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, wholeheartedly.

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QUOTATION OF THE WEEK

Just as in the case of the arts, so in the case of business there are persons gifted with rare talents which they may apply for the benefit of others. It is not the profits which attract the enterpriser, for how can we explain his tireless efforts and ceaseless endeavors which continue long after financial success has been achieved? Many a capitalist—as we sometimes call the enterpriser—accumlates enough wealth to give up of luxury and leisure. Yet he keeps his business activities to enjoy a life on. Why? More and more enterprisers are adopting the motto that 'ownership is a public responsibility." They are realizing the importance of their services to their country though the public may neither recognizes nor reward them.—Lew Zikman, sugar manufacturer at Harbin, Manchuria.

LIFE SAVING

The Red Cross swimming classes were instituted in Queen Anne's county for a double-barreled safety purpose, to teach people to swim and to teach swimmers to rescue those in distress in the water.

Hundreds of young people and adults have learned to swim under the tutelage of Julian Coleman. The first fruit of the lifesaving classes came Saturday when stripling Reese Bayne, 13-year-old Crumpton lad, put his acquired skill to test and found it good when he rescued a nine-year-old lad from the Chester river channel.

In diving for the younger lad Reese took a risk, as any swimmer knows, the risk of being tangled by one in distress. But Reese moving underwater used the correct technique, brought the nine-year-old out of the river safely and credited himself with one of the major glories in this world, saving a life.

When the Red Cross classes were started last summer it was forecast that in time there would be enough swimmers with lifesaving training to be a squad of protection to bathers in Queen Anne's waters. After Reese Bayne's gallant act there is no reason to doubt the forecast.

NO LILIES

The lilies of the field that toil not, neither do they spin, are on the way out in Queen Anne's. The law is after them.

This week four persons were brought before the bar of justice accused of being without lawful occupation or apparent source of income. It is work or jail for these four.

Public opinion in America is generally against the man who will not work. Europeans visiting here marvel at what they term the American's passion for work. It is only in recent years that top society in Europe condescended to admit the hand that toiled, even though it were as manager of a huge enterprise.

There is a class in New York which likes to run counter to American thought lest they be termed yokels. This group living by their wits proclaim that only saps work.

But America was made by workers from the first settlers on. A regular occupation whether it be an humble or a high one, is rated the mark of character here. The man of no occupation is held with suspicion.

So it may be that the law will make these four defendants better citizens by teaching them the responsibility of providing for their own livelihood. At any rate it will serve the first purpose of the war against vagrants, trimming the Welfare lists of those who should not be public charges and nipping at the bud the idea that an American can live his life off Welfare.

BREATHING SPELL

The final shelving of the so-called Lend-Spend Bill, originally intended to lend or spend three billion dollars is a sign that America has had enough for a while of the attempt to spend ourselves into prosperity.

It was pleasant while it lasted, as is any spending spree by an individual. While the pocketbook gets thin and debts pile up alarmingly the spend-drunk sobers up.

Congress has been talking and tossing billions so long that it is tiring of the game. Besides business conditions have not picked up the speed expected. The veins of industry and commerce did not bulge gigantically from repeated shots in the arm, did not pick up the slack of unemployment, did not raise prices for farm products, did not generate a golden stream of surplus wealth back to the treasury.

So Congress has put on the brake. Three more billion dollars of Americans' money is not going to be spent, at least, not until another Congress takes a different action.

The nation will have a breathing spell from spending, a chance to sit back and think. It will have opportunity to decide if it can get along without billion dollar deficits. And it may have time to think up other ways of wooing prosperity.

RAIN

There was the weatherman out West who took a week's vacation in July and ran into five days of rain. Vacationists and week-enders, picnickers and patrons of outdoor entertainment are sometimes irritated by having their fun dampened by a downpour.

These petty irritations are needless. Rain is one of the greatest blessings of mankind. It is the first source of the medium for quenching man's thirst. In areas like Smith's Island where no supply of drinking water is available rain water is caught and hoarded. The very rain which may irritate a week-ender may be relief untold to a householder whose rainwater cistern is dry and cracking.

Rain makes crops and vegetation grow, is the fundamental requirement for all of man's food, creates the green scenery such as softens Eastern Shore horizons with broad fields and leafy forests. Utility and beauty both spring from the moisture from heaven.

The soil was created by rain, even though the soil may also be carried away by rain when man abuses vegetable cover. Even health is dependent upon rain, for each shower which may send picnickers scurrying and spectators hurrying will repay by washing away dirt, filth and germs.

