Queen Anne's Record

The Centreville Observer

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

To tell the news accurately, interestingly and promptly. To espouse the best interests of the Nation, Queen Anne's County and the Eastern Shore fearlessly, whole-heartedly.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE $1.00

Advertising rates furnished upon application.

QUOTATION OF THE WEEK

There must . . . be harmony and unity, and in human beings spiritual loveliness, to constitute an object or a person really beautiful.—Standard Dictionary.

WHAT NEXT

Queen Anne's Countians who are wondering what the newspapers will print after the election is over and the spotlight turns from political news are not familiar with the fact that the great problem of the average editor is what not to print.

Always there is much more "news" than any newspaper can present to its readers. The business of the editor is to select and pass on. His judgment may be wonderful, or it may be rotten. Nevertheless, what his readers see depends upon his judgment as to what to eliminate.

After the election the press will turn back to the same things that occurred before. There will be no dearth of news. There has been no scarcity of news events other than election matters. Merely because of the popular interest in the election the majority of newspaper editors have elected to present political news to the exclusion of some other events, which, in normal times, would have received greater notice.

ARMISTICE DAY

Along with the shriek of flying shrapnel, rumors flew thickly and quickly that the enemy had made overtures for peace. Officially, it trickled through that the war would be over "tomorrow"—at eleven o'clock, November 11th, 1918. That was eighteen years ago. Could it be possible? Was the vision of mother, of home, of sweetheart and friends to become a reality—or, did one's ears deceive in that din of death? Was imagination merely painting a mirage upon the screen of memory and reflecting it out there in the desolation of "No Man's Land"? Hours were ages—and as they passed—many were the unnecessary sacrifices to the insatiable greed of the God of War.

And then—silence. Eleven o'clock, on the eleventh day of the eleventh month. The war was over. It was true. Life was still ours! Rejoicing—happiness, to be sure. Yet, tinged by an indefinable sadness—what of the "buddies" who marched on with the legions, into that realm from whence no traveler ever returns? Heroes, cited for bravery in the Court of Honor; distinguished by death at the Altar of Sacrifice.

The sword of our Nation is sheathed. Ready, at a moment's notice, to be sure, for any emergency. But, let us hope that the keenness of the blade, ever ready to protect and defend, will never again be dulled and tarnished by the horrors of war. May its brilliance reflect the glory now to its credit, pointing the way to progress, prosperity and peace, that the whole world may gain a lesson in loyalty and brotherly love.

A moment of silence—as we respectfully salute our Heroic Dead and pledge ourselves anew to "carry on"—a consecration to our Nation— a promise to them, that they did not sacrifice their all—in vain.

MIRACLES LACK THRILL

This is the age of miracles. The greatest miracle of all is the way we have become case-hardened to them. Wonders have crowded upon wonders so fast that only a jaded reader interest remains for the successive mighty steps that push civilization ahead, although we still have eyes and ears for divorces, miners trapped underground and other items with the touch of nature that Shakespeare said makes all the world kin.

And yet in this generation the world is getting smaller with amazing speed. The British airman, Mollison, hopped off from Newfoundland, reached Ireland in nine hours, London in twelve, spanned the age-old Atlantic barrier in once around the clock. His departure rated a stickful or two of type on an inside page. His arrival made the front page, but not always the top of the column. Jumping the Atlantic has lost its news thrill.

So, too, the jaunt of Ekins around the world in twenty-one days in regularly scheduled planes caused hardly a flutter. Nor was the big type spilled for the thousand-mile, dawn-to-dusk run of the Burlington Zephyr, or "zipper", as railroaders insist on calling it. We take these performances for granted.

The degree to which horizons have been broadened strikes the reader in proportion to his age. The oldest generation on the Eastern Shore contains folks to whom a trip outside their country was an event. There are thousands on the Shore, raised in the horse and buggy age to whom the history of the rise of the automobile and the rise and fall of branch railroads on the peninsula is that of eye-witness acquaintance.

Those whose memory runs back thirty years or so are familiar with the coming of the hard roads, the airplanes, the radio. That group around Centreville recalls easily the arrival of the first hydroplane at Queen Anne's county seat twenty-five years ago, an event so important as to rate pictures in the county weeklies.

But interest in man-made wonders is passed. We have had too many of them. And not miracles, but the absence of attention to them is the real sign of the world's progress.

