Queen Anne's Record-Observer

Published Every Thursday at Centreville, Md., by the Queen Anne's Record and Observer Publishing Co.

LUTHER L. GADD ..... President
S. E. W. FRIEL, JR. .. Vice-President
WM. R. HORNEY ..... Secretary
WM. H. CARTER ..... Treasurer

STERLING G. HARRIS ..... Editor
ROY H. WILSON ... Advertising Mgr.

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.

Subscription Price $1.50 Anywhere in Maryland; $2.00 Out of State.

Advertising rates furnished upon application.

QUOTATION OF THE WEEK

As the cornerstone on which to build a just and commonsense social philosophy, nothing better exists than recognition of the old truth that it takes all kinds of people to make a world. The brain of a musician, the brain of a poet, the brain of a sainter, of a scientist, a statesman, a ioctor, a lawyer, industrialist, financier,—these and countless other types of intelligence are a necessity, in equal degree, to the full functioning of the extremely complicated civilization that we know today. This is something that mankind must learn, but is, oh, so slow in taking to heart. — Arthur Cleveland Morse.

EXTRA DIVIDEND

When people think of law enforcing agencies such as the Sheriff's office they seldom contemplate features beyond the arrest and conviction of law violators. Yet there is another side which actually pays dividends to the public. That is the recovery of stolen goods and their return to rightful owners.

Both Sheriff T. Herbert Everett and his deputy, Louis Perkins are to be commended for the speedy manner in which they solved the Second District robberies. The public as potential victims appreciate this type of service.

But the merchants and others who were targets of the thieves got more than the doubtful satisfaction of seeing the malefactors brought to book. Upwards of $600 in stolen goods was returned to them, possibly not every last fragment of their losses but enough to take the heat out of the burn.

Recovery of these goods meant two weeks' work for the Sheriff and his deputy after the alleged thieves were apprehended. It meant discovering and backtracking trails, searching for caches hidden in outbuildings, fodder stacks, buried under ground. In one instance it meant finding articles, then ascertaining the victim who had not reported being robbed.

That side of the work of the Sheriff's office has a tangible value and leaves an impression upon the individuals aided. And in its way it is a cash dividend over and above the maintenance of law and order.

EVERY ONE'S HALL

Preeminently the Little Theatre in Centreville stands for production of amateur theatricals and cultural advances appertaining thereto.

But the Little Theatre has another value to the community, often considered in individual cases, seldom added up and scanned for its total value. That is the maintenance of a building so fitted up as to serve town and county organizations in holding the unusual gatherings on their year's program.

Centreville has long needed a medium-sized building suitable for the medium-sized activities which characterize most of those conducted here. And since the Little Theatre has been fitted up that building comes first to mind when a group asks itself, "Where shall we hold it?"

Consider some of the varied uses put to the building. There were flower shows by the Garden Club and the County Homemakers. The Woman's Club meets there each month. The Homemakers held their county-wide meetings and canning exhibits. The 4-H Clubs have staged their annual banquet there. It has been the setting for the Rotary Club's Christmas party, the Parent-Teacher's circus, the annual dinner of the Queen Anne's County Poultry Association, the New Year's party, dinners py the American Legion and other groups, card parties, roller skating, informal dances, whatever the community wants.

Not every one who has found the Little Theatre his answer for a place to hold his particular social affair realizes that there is a group behind the Little Theatre who give their own services to keep the building functioning and able to serve others besides themselves. That implies more than gratuitous work. It requires a constant search for new ways of raising funds "for the benefit of the Little Theatre", also for the benefit of others.

The series of square dances now being conducted there is just another of the devices for keeping pernicious anemia out of the Theatre's treasury. No pressure is ever put upon anyone to attend a benefit for the Little Theatre.

But none the less those who enjoy and appreciate the availability of the Little Theatre when it comes to their own gathering should be willing to lend a hand occasionally to the Little Theatre. The "benefit" never stops there.

FACING OBSTACLES

So accustomed had the American public become to learning that the great Flying Clippers had opened a new air route to various distant points that there was a jolting shock in the news of the destruction of the Samoan Clipper and its crew of seven aerial pioneers.