There have been times when rain piled up in floods and sudden cloudbursts which destroy life and property, yet floods once in a while are preferable to no rain at all.

Realization of these benefits should soften the irritant when a man finds his only days free from labor mopped out by storms but human nature being what it is, the man will find no solace. He will continue to bemoan, Just my luck.

STILL STRONG

The demise of the independent merchant ,due to the rigors of competition, is often forecast by the pessimistic. But apparently the independent refuses to take the hint. Instead of dying, he's in amazingly good health.

The Twentieth Century Fund, an organization whose specialty is fact finding, irrespective of what the facts prove or whose toes are trodden upon, recently made a survey to find out just how matters stand in the merchandising field. And here is the opening paragraph of the Fund's report: "Despite the rise of the chain store and the development of new forms of retailing such as the supermarket, the independent, single-store merchants have held their own in numbers since 1929 and now operate nearly 86 per cent of the stores in the United States, handling nearly two-thirds of the total retail sales volume."

The better independent stores have emulated successful merchandising ideas of their organizations, in order to cut overhead and middleman costs. Like the chains, they are substantial advertisers, particularly in their local newspapers. They've gone after business with all the competitive weapons at their command, and they've obtained and kept it.

From the consumer's own point of view, this is a very happy state of affairs. Open competition, between independents and chains, is the best possible medicine for curing the once-prevalent disease of high prices and poor service in retailing. The store owner who can look out of his window and see an aggressive competitor across the street is going to give his customers every possible break.

Finally, agriculure, too, has been a major beneficiary of competitive merchandising. The special campaigns undertaken on behalf of "distressed" crops are a case in point. And in the normal way of business ,both independents and chains have increased the market and created a more varied and stable demand for the produce of the soil. And that means coins to jingle in thousands of farmer's pockets.

AMAZING!

One of the amazing things at the New York World's Fair comes under the heading of the World of Tomorrow, and specifically it is frying eggs on a cool stove. The World of Tomorrow claims that a person may sit on this stove and read a book, while the eggs are frying in a pan on his lap. No wonder some visitors gaze at the World of Tomorrow with misgivings, and a lifted eyebrow. This picture of things to come—especially frying eggs in one's lap—not unnaturally leaves some people cold. It may even renew their appreciation of the world of today.—Christian Science Monitor.

A new play is to be entitled "The Architect." Well, it ought to draw good houses.—Humorist.

THE Rambling Recorder

August is here. Vacation time for some of the force now that the big edition is printed and done. The men celebrated with a crab feast at Fishmen's Inn Friday evening and had a good, hearty letdown from labor. Gus Sittnick, linotype operator, got a lesson from Hall Barton on how to pick a crab and then proceeded to outspeed everyone in eating them. The stereotype man told us proudly the next day that he won the beer drinking championship. Vachel Downes, formerly a crack plant superintendent, dropped in just as the crabs started rolling but slowed up on his eating long enough to produce a couple of new records for the electric phonograph. There is a lot of work turning out a newspaper but once in a while there is fun.

Ted Shea

—o—

Don't know whether to tell this on Frank Elzey but his wife and neighbors had a hearty laugh about it. The neighbors found out from the clothesline. Frank and the Missus took in the Chester River Regatta Friday from the deck of a swanky twin-screw cruiser. Naturally he was dolled up. Just about the time they were nearing the pier and everything had quieted down Frank got up near the bow to show how he could throw a rope and lasso a pole. He clamped his teeth on his cigar, struck a pose and let 'er rip. But he forgot to let go of the rope and went with it overboard. For a moment the Missus was scared but Frank bobbed up like a cork, his glasses still on and his cigar still in his mouth. And it was still in his mouth when he was hauled aboard. Next day Mrs. Elzey let the secret out in a smooth, easy way. She started at one end of the clothesline and hung up Frank's duds in order, his suit, tie, shirt, down to his socks, then lest there be any doubt finished off with his shoes and his pocketbook.

—o—

Mary Fennimore Sheppard poet laureate of Queen Anne's threatens to put Swing into her poetry. If she really intends to jive and goes from the licorice stick to the lumberyard she'll show the jitterbugs and cats how to do limber rug cutting. We'll take a sample, for the Poet's Corner. Captain Philip W. Reeves ,moving spirit of the Corsica River Yacht Club, believes the way to teach a boy how to handle a boat is to let him handle one. On Saturday he allowed two lads to sail his craft in the race in his absence. He laid down but two requirements, Keep the boat right side up, and, Finish the race regardless of how long it takes to come in. Incidentally the Captain, who sailed the Seven Seas, avers that the Corsica river is as fine a stretch of water as can be found for small boat racing.

