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

"What does crime cost? Nobody knows. No well-informed person will speak of it at all except in terms of billions. In my opinion the direct and indirect cost of crime to the American people every year is greater than the budget of the Federal Government, with its extraordinary expenditures even in these times of great emergency."—George E. Q. Johnson.

SAFE DRIVERS

The initial response of motorists in Queen Anne's county toward tieing in with the Safe Drivers' Club of the American Legion is auspicious and indicates that as the purpose of the Legion stickers is understood the response will be still greater.

Of course the Club is an amorphorous group whose only link is the sticker upon the windshield. It is a club akin in spirit and purpose, a club whose members are but individuals intent upon driving safely and giving children, pedestrians and other motorists a fair break and better.

Presumably every persons who sits under the steering wheel of a car fancies himself a safe driver. In most cases and under most circumstances he may be such. But there are times when the safe motorist hurries unduly, takes the long chance, hogs the road or lets his temper rise to the point where he is going to pass the car ahead or bust a shoestring in the attempt.

The Safe Drivers' stickers being distributed by Jeff Davis Post are intended to serve as an attractive reminder. The motorist who starts out with the intention of playing safe may forget himself. But with his red, white and blue sticker shining on his windshield proclaiming that he is a safe driver the motorist always has a little warning against recklessness and all but the downright imprudent will heed it.

Jeff Davis and the American Legion have no axe to grind in distributing the stickers. Their first purpose is to make the highways safe, for every one. Every persons who seeks and accepts an operator's license ought to have that same purpose. Insofar as the red, white and blue stickers remind a driver of that purpose they are well worth the money.

CURTAILING ILLS

The records of the State Department of Health for 1937 showing no cases of diphtheria in Queen Anne's and six other counties during that year, no deaths from diphtheria in sixteen of the Maryland counties, and no deaths from typhoid in Queen Anne's and seven other counties is highly commendatory to both the counties involved and the State Department.

Even more important than this achievement is the situation that makes it possible. One of the outstanding advances of the Twentieth Century is the united assault by the medical profession in all its branches upon diseases that have been scourges of the race.

Small pox was definitely put under the doctor's thumb a century ago. But since the turn of the Twentieth Century diphtheria, typhoid, yellow fever, malaria and other ills have been subdued by the relentless pressure of medical science. Tuberculosis is yielding slowly but the doctors know what are the winning cards to play. Diseases associated with childbirth have been reduced in incidence.

A few outlaws among diseases like cancer, infantile paralysis and the common cold are still running loose. Their freedom is more apparent than real for organized medical skill is always tracking them, always seeking to close in upon the viruses that spread the diseases.

One of the next frontal attacks will be upon syphilis and the so-called social diseases. The groundwork is well laid and health authorities are confident in their weapons.

The ultimate goal of health authorities in their fight against various scourges is similar to that which tells the story of sixteen counties bearing down upon diphtheria,—no deaths during the calendar year from that particular disease.

VALENTINE'S DAY

Valentine's Day is going the way of all the community festal days of the past, dying of neglect. One by one the occasions which gave chance for merrymaking when communities were small and horizons limited are wasting away. Our modern gait demands a faster tempo than the simple pleasures which satisfied our forbears.

Valentine's Day hung on pretty well until the advent of the movies. It served as a rally point for romance.

But the movies have taken love from its pedestal, exposed too much of its machinery, kept it before the public gaze twelve months in the year. Against such competition a single day could not maintain its significance.

As far as the modern generation is concerned any day can be Valentine's Day, according to the way things are going between a young fellow and his heart's desire. The sentimental verse in its fancy ruffled dress cuts little figure against the wide variety of gifts and occasions of pleasure available to a modern hotshot. And no present day jane saves valentines or presses flowers for souvenirs against the time when silver threads will arrive.

About the only use of Valentine's Day now is to give hostesses a motif for party decorations or relieve the hard-pressed dance arrangers from thinking up a novel idea for their business. The fact that it is passing merely shows how steadily the world is moving on to new times, new ideas.