People had begun to feel that the Clippers and pilots like tactiturn Captain Edward C. Musick had conquered all the secrets of air travel and removed the hazards. Yet danger still lurks to challenge the skill of the aeronautical world.

The loss of the Samoan Clipper leaves something more than a lesson for other flying pathfinders to heed. Somebody once said the safe arrival of a train was far more spectacular than a wreck. Something of that viewpoint is borne out by the news from Samoa. It may be that the crash off Pago Pago will do more to impress people with the amaing progress of ocean air commerce than could uninterrupted success.

The Samoan Clipper had already blazed the Pacific pathway to New Zealand. Yet people and press were not nearly so struck with the spectacle of that previous success. It has taken the loss of the Samoan Clipper to awaken the public to the fact Pan American has never before lost an ocean transport and that Captain Musick was the man who had flown a million miles without a mishap. Yet the very realidationg this failure evokes helps to explain why people's confidence cannot be shaken.

Public confidence in commercial flying grows apace with the increasing safety resulting from changes brought about through lessons learned from occasional failures. Already the newer ships embody mechanical safeguards against the risks the Samoan Clipper had to face in dumping fuel.

Nobody doubts that the challenges laid down by such experiences will be met and mastered. Men like Musick are the ones who have established aviation's commanding place in world travel. And other men of his steady-going pioneering type—working over factory blueprints and at the plane controls—will carry on the conquest of the man who flew a million miles without a mishap.

BY-PRODUCTS

The principal business of the fire isnurance industry is writing policies to cover a long list of hazards related to fire, storm damages and similar eventualities. Yet the industry likewise performs a great many public services which are little known to the average citizen—but are of the utmost importance to him.

The fire insurance companies, working through their central organization, the National Board of Fire Underwriters, thoroughly inspect towns to determine hazards. The National Board makes complete surveys of fire departments, alarm systems and water facilities. It carries on an unremitting campaign in behalf of safer schools. It has prepared a model building code which has been made into law, in whole or in part, by many communities. It maintains a department to fight the despicable cruise of arson. It carries on continual educational work to acquaint the general public with fire dangers and their elimination. It maintains laboratories where all manner of materials, from electric appliances to building brick, are scientifically tested to determine their safety and degree of resistance to fire. And all of this is done without cost to the public.

This work might be termed fire insurance "by-products." They are worthwhile by-products. They save lives and dollars. They prevent conflagrations. They stop unscrupulous manufacturers from selling dangerous materials and equipment of many kinds to an unsuspecting public.

So even if you are fortunate to have no fire and apparently get nothing but "protection, in case" from your policy, you are still a beneficiary of the by-products of the board of Fire Underwriters. That Board was asked to approve the new engine of the Good Will Fire Company. It is cognizant of the location and value of the hydrants and water system of the town. These things mean lower insurance rates.

It all means that fire insurance is a greater thing than accepting premiums and paying losses.

DEATH IN THE DESERT

A recent issue of Life contained a pictorial review of the fight against tuberculosis. Probably the most startling revelation, to many people, is the fact that climate has little or no bearing on modern treatment of tuberculosis. Virtually every state and county in the Union are equipped to competently care for tuberculosis patients. Yet, tragically, thousands of people continue to flock to the locality which public dogma has erroneously taught them to believe is of greatest benefit.

Each year hundreds of people forsake home and family, or worse, bring their families with them, and spend their last cent reaching the deserts of the Southwest. Upon arrival they are ineligible for local aid and can do nothing but wait in poverty—for death. At home they could in most cases have secured prompt and effective aid from the county or state, either of which is prepared for just such cases.

It is just another case of far fields seeming greener than those nearby.

An Indian girl who claims to be a descendant of Sitting Bull recently obtained a lucrative film engagement. She is now Sitting Pretty.—Humorist.

—o—

"There are few automobiles in Russia still," a Russian visitor to the United States reports. Same here comrade.—St. Louis Star-Ttimes.