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In the trial of those charged with violating the vagrancy laws one of the colored defendants was asked when he had ever worked. He mentioned a job he had several years ago and then looking up at Police Justice Elmer Anthony who was hearing the case remarked, "I worked for Mr. Anthony once." It proved a boomerang for the man when it developed he had spent a day and a half doing three hours' work and had not turned a hand since. All three members of the last board of County Commissioners were on the Courthouse Green chatting together Tuesday afternoon, possibly the first time Mr. George, Mr. Boyle and Mr. Cockey had held a reunion on the Green since December. Later Mr. Cockey got talking about the old price for farm labor. His memory goes away back when, fifty years ago, he said, top farmhands were paid $11 a month and keep. He wanted an especially good hand and hired him, simply by offering $11.50 per month. Then he wondered if other farmers would censure him for raising farm wages.

THE POET'S CORNER

COULD BE WORSE

By E .O. Willis

Seems so hard to get along,
Altho we try our best,
We get the things most needed,
And do without the rest.

Family big takes lots of food,
Children all need clothes,
How we live on what I make,
The Lord in heaven knows.

Jobs around are hard to find,
The pay is way to low,
You have to do a heap of work,
And make such little dough.

Things a looking sort a bad,
Its hard to make a dollar,
Spirits getting kindly low,

Poor man has an awful time,
But taint no use to holler,
To keep a firm belief,
That times will soon be better,
With no need for the relief.

A novelist who got an entirely new plot from the stage adaption of one of his novels can hardly wait for it to be filmed, to get a third.—Portland Oregonian.

It was an old editor of ours who ordered, "Hereafter no ships are to 'limp' into Boston harbor through the columns of this newspaper." But we see it's still going on.—Detroit News.

Sudlersville Traveler Finds Grand Canyon Soul Exalting View

By Mary S. Chance

(Miss Chance has recently returned to her home in Sudlersville after several months spent on the West Coast. The following is her description of the Grand Canyon.)

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I had not slept well, so heavy and weary around the eyes, I was a peevish passenger until I aroused to the fact, a long anticipation and the luxurious privilege of seeing the Grand Canyon had finally arrived.

After a strenuous walk through the snow, with an up-grade of 7,000 feet, I saw seats, a stone wall and then this amazing mystery broke suddenly into full view.

There in northern Arizona on a plateau with an elevation of 9,000 feet above sea level is a forest of aspen, Spruce and white fir.

The Colorado River, the most violent stream in the world, has cut through this plateau and hewn out this bewildering canyon 217 miles long, and from four to eighteen miles wide, and one mile deep.

From the rim it appears one could step across this stream but the Colorado River is 300 feet wide and 42 feet deep and still carries away 1,000,000 tons of stand and silt every 24 hours, keeping sharp every pinnacle, dome and tower and creating new ones.

There are many interesting points along the paved highway which follows the entire canyon rim. Two trails lead into this yawning chasm. Visitors may hike or ride a mule seven miles of trail down. But take heed! It seems seven times seven miles climbing up 5,000 feet.

From the tower there is a panorama of rugged grandeur stretching away in the distance. A scene to subdue and exhalt the heart. If any one is disappointed in this panoramic mystery, the millenium is near at hand for him.

It juggled all sorts of weather during our short stay. The storm clouds opened, and the snow fell as a loving benediction, then Nature as an artist painted anew shrub and tree.

The exquisitely shadowed pinnacles of red, brown and yellow were strangely familiar to me, but in some mysterious way, all shades and hues that can not be described lingered over these unfathomable depths converting them into fairyland. I saw cloud shadows and sun shadows. Rainbows hanging in space. The sunlight turning to mist. Drifting fleecy clouds ever changing and blending in mystical tints. The canyon presents a different picture at different hours in the day and each picture is more beautiful than the last. The indigo night is bewitching.

The first impression of the canyon is an ovewhelming awe at its abysmal depth and its huge dimension. The reaction is simply that of silence. Then a growing sense of its amazing beauty. I felt God had set it there as a sign. Of what I do not know. This I know, it intoxicates the imagination. It is truly God's masterpiece!

