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

The qualities required in a good traveler today are no longer heroism and endurance as in olden times, but, I think, a combination of these six things: well-defined purpose, adaptability, courtesy, and intelligent curiosity about the world, appreciation of its beauties and achievements and, underlying all of these, a due sense of gratitude for the privilege of travel.—Helen Dean Fisk.

MOTHER'S DAY

Next Sunday by general consent is the day of the year set aside as a tribute to motherhood. Of all the special days and holidays that bedeck the calendar Mother's Day is that with the closest personal touch.

It sends the mind scurrying back through the years to childhood, to the very dawn of memory that arises after cradle days are done. It recalls scenes and associations that have been refined and hallowed by passing time, scenes in which the central figure was that of one's mother. And coloring it all is the recollection of the abiding love, the protecting hand, the guiding and comforting voice that makes a child feel strong when he is weak, safe when he is helpless.

Thee truism was spoken long ago that a man's best friend is his mother. Other truisms without number have been written by philosophers and poets to show how the heart of man has a sacred corner for his mother alone.

It was Abraham Lincoln who said, "All that I am, or ever hope to be, I owe to my mother." His words expressed the thought grounded in every heart. The future of a man to a large degree is based upon the formative years when the mother works, plans and prays for the later welfare of her child.

Only when the first burst of early manhood or womanhood is past and the years begin to hammer a wisdom of experience into life does the fullest realization come of the debt owned to the mother. For that reason Mother's Day is different from all other special occasions.

It reaches the adult who may be bored or cynical about a holiday or observance. It stirs every heart in proportion to his better nature. It touches a chord of sentiment that is firmly rooted.

It is the day when one thinks again of his mother.

SAVE OUR STANDARD

Rallying to the defense of the American standard of living, an editorial in a recent issue of Collier's magazine assails a proposal for an ultra-radical federal anti-chain store bill as "another political effort to destroy national markets and to make business local rather than national."

Under this bill, a company would be forced to pay a tax of $1,000 a store for all stores in excess of 500—and this would then be multiplied by the entire number of states in which a chain operates! It is obvious that no large chain could continue to exist if this law is passed—the total tax would run far into the tens of millions annually. Collier's states that the bill's sponsors "predict that the chains would be broken up within two year's after its enactment." Their purpose is destruction—complete and final—of a system of distribution that has been of untold benefit to both producer and consumer.

Collier's opposes this measure because of its effect on the American standard of living. As it says, "The approach of Congress to proposals such as this . . . bill is purely political . . . Whether consumers get better service or worse service, whether prices are higher or lower under one system or another, is distinctly outside the range of political interest . . . Sometime somebody will have to do some clear thinking and plain talking if our high American standard of living is to be preserved, restored or raised. Governments can destroy what we already possess but up to now no government has raised any people's standard of living."

The passage of this bill would inevitably result in higher prices to the consumer, or the establishment of great super-markets that would be destructive of independent merchants. It would restrict markets of farmers, throw men out of work and destroy a great source of normal taxes. It is an outstanding example of "business baiting" legislation which is so largely responsible for continued business depression in America.

THE BILLION

If you spent a dollar every minute of every hour of every day since the birth of Christ you would have spent only a little more than a billion dollars. If you placed a billion one dollar bills end to end they would reach 114,416 miles, or more than 4½ times around the world at the equator. If you started out to spend $100 a minute it would take 19 years before you went broke. A billion one dollar bills would completely cover 2,930 football fields. From March 4, 1933, to April 2,1938, the Federal government alone has spent nearly $37,000,000,000, according to official treasury figures.

FARMER'S CALENDAR

Now to work or not to work—that is the question. Shall a man, pretending to be a farmer, disdain to dirty his hands, and give the whole business to servants, by which means he is sure to come out at the little end of the horn? Or shall he himself take hold of the plow and guide it on to prosperity?

I tell you what: he is a true farmer who bones down to the work himself, puts his own shoulder to the wheel, and recoils not from the tug of business. It will never do to depend altogether on other people.

There is a great cry about help, and the expense of it; but let a farmer help himself, and cultivate no more land than he can well manage with the help of his family; let him give his boys, if he have any, a proper education, a farmer's education, nor foolishly suffer them to imbibe false notions that some have viz., that it is ungentlemanly to know how to handle a hoe or a pitchfork, and that a young man's reputation depends upon the fit of his shirt, or the shape and trim of his whiskers.