THE CLEANEST MILK

The American dairy farmer can claim, without exaggeration, that he provides the world's cleanest milk, according to an article in the Dairymen's League News.

For more than 20 years, a national war has been waged against bovine tuberculosis. Today that war is drawing to a close, with the "enemy" almost completely routed. Bovine tuberculosis exists on a substantial scale in only two of the 48 states, and the curative work is progressing rapidly in both of them.

Dairymen are now turning their attention to two other bovine diseases—mastitis and Bang's disease. While these ailments are of little consequence to the consumer of milk, they are of considerable moment to the farmer. It is believed that the diseases will be almost completely eradicated in a relatively brief time.

The war against bovine plagues, especially tuberculosis, has been conducted by government bureaus, farm organizations and other groups. Agricultural cooperative associations—which work to improve production methods as well as to obtain a fairer price for farm products—have also been a telling factor. The American consumer can be assured that nowhere else in the world could he obtain dairy products of a more sanitary nature than in this country.

TRAMP SHUFFLES OFF

Mr. Charles Chaplin's Tramp, having recently stepped into these "Modern Times" of ours, has evidently decided that he does not like them. At any rate, the Tramp, according to his originator, has "gone for ever." Never again will the cinema-goers of the world ,see the familiar shuffling figure, with his battered bowler hat and baggy trousers, twirl across the screen that cane which has had more power over the emotions even than the wand of Oberon. The future, if it remembers Mr. Chaplin at all—and who can dogmatize on questions like this? will remember him only as the present day recalls Sappho—as an artist who has left behind merely a few fragments of his lesser work.

Even this will be a genuine tribute. And it will not be undeserved. Mr. Chaplain's Tramp has interpreted in terms of a new art a conception of abiding value. He has represented the weak things of the world which have confounded the things that are mighty. In picture after picture, with unfailing humor and ingenuity, and a sure command over pathos, the Tramp has shown the folly of mere strength and the strength of what the world often accounts foolishness—Christian Science Monitor.

No one has been able to fathom just how the Social Register compilers do their job. They work in secret, and so quietly you could hear a duke and duchess drop.—Reading (Penna.) Times.

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It has been some months since we've seen in the letter column communication from "Taypayer." We fear the old codger can no longer afford postage stamps.—Washington Post.

—o—

"All my jobs have been odd jobs," says Adman Bruce Barton, who has just been elected to Congress as a Republican to preserve the continuity. —Des Moines Register.

Abner *says*-

Bub Stubbs wouldn't have any trouble ridin' round the county if he c'd git through the mud in his own farm lane.

THE *Rambling Recorder*

The weatherman is kind to weekenders. For the third successive week Sunday has been a beautiful, mild day, just the sort to be out and around in. The latest Sunday was the best of the lot, a Spring day regardless of the calendar. Men were out without topcoats and many ladies shifted to lighter weight coats. Several people reported the thermometer as being above 70 degrees. The highest we saw was 68.

—o—

Our Starr correspondent is usually the first to report signs of spring. This week he says that spring must be just around the corner since frogs can be heard croaking almost any afternoon. Last year the frogs out Starr way started broadcasting in January. From Queen Anne comes another spring note. Joseph H. Rice of the "Sleeper" farm near Ruthsburg was strolling through the nearby woods Sunday afternoon when he came upon a snake about two and a half feet long also out for an airing. Mr. Rice killed the snake and brought it home for proof of his story. The pest of summer, the housefly, was out from hibernation Sunday.

—o—

A Centrville resident was making out a check for a donation toward lights for the baseball park. When he asked to whom he should mke out the check he was told, "The Queen Anne's Sports Activities, Inc." The contributor halted with his pen poised above the check. "Can't I spell that C-A-S-H." Most of the city newspapers carried the story about the Shore league placing Cubans and other foreign players as class men rather than rookies. The best headline was in the Wilmington Journal-Every Evening, "Eastern Shore League Makes 'Aliens' Classy." Asked what certain friends said to her on her recent birthday our three-year-old replied that they gave her gladations. Which is a fair substitute for congratulations.