SMALL TOWN GIRL

A European prince, being interviewed in the United States, could not, of course, hope to escape being asked his opinion of American girls. And a European prince, of course would never be other than tactful. Prince Arthur Gilbaut of Belgium is no exception.

Prince Arthur is quoted in a Washington newspapers as saying after four weeks in the United States that he is impressed with the beauty of the American girls he has seen. "But," he significantly adds, "the prettiest American girls are in the small towns, I have noticed. Their beauty is fresher and more natural than that of the girls in the big cities."

Here is balm for the young lady who perhaps has envied the sleekly polished nails, the sophisticated lips and eyebrows and the meticulously plastered coiffure of her cousin who went to New York. If after all a prince's eyes are sufficiently discerning to—Well, no need to day-dream Cinderella stories; for there's something too to be said for the small town boy. He's often a prince of a fellow.

BRANDED CARS

In a European country, the cars of motorists convicted of flagrant violation of traffic laws are painted with an emblem, as a warning to other drivers. It is said that this practice, newly started, has caused an appreciable decline in dangerous driving, as motorists naturally want to avoid the embarrassment and publicity the emblem gives them.

A great many thousand American motorists should have their cars so branded.

The worst class of offenders consists of those who push the throttle to the floorboard as soon as they get out of sight of a traffic officer. Excessive speed—and there are times when 15 miles per hour is excessive—is responsible for more deaths than any other driving violation.

Passing on hills and curves and 'meandering' through traffic are also potent causes of death, injury and destruction. On a myriad tragic occasions, a driver has tried to save a needless minute—at the cost of a life.

Driving on the wrong side of the road, jumping traffic lights, passing at intersections—are practices dear to the heart of the Dark Angel. They help keep our morgues and hospitals full to capacity.

Yes, it might be a good idea to adopt the branding practice in this country. A suitable emblem would be a skull and cross-bones.

Walter Lippmann told the truth about his Candidate Landon when he said Landon has completely scuttled all hopes of running as a budget balancer.—Durham Herald.

In one breath Gov. Landon promises to outdo the New Deal; in the next, to scrap it. His position, indeed, is so untenable that even his admirers are puzzled.—Asbury Park Press.

The post office's announcement that live turtles will be accepted for mailing rises a point. Would a special delivery stamp hurry a turtle?—Portland Oregonian.

An artist confesses that he always finds it difficult to paint the portrait of a man with a beard. He should use a brush.—Punch.

It won't be long now till three or four universities have lost enough games to start deploring the overemphasis of college football.—Life.

Progress continues in aviation. When you shoot for London now you make Wales, instead of Ireland.—San Francisco Chronicle.

In Kentucky a petrified foot was found 32 feet underground. However, the roads in Kentucky are better than they used to be.—Springfield Union.

We are told of a 15-year-old girl who reads a book while practicing the piano. The difficulty of this feat will be appreciated by those who have tried to read while little girls were practicing.—Punch.

At a New York dinner given by the League for Less Noise, applause was banned. Only the creak of a toastmaster's dress shirt marred the solemn stillness.—Barron's.

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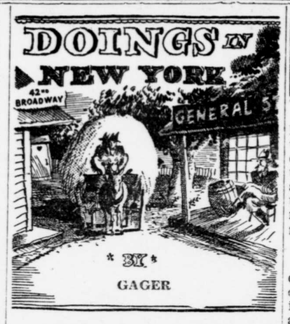
Oh yes,, even as far back as the turn of the twentieth century, girls sometimes stained their finger-nails, but they did it hulling walnuts.—Washington Post.



Naturally we nate to brag (we're only fooling) but as predicted Jean Paul King has been signed to take Ed Hill's place as commentator for Hearst's Metro News. Add to that since Jean has been doing his comments there has been less hissing among the audience. Maybe they are only out of breath.

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Locally last week saw our next president of the United States (this is a prediction as this is being written November 2). Alf Landon parade up 42nd Street in a shiny new open Packard to the Murray Hill Hotel. Aside to Squire Miller who recently bought a new Packard: We hear that beginning January 1 all Packard cars will have standard equipment with pictures of Landon on the dashboard.

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They say that Fred Astaire prefers not movie actress Ginger Rogers as a dancing partner but rather Eleanor Powell—But still who wouldn't.

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Advertising man O. B. Winters has turned stage conscious by being interested in a new play coming to Broadway this week under the name of Plums in the Dust. We haven't heard much about it, but we do know that Henry Hull should do a great job in the lead as Edgar Allen Poe.