OUR READERS SAY:

The Record-Observer solicits letters from the general public for this column, but such letters do not necessarily represent the views of this newspaper, and we assume no responsibility for the accuracy of the statement contained therein.

July 28,1939.

To the Editor:

In my opinion your 115th anniversary edition is the outstanding newspaper ever produced on the Del-Mar-Va Peninsula and I want to express my most hearty congratulations to you both and your staff. In these days of political intrigue, when most of the papers on the Eastern Shore of Maryland are given to the whims of the job-giving political bosses it is indeed refreshing to see a paper that consistently prints the news as it happens without color or favor to either side. Your paper always is a tribute to the profession of journalism and a monument to the fact that the star of aggressive, principal newspapers is still in the ascendency.

The 115th anniversary issue is a combination of a History of Queen Anne's County and a business index of the territory. In typography and presswork as well as content you have produced a record-breaking newspaper.

Very sincerely yours,
MALCOLM MELVIN.

Denton, Md.

July 31, 1939.

To the Editor:

Allow me space in your paper to send you a comment on the contents of your last week's paper. Very interesting to read. As you all ready know I am no chicken so it brings back fond recollections of bygone days that seems very thrilling to me! You gave us antique writings but none of antique faces. You gave us instead faces that reminded me so many I used to see in newspapers during the World War.

Some looked thrilling, some looked sad;
Some looked happy, some looked glad.
Some looked willing t odo his best—
Some looked like they were anxious to go to the
World's Fair, for a rest.

MRS. MARY WHITE.

Ruthsburg, Md.

August 1, 1939.

To the Editor:

We, as a one-time advertiser in the Queen Anne's Record-Observer, wish to be among the first to congratulate you and your entire staff for such spectacular work that was performed in the make-up of your 115th Anniversary Publication.

The writer feels free to say that with the aid of this paper we will challenge any other publication in the United States to equal the Queen Anne's Record-Observer advertising ability and technical layout.

We hope that we will have an occasion to give you more business in the months to come.

Yours very truly,
U. L. HARMAN.
ALLEN L. STAFFORD,
Sales Depart.

Marydel, Md.

July 31,1939.

To the Editor:

Congratulations on a very fine anniversary edition!

Sincerely Yours,
MAX CHAMBERS.
Caroline Pub. Co.

Preston, Md.

RADIANT LIVING

HIS BANNER OF LOVE

By Rev. C. M. Griffeth
Pastor Ridgely M .E. Church
Ridgely, Md.

Among the beautiful phrases that one finds in that highly picturesque and emotional poetic writing of the Old Testament, the Song of Solomon, is one that reads: " his banner over me was love."

The phrase is suggestive of a heroic man pushing froward in an effort to carry his banner toward a victorious achievement. Although surrounded by discouraging conditions and hindering circumstances, he presses his way on inch by inch, steadily mounting every obstacle in his pathway with a determination to win or to die in the attempt.

You can not tnoughtfully read this phrase from the Song of Solomon without at once feeling how expressive it is of the spirit of the ministry of Jesus.

As we see Him struggling forward in the accomplishment of His ministry, handicapped by the ignorance of the people and obstructed by the Animosity of the Pharisees, we become aware of the fact that through it all He carried heroically above Him the banner of Love. Although unseen by physical eye, that banner of Love was flying over every act of His blessed ministry.

When the hopeless leper pleadingly approached Him, was not His heart filled with compassion? Did He not touch him into immediate health? When He sat on the Mount of Olives and looked out over the old city of Jerusalem, was it not out of the love of His heart that He wept over their blindness to truth and their hardness of heart? When He was Himself gripped by the agony of a treacherous and maliciously inflicted death, was it not out of love for even His enemies that He summoned the last remnants of His fast ebbing strength in a prayer for their forgiveness?

This banner of love which He carried all through His ministry has now been given into our hands. At the Last Supper He handed this banner to His disciples and to us when He said: "A new commandment I give unto you, That ye love one another."

Happy is the man whose chief aim in life, whose motive of service for his fellow men, [illegible] touch upon the lives of other[illegible] [illegible]at of Divine Life!

HEED NOT CRITICS

By Casper L. Newcomb

Heed not what Critic's say, and mind
A business of what ever is your kind;
For, he who fashions out, in his own way,
Is made the greatest builder of his day.

Can not a man fashion for 'self, or please
His own notion of right, and self appease.
As shapes inward his knowledge of his likes,
Which in his life he reaches for and strikes.

Seem like if some of us are never heard;
It matters not, how loud is spoke a word
In favor of some useful thing; a one
To all the world is usefulness, if done.