—o—

Fiction is fact in the rugged atmosphere of Wye Mills. What folks think can't happen anywhere can and does happen there. Like John Dodd getting his head caught in the modern gadget called a revolving door, which we frontpaged last week. Or Emory Roe's finger. Emory had been in Hacket Sewell's store several times complaining about a finger that was swollen and painful. About a week ago Hackett advised Emory to see a doctor and get the finger opened. Emory had it lanced. The next morning the bandage was soiled. Emory put on another himself and went down to the store. The merchant asked casually, How's the finger?" "Much better," says Emory, holding up his hand. "Must be better," observed Hackett dryly, "You've got the wrong finger wrapped up." And he had.

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A gent with a ballot box and a supply of tickets conducted a straw vote for a city paper in Centreville stores Wednesday a week ago. He was tryng to get a line on local sentiment for the various candidates for governor. He handed out ballots, invited customers to mark them and drop them in his box. Postmaster Francis E. Thomas asked how the straw vote came out. The lad said he was not able to say but that he had found that not one person in twelve in Centreville knew who Lansdale G. Sasscer was or that he was even a candidate for nomination for governor. Mr. Thomas glanced at a ballot. "Why," he said, "your ticket is not complete. You don't have Gordy's name on it." "Gordy!" blurted the vote-getter. "Is Gordy runing for Governor?"

THE POET'S CORNER

JUST REMINISCENT
By Mary Fennimore Sheppard

I knew her reputation—but when,
She told her sad, sad story once again,
I was filled with white corn likker
And my brain had grown thicker
So I lent a kindly ear, and then—

By the time that she had finished
And had slipped her hand in mine,
With a pressure warm and tender
My blood began to climb—
And there was, no backing back, this time

She cuddled in so easy,
As my arms about her went—
Then Maw and Paw came on the scene,
But not—on pleasure bent.

'Twas all so very sudden,
And when I got off that spree,
I realized that indiscretion
Had been their means of capturing me.

HEARTH

These make a song:
The little brushing sound of bookleaves turning,
The whisper of wood burning,
A clock reciting patiently
Its gentle measured poetry;
The long
Intervals of quiet, only broken
If a word is spoken,
If a book is closed or a log falls.
In this room the very walls
Are kind and strong
Like arms against the cold, and I can hear
Even in the silences a clear
Song of peace, I make my own refrain:
They have all come home, they have all come home again.

—Anita Laurie Cushing.

The Japanese still insist that the Panay was sunk by accident. Probably some nearsighted officer mistook the Yanks for the Yangtse.—Brubaker in the New Yorker.

—o—

Then there was the conscientious Congressman who bought three Pullman sections and lunched hourly in the diner to use up the 20-cent mileage allowance.

OUR READERS SAY:

CONFIDENCE

By A. TEMPLE BLACKWOOD

Where is our peace and prosperity? On every side we hear tales of discontent. Every man and every woman, to say nothing of every organization, is throwing the blame on some one else. But at the bottom of his heart every intelligent person knows the answer—confidence is lost.

Let us sit down and think and compare the things we know should be done with the things which are being done.

Strife and suspicion between Captal and Labor, Government and Capital Taxpayer and Government, Manufacturer and Consumer, etc.

What is Capital? Capital is the money which is sunk in every industry or business venture. Without Capital business cannot even start to function, for very few, if any, of our workmen could or would be able or willing to work for any firm employing them on a basis of waiting for their wages until the product they had made was sold and paid for. Nor could they have any plant in which to work or machinery to accomplish the work. No raw materials could be bought and no finished stocks carried. In fact, every time any one wanted to buy a suit of clothes, an automobile, or even a can of tomatoes, he would have to give his order and wait for it to be made, to say nothing of having to put up the money to finance the making of it.

From the greatest to the least of everything we require or desire, Capital in large or small amounts is necessary. Money is only an easy and convenient way of exchanging the work of our hands, brawn or brain for the work of the hands, brawn or brain of others.

This brings us down to the point where we discover that the skilled artisan, the laborer or the brain worker, is in reality a Capitalist. His capital is the work of his hands, back or brain. True, he may not have any hard cash, but he has it within himself to capitalize his abilities, if he has the will and the plant in which to work.

