Edgar Daniel Kramer, Frederick Thayer, Jr. .

The editor, who was assisted by Leopold Proser, who contribtued the essay on Lanier, and Thomas Ollive Mabbott, Professor of English at Hunter College in New York, who wrote the chapter on Poe, felt that although many anthologists of American poetry have taken in a wide scope, it was possible that they had overlooked some inspiring poets. Being a Marylander, it was natural that he should concentrate on this state for intensive study.

The various biographies reveal that George Alsop came to Maryland as a slave, and witnessed the butchering of his countrymen by the Indians, who ate chunks of their victims' living flesh before their very eyes. Ebenzer Cook, a young merchant who came over from England some 40 years later, describes a more subdued type of Indian who, nevertheless,

"naked pict in barrel fought,
or undisguised his mistress sought,
and, knowing well his ware was good,
refused to screen it with a hood."

Dr. John Shaw, like the later and more famous Marylander Dr. Mudd (who as the prisoner of Shark Island, saved an entire settlement from the plague), stamped out a foul disease which infested the island, and then rowed all nihgt in a downpour of rain to effect the escape of a comrade. Edward Pinkney (son of William Pinkney who, as U. S. Ambassador to England, made that immortal declaration: "Millions for defense but not one cent for tribute:) was a fiery young naval officer who fought pirates, dueled with literary opponents, and sang some of the world's most passionate lyrics to the woman he loved.

Edgar Allen Poe married a twelve year old girl, his own first cousin, and his love for her was the inspiration for many deathless lines. Sidney Lanier fought for the Confederate Army, and was captured and put in prison at Point Lookout, Md. When the war ended, he walked home—from Maryland to Georgia. The story of his career as the greatest flute player in the world, and his transcendent love for Mary Day Lanier, all tragically concluded by an early death resulting from his war experiences, is among the most poignant in American history.

James Ryder Randall, a young professor, stirred by a bloody skirmish on Baltimore streets, wrote "Maryland, My Maryland." It was sung on the battlefield by a young girl who ran the Northern blockade. This dramatic story, and the story of Francis Scott Key, who wrote the "Star-Spangled Banner," are told in "300 Years."

Hervey Allen, author of "Israfel," a biography of Edgra Allan Poe, and "Anthony Adverse," is represented by his finest verse. "Tears", the famous sonnet by Lizette Woodworth Reese, is included along with many other poems by the late Baltimore poet.

Marines Followed Hair Styles From Pigtails To Short Clip

Powdered pigtails were once fashionable in the U. S. Marine Corps and every man appeared at dress parade or elsewhere with his hair neatly queued and whitened. Failure to conform to this practice subjected the offender to disciplinary action.

Such was the custom of Revolutionary times up until after the War of 1812, while during the intervening period the locks of the leathernecks glistened under a liberal sprinkling of flour.

Bluejackets, too, followed the seagoing fashion of the times, the American Navy adopting many of its customs from the British. Single twisted braids worn by sailors were tied with a bow knot at the neck, but were not powdered. The collar of the present-day naval uniform is said to be a flare-back to the days of Lord Nelson when collars were added to prevent soiling from the pigtails.

Sometimes the marine flour-barrel was empty causing much annoyance to officers of the Corps, some of whom complained to Headquarters that they had no flour to "powder the sentries"—a grave lapse in regulations at the beginning of the last century.

When the flour-barrel failed on the U. S. S. Philadelphia in 1803, a marine lieutenant wrote to his commandant that he would be willing to buy the flour himself, but lacked the necessary cash. Numerous orders of the time direct that the hair shall be "powdered and queued."

Estimates computed in December, 1807, included $15.00 for "flour for hair powder," apparently considered a sufficent sum to keep the hair of approximately 1,000 enlisted men properly whitened.

Only a few years later powdered hair had become obsolete among service men as well as civilians. The locks of American males had been shortened to much less than shoulder length by the end of the Mexican War in 1848 and had dwindled to a mere four or five inches at the beginning of the Civil War.

Nowadays Marine Corps regulations require that the hair shall be closely trimmed around the edges and that it shall not be over two inches in length, while shaved locks are strictly taboo. Marine Corps barbers must ply their shears freely and keep their customers neatly shorn.

PRICE

Mr. and Mrs. Charles McCollister have moved this week to their new home in Queenstown. They have resided in this community all their lives having lived on the McCollister farm for over thirty years. Their many friends deeply regret their moving but wish for them a happy home among their new friends and neighbors.