What is it a Critic knows anyway
About what God has taught in you to say,
Or do? O! you ever keen watchful spies
You detect flaws, thats never seen with eyes.

PONDTOWN

Mr. and Mrs. Julian Morris of near Templeville spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Alonzo Alexander. They also entertained Mr. Virgil Morris one evening as supper guest.

Mrs. Charles Moffett of Dover, Del., and Mr. and Mrs. Earl Tate and family spent last Sunday as guests of Miss L. May Ringgold.

Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Wallace of Church Hill visited Mr. and Mrs. Perre Lynch last Sunday.

Miss Elsie Walls is spending a week with Miss Hilda Burris.

Miss Neva Lynch of Wilmington spent last Sunday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Perre Lynch.

BOOKS You May Enjoy

By Graham Watson

America's Best Seller

A good many sweeping statements have been made about best sellers from time to time. Publishers like to claim that their particular best seller is the most astounding one on record. Just to keep the record clear some one set out to discover what was the American best seller of all time.

It was found that the "best-seller", in total sales second only to the Bible, is a small but important book—Noah Webster's "Blue-Black Speller". Publish in 1783, the first "United States Schoolbook Issued Under Our Flag", it has piled up the amazing total of sales of more than one hundred millions of copies.

The first edition of "The Blue-Black Speller" is excessively rare; the only three copies are in libraries of Harvard, The American Antiquarian Society and the Watkins Library in Hartford, Conn. Ransack the old garret and if you find a first edition you will be able to take a trip to both the World's Fairs.

Newberry And Caldecott Medals Awarded

The Newberry Medal, this year, went to "Thimble Summer", by Elizabeth Enright, for "the year's best book for children". "Thimble Summer" was published in August, 1938, by Farrar and Rinehart. "Mei Li", written and illustrated by Thomas Handforth and published by Doubleday Doran, received the Caldecott Medal, now in its second year, for the best illustrated children's book.

Fall Announcements Of Books For Children

Already "Mrs. Peregrine At The Fair" shows signs of being among the elect. Walt Disney's "Pinnocchio" is coming and a Walt Disney "The Ugly Duckling". There's "Fair Play" by Munro Leaf; "The King's Stilts", by Dr. Seuss; "The Junior Party Book", by Bernice Wells Carson; the Robert Lawson edition of "Pilgrim's Progress"; "The Second Sing-A-Song Player Book". And many, many others. If you are interested ask us for a complete list or rather whatever particular age books you may desire to know about, and the information will be sent with pleasure.

Kurt Wiese takes the prize for industry as he has done the illustrations for thirteen Fall children's books.

"Rebecca" and "An American Doctor's Odyssey" are among the reprints for August, which means for a limited time the price will be materially lessened.

Book-of-the-Month Club selection for August is "Not Peace But A Sword", by Vincent Sheean.

Literary Guild selection for August is "Mr. Emmanuel", by Louis Golding.

Religious Book Club Selection is "The Religion of a Healthy Mind", by Charles T. Holman.

Catholic Book Club selection is "Apostle of Charity", by Theodore Maynard.

Queen Anne's County Social Register

PRICE

Services at Bethany Church for Sunday will be Sunday School at 10 a. m. The Evening Service will be entirely in charge of the Young Peoples' Organization. A paper, entitled, "What The Young People Expect of the Church," prepared by the young people will be read by Miss Inez Moore.

The Bethany Sunday School held their S. S. picnic at Tolchester on Tuesday of this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles F. Scott and sons, Ford and Allan, of Philadelphia are vacationing with his mother, Mrs. Sarah F. Scott.

Mr. Charles Brower and son Robert, of Pierceville, Va., spent a few days this week with his brother and sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Brower.

Mrs. Alfred King and children Lorene and Wayne of Linwood, and her mother, Mrs. Kate Elliott, of Claymont, Del., were supper guests Thursday with Mrs. Lydia Brown.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis F. High and daughter Doris, of Abingdon, were dinner guests Wednesday of Mr. and Mrs. Melvin Chance.

Mr. Clayton Atkinson returned on Sunday to his home in Pikesville after spending his vacation with relatives at Linwood, Pa., and Royal Oak, and the past week with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Brodford Atkinson.

Mr. and Mrs. Franklin Walls spent Friday with her cousins, Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Plummer at Dover, Del.

Mr. and Mrs. Max Harrison of Penns Grove, N. J., spent Friday with her brother and sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Earle Everett.