On the other hand the so called Capitalist may be almost as hard up for hard cash. More than likely most of his capital is hard at work, tied up in various business or industrial ventures in which he has invested his money, in the hopes that he may receive a fair return. Without this money business and industry could not function or labor find work. He is risking his livelihood in a venture with the men who, by the work of hands, back and brain, can give him an income on which to live. The more this investment returns him, the more he can buy from other plants and labor.

Capital is of little use and will soon melt away if it is not supported by Labor, and without Capital there can be no Labor. It is the income from the capital which must sustain the Capitalist, just as it is the wages received for his work, which must sustain the laborer. Therefore, to improve our present chaotic condition, we must have an understanding between Labor and Capital. Thus we begin to build confidence.

We hear today many bitter words spoken about the trade unions, by both the employer and the employee, the right or wrong of which we cannot discuss here, except the fact that the Govermnt interest appears to be rather one sided. Strict laws have been laid down making the employer a responsible person—responsible to the law—whilst the employee, through his trades unions, has few, if any, restrictions and appears to be as free as the birds in the air. No laws of the Country seem to control the unions and there has been, up to the present, little redress to the employer and his stockholders for any damage done to them through the actions of the unions. This fact alone, is probably, holding up a lot of employment and costing the Country millions of dollars in relief appropriations, to say nothing of the wages lost to Labor and profits lost to Capital. It also increases the cost of living to every family in the Country.

If one half of our industry, the half which provides the wherewithal to operate, is harnessed to the Laws of the Country—why in Heavens name?—is not the other half, that which provides the necessary labor, likwise harnessed and governed by the Laws of the Country.

With the Government holding the reins on the employer and labor running free, no country could make the grade. Until the American voter, be he Democrat or Republican, Capitalist or Labor, decides, that this is his Country and recognizes that he is the man responsible for his Government, there can be little, if any, improvement in the present situation.

In many cases the voter casts his vote purely for his Party, irrespective of whether or not his party candidate is the better man. So many jobs and appointments hinge on the elections, tha many a good voter must vote for his Party nominee lest he throw some of his friends out of office, thus he is afraid to vote for the man he honestly thinks best fitted for the post. This is a sad situation for it ties the Politician in office to his machine, warps his mind and does not give him a chance to use his ability to administrate his County, State or Country.

Every able minded man and woman recognizes what is wrong, but they appear to be so "fed up" with the whole situation that they think they cannot do anything about it. If all the right thinking people get together they can.

Taxation is another problem breaking down confidence in this Country. Every country in the world is faced and always has been faced with tax problems. It is a curse which appears to have been necessary to man as far back as we can trace history. Therefore, let us face the facts and make up our minds, that a certain amount of taxation is necessry for the well-being of all—but, let us all be sane about the spending of Public Funds, sane about the demands for appropriations we ask for from those in authority, for every appropriation granted increases our tax burden.

Above all, let the voter be sure, that the man of his choice for every post is the very best man that can be put into that particular post. Again, let him be sure that the men he votes for are men of integrity, wise and efficient in the use of every cent they appropriate or distribute, and that they try to divide the burden of taxation, justly and evenly, so that every man and woman will carry his share and realize his responsibility as a voter.

No individual can save this Country, it is too big. It is the men on the farms, the men in the factories, the men and women in the stores and offices, and the men and women in the homes of America, who must bring to America the peace and prosperity, which is knocking at your door.

BARCLAY

Barclay school is quite proud of its attendance record for January, making 98.5%, and ranking first among all the schools in the county.

Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Milbourne and family, of Thornton, Pa.., were weekend guests of the latter's mother, Mrs. Catherine Nickerson and family.

Mr. and Mrs. F. P. Morris spent several days last week in Wilmington to attend the funeral of Mr. Morris' daughter, Mrs. Ethel Kinney.

Mr. and Mrs. John T. Booker and Mr. Dawson Booker returned home Sunday after visiting relatives at Wildwood, N. J., since Christmas.