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When it rains it seems to pour, as Monday found three announcers at NBC at work with plenty of trouble on their hands. One particularly was feeling out of sorts as his two-week pay check was now in some one else's hands. Nothing more than a little stick-up Saturday night on Broadway. It's a swell town folks; so be sure to come to the fair in 1939.

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Night spots seem to be picking them up from the opera these days. Case in point sees operatic Mary Lewis nightly singing brightly at club Versailles. And doing very nicely, thankie.

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Whether it's election or what we don't know but anyway the're all in town. We mean names like Douglas Fairbanks and of course his little woman, Lady Ashley, Mary Pickford, Libby Holman, G-man Edgar Hoover, gangster Jake Factor, but no longer under suspicion, Bob (Believe it or Not) Ripley and just a host of others. And by the way, if you care to see most of them just drop over to Club 21 any night. So long.

Uneasy Editor's Chair

FISHING IN CECIL

Fishing yarn as spun by a scribbler on the Cecil Democrat:

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After an enjoyable stay at the du Pont Hotel in Wilmington, Delaware, C. C. Huff, Esq., general solicitor of the Missouri-Texas Railroad Compay, Dallas, Texas, and G. H. Penland, Esq., assistant general solicitor of the road, were week-end guests at the Wellwood Country and Yacht Club, Charlestown, Md.

Part of the time was enjoyed by fishing below Turkey Point Lighthouses at the head of the Chesapeake Bay. As Commissioner Lum enlightened the guests, Mrs. Fannie M. Salter, the lighthouse keeper, is the only official woman lighthouse keeper, in the United States. She tolls the bell to guide ships during fog and storms.

Bill Armstrong, one time opera singer with Princess Bonnie and other companies, had been presented with a new rod and reel which he lost no time putting into service. He hooked a fish and relled him to the top of the pole, then excitedly asked what to do next. He was told to climb to the top of the pole and knock the fish on the head.

Experiences were coming fast. A fish too large to be landed in the boat got on Barrister Huff's hook. In his versatility he stuck the pole down the fish's throat and the fish wriggled up the pole.

This was certainly an experience for our Texas friends. His Grace, the Mayor, who had not caught anything, suggested the anchor be pulled up. Two fish were hooked on the anchor. Solicitor Penland claimed the catch for he saw them first.

Trump this.

ADVERTISING DECLINED

Wherein the editors of two staunch Democratic organs in Worcester County turn down a little advertising revenue and tell why—on the first page:

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The Democratic Messenger is in receipt of a last minute half-page advertisement purporting to come from the Maryland Jeffersonian Democrats, appealing to the people of Maryland to vote against Roosevelt. The first few paragraphs of the advertisement are slanderous misrepresentations of the President and his Cabinet, which can find no place in The Democratic Messenger just because pay is offered us for such publication, made when it is too late to be answered before election.

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The (Worcester) Democrat reserves the right to display in its columns such advertising, or other matter, as, in its judgment, is of such character as to conform to the high standards attempted by this publication.

It, therefore, refrains from giving space to an advertisement received from the 'Maryland Jeffersonian Democrats" which takes an unfair advantage of the Party to which the "Democrat" has always paid allegiance, coming as it does at an hour precluding all rebuttal, and containing matter which seems to the "Democrat" to be untrue, slanderous, and unbecoming to a fair discussion of the political situation.

Senator Vandenberg's plan of holding debates with a phonograph record has it dangers. There would undoubtedly be a strong temptation to break the record in case the disc happened to be getting the better of it.—Roanoke Times.

— THE — Rambling Recorder

One indication of how mild the fall had been until the sharp snap of last week was the number of less hardy garden shrubs whose leaves were killed by the cold while still green. This foliage apparently is not yet ready to drop although it is curled and lifeless. Many maples and oaks are still surprisingly green for this late in the year.

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An item that will be later in the calendar than usual is the fragrance of burning leaves, which should be at its height now. And an interesting angle of the swing back and forth between mild and cold temperatures is the way the goosebone prophets speak out. Come a mild spell and we have forecasts of a mild winter. A drop in the thermometer and the pessimists announce the worst.

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The Starr Church is a trifle late in getting around to its Hallowe'en social which is carded for tonight, Thursday. The ladies say they had been too busy to jump into it last week.

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Harry Reynolds might be interested in knowing that one housewife at least has tried out his recipe for cooking beef.