Mr. Robert Lownes of Philadelphia spent the week-end with his wife, and Mr. and Mrs. Kent Price and sons, of Chestertown were also Sunday guests of the Price family.

STARR

Quite a number of citzens, both white and colored, and quite a few people from other counties have been gathering the annual harvest of huckleberries in the huckleberry swamps in the large tract of woods near here. Each and every year a number of citizens make as high as three dollars a day gathering these berries which readily sell at one dollar a bucket.

Mr. Harry Lyons, the field man for the Phillips Packing Company of Willoughby was through this section on Saturday looking over the prospects for sugar corn. He was well pleased with the many fields he viewed.

The Ladies' Aid of the Starr M. E. Church met at the church house on Frdiay evening. A large crowd was in attendance and it was a splendid success.

The Starr Sunday School held their picnic on Tuesday at Tolchester. A large crowd went in a truck furnished by some of the members of the church. All had a delightful trip, the old folks as well as the young ones. All had an enjoyable day.

Mr. and Mrs. William Foster and son Billy, is spending several days as the guests of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Foster.

Mr. Thomas Boyle with a party of men had a most delightful trip Thursday, when they motored to Chincoteague to watch the roundup of the wild ponies.

Mrs. Rena Adams returned home on Sunday after spending a week with Mr. and Mrs. William Adams at their home in Quarryville, Pa.

Mr. and Mrs. Hazel Calloway entertained friends on Sunday afternoon.

Quite a number of our folks attended the Harrington Fair the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. William Adams and children William, Robert and Joyce, of Quarryville, Pa., spent Sunday as the guests of their mother, Mrs. Rena Adams.

CHESTER

Mrs. Lee Bell, Mrs. Lemuel Kirwan and Mrs. A. L. Reynolds were visitors in Easton, Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Reynolds of Tahoma Park, Washington, D. C., who have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Lemuel Kirwan, motored home Sunday. Miss Catherine Kirwan accompanied them. Miss Kirwan will also be a visitor of Miss Louise Nicholson of Mt. Washington, Baltimore this week.

Mr. E. J. McKenzie of Baltimore was also a week-end guest of Mr. and Mrs. Lemuel Kirwan.

Mr. and Mrs. Alpheus Morris and son Bobby, of Washington, D. C., and Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland Johnson were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Raughley of Denton last Friday.

Miss Julia Minnie Eaton, a nurse at the Church Home Infirmary Hospital, Baltimore, is spending her vacation with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Tilghman Eaton.

Mrs. Susie Jones, of Baltimore was the Sunday guests of her son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Jones.

Mrs. John Comegys and mother, Mrs. Ella Kersey, of Chestertown, spent Thursday with her brother and sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Coleman, and sister-in-law, Mrs. Joseph Coleman.

Mr. and Mrs. Milford Brown of Romancoke, and Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Brown spent Sunday afternoon in Rock Hall with friends.

MASSEY

Mrs. Mabel E. Malsburger entertained at her home on last Sunday the following guests, Mr. and Mrs. Huey Malsburger and son Adrian, of Springfield; Mr. Frank M. Daniels, Miss Martha Abrahamson and Mrs. Elsie Daniels of Jersey City, N. J.; Mr. and Mrs. G. Sammons, and Mr. and Mrs. White, of Milford, Del.

Mrs. Howard Palmatory of Chester, Pa., is spending a few days with Mr. and Mrs. William Palmatory.

Mr. and Mrs. Ray Rider and family spent last week with relatives in Benton, Pa., and Mrs. Rider's mother returned with them to spend some time.

Mr. and Mrs. Allieh Blyman and family, of Wilmington spent Sunday with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Ransom.

Mr .Adrian Malsburger is visiting in Philadelphia, Pa., and Pitman, N. J., for a few days.

Mrs. L. C. Clark entertained at dinner and bridge on last Tuesday evening. The following guests included Mr. A. H. Malsburger, wife and son Adrian, of Springfield, Ill., Mrs. Elsie M. Daniels, of Jersey City, N. J., Mrs. Mary Spear of Millington, and Mrs. Mabel E. Malsburger of Massey.

Mr. and Mrs. Linwood Burris entertained Mrs. Elmira Robinson and brother, Mr. John Whittington, of Chester, Pa., and Mrs. Anna Burris of Millington at dinner on Tuesday evening.

Abner *says*-

They's forty-'leven ways uv spending money f'r evvy way uv makin' it.