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

If we limit beauty too narrowly, we fall into the danger of becoming fastidious. It is a bad thing to cultivate the love of beauty when it makes common things, people, life, distasteful to us. It need not be so. Great masters make the humblest flower immortal in their song; walk in glory and in joy, following their plough along the side of the mountain; and impart some random truth from the common things which lie around us.—James Freeman Parker.

THE BRIDGE AGAIN

For two years practical minds on the Eastern Shore thought and hoped that the fantastic plan of bridging Chesapeake Bay along its upper reaches was safely interred.

They understood to the full the incongruousness of the idea that a bridge at Miller's Island would be of any great value to the Eastern Shore. They rated it truly as another example of Baltimore's selfishness, seeking to place a needed improvement at a place of little value merely for the gratification of Baltimoreans who would have little use for and less interest in the bridge once it was constructed.

Certainly few motorists from the central and lower Eastern Shore are likely to make the roundabout trip to reach a toll bridge crossing at Miller's Island when a comparatively few miles farther on a free bridge could be utilized.

But Baltimore wants the bridge even though by getting it Eastern Shoremen will still be encouraged to continue their ties with more accessible Wilmington and Philadelphia, rather than with the Monumental City that idly waves a distant, condescending hand.

The Eastern Shore has become somewhat indifferent to the whole question of the Bay Bridge. If the bridge is not to be constructed at the Sandy Point-Kent Island site, where it would be of value, the Shore does not want any bridge at all. As the current expression is, there is no percentage whatsoever in a bridge at Miller's Island, so why think about it.

However, Baltimore has again jockeyed the Miller's Island site into consideration. The War Department is to give a hearing on the proposition. Queen Anne's will be among the counties that will have to take the trouble of opposing the impractical idea.

The opposition from Queen Anne's does not arise from the fact that Kent Island is within its borders. Queen Anne's has not clamored for a bridge at Kent Island. But if a bridge is to be built Queen Anne's wants it at the proper site where the Bay is narrowest, where the Eastern Shore may take advantage of it, where it will serve as a real link with Southern and Western Maryland, and where all soberly considered judgment urges it. That site is from Sandy Point near Annapolis to Kent Island.

REUNION

The present re-union of the veterans of the Blue and the Gray marking the 75th anniversary of the battle of Gettysburg is another example of the manner in which Time heals all wounds.

Once more armies of the Union Blue and Confederate Gray are under canvas at the site of America's most critical battle. But the armies are different and the purpose is different. Where once thousands of young men and men in full strength of life lay waiting for dawn to hurl them into deadly conflict there are now two thin lines of aged veterans, awaiting merely the call to come forth and cement finally and forever the ties of friendship between the surviving partisans of the War Between the States.

Gettysburg marked the high water mark of the Confederacy in the Civil War, the point to which its full flood reached once and thereafter receded. It was the turning point in the bitter struggle of two violently opposed sections of the United States.

Wholly appropriate is it therefore that at Gettysburg a torch of Eternal Peace should be lighted while yet remain men whose minds reach back to living memories of the great conflict. The final note of unruffled peace is being sounded within the lives of some of those who stood at Gettysburg when the cannon were thundering to smash Pickett's immortal charge. Time has healed the wounds that tore at the Nation's heart on that distant July day.

Along with the grand panorama that is attending this final reunion of the veterans of the Blue and the Gray is the astonishing fact that so many are still with us after the passage of seventy-five years. That stretch of time is well past an ordinary lifetime yet here assemble thousands who were old enough to shoulder arms when Gettysburg was fought.

And among these thousands is one veteran from Queen Anne to add a still closer tie between the Eastern Shore and the noble gesture that is the 75th reunion. To his friends and neighbors in the Queen Anne sector Dallas M. See is the embodiment of what the reunion means. His presence there reminds the Eastern Shore that it, too, had a part in the Gettysburg of the days of conflict and a part also in this Gettysburg of Eternal Peace.

ANOTHER BIRTHDAY

Still true to the ideals of the Founding Fathers the United States will celebrate its 162nd birthday on Monday, the Fourth of July.