THE *Rambling Recorder*

Thus far January has been a month of gray skies. On a number of afternoons lights have been required earlier han during the short days of December. And the weather is still trying hard to get a little snow out of its system. A couple of spits of dry flakes fell on Saturday. Tuesday morning was perfect for a squall, heavy gray sky and the the wind in the eye of the north. But as the wind gradually moved on to northwest a little blue sky opened up. Charlie Cannon says the Pointers are ready to take on the other Pitch teams any time. Admits his team would miss Fred Cobb but avers that Chet Anderson would hold down the vacant chair. And insists that the only kind of contest in which the Pointers would be outclassed would be in a hog calling match.

—o—

Queenstown must be buckling down close to work, or maybe it's the weather. We have not got hold of any real Queenstown high jinks for some time but Wye Mills is still going strong. Doc Wharton, busy veterinarian, was at Wye Mills the other day and stopped to catch his breath in Hackett Sewell's store. Came a message from a woman to hurry down to her home. Doc did so, wondering if it was a horse or mule or dog that might need attention. He went into the house and was shown a dead cat. The woman wanted it opened up for trace of poison. Balls of fire, said Doc. Busy as I am you want me to open up a cat. That cat is dead. Let him stay dead. Walter Purnell missed a trick at the Queen Monday night. There was a check for $40 hooked on to his name but Walter was not there.

—o—

Quite a large crowd attended the card party at Queen Anne the other evening. Some one started hammering in the rooms below the gathering. And many thought the ceilings underneath were being reinforced. We still wonder why real corned beef and cabbage have passed out of existence. Corned beef is the only food we know that loses flavor by being canned. There is nothing more disappointing than the corned beef and cabbage served in hotels slices of canned meat with a dab of plain boiled cabbage. It's as savorless as cambric tea. You can't beat the old method of putting raw corned beef in a pot, later adding the cabbage, and letting each impart its flavor to the other while cooking. Patsy O'Rourke says current for night games during the season will cost about $1,500. The Electrc Light plant ought to be able to chip in a piece of change to secure that added business for those months when demand for lighting current is dull.

—o—

We don't know whether the scheme would work with preachers, but—when Commander Earle Coursey dismissed the Legion at their dinner at the Little Theatre he said he wanted to see every one down at the Armory for the business meeting following. And added that if any one skipped it he would give that one a punch in the nose the next time he met him on the street. Attendance was perfect. It wouldn't do to tell who passed up the oyster cocktail at the dinner. Hall Barton helped two fellows out. He cleaned up their raw oysters as well as his own. The dinner plates came on full. And every one started passing along the extra bowls of food on the tables before one could commence eating. Plates heaped up. And when he was asked if he would like cranberries, biscuits or anything else Ray Tabler groaned. All I want now, he said, is time. The dessert was a man's order, two kinds of pie on the same plate. Which moved Department Adjutant Tribby to confess later that it was the first time he had ever eaten two kinds of pie at the same meal.

VERSE TO A BUSINESS MAN

Sock him on the kisser, put him on the pan,
Roll him in the gutter—He's a business man.
Pillory the sucker, poke him in the eye,
Jump upon his torso—He's a business guy!
Has he built a business to enormous heights?
Brand him as a cheater—Never mind his rights!
Does he give employment? Is the payroll big?
Put the bum in irons! Toss him in the brig!
Does he pay in taxes what the law calls for?
Why, the dirty reptile should be paying more!
Blast him in the headlines, charge some crooked acts,
Let this be your slogan: "Anything but facts!"
Has he made some money? Get his scalp today!
Say, where does he think he's living anyway?

—Daily Leader-Times.

Kitanning, Pa.

OUR READERS SAY:

To the Editor:

May we through your paper, congratulate our County Commissioners on their interest in fixing up and keeping in order, our old and beautiful County Court House. It is good to know that some one takes a constructive interest in it. It is nice to know that various rooms have been done over and we hope with general satisfactory results.