Get them up early, and inculcate habits of business rather than money spending. Let them know that they were not made in vain, but must work out their own salvation.—Farmer's Calendar, 1838.

AN EDITOR'S PRAYER

Blessed are the merchants who advertise, for they have faith in their business, and their prosperity shall increase many fold.

Blessed is the woman who sends in a written account of a party or a wedding, for she shall see the details and names of her guests correctly reported.

Blessed are those who do not expect the editor to know everything, but who tell him whenever an interesting event occurs in which they are interested, for they shall have a better newspaper in their town.

Blessed are they who get their copy in early for they shall occupy a warm spot in the editor's heart.

Blessed are they who cooperate with the editor in his efforts in behalf of the community, for their town shall be known to all men, far and wide, as a good place in which to live and do business.

Blessed are they who do not think they could run the paper better than the editor runs it—yea, thrice blessed are they because there are so few of them in the community.—Ellicott City Times.

CAUTION

Now is the time for caution. The balmy weather, the upspringing green grass and blooming trees and flowers are calling everything out of doors. The streets are crowded with children at play; the roads are choked with motor traffic; dogs—pet dogs and stray dogs—roam the villages and highways of the countryside; young boys with cat rifles—and some with very high-power rifles — are out shooting at whatever they can see; everybody and everything is very much alive and on the move. All of which warns us to be careful.

The chances of accident are minimized during the winter months when people and animals are housed and motor traffic on the roads is slack. But when spring comes and all that has been shut in breaks for the wide, open spaces, bursting with energy and the joy of release, a situation is created that admits of dangerous as well as happy contacts.

The number of automobile accidents has already begun to increase, and will continue to grow as more and more cars take to the road. Already a number of persons, children and adults, have been bitten by pet and stray dogs. Several complaints have been received by the local police about boys shooting wildly with rifles. And soon the swimming season will open and, unless greater care is taken than heretofore, the lakes and rivers and bay will take their toll of bathers.

Most accidents are due to carelessness. The time has come to watch your step more carefully than in months just past.—Towson Jeffersonian.

Abner *says*-

Right now's the time when y' dassent give dandelions a inch or they'll take a whole yard. .

THE *Rambling Recorder*

The combination of a Canadian goose completing the final hours of hatching a brood of five fluffy yellow goslings and a three-year-old girl happened to give us a fascinating view of the finest factory for building up the supply of wild waterfowl and upland game birds in Maryland and possibly the eastern United States. That factory of course is the game preserve at Pioneer Point, developed under the skillful guidance of John P. Corcoran. We had visited the game preserve before. One twilight just before Christmas we had stood on the edge of Sanctuary Lake at the preserve and had watched V-shaped flights of wild duck and geese dropping into the waters already crowded with thousands of their kind. That was an inspiring sight. But it is also another story. The game preserve at nesting season is the one we are interested in now.

Ted Shea

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We had gone down to Pioneer Point to view the brilliant display of azaleas as a foundation for a story for last week's issue of the Record-Observer. Because the day was gorgeous we took our wife and three-year-old youngster along. Mr. Corcoran, informally called Jack by a wide circle of acquaintances, was kind enough to show us around.. Jack is the most ardent conversationist and the best amateur naturalist we know. What we saw in the trip around the azalea borders and the sweep of lawn was similar to what all visitors saw later in the week, except our course, for our advantage in being guided: the rhododendrons, white azaleas and iris coming into bloom, the pansy beds, the tulips running the gamut to deep maroon and copper bronze, the dogwood and the velvety lawn, songbirds thick in the rock garden, quail running two by two and a fat brown rabbit having the freedom of the terrace.

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We paused before one of the purple martin houses whose feathered inmates furnish the finest type of mosquito control. A sentinel martin, as ever, was on guard. A sparrow was making a vain attempt to snatch house space. Mr. Corcoran remarked that the martins had cut down the swarm of mosquitoes by fully a third. And presently he remarked, "I known something the youngster would like to see. There's a Canadian goose just hatching out a brood of goslings." Eventually we headed there. On the way we passed a brown field newly seeded with rape where pheasants, not readily visible in their protective brown coloring, were pecking at seed like domestic fowl. Through the woods and on to the preserve, and there at the border of tall pines were pairs of brown Canadian geese completing their nesting in the open.

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The pair that were then becoming parents had nested close to the base of a pine near a shallow ditch. The gander standing guard craned his serpentine neck, hissed, a warning and prepared to do battle. The goose with two eggs then on the verge of hatching, appealed for mercy with as humble a bending of her neck as a wild creature could show. Three yellow goslings were beneath her. One had found his legs and with the innocence of the young waddled out to stand beneath the gander and peck for food as though he were days instead of hours old. Here and there were other pairs of wild geese with the gander as always standing watchful, nesting out in the open.