The nation which as Lincoln said was "conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men were created equal" remains steadfast to the original purpose laid down by the Continental Congress in the Declaration of Independence.

Many generations have come and gone since the Liberty Bell announced the birth of the new nation. Each later generation reared in a steadily aging tradition of democracy accepts the blessings of liberty and democracy with less wonder that such ideals could be conceived and established upon this ruthless world.

And yet democracy is always on trial, always being sneered at by power-mad dictators and monarchs, always being opposed covertly or openly by those who would turn the world backward to the cruel ages when the heels of the favored few were pressed upon the necks of the helpless many.

The same narrow spirit of autocracy is again rampant in the chancelleries of the world. Call it communism, fascism, socialism, totalitarianism or whatever ism, the ancient foes of democracy are still forging chains of government which regiment their people, which deny them the right to live their own individual lives, which forbid them to speak freely, write honestly, worship as they see fit.

That spirit of denial of human rights, denial of democracy, is flaming now through much of the Old World. Its reaching tentacles seek to extinguish the light of individual liberty in the New World also.

But the United States wants none of these isms. As long as its people cherish the ideals which inspired the formation of this nation we shall keep democracy safe here. And dedication to these ideals will be always the theme of each Fourth of July.

STRANGE TIMES

Curious country, the United States! Telephone poles are growing in Nebraska. Shingles are being mined in New Jersey. The rye on a western farm is too tall to cut. And they are mowing the roof in Washington, D. C.

It's like this: A number of green poles were used to replace old ones along a prairie highway this spring, and rain has been so plentiful that small leafy branches have sprouted on them. Thus far no one has suggested plowing them under.

Giant cedars have been discovered buried in Jersey swamplands, from five to ten feet below marsh level. The logs are still so well preserved after centuries that they are being mined, brought to the surface and cut up into shingles.

It was a farmer near Franklin, Neb., who reported the heavy rains had made his field of rye grow to a height of six feet and two inches—too high for the binder, and he doesn't know how to cut it.

And where, of all places, are they mowing the roof but at the White House! When the executive offices were remodeled early in the Roosevelt administration, new and larger file rooms were constructed at the basement level extending many feet back from the main building. In order to preserve the appearance of the grounds and to spare the lawn on which the President's office looks out, the rooms are below ground and the roof is sodded over. So any day the farmer from Hyde Park may glance out the White House window and see a workman running the lawn mower over the roof as well as the rest of the lawn.

And hardly any of this year's crop of fishing stories or summer sea serpents have appeared.—Christian Science Monitor.

Abner *says*—

Come some more rain an' evvy farm'll know what it means t' plant wheat and worry.

THE Rambling Recorder

June has taken to weeping like her older sister May. But there is something like an eight-months' deficit of rainfall to be made up. The beetle catchers are also rain catchers. We saw one fill up in two hours in Monday afternoon's downpour. Water in the traps, says County Agent Baker, sometimes goes up the wick and ruins the geranium oil that is the bait for the beetles. The weatherman does not like tercentenaries. He drowned out Maryland's four years ago and washed out Delaware's even more thoroughly. There was one thunderclap at 5:30 a. m. Monday morning that woke up all of Centreville's light sleepers. Many farmers came to town on Monday,—too wet to do anything on the farms. But their general complaint was that politics were so quiet they were not worth talking about. We have a poem sent us by Emory E. Hayes, of Greenwich Village in New York, that will appear on this page today, maybe. He is a city man thinking about crops, and is a director of the Ravens poetry circle. Seems strange to have the Fourth of July on our doorstep and no Kent Island Celebration with its attendant rain. Ought to be a dry Fourth.