Mrs. A. W. Anderson and Miss Florence E. Johnson were Wilmington visitors last Wednesday.

Mrs. Fannie Hall, Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Booker, Mr. and Mrs. J. N. Godwin, and Master John L Dunn, were dinner guests Sunday of Mr. and Mrs. Bennett Emory, of Cheswold, Del.

Mr. Jesse C. Phillips, of Beacom's Business College, spent the week-end with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Rembert Phillips.

Mr. John N. Faulkner and Mr. Kenneth Faulkner, of Cambden, Del., were guests Sunday of Mr. and Mrs. John Lane.

THIS WEEK'S OLD TIMER

Another comparatively young "Old Timer" but one who has earned his place in this column by his stickituitiveness and industry is Charles Walter Roe, of near Wye Mills, well known farmer, churchman and citizen, who can count his friends by the score.

"Old Timer" Roe was born June 23, 1882, on Wye Island, and is a son of Mrs. Sarah Catherine Hamilton Roe, of Wye Mills, and the late William E. Roe.

When he was only a small boy his parents moved to the section above Centreville near the old Brick School, and he received his early education at that school, under the guidance of the late Alfred Tucker, father of Charles E. Tucker and Percy Tucker, of Centreville. Later the family moved to the Church Farm near Wye Camp Ground, and he completed his schooling at the Poplar School, taught by Miss Bessie Price, now Mrs. W. O. Bennett, of Hurlock.

Through these years "Old Timer" Roe assisted his father on the farm in his spare time, and learned the finer points of the business of being a successful agriculturist. On January 6, 1904, he marr[illegible] Miss Janie Boyles, daughter of Mr. [illegible] Mrs. William Boyles, of Queen [illegible]wn. The marriage took place at the [illegible]ye Neck M. P. Church, with the Rev. B. F. Ruley, officiating.

They immediately began farming on the Jester farm, near old Wye Camp ground, where they remained for three years, moving to the Mathias George farm, near Wye Mills, in 1907. In 1915 "Old Timer" Roe saw the advantage of owning his own farm and purchased the Charles Wolcott tract near Wye Camp ground, where they now reside. For many years "Old Timer" Roe has been active in affairs of interest to farmers, and was a charter member of the Queen Anne's County Farm Bureau.

In politics Mr. Roe is a Democrat, and has never voted any place except the second precinct of the Third District. For ten years he served as Clerk in the Election booth in his district. In 1934 he was a candidate for Sheriff for Queen Anne's county in the primary election.

Besides his business interests Mr. Roe takes an active part in church work, and is a member of the Wye Mills M. E. Church, and a charter member of the Church Brotherhood. He also is a member of St. Tammany's Lodge of Odd Fellows, Centreville.

Mr. and Mrs. Roe have two sons, Charles W. Roe, Jr., associated with the Ford plant at Chester, Pa., and Marion Linwood Roe, a student at Tri-County High School.

Both "Old Timer" and Mrs. Roe are known for their hospitality, and their happiest moments are when entertaining some of their loved ones at their attractive home.

BOOKS
You May Enjoy

By GRAHAM WATSON

THE PRODIGAL PARENTS, by Sinclair Lewis; Doubleday, Doran.

The publishers call this novel "The Revolt of the Parents Against the Revolt of Youth." It concerns the story of a successful business man who suddenly realizes that he has to make some decision about his demanding son and daughter, their friends, and his shiftless relatives. Whether he shall still keep on working to add to his fortune in order that his family have more to spend. That decision and his escape from eternal servitude make a novel that stands beside Main Street, Babbitt and Dodsworth. There are a million bewildered Fred and Hazel Cornplows and their demanding sons and daughters. It provides a new Bill of Rights for American Parents and it may bring a new understanding to their children. If you are a father or mother with young or grown-up children; if you are curious about human problems today—Sinclair Lewis' new novel will absorb and entertain you. .