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In the thick carpet of dry needles under the pines were the nests of the wild ducks. At our feet was a little hollow with three eggs carelessly exposed to view. Usually the duck covers her eggs with a layer of pine needles. We stopped at one such nest, concealed except from the knowing eye with the pine shats and it held an even dozen of eggs. Only a curious watcher would know how much time and what care was required for the mother bird to lay those needles over he rnest. In the deeper woods were the shelters of the peafowl, matched pairs off to themselves, solitary males in separate large pens. There was a handsome blue peacock with his beautiful train of yard long feathers. And an albino, less showy, yet equally as graceful.

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But the real view for a sportsman's eye lay in the woodsy lane leading down to Sanctuary Lake, with the roadway crammed with thousands of wild ducks and geese slowly waddling toward the water. Accustomed to the feed truck, they yielded place slowly to the car. Yet every moment some bird would lift and swoop in rapid flight straight down the lane to the water. When we finally reached the shore the same huge flock milled wonderingly around us. Now and then a bird would fly straight down the lane, veer sharply at sight of us and plunge into the water. We were living the dream of a sportsman in gunning season. At the far end of the lake a raft of a hundred or more wild geese floated, weeks late for their return to Canada. Perhaps they lingered for food and protection, perhaps because some had mated with the geese belonging on the preserve.

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In the spring many of the waterfowl on the preserve have a wing clipped. But in the fall their wings are full and they are free to stay in safety or choose the wild life of adventure with their kind. Those that leave swing over to join the flocks in the Mississippi flyway, as recovered leg bands show. They are building up game for some one.

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But the waterfowl are but part of the game factory. Native quail and California Valley quail are being bred by the thousands, eventually to make game possible. In one field 360 mated pair of native quail are penned and eggs gathered for incubation. In the pens the birds average a hundred eggs each as compared to perhaps thirty in the wild state. It costs the State of Maryland about $3.50 for every quail set out for the hunter. Before Pioneer Point is through quail for stocking anywhere will be, to use a blunt expression, a darn sight cheaper.

FARMING FOR PEACE

By A. TEMPLE BLACKWOOD

(The fourth and final article of a series appearing in this paper discussing the relation of the American farmer to international affairs.)

DEBT CANCELLATION ?

Now that we know something about Foreign Trade, Tariff and War Debts we are in a better position to take an interest in international relations and what is going on in the world.

The American government is, at the present moment, probably working very hard to come to some agreement with many other nations. What the outcome will be is hard to say, but we may rest assured that sooner or later some agreements will have been made.

As any change in the debt settlement is a matter for action by Congress, it is necessary that an intelligent interest in the War Debt question be taken by the voters of this Country. The thoughts and discussions of the people may be of great value in hastening the release from one or more of the "millstones" now hanging about the necks of the taxpayers not only in America but also in foreign lands.

Today, America has it within her power to do so much good, through reasonable handling of the War Debt question, as the harm some other nations are doing, through the threat of armed force.

Suppose for instance, America came forth with the statement that she was willing and able to help any nation or nations solve their debt problem, provided such nation or nations supported her on a campaign of World Peace.

Suppose she said ,we are not receiving any payment from you on our War Debts, nor are we exchanging goods in foreign trade. If you will agree with us not to enter into any war of agression, in return, America will agree, to reduce your War Debt to one-fifth of your present debt, also we will not charge you any interest provided you agree to trade with us.

This trade agreement would permit you, to send to this Country each year, certain agreed upon goods, in exchange for certain agreed upon goods of equal value, shipped to your markets by us. The tariff duty, in each of our respective countries, must be reduced to make the goods marketable, but all such tariff colected will be credited against your reduced War Debt.

Some such agreement if entered into between this and other countries, would, over a period of years, eliminate the War Debt question and develop a friendlier feeling between nations.

To industry it would mean foreign markets and greater demand for goods at home. To the farmer it would mean greater demand for food stuffs and raw material. To the whole Country it would mean more employment and less taxation.

Should this Country cancel the debts standing to our credit upon the books of other nations? Some day we may be at war or in dire distress, whilst Europe was at peace. In such a case we might require our credit to do as Europe did during the World War. Or should we agree to settle the debts in such a way that it will build good feeling and help not only this Country but also our cousins in foreign lands?