Rev. W. L. Beckwith preached a most interesting sermon Sunday afternoon at Bethany Church from the text, "Trouble not the Master", found in Luke 8-49. The services next Sunday will be Sabbath School at 10 a. m. The Epworth League will hold a Missionary Service at 7:30 p. m. following which the pastor will give a talk on Missions.

Mr. and Mrs. Clinton Shockley and son Carlton, of Chester, Mr. and Mrs. Carl Shockley, of Denton, were weekend guests of Mr. and Mrs. William Skinner.

Mr. and Mrs. Emil A. Butz, of Wilmington, spent several days last week with her mother, Mrs. Sarah F. Scott.

RADIANT LIVING

WHAT'S THE RUSH?

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

While driving along with a friend, a car slipped up behind us and shot past with terrific speed only to pull up suddenly a short distance ahead at a garage.

Said my friend to me, "Well he certainly was in a big hurry to get nowhere!"

Have you not met a number of people like that? Why are they always in such haste, only to know, after arriving, not what to do with themselves?

Is not the cause of this unpurposeful rush something that has come up out of modern civilization? Is it not a sort of nervous unrest that has developed from the tense selfish grasping spirit of this materialistic age?

In the picture of the ideal life of God's man as presented to us in the opening chapters of Genesis, we find nothing of this modern nervous tension. Rather we find man moving with slower pace, content with a sufficiency of things and having time to drink in deeply the glory of a colorful sunset.

Is it possible for us to capture the spirit of this Edenic pecefulness and to carry it along with us in the rush of today's life?

There was One who did it. He lived among men an unhurried life and was continually bestowing upon all who desired it a peace "which passeth all understanding." This same Christ bequeathed this luxuriant peace to you. "My peace," declared He, I give unto you."

While your feet may have to hurry along to keep up with the pace of those around you, nevertheless, within your mind, you can have dwelling a serenity like that which pervades a summer's sunlit meadow land. You can continually bask in a peace which is both relaxing and unhurried.

The Passing Of The Russets

(From the N. Y. Herald-Tribune)

Just about now the rustycoats ought to be getting good—mellowing down cellar against what used to be the evenings of firelight, tiddledywinks and reading aloud. Who ever heard, in those York State days, of winter coming on and no russets? Where are the wrinkled beauties gone?

The pity is that people who scan the markets for fancy dessert kinds of apples, who think only of a particolored fruit dish or buying something pretty to take home, will never know all they've missed. Falstaff knew what russets are good for. He was always smacking his lips over applejohns, which were an Elizabethan delicacy—apples shrinking slowly to their prime sweetness, to be enjoyed near the end of winter, with spiced cider. Not many apples will do this, of course (most just rot), but russets will, and they grow delicious toward spring, when all the flushed and gilded charmers must be kept on everlasting ice and there is nothing left in the apple cellar but those few rustycoats, shriveled yet inviting with that flavor.

They were a specialty upstate till not long since. The observant Indians planted them in their first orchards. Canada and Nova Scotia raise fine russets, too, but south and west they are scarcely known. The golden russet was in all old New York orchards, and we used to have a Long Island russet, besides the English russet and the Roxbury russet. Where are they now? Still on the tree, what few are left, waiting for the north wind to harvest them. Russets were brought up for after New Year's, when all the Spys and Greenings were gone to pie and the Dominies and Vandeveres began to need picking over.

Their disappearance from the great American apple market was a question of pure nonsense—color. They weren't rosy cheeked, nor a gay yellow. To those who knew them they had their rough bronze charm, but it was never salable and as cities and industries devoured the oldtime country life a vast, apple-ignorant public grew up that bought apples by skin alone. Russets began to be fed to the pigs or the take-all cider mills because they made no show on the sideboard—to the uninitiate eye. It would have been as sensible to give up black walnuts because they have such coarse shells! But only what is bought is raised, and people who were getting accustomed to silk for every day couldn't stand russets.

Well—let them caress their petal-coated Japanese persimmons. Let them fork their butter-soft avocados and loll over prune whip. In days when water pitchers froze over and soapstones went to church, then persons who knew apples picked russets and kept them gloatingly till the January thaw. Perhaps even now, somewhere, devoted farmers are guarding little grafts for a wiser future, even as hermits kept learning alive, disprized as it was, through the Dark Ages.

The editor of a woman's magazine is of the opinion that women like simple, direct statements. Undoubtedly they do; such as, for instance, "Yes, darling," and "Of course, my dear."—St. Louis Star-Times.

Abner says—

Mostly ev'ything works right when it's fixed, 'cept a jury.