In order that you may get a cross section of opinion from others, the following is taken from the reviews of some of the most celebrated critics:

William Soskin of the ..ew York Herald-Tribune says "Mr. Lewis' new novel takes a lusty sock at diletante radicalism and professional Communism and does it with such chuckling good humor, that the book may create a popular attitude of mind. Readers who look for a Nobel Prize winner will not find these qualities. The novel is not one of Mr. Lewis' large works, but it is up-to-the-minute, ironic and sincere comment on ourselves, made at the psychologically fortunate moment, which is Mr. Lewis' intelligent way. This gentleman evidently like the story even if he does not go into ecstacies over it.

Elmer Davis in The Saturday Review rates it below Babbitt which he says, "was the best of a decade, and a good decade. Lewis always slapped on the satire with a trowel but in the old days it usually stuck; not so often this time. Much space is given to the dabblings of young Sarah Cornplow in Communism. The material is all right but the total effect not so good. Elsewhere the average is better, but only a page now and then, is the old Lewis. The wisdom in this book would have been more effective in a volume of essays." He is hypocritcial for he says that "the blight has fallen not only on Lewis and Hemingway as well but on all their generation."

Nearer home we find that Gerald Johnson of the Evening Sun has this to say: "The Prodigal Parents in fact is not a novel. It is a polemical essay, directed against an evil that is real enough. It is therefore, not without importance. It is written in an easy, witty, swift running style and is therefore not without merit. A book in which everybody is more or less sound certainly is not a typical Sinclair Lewis novel. However, most of us, if we would confess the truth, have no small liking fo ra first rate fairy tale, and this is a good, easy one, which exercises no strain whatever on the brain cells." It is one of the most amusing of his novels.

It may interest you to know that he was born in Sauk Centre, Minn. His father was a country doctor and his mother a daughter of a physician. He went to Yale three years, then joined a socialist colony in New Jersey. For many years he was not successful. His work was varied. He has gone from Janitor to a Nobel Prize winner but not without discouragement and suffering. His wife is the celebrated Dorothy Thompson whose columns are an important feature of the daily New York Tribune. They have one son, Michael John.

RADIANT LIVING

The Recognition Of Infinite Love

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

When Hagar, lost in the wilderness and crazed by the suffering of her dying child, saw that well of water to which God led her, she also saw much more. She recognized the fact that God was not unmindful of her need.

Driven by his fiery wife, Abram had sent Hagar and her son forth into the wilderness to perish. But God was not to be thus misrepresented by harshness. By disclosing to her a well of water, He would reaveal to Hagar His true nature of compassionate mercy.

The greatest of the wells of Grace which God reveals to men perishing in the death valley of sin is a revelation of His infinite love—so fascinating to the soul, that a man's whole life is changed by it.

And so it might be that somewhere, in some crisis of a sinner's life, when the world has cursed him, and the self-righteous people have spurred him, leaving him to perish in discouragement and doubt, that there has come to him a revelation of that fact that, as John says, "God is love."

Thank God for the marvelous change that comes to those whose eyes have been opened to behold the well of divine love from which the soul can drink the cleansing waters of mercy and forgiveness.

STEVENSVILLE

Mr. Harry Kolata and Miss Genevieve Long were among the sight-seers at the "Walkathon" Sunday, which is being held at the Chatterbox in Delmar. While there Mr. Kolata had the misfortune of having a glass smashed in his car and his overcoat stolen.

Mrs. Mollie Hampton, a life-long resident of Kent Island, died Friday at the home of her niece in Baltimore. Funeral services were held Sunday afternoon at the M. E. Church conducted by Rev. James F. Langrall. Interment was in the Stevensville cemetery.

Mrs. James Kelley, of Baltimore, was a guest over the week-end of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Tolson.

Mrs. Charles E. Snyder spent several days last week with her mother, Mrs. Robert E. Strange, of Annapolis.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry P. Breeding are spending this week with Mr. and Mrs. T. Elliott Tolson, at Hotel Bristol in New York City.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Daniel and son Jackie, of Baltimore, spent the weekend with Mrs. Daniel's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Kirkwood.

Mr. Walter Baker who is wroking in Claiborne, spent the week-end with his family.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Denney and daughter Joan, spent Sunday with Mrs. Denney's father, Mr. Medford Roe, of Sudlersville.