BOOKS You May Enjoy

By Graham Watson

BOOKS FOR MAY

There are five books due in May that probably deserve best selling rating. The authors are well known and these books are up to the standard for their authors.

The first of these to be published is "Lisa Vale" by Olive Higgins Prouty The author is well known for "Stella Dallas." It is definitely the woman's magazine type of story. Lots of men will like it too, but it is predominantly feminine in its appealing. It deals with the excitement and anxities and golden moments of a wealthy Boston family. The husband is in his sixties, the wife in her forties, and the four children are in their teens and twenties.

Lisa Vale is in love—very genteely—with a man of her own age, but she knows she must never smirch the proud name of Vale. Her older daughter is engaged to a doctor of a lower social class, the older son is beginning to resent his father's domination. The other two children present problems too. And there you have "Lisa Vale," the kind of a story that has been a best seller over and over again.

"Free Land", by Rose Wilder Lane is a longer, less poetic version of "Let The Hurricane Roar". David Boston, not yet twenty, takes his beautiful new bride to the bleak Dakota prairies. They do not reach their "Shoddy" the first winter, because of the terrific blizzard which almost destroys them and forces them to seek shelter with friends. Once they reach home they must face heartbreaking physical toil, below zero temperatures, blizzards, drought, grasshoppers, horse thieves, lonesomeness, hurricanes and even debts which grow faster than the crops. I had the pleasure of reading a special advance edition and found it an engrossing tale. It is an optomistic, pleasant story, teaching that great hardships can be endured, that courage is mightier than adverse forces of nature. It makes you admire the bravery of the pioneers.

"Promenade" by G. B. Lancaster who wrote "Pageant' has written a colorful story. It is full of people but has little plot. Nothing much happens but there is always a good deal of movement which will make it enjoyed by those who like such books.

"Parts Unknown", by Francis Parkinson Keyes is another. You no doubt remember "Senator Marlowe's Daughter" and "Honor Bright". This new novel is of the same type. It is primarily a woman's story, like "Lisa Vale". The political element will also attract the masculine readers.

"Towers in the Mist", will be as popular as Elizabeth Gouge's "A City of Bells". The chief characters are Canon Leigh's motherless children, a poor young student, and various famous people of the day—Philip Sydney, Walter Raleigh, and Queen Elizabeth among them.

Suchow Is Target Of Tangled Battlelines Of Central China

A recent Chinese victory at Taierchwang was a dramatic episode in the unusually slow and bitterly contested fighting in east Central China. Japanese forces, months ago, occupied the plain around the northern metropolis of Peiping. Equally swift was their southern invasion, plowing inland from Shanghai and capturing the southern capital of Nanking. To unite their forces, they needed the country's leading north-south railway, doggedly defended by guerilla warfare. But the Chinese victory at Taierchwang blocked the Japanese march on Suchow, railway keystone of east-central China.

China has three Suchows, points out a bulletin from the Washington, D. C., headquarters of the National Geographic Society. Between Nanking and Shanghai lies "Suchow the Beautiful," called the Venice of the Far East, because of its canals. It is also important in Chinese culture as a former capital. In Inner Mongolia an ancient trans-atlantic caravan trail passes through a remote Suchow between desert and mountains. But the Suchow of the moment is a railroad junction in northeastern Kiangsu, 500 miles south of Peiping, 200 miles north of Nanking, and an important link between the two. It is also the center for the Lunghai Railroad, an east-west road.

Main north-south rail artery of China is the Tientsin-Nanking-Shanghai line. Suchow welds together the two halves of the railroad, constructed in 1908-12 by German effort in the north and British management in the south. At Suchow a simplified station architecture proclaims that the southern or British section has begun.

On maps of relatively railless Central China, Suchow stands out as the crossing of two long railroads. The Lunghai line launches westward through wild mountainous country and reaches the loess highlands dominated by the historic walled city of Sian, a center of of luxury and oriental elegance long before surrounding areas emerged from barbarism. The Lunghai line taps the man power of the rugged western provinces, and brings eastward as well the opium and tobacco from highland fields. East of Suchow is a line linking it with the Grand Central and with the Yellow Sea coast at Haichow.

For part of its east-west progress, the Lunghai railroad parallels an almost empty river bed—an abandoned channel of the capricious Hwang Ho. Once Suchow stood beside the course of China's unmanageable Hwang river giant. Then the river switched its course suddenly in a disastrous flood and roared across to the sea by a new and more northerly route. The river bed is still crossed by a bridge at Suchow, but the residue of river is extremely small—a mere souvenir of "China's Sorow," which has changed its seaward history.