Ted Shea

—o—

We suppose our readers are a trifle curious about the authors of new columns whenever we get one or two for the Record-Observer. People like Earl Coursey who handles the "Among the Watermen" feature are well known around the county and need no introduction. Earl, by the way, does not bother about writing his column. He comes in on Tuesdays, reaches into a pocket for a fistful of notes, draws up a chair and dictates it, the style that is the ambition of hard working columnists everywhere. The "Let Me Tell You" feature which ought to have a more attractive heading, and will get one one of these days, is authored by a young Queen Anne's county matron who spends much time in New York and gets around there in fine style. She'd be recognized by her husband's name very readily. Her smartly phrased column on fashions and up-to-the-minute helps to beauty and comfort is based on first hand observation. She also has an inside track on latest ideas in her field, apparent of course from the column itself. Her column is written in New York and dated there but it does not come through the mails, just delivered at the office here when she gets home.

—o—

We've heard about the manner in which several people missed, or almost missed, the short Joe Louis fight. But our better half missed it also. She went home, turned the radio on, went upstairs to put the youngster to bed, planning to come down about the second or third round when the scuffle would be interesting. She got down as the radio announcer introduced an orchestra, twirled the dial around and around, then called us, up to ask what happened to the fight. Howard Wheatley down at Wye Mills had heavier straw than he figured on and turned a binder over on a small hill as he tried to cut a full swath. And that is how we heard of Buddy Callahan's latest tale about Wye Mills doings. Buddy was expounding on the ingenuity of some people, Harry Green for instance. According to Buddy, Harry's cow swallowed an apple whole last fall and it lodged in her throat. There was no time for a veterinary so Harry got a block of wood and a mallet, put the block on one side of the apple, cracked down with the mallet, smashed the apple into sauce and saved the cow.

—o—

We thought we were looking at Japanese beetles when Ralph Graham showed us a dozen iridescent insects that gleamed a bright bronze in the light. Ralph nabbed them on milkweed plants on his father's farm. First glance suggested that they were the noxious Japanese variety. Closer investigation proved them smaller, more rectangular while a little book investigation by Ralph classified them as milkweed beetles, harmless in that they only feast on the sticky milkweed. But they are close enough ringers to be swatted by mistake for Japanese pests. Will Stevens of Queen Anne is quite a hand at fishing, year in and year out. He has a swell cabin cruiser, the same in which he has caught hundreds of hardheads for distribution among his friends. But Will is pessimistic this year. He says fishing is common as the Deil himself. We remarked that our Watermen columnist said hardheads could be found wherever there was water to float them. Then Will told us what was wrong. He needs a second hand to help him manage the boat when he is fishing, his pals are busy working every day but Sunday and hardheads, he says don't bite on Sunday at Castle Haven.

THE POET'S CORNER

BACK TO THE FARM!
By Emory E. Hayes

Oh let us take our little all and hie
us to a Farm! Where we can live
the simple life, away from city's harm;
and when the early frost sets in and
jims our crops; why then of course we
have the laugh upon the silly city man;
or when the cornstalks won't bear ears
for want of moisture, rain: we'll then
remember how that city life gave us a
pain . . .

When bold bad striped potato bugs
appear upon our farm and eat our
spuds: we'll be gay, away from city's
harm; or when the cholera kills the pigs, the chickens have the pip; we'll still be glad because we gave that city life the slip . . .

Gaze, please, upon tomatoes, rosy-red and ripe to pick. Remember how that city life just simply made us sick? And so we load the Ford Truck up, all that the engine 'll pull; unto the city's market, then. We find the mart quite full of fancy red tomatoes,—and the durn things are So cheap: the load we bring just about pays the hired man's two week's keep. Potatoes, raised with loving care upon our dewy fields; these many baskets filled with this our season's orchard yield, we haul unto the city's mart—sell, sometimes, at a loss . . .

Yo ho! A carefree farmer's life!
Avaunt the city's dross!

JUNE
By Casper L. Newcomb

In bloom is rose, and now there gleams
Other flowers along the way,
And lovely trees are standing gay
Above the sparkling running streams.

The grass is green where lowly herds
Trample gaily over the leas;
While snuffing in the soothing breeze
As they chew slow upon their curds.

And just beyond, in other fields,
Soon ripe will be the golden grain,
That's kissed by dews and falling rain,
Sunlight, that makes abundant yields.