Is it too much to hope we wonder, if we won't very soon see the outside of our Court House restored as it was in the original i. e. with red brick and white trimmings. The whole South is dotted with the old red brick public buildings, especially the Court Houses, and so many persons are at all times admiring ours. We are told the back of the Court House is made of softer brick than the front and that it will not stand up without paint, therefore that when the front and sides are scraped and brick restored to the original, the back must still be painted. Well there are plenty of old red brick structures that are painted red and that would be no special disadvantage and we hope when this is done that none of it, front or back, will be too new looking, be too well "pointed up" for we want its age to be what impresses.

Also we hope none of the old corresponding features will be removed and that the original style doors will be put back. Nothing in the county has caused more distress than the removal of the two side front doors and modern ones put in their place.

As it was built it was a harmonious whole, but if it has changes and new features added it will be a conglomeration of nothing and all its historic beauty gone. We hope very soon to see it once more the original red brick.

We think those rooms done up with light pained walls would be much lighter as well as much more in keeping with the original plan of our Court House than dark paper board, walls, which must make dark rooms.

M. Y. BROWN.

To the Editor:

January 17, 1938.

A month ago, Secretary Wallace stated, in a radio address, that "he did not see how farmers could obtain parity prices for their products for ten years." This means that farmers Will Not Be Allowed Profits for ten years, or longer, if the Farm Bill now before Congress is passed in its present form. President Roosevelt doesn't intend to allow farmers parity prices, and he rcfuses to even guarantee farmers cost-of-production. Neither does Secretary Wallace want parity prices, nor cost-of-production in this Bill.

Parity Prices mean "profitable prices" and mean nothing else.

If this Farm Bill is passed, as written, American Farmers will be regimented just as European and Asiatic teasants are regimented, and for ten years, at least. This law, as written, will cost this Administration about twelve thousands of millions of dollars Annually, for which every farmer, every consumer and every taxpayer will be taxed. But the farmer will be taxed on Both Production and Consumption—doubled up on Him. Somebody will be tremendously benefitted, if the President can get this Bill passed as written. It Can't be the farmers, if we are forced to produce at a loss. Then who will be benefitted? Why, the middle men, of course; and they are exactly whom this Bill intends to help. Who are these middle men? They are the Industrialists, the processors, whose plants and business, and big banks, ar either owned or controlled by the International Bankers, who control about three-fourths, or more of the wealth in every country on Earth. Mr. Roosevelt's promises to Aid farmers were never intended to be kept. Under the old AAA you were handed little checks, but you were also compelled to more than make up for them by the restrictions you were under. You realize this Now, but you did not think so Then. These little checks didn't make you prosperous, or you would be prosperous now, after five years of Roosevelt Administration. The middle men and the bankers waxed fat under the AAA. And so they will under this new Farm Bill, if they can have it pass- "just as they want it written."

Under Harding, Coolidge, Hoover and Roosevelt, here is how we stand, on just one item alone—Bread. Government statistics show that the one pound loaf of bread costs .026 to make, and sells for .087 average price retail. This leaves a spread between manufacturers' cost and the consumers' price of .061. Six and one tenth cents, yet the President refuses to guarantee farmers even cost-of-production for wheat. If the price of wheat to the farmer at his shipping point should be $1.50 per bu., tihs would make the pound loaf of bread cost the bakers about .0275, or possibly .028, and would still leave a spread of about .059, or .06 if bread continued to sell for 9 cents a loaf. Yet, with all of this spread, we are to be forced to produce wheat At Less Than Cost, by this iniquitous Farm Bill.

Why not meet in Centreville, January 29th, at ten o'clock a. m., and consider this matter further, and send a delegation of wheat farmers to Washington and demand that either the prices of $1.50 for wheat and $1.15 for corn be guaranteed in this Farm Bill, or kill the Bill. We will have to act quickly, before Congress passes the Bill. This has got to start some time. Why not now, before we are bound by law to produce our crops at losses for at least ten years to come? Don't rely on our present members of Congress an longer. They are All "party men" and "party" always comes first and the people last, with every member of both branches of Congress from Maryland.

Yours truly,
G. D. NEAVITT.

Centreville, Md.

January 17, 1938.

To the Editor:

I see that Mr. O'Conor, Dr. Conley, et al., are forming committees and getting nowhere.