The city lies at the southern base of Central China's rugged mountain core. From Suchow southward spreads a rich expanse of farming country, covered with flat fields of cotton, grain, peanuts, and watermelons. Grain crops are wheat, millet, and the giant millet known as kaoliang. The broad acres of fertiles 'yellow earth', rich silt spread spread over the plain by the departed Yellow River, are broken by small groves of trees and little villages.

The "Good Earth" landscape around Suchow shows that the green south has already begun, changing abruptly from the dry and windy brown north. Rain here is twice as plentiful as it is north of the mountain barrier, and the climate gives definite hints of its subtropical intentions. The camel, familiar feature of the northern scene, is replaced from Suchow south by the coolie, and wheat grows scarcer and scarcer until it is supplanted by southern rice as the symbol for food. A few miles south of Suchow lies a region locally famous as the watermelon capital. Hemp is also a typical product.

Another valuable resource to which Suchow holds the rail key is coal. A branch line with Suchow connections runs to coal mines from a station about forty miles north.

The Court House Green

A Forum Open To All For Discussion of Politics In Queen Anne's County.

Funny about this column. Whenever we run it folks get suspicious that the paper is getting into politics. When we omit it folks imply that we are skipping it that week for political purposes. We're like the fellow who had the bear by the tail. Every time we let go of the tail we've got to grab it right back to avoid being clawed.

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Will Curly Byrd run for Governor at this election? There are persistent rumors that he will provided the proper opening presents itself. Apparently Curly is an opportunist. It is certain that he has the ambition. A man, for several years closely associated with the University, told the writer last week that Dr. Byrd would be a candidate in his opinion. In addition, it has been authoritatively reported that Jim Farley recently called Dr. Byrd and Herbert O'Conor to Washington and urged them to form a combination ticket head by Byrd for Governor and O'Conor for the Senate. Many attach importance to the large appropriation Byrd received from President Roosevelt for the University. These people believe Roosevelt would not have made such a gift without promises of a fair return.

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A hot campaign seems brewing up in the Second District where Bernard Appleford has asserted he will be a candidate for Register of Wills, the post now held by Dr. Norman Dudley. Dr. Dudley has made no comment but if he chooses to run for reelection you can bet your boots and suspenders there will be some heavy political artillery fired off up Church Hill way.

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Friends of the Wilson-George faction are at a loss to know why this party is letting go unchallenged so much criticism about their conduct of the county's business. They say these criticisms are very petty and purely political and that a comprehensive statement of their major financial acocmplishments in office would squelch this fault finding.

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Earle Coursey, running for sheriff, was said to have made a quiet campaign tour of Kent Island last Sunday.

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We also heard that certain Centreville gentlemen were down that way Sunday on a "business trip" and they came with very definite political opinions about the strength of Joe Evans and Percy Thomas in their respeective back yards.

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Head-to-head on the Green during these warm Court days shows that the most interesting angle of the county election hinges on Bill Carter. Two of tne latest rumors have it that Bill may withdraw entirely from the coming election or run for some other office. In which case who will be the candidate for Clerk of Court? Joe George says he definitely will not be.

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At this point in the political race, the Queen Anne's Record-Observer make a suggestion to all factions and candidates who expect to stand for election next fall. Why not call a truce on the reported practice of vote buying? We have put the question bluntly. We are not accusing any one nor are we saying there has ever been vote buying. We are saying there should not be vote buying. Everyone will agree with this statement. Where ever vote buying is practiced the only persons who benefit from it are those who convince the candidates they control a following and want the privilege of handing out the money. Most of the money is kept warm in their own pockets. The money which reaches the voters debases the greatest right of human beings on this earth, the right of an American vote. If vote buying exists in this county, why not every candidate pledge himself to stop it. Is this asking too much?

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For a well-buttered statement we recommend that of Senator Tydings speaking of Comptroller William S. Gordy jr., at the Gordy celebration Saturday. Said the Senator, "If the Democrats of Maryland select him (Gordy) as their candidate, he will be a sure winner in November, and will make a fine Governor." All of Mr. Gordy's friends will read that as an endorsement and will love the Senator accordingly. And those who are not lining up behind the Comptroller will look at the "If", say it is not an endorsement but a friendly tribute, and will applaud the Senator's tact.