Messrs. Paul Bostic, Alvin Thompson, Ben Lum, Tom Hughes, Raymond Holdene, Clifton Everett and Mickey Dukes enjoyed a fishing trip on Sunday at Bower's Beach, Del., bringing home 165 fish.

OUR READERS SAY:

To the Editor:

You stated in your paper last week, that the American Legion Post from Chestertown, Md., sent a delegation to look for the boy who was drowned, and where the Dixon man from here was also drowned. Let me ask you to correct your item in your paper about our Post. This Post sent no one down there to look for these men. There was veterans from this place there, but they were not members of the Legion.

I therefore will ask you to correct that item in your paper. The men there were not members of our Post. They may have said they were, but that is not true.

I am, yours truly,
NORMAN E. PETERSON,
Adjutant Frank M. Jarman
Post No. 36.
Chestertown, Md.

Let me tell you

It seems to be the designers have outdone themselves this year in yachting costumes and accessories. There are smart outfits to meet all budgets. Of course the denim suits and overall are the most practical for sailing—two piece slack and jacket ensembles and overalls cut so they may be worn with or without blouses. There are many odd jackets in stripes and high colors—aids when the sun is sinking. We can be just as dressy as we please however—slack ensembles in sharkskin, bengalines and exquisite prints—boleros, jackets, halters in flattering designs—even ensembles for dinner wear. Isn't it a joy to find the streamlined designs of today are really becoming?

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Many of the shops are featuring a picnic basket which accomodates six people. It is strongly woven of ash and contains two toasting forks, pickle fork, and pepper and salt shakers. Also one model that the top lifts off to be set on the ground as a sturdy table. Both models under $2.00.

—o—

Berets are being worn more than ever so pull down the storage boxes from the shelf and get in line. If you find the cupboard bare run out and get one or several. They are being worn forward, off the face or any rakish angle you choose. I saw one in white rayon pique yesterday that would be adaptable to most all costumes—$2.95.

—o—

Have you heard of Pervel, the new material which is going to revolutionize our laundry troubles? I found it hard to believe it is actually paper. It has the appearance of percale, no ironing—simply smooth it out, but best of all it is so inexpensive we can replace it with new at less than the laundry cost. The stores are already showing pillow slips at ten cents a piece and Pyno pillow slips for hay fever victims at three for fifty cents. They tell me that by fall—sheets, diaper linings, printed curtain materials and tablecloths will be in the shops. If the new designs prove as practical as the pillow slips I am sold!

—o—

The recent warm days have filled the sidewalk cafes to overflowing. At the Chatham Walk I found so many smartly groomed ladies loking as cool as cucumbers. I noticed many black sheers with touches of white but also navy, luggage and especially cool grey ensembles. Margaret Horan, one of our most charming and beautiful models, was in a grey tailored sheer suit and a huge grey cartwheel hat—her hair swirled upward to meet the chic tilt of the brim.

—o—

Reducers! Some thoughtful soul has finally concocted a dressing for the diet conscious throng. We have looked at rich mayonnaise and unhappily taken our salads in the raw. Now we can purchase Leanermaise. It tastes the same as mayonnaise but instead of 100 calories to the tablespoon there are a mere 3. It is made of a mineral oil base with fruit juices, spices and no sugar.

—o—

I am always at your disposal for information regarding your wardrobe and household problems. Send all inquiries in to the Queen Anne's Record-Observer. Until next week:

— MARION CHAPELL.

Among The Watermen

By Edward Earl Coursey

Fishing in general has been fairly good all through the waters of the county except for the stormy weather Monday and Tuesday. There is not much fishing done on Mondays and Tuesdays.

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Captain Oscar Smith took out a party from the Maryland Coal and Coke Company of Philadelphia including his brother H. R. Smith vice-president of the company, on Sunday. The weather was stormy from the South and the water very rough. The party landed 163 croakers or hardheads and a few large perch. Every one enjoyed the trip and spoke of having a good time.