What the taxpayers want to know is something more particular, who they are offering upon the political altar of sacrifice besides themselves.

It is entirely too soon, and the people do not choose to be bothered with such. They have things of much more importance, than to bother about an election to be held in the fall. However, as the season of such offering seems at hand the writer a voter and taxpayer, offers as follows: For United States Senate, Millard E. Tydings; for Governor, Mayor Jackson; for Attorney General that brilliant young attorney Stephen R. Collins, of Chestertown, and for Comptroller, Mr. Tawes, of Crisfield —who would make a worthy successor of Mr. Gordy.

YOUNG DEMOCRAT.

Cambridge, Md.

QUEEN ANNE

Mrs. David Knotts suffered a slight stroke on Tuesday evening of last week. Mrs. Willis Wilkinson, of Connecticut, and Miss Emily Knotts, of Washington, D. C., were called to the bedside of their mother. Miss Emily Knotts returned to Washington this week, after the patient showed improvement. Mrs. Knotts' many friends are hoping to learn soon of her complete recovery.

The card party held on Tuesday evening of last week in the high school was quite a successful one. About fifty dollars being realized for the schools.

Miss Gladys Booker, of Barclay, spent several days with relatives here last week.

Mrs. Charles Dean, Mrs. Harris Legg, of Queen Anne, and Mr. and Mrs. Monroe Crouse, of Denton, were dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. Russom Legg, of Stevensville, on Sunday.

Mrs. Elizabeth B. Lightner, Mrs. Emmett Barton, Mrs. Howard Sewell, and several others are on the sick list this week.

Earle Staats, son of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Staats of tihs town, has enrolled in the Civilian Conservation Corps, and is now stationed at Goldsboro.

Mr. and Mrs. V. V. Pepper and children were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Roe, of Downes. The occasion was the birthday anniversary of Mrs. Roe, mother of Mrs. Pepper.

Byron Barton, Jr., of Baltimore, spent the week-end with his mother, Mrs. Barton, here.

Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Sparks and sons were guests of relatives in Ridgely on Sunday afternoon.

THIS WEEK'S OLD TIMER

One of Queen Anne's county's pioneer rural letter carrier has been chosen for the Record-Observer's Old Timer this week. He is William Lane, of Queenstown, who spent more than a quarter of a century in the service of Uncle Sam.

Mr. Lane is also a retired farmer, and while engaged in agricultural pursuits was counted among the county's most successful and progressive tillers of the soil.

"Old Timer" Lane was born September 13th, 1862, at Seaford, Delaware, and is a son of the late John and Elizabeth Wheeler Lane. When a small boy with his parents he moved to Caroline county, where he remained until he was twenty-five years old, when he came to Queen Anne's county and settled at Queenstown. He entered the livery business which in those days was one of the most flourishing in this section, and also opened a meat shop. Before very long he became prominently identified with the business life of the Fifth District town.

A short time after becoming established in Queenstown he returned to Caroline county to claim as his bride, Miss Annie W. Hevalow, of Goldsboro. The marriage took place in the Old Brick Church which still stands at Greensboro.

Several years later, being a lover of the soil and of life on a farm, he abandoned his interests in Queenstown, and began farming on the Wood farm near Wye Mills. After a number of years, in fact in 1921 he purchased "Wheatlands" near Queenstown, where he remained until a short time ago when he sold his property and retired.

With his other interests a little more than thirty years ago, when the first rural route was established from the Queenstown post office, "Old Timer" Lane was appointed driver, and continued in the service of Uncle Sam for twenty-six years, being retired in 1932.

"Old Timer" and Mrs. Lane throughout their long residence in the Fifth District have endeared themselves to a host of friends, who wish for them many years of happiness in their home in Queenstown.

"Old Timer" and Mrs. Lane have five children—three sons and two daughters. They are: H. Kennard Lane, a farmer near Centreville; Frank Lane, of Philadelphia; Bennett H. Lane, a merchant of Queenstown, and Mrs. Clyde Embert, also of Queenstown, and Mrs. W. H. Sellers, of Baltimore. They also have six grand children, and one great-grand child.