Mr. and Mrs. John Holden were guests last Tuesday of their son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Willard Dodd, of Wye Island.

Mr. and Mrs. Russum Legg and family visited Mr. Legg's mother, Mrs. Harris Legg at the home of her sister, Mrs. Mae Dean in Queen Anne.

Mrs. Sudler Cockey is enjoying a visit with her daughter, Mrs. Phillip Gallaway of Baltimore.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Cockey accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Wilford Ross, of Easton, returned home Sunday after having enjoyed a delightful two weeks in Florida.

Miss Catherine Cockey, of Baltimore was the house guest over the week-end at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Harry P. Breeding.

Mr. and Mrs. Clay Stevens, of Barclay, were guests Tuesday of last week of Dr. and Mrs. William T. Henry.

Miss Esther Kaufman, a teacher in our high school is confined to her bed at her home in Denton. We wish her a speedy recovery.

Mr. Carvel Tolson who has been on the sick list is able to be out again.

Mrs. Mary Stevens was the guest Monday of Mrs. Annie Goodhand, of Chester.

Mr. and Mrs. H. O. Johnson of "The Johnson Farms" are spending this month in Florida.

Mr. and Mrs. Nathaniel Wright and family, of Washington, D. C., were the house guests over the week-end of Mr. and Mrs. Sudler Cockey, Jr.

Mr. Sterling Townshend spent Sunday at his home in Chestertown.

Miss Ellen Hopkins, of Baltimore, spent the week-end with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Hopkins.

Mr. Jimmy Collier spent several days in Baltimore last week with Mr. Daniel Langrall.

Former Senator James E. Kirwan, who is ill at his home, was unable to assume his regular duties at his motion picture house over the week-end. We all hope to see him at his usual post in the very near future.

Mrs. John Will is visiting her brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Denney, Jr.

CURRENT THOUGHT

SALES TAXING

Once upon a time there was a man who lived in New York City. He regularly bought sugar, flour, beans, coal, gasoline, and all the other necessities and knickknacks required by a man with a family. On all of them, directly or indirectly, he paid a tax.

In 1934, New York City was in sad straits. It had a staggering pay roll and a budget so large that only the colossal adjectives of Hollywood were fit to describe it. The city's revenues were slumping badly and its relief expenditures were soaring. It had to have money and have it quickly. At the behest of Mayor Fiorello H. La Guardia it took a foray into the most luscious but still generally untapped field of taxation known to the taxers, one that they fear mightily but one that tempts them sorely—the retail sales tax. .

It was for relief and that alone, said the Mayor, so the people—the buyers of groceries and hardware, of cosmetics and golf socks, or radio tubes and snow shovels—accepted it without a great deal of grumbling. The sales clerks jested about it, though mingling delicate barbs with their jests: "The toothbrush will be 35 cents, sir, and a penny for the Mayor"; "The shirt'll cost you $1.19, with 2 cents for His Honor.'

And the money rolled in. For the fiscal year 1936 New York City collected $446,582 569 on its retail sales tax—a sizable piece of tax money even in New York City, with its annual budget exceeding $600,000,000.

But to return to our story. The taxpayer aforesaid, the one mentioned in the first paragraph, moved to Massachusetts in October, 1937. He and his family were delighted to find there was no sales tax. A 35-cent hoe handle was 35 cents, with no penny for the Mayor, the Governor, or anybody else. Spare pennies could be used for buying newspapers and working gum machines. And now comes the blow—Massachusetts is facing the probability of a sales tax.

The sales tax is not wholly a creature of the depression in this country. The United States Government utilized it to help finance participation in the World War. Everything sold bore a share of revenue production, as I recall it; even a 5-cent soft drink carried an extra penny for tax.

When war was safely out of the way the Federal Government repealed its sales and "nuisance' taxes, but not before it had whetted the appetites of the political spenders and their tax layers with a vision of a pasture of tasty revenue clover. Off and on and here and there, they have been browsing delightedly in that pasture ever since.—Christian Science Monitor.