—o—

On Saturday Captain Smith took out a party from Philadelphia and they caught a large number of hardheads or croakers. In the party were J. F. McGinnis, of Philadelphia; Marshall Main, Ardmore; Alexander Young, West Philadelphia; A. M. Geisweit, Glendloen; John J. Sweeney, Ardmore; Joseph C. Clymer, Glenside, and C. A. Cristy, Glenolden.

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Captain Owens Yewell of Bryantown, took a party out on Wye River Friday and they caught a good many hardheads. Captain Yewell's method in fishing for hardheads is certain. He runs around until he sees a lot of dirty water then he anchors and starts fishing.

—o—

Captain Louis Pierson, Captain Tom Carey and Captain Alec Thomas had parties out over the week-end but I haven't heard what they caught.

—o—

Captain Raymond Warner, seinehauler of Bryantown, will be hauling his net out for repairs the first of July as July is the closed season for commercial fishermen. Captain Warner and many other commercial fishermen have wondered why the month of July is cut off. It is supposed to be the spawning season. They know of no fish that spawns in July in county waters.

—o—

Captain Jim Collier of Grasonville who is ten thousand years old has been an old time fisherman. At present he occupies his mind by cleaning and preparing fish for Captain Smith's parties. Captain Collier is known throughout the tidewater section of Queen Anne's county. When he was seine hauling many farmers liked to see Captain Jim come in because they knew he would give them the best bunch of fish he had.

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Crabbing is about the same. Some of Calvert Jones' labor have left to go picking beans and doing other farm work because of an insufficient amount of crabs for them to get a livelihood. Stormy weather just about stopped crabbing Monday and Tuesday.

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It is about time that some one was catching those big rock that are in the Narrows. As yet I haven't heard of any being caught yet but this is the season for the big rock.

RADIANT LIVING

PORT OF HEART'S DESIRE

By Rev. C. M. Griffeth
Methodist Pastor
of Deal's Island

Have not you, as have I, stood many times on the white sands of some ocean beach and looked far out across the expanse of the green blue waters to that distant gray horizon and wondered just what country or city lay opposite?

As we look out over the sea of life there lies beyond the horizon of visible things that particular port where the inhabitants, we are told, spend every day in the enjoyment of those refined pleasures that come from the appreciation of and in the utilization of those higher things in life.

This is that Port of Heart's Desire called Happiness.

Is this not what all men want but which few attain? Stop the average man on the street and ask him what is his chief desire in life and, if he is a thoughtful man, he will immediately answer you, "Happiness!"

But where, you may be asking, can this Port of Heart's Desire be located?

Its location is not a mystery. It is plainly marked on the map of life's activities. You will find it in the Land of Service.

Happiness is not to be found in living for one's self and for one's self advancement; but it is to be found in living for others. It is not so much what you do in life, whether you are a doctor, nurse, lawyer, teacher, or even a day laborer, it is not so much what you do, but the thing that counts is the spirit in which you do it. It lies in the motive that sends you forth to do your task in life.

Seek to make the world a better place a cleaner place, a safer place for others to live in and you will discover that you have arrived in this delightful Port of Heart's Desire—and lasting happiness.

Mrs. PaulHufffington and son Paul, spent a few days last week with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Eley.

BOOKS You May Enjoy

By Graham Watson

The Colossus of Arcadia, by E. Phillips Oppenheim, Little, Brown and Co.

The French Rivieria, the threat of war between two European powers, the thrills of secret dictatorship, these are the condiments which Mr. Oppenheim combines in this story to bring out that inimitable Oppenheim flavor. The time is the present. The hero is a young man whose Monte Carlo visit almost precipitated a clash of arms. The heroine is a charming American girl, who never expected to play a part in the world drama.

This is Mr. Oppenheim's one hundred and fourth novel.

The Wind Blows West, by B. M. Bower, Little, Brown and Co.

This new Bower Western deals with the problem which is more common in fact than in fiction. What happens to the growing boy who is completely carried off his feet by the notoriety given to the "outlaws" and "bad men", who isn't able, in other words, to digest his dime novels? One doesn't have to be very tall to ride a horse or very strong to shoot a revolver.