Mr. Lane and his family are affiliated with the Methodist Episcopal Church, and have always been interested in the activities of the church and community.

BOOKS You May Enjoy

By GRAHAM WATSON

TO HAVE TO HAVE NOT. By Ernest Hemingway. Scribners.

For strength of characterization, depth of emotion; for brilliant conversation of the sort that Mr. Hemingway has made particularly his own! for sweep of action this book may stand with the best the author has done.

The scenes of the book—the Florida Keys; the waterfront; tough and rowdy, of Key West; the blue waters of the Gulf Stream; Havana, and the sea between it and the mainland.

It is the story of Henry Morgan, a real masculine character. Morgan is a native of Key West, Florida—that paradise of the "haves" and the "have nots." He owns a fast motorboat which is used for fishing parties, rum running and sometimes human contraband. His life is a struggle to keep to keep himself and his wife and daughters away from the edge of the have nots. His friends see him as a man of no pity. One critic writes "As a contrast to Morgan and his "conch" associates, Mr. Hemingway portrays the wealthy wasters, literary weaklings, over-sexed women and languid men who with their palatial yachts make up the "haves". Their lives and that of Henry Morgan, although on different levels, frequently tough, and when they do the contact is electrical".

The story is at times offensive to the average reader and it seems rather harsh at times. Probably we all would have been just as well off if it had not been written and just as happy if we do not read it. I can only commend it to the attention of those who like a bit of the rough stuff occasionally. A friend who read it recently stayed up until three in the morning before he put it aside. So you see there are people who do like the story.

HOW TO WIN FRIENDS AND INFLUENCE PEOPLE. Dale Carnegie, $1.95. Simon and Schuster.

This is one of the best selling non-fiction books ever published. Nearly one million copies have already been sold, yet curiously enough it was not written to sell. It was written for adults enrolled at the Dale Carnegie Institute. Hundreds of organizations have purchased it in quantities for their employees.

The purpose of the book is to help you solve the biggest problem you face; the problem of getting along with people and influencing them in your everyday life and in business and social contacts.

It will do these twelve things for you:

Get you out of a mental rut.
Enable you to make friends easily.
Increase your popularity.
Help you to win people to your way of thinking.
Increase your influence and prestige.
Enable you to win new customers.
Increase your earning power.
Make you a better salesman.
Help you to handle complaints and to avoid arguments.
Make you a better speaker.
Make the principles of psychology easy for you to apply in daily contacts.
Help you to arouse enthusiasm among your associates.

THE POET'S CORNER

THOSE THINGS CALLED HUMAN

(Written for the mural painting "Mockery of Wisdom" by Senor Orencio Miras, New York City—1937.)

By Mary Fennimore Sheppard

Can these be the people,
That the world call kin
And hold that they, of blood, partake
Of all the traits, that merit sameness,
Of like to like, as if same sires
Brothers and sisters make?

The animal as sheltered,
By some superior guide
Perchance, some merit may partake
Unlike those of the human brand,
Wallowing in the maxims, that their kind
Same species make.

Are these the people,
Where distinction fails apply, and
Emanation from production fails partake,
And disgrace, the wisdom and
Religious precepts, that same creeds
Do kindred make?

Or just hindrances of human kind,
That kindle life in leaps and bounds, flaunting
Treason of atrocious crime, in totals that partake,
And deride, that essence of antiquity,
That each as common sires,
Relationship does make?

From whence the origin of such thought,
But purchased consequences of experienced knowledge
Too frequently obviated. Too shallow to partake
The language of Faith and of Hope and Charity,
But rather seeking, undue denomination, prove their kind
Do not brothers and sisters make?

What signification have we that
These infected grievances of broil and greed are but
The result of frugal materialistic acts, that did partake
Our predecessors to sordid ways, that made them slight removed
From warlike temper, and such bond of union, in those breeds,
A strange assemblage make.

But people made to grovel and to crawl,
To sink, for others economic aims,
As nations raise and fall again and then partake
The scum, that's left, and build again
And so the endless treading of these sires,
That do not brothers and sisters make.