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Gordy was a long time in starting his campaign engine and throwing it into low gear. Consequently his strength as a candidate is underrated. Down at the oyster roast Sunday we heard a taciturn watermen split an O'Conor-Jackson discussion wide open with this remark, "You all have been talking about how Western Maryland runs everything. How are we ever going to get Eastern Shore representation if you won't vote for a man from the Eastern Shore?" "You mean Gordy?" "I mean Gordy." That sort of argument if buzzed around the Shore might round up a sizable convention vote for the Wicomico countian.

RADIANT LIVING

ON THE WINGS OF THOUGHT

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

It is by thought that we commune with God. We open the Scriptures and read His thoughts to usward. We kneel and pray and tell Him of our love and dependence. And while we are yet speaking, He speaks to our souls in the thoughts that He sends us.

How significant of Divine communion is the experience that Jacob had when he lay asleep under the brilliant stars and dreamed of a ladder reaching to heaven, upon which the angels of God were ascending and descending between him and the Lord who stood above.

Those angels were heavenly messengers that bore back and forth the thoughts of that communion between God and Jacob, as though those fast floating white-winged angels were the very thoughts themselves.

For after all, our thoughts are as angels, especially when they take on the breath of prayer. They fly forth from our minds as do white-winged angels from before the Throne of God, hastening forth upon their mission of love and blessing. It may be that they are hurrying on wing to some precious soul far up in the mountains to whom they have been sent to minister blessings.

Or it may be that they are rushing forth to turn about an unfavorable wind for some distressed mariner, far out upon the sea.

And it is not by these ascending thoughts, as on the wings of angels, that we ourselves are carried into the presence of the invisible King?

CRUMPTON

Mr. and Mrs. Dean Barcus entertain- their daughter and friends from Baltimore.

Mrs. Avery Story fell from her porch steps on Wednesday and painfully sprained her foot, but is much improved at this writing.

We are glad to report Mr. W. R. Coleman who has been suffering with pnuemonia is able to be about again.

Mrs. Stanton who has been spending the past two weeks with Mrs. Rubsamen has returned to her home in Atlantic City.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Nickerson, of Calyton, Del., visited relatives and friends here on Thursday.

The Homemakers met at the home of Mrs. Mary Coleman on Thursday last. They are planning a contest in the near future.

Misses Edith and Anna Harrison, Mr. Jesse Ryland and Miss Ethel Ryland spent Sunday out of town.

Mr. Harold Joyce, Miss Florence Hallowell and Miss Eva Armstrong, of Camden, N. J., and Mr. Frank Wilds, of Wilmington, spent Sunday with Miss Kathryn Wallis.

Mr. and Mrs. William R. Coleman were guests on Sunday of their nephew, Mr. Earle Nickerson.

Mr. and Mrs. Davis Ryland and Miss Ethel in company with Mr. and Mrs. Howard Ryland visited Cambridge on Wednesday.

Miss Betty Emerson entertained some friends on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Cannon of Claymont, Del., and Mrs.. Madge Grammer and daughter, Mrs. William McLaughlin, of Wilmington, visited with friends on Sunday.

GRASONVILLE

Misses Edith Collier and Juanita Rhodes were Baltimore visitors last Thursday.

Miss Naomi Palmer of Stevensville, visited her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Ireland a few days last week.

Mr. and Mrs. James Rhodes have moved into their new home on Railroad avenue.

Messrs. Clinton Baker, Walter Jewell, Jacob Baker, sr., and Carey Saddler, visited friends in Dover, last Friday.

Miss Esther Mitchison, of Baltimore, was the week-end guest of Mr. and Mrs. Harry O'Donnell and family.

Mr. Anthony Jewell spent a few days last week in Muirkirk, with his brother and sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Clarke Jewell.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Fowler and daughter, Hazel, Mr. and Mrs. Sylvan Golaner, of Baltimore, were week-end guests of Mrs. Rose Hurley. .

Mrs. Hettie Horney has returned home after spending some time with relatives and friends in Baltimore.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Smith of Queenstown, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Carey Saddler and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Ireland and son Howard, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Ireland and Miss Evelyn Eaton were guests to a dinner at Mr. and Mrs. Paul Palmer's, near Stevensville in honor of Mr. .Ralph Ireland's birthday.

Mrs. Leuderman, of Wilmington, visited Mrs. Daisy Burns and son, Leon, over the week-end.

Miss Matilda Haddaway, of Baltimore, was the week-end guest of Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Smith and family.

Mrs. Sadie Roe is on the sick list this week.