This is a story of such a bad man, who becomes a serious problem in a Montana community, told with Mr. Bower's gift for drawing convincing pictures of the West and its people.

Ford Foundation Awards Prize.

The Julia Ellsworth Ford Foundation has awarded its 1938 prize for the best manuscript for children to Phyllis Crawford, of New York City. Miss Crawford received the prize of $3,000 for her "Hello, the Boat." A story of a tore-boat life on the Ohio River in the early 19th century. She has contributed frequently to magazines under the pseudonym of "Josie Turner".

"Hello, the Boat!" will be brought out in the Fall by Henry Holt and Company.

Carnegie Medal to Eve Garnett.

"The Family From One-End Street", a story for children by Eve Garnett has been awarded the Carnegie Gold Medal by the Library Association of Great Britain for the best juvenile book of the year. Miss Garnett is the second author to receive the Medal since the establishment of this award, last year's winner being Arthur Ransome for his book "Pigeon Post".

Miss Garnett's book is the story of a dustman and his family. It has been very successful in bookstores and book departbents and has the approval of librarians. The author illustrated her own book.

The Queen Anne's County Social Register

STEVENSVILLE

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Denney, sr., were visitors in Baltimore last Tuesday.

Miss Marie Marvel, of Washington, D. C., was the week-end guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. James W. Marvel.

Mr. John Carr Norris, of Baltimore, spent the week-end with his parents, Dr. and Mrs. John C. Norris.

Miss Ellen Hopkins, of Baltimore, was the guest over the week-end of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Hopkins.

We take the opportunity to extend our sympathy to the bereaved relatives and friends of Mrs. John F. Ruth.

Miss Dora Sewell and Miss Julia Norman of the faculty of the Stevensville high school left Monday morning to enter Maryland University for their summer course. Miss Esther Kauffman, also a member of the teacher's staff will leave Friday to enter the University of Maine. Miss Elizabeth Price who teaches in the Elementary School has entered John Hopkins.

Mr. Daniel Hopkins entertained at dinner on Sunday eveing in honor of his son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas W. Jones, jr., of Philadelphia. The guests were, Mr. Thomas W. Jones, sr., of Ridgely, and Mr. William R. Jones and Mr. Edward Hopkins, of Baltimore. Mr. Jones, jr., has now gone to Ridgely, to spend a few days with his parents, while Mrs. Jones is visiting with her father.

Mr. and Mrs. Gerald C. Neibergall, of Hackensack, N. J., and Miss Mary Snyder, of Baltimore, were guests during the past week of Dr. and Mrs. Charles E. Snyder.

Mr. and Mrs. John Robert Cook, of Harrisburg, Pa., are visiting with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Cook.

Mrs. Robert Councell and daughter, Miss Hazel Councell, spent several days last week in Baltimore visiting relatives.

Mr. Daniel Langrall, of Baltimore is at the home of his brother, Rev. James F. Langrall, while recuperating from a tonsil operation.

Mr. Howard Thompson, of Gloverton, N. Y., is visiting Mr. and Mrs. John Longan, of "Long Acres."

A luncheon was held at the Matapeake Club House last Wednesday for the purpose of organizing recreation classes for the Summer months under the supervision of the Red Cross.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Fred Stevens were guests of relatives in Chestertown, one day last week.

Miss Mary Ellen Breeding ,of Richmond, Va., is spending some time with her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Harry P. Breeding.

Miss Lois Southard is spending this week in Baltimore as the guest of Miss Clara Bryan.

Little Miss Freya Sattlemaier is spending some time at the home of Mr. and Mrs. William Roll, of Hyattsville.

Mrs. Fannie Legg is spending some timee in Baltimore with relatives on Saturday she attended the wedding of her grand-daughter.

Mrs. Ida Aaron, of Hooper's Island, was the guest last week of her son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. William Aaron.

Miss Janet Breeding is visiting in New York City as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Elliot Tolson.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Baker motored to Baltimore Sunday to spend the day with Mrs. Baker's mother, Mr. B. W. White, who is a patient at Church Home and Infirmary Hospital.