Woe, be! This endless parade of life goes on,
Except for those whose precepts of another world
Have learned the mating of the souls that's gone before and then partake,
And coin again, in active living principals,
That glorious "Triumph" of heart and mind, and,
Human beings make.

BARCLAY

Mr. and Mrs. John Ware entertained at dinner Sunday. Their guests included Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Butler, Mrs. B. F. Ervin and Master Brady Ervin, of Centreville, Del.; Mrs. Ethelyn Corkran, of Sudlersville; Mrs. Nettie Coleman and two sons, of Crumpton; Miss Thelma Ware, of Washington College, Chestertown; Mrs. Rebecca Bowers, Mrs. William Jackson and family, Mr. and Mrs. John Lane and family, and Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Wallace.

Mr. and Mrs. Leon Ross and daughter, Leona, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. C. Kennard Ross and family, near Chestertown.

Mrs. Rebecca Bowers has returned home after a visit with Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Ervin, of Centreville, Del.

Mrs John S. Green spent last Wednesday with her mother, Mrs. Emma Gibson at Centreville.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Caldwell, of Camden, N. J.; Mr. and Mrs. Roland Gibbons and daughter, of Wilmington, were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. Lemuel McGinnis.

RADIANT LIVING

THE VOICE OUT OF THE STORM

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

At the urgent insistence of Jesus, the disciples prepared to cross the Lake of Galilee. It was just about sunset as they pushed off the beach and put out their oars for the long six mile pull to the other side.

But before long a breeze sprang up, dead ahead, and began to freshen rapidly. The stars too began to disappear behind dark sinister looking clouds that were racing across as though bent upon mischief.

The disciples, reading the threatening portents of the coming fury, broke out in cries of alarm.

With a howl as from the throat of a demon the tempest swooped down upon them, stirring the lake into vicious high leaping waves. It was a sight of terror! And then another fear gripped the disciples. They caught a glimpse of something coming toward them! It seemed like a man but it could not be. Was it a ghost? It looked like an image of glowing phosphorus and it was riding the waves and coming closer.

While they trembled with fear, there came across the plunging waters borne by the blast of the wind, a voice—a voice that was calm and sweet. As they listened, they caught the words! "Be of good cheer, it is I, be not afraid!"

Can you imagine the joy that filled their terrified hearts when they recognized that voice?

There is no storm that breaks forth upon us but that out of it if we would but listen, we too, may hear His voice. "Be of good cheer, it is I, be not afraid!"

That voice is calling out to you even now. Listen for it and you too will hear Him bespeaking confidence and courage into your heart.

CHURCH HILL

Mr. and Mrs. William T. Elliott entertained on Sunday, Mr. and Mrs. Rembert B. Robinson, Mrs. Mary Dayton, Misses Madeline and Mildred Robinson, of Wilmington, Mr. and Mrs. Norman Cahall, of near Centreville, Mr. and Mrs. Earle Robinson and son Thomas, Shockley, of Annapolis, Mr. Lacy Robinson, of Cordova, and Mrs. Laura V. Robinson.

Mrs. Fannie Seney, of near Centreville, visited friends and relatives in town this week.

Mrs. Fannie Coppage left on Wednesday for Penney Farms, Fla., where she will spend the remainder of the winter with her sister, Mrs. W. C. Smith.

Miss Dorothy Brown, of Wyoming, Del., was a week-end guest of Mr. and Mrs. John R. Smith.

Mr. and Mrs. Franklin Everett entertained Miss Lillian Merrick, of Sudlersville, over the week-end.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles L. Roe entertained at dinner on Sunday, the occasion being their wedding anniversary. Their guests were Mr. and Mrs. Harry E. Walls, Miss Bertie Walls, Mrs. E. G. Walls, Miss Estelle Walls, Miss Lillian Merrick and Mr. and Mrs. Franklin Everett.

Rev and Mrs. Garner Butt spent the first part of the week in Baltimore.

Abner *says*—

A feller'll call it character if he makes up his mind and sticks to it but'll says his wife's contrary if she does it.