Dr. J. W. Waller joined a group of his friends from Martinsburg, W. Va., on a fishing party in the Chesapeake Bay on Sunday.

Mr. Martin Radkie, manager of the American Store, spent the week-end with his family in Rock Hall.

Miss Ruth Kolata spent Tuesday with Miss Beatrice Roe, of Dominion.

Mrs. Russum Legg and daughters, Nancy Jean and Jarrelyn, spent last Thursday with Mrs. Ernestine Matthews of Baltimore. Nancy Jean is continuing her visit for another week.

QUEENSTOWN

The Homemakers' Club will meet with Mrs. Benjamin Melvin, sr., on Thursday, June 30, at 1:30 p. m. If that delicious home-made ice cream is served, all who attend will be fully repaid for on matter how hot the afternoon may be nor even how hard it may rain, that home-made ice cream is par excellence. We would like to have a good attendance for Mrs. Algernon Carter, Mrs. Florence Rhodes and Miss Dorothy Melvin who attended the Short Couroe at the University of Maryland will give talk on their experiences. And do not overlook the fact that Miss Kirk will have something interesting to hand along to those who stayed home.

It is closed season now for the Contract Club as they had their final meeting at the home of Mrs. Harry F. Roberts on Tuesday evening. Due to a canny double at the propitious moment, top score went to Mrs. B. R. Cook with If cards falling to the lot of Mrs. E. S. Rowens. Mrs. J. Fred Hodlen captured second best and Mrs. H. C. Reynolds poled in the floating prize. The club planned to have dinner and cards at the Matapeake Club House one evening this week but the old weather man who cares naught for fair ladies even though they may be covered with cellophane, just refused to hold back the flood gates. Another time Mr. Evans.

Summer visitors are beginning their influx. Guests with Miss Caroline Wilson are enjoying croquet on the velvety lawn. Guests at Privilege are enjoying fireworks on Sunday evening. Guests of Mr. and Mrs. W. I. Tuttle will be the sister and brother-in-law of Mr. Tuttle; Mr. and Mrs. William Wood and children, of West Point, N. Y. And will they enjoy the supper given by the Ladies' Aid of the Methodist Church on the church grounds this Wednesday evening. Mrs. Lillian Henniman, of New York, will open her summer home on Delrhodes Avenue this Friday for the remaining season. Her many friends who so enjoy the evenings on her porch, are more than pleased.

A recent bride of the Faculty of the Centreville high school, was glimpsed Rolls Roycing through our town on Sunday afternoon. We do hope they decide to take up residence at the Granery.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Carter and children, of Cloverfields were alternate guests on Sunday with Mrs. Margaret Cross and family. Miss Ruth Cross of Washington was also home for the week-end.

A steady downpour is on the other side of the window but it has this compensation, the ceasing of those nerve-wracking torpedoes. This town has a full quota of wealthy parents, or perhaps, indifferent ones.

INGLESIDE

Mrs. William Clendaniel, Mrs. Edward Barton and Mrs. Walter T. Morris, jr., gave a tea one afternoon last week in honor of their sister, Miss F. Anna Wilson who sailed for France on Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Merrick Wilson of Poolesville, Mr. and Mrs. Walter T. Morris, jr., of Chestertown, and Mr. and Mrs. Edward Barton, accompanied Miss Anna Wilson to New York on Tuesday, where they saw her leave on Wednesday for a trip to France.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter L. Dukes entertained Mr. and Mrs. George Cunningham and daughter Betty, of Baltimore over the week-end. They all visited Mr. and Mrs. Robert Roe near Price on Sunday.

Miss Margaret Merrick, who teaches school at Felton, Del., is home for the summer vacation with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Merrick.

Miss Margaret Downs, of New York, is spending some tide with Miss Margaret Merrick.

Miss Evelyn Cannon ,of Greensboro, spent Sunday with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Cannon.

Miss Francis Kimbles is spending the summer at the home of her mother, Mrs. William Kimbles near town.