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Baltimoreans assert that politics is the favorite sport of the Eastern Shore. Centreville streets would have borne them out Tuesday afternoon as large knots of men collected all along the sidewalks in the center of the town.

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Former Sheriff J. Elmer Anthony was the first person to vote in the A-J section of the First precinct in the Third District at Centreville. Frank Waldron had the honor in the K-Z section. In the Second precinct Mary Askins was the first to drop a ballot in the A-J section and J. W. Pinder in the K-Z section.

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Police Court by its very nature as a place where men and women are called to judgment for possible offenses against the law rarely has any lighter moments to relieve its somber atmosphere. This week two remarks by Magistrate J. West Thompson came close to the realms of wit.

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In the first Mary Moore and James Grant, both Negroes, were up, Mary charged among other things with throwing lye and Grant with beating her. After considerable conflicting testimony the Magistrate observed that there was lye in the case but that it might be spelled l-i-e as well as l-y-e and fined both defendants.

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In the second Ralph Bordley, a young Negro appeared. Last year Bordley became so excited when Sheriff Everett came to arrest him on a minor charge that he dashed through a tomato patch where pickers were busy, scattering the fruit in all directions. He explained at the time that his feet got twitching and he couldn't keep from running away. When Constable Norman Jackson tried to arrest him again last week Bordley flew into a panic and showered blows with his fists on the officer. Magistrate Thompson observed with dry humor, 'Last year it was your feet that got twitching and this time it seems to have been your hands."

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Wonder how many Queen Anne's county farmers would disagree with the California ruling in an accident case that a man standing behind a cow could not be kicked by her. The California arbiters held that a cow from the arrangement of her ones can only kick forward.

RADIANT LIVING

THE PARADISE OF FELLOWSHIP

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

Men have been fascinated by the charms of the shaggy Ozarks with their rich embracing ozone, their spirelike pines, and their woodland trails.

They have been captivated by the imposing splendor of the Yosemite, the Garden of the Gods, with its massive crags, its leaping waterfalls, and its enchanting vales.

Men have been awed to silence by the vast sweep of the Grand Canyon of the Colorado, resplendent with the glories of the window.

They have been enchanted by the paradisical valleys of California, basking in mellow sunshine, dotted with vineyards and orchards, and perfumed by the orange blossom.

But what are all these paradises of earth in comparison with the indescribableness of that Paradise of God into which the redeemed man enters when he comes into an intimate fellowship with Deity.

In this Garden of God there dwells an Infinite Peace into which the glamors of a godless world can not penetrate. Here the soul enjoys a bliss that is skin to heaven.

To know God, to enjoy His presence, to be at one with Him in purpose of life, to rest in His love, to exist in His joy, is to enter into an experience that is heavenly.

You may travel East, or you may travel West.

But to travel with God, is to travel best!

President Roosevelt knows how to hold the sympathy of the masses. He goes fishing and catches no fish.—Paterson (N. J.) News.

The Maine hunting season is on, and this is the place for a word of warning. Down East Democrats are scarce again, and no lover of nature would shoot one.—Barron's Weekly.

The height to which taxes can soar seems to be limited only by the ability of taxpayers to go up in the air.—Glendale (Calif.) News-Press.

We all make a lot of fuss about the reams and tons of free publicity that comes into our offices but did it ever occur to you that it is not free publicity until some paper prints it?—Jayhawker Press.

The Press-Journal absolutely refuses to spell "drouth" with a "ght" but we will continue to spell "night" with a "ght." It is not rite to spell it "nite." Not by a dern site. We will fite first.—Louisiana (Mo.) Press-Journal.

"Gone With The Wind" — by A. B. CHAPIN

Wings, Fur And Shot

(As reported by Robert B. Vale, newspaper-sportsman, in "Wings, Fur and Shot.")

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Private conservation is more than a fad or a recreation. It is a piece of public service and an inspiration to better sportsmanship.

Walter P. Chrysler had an idea that wild ducks would "stay put." Most of his efforts in other fields worked out and so did this experiment on the Eastern Shore of Maryland.

It cost him a lot of money to convert a tract of marsh land into a lake and it took a great deal more to plant wild rice, wild celery and water potatoes. Also there was a considerable investment in mallard ducks.

But in two years the Chrysler wild duck cafeteria became one of the interesting sights along the Choptank River. For miles around Cambridge the air is filled with gray mallards quacking the news that there is a fine parking place with free eats on the Chrysler estate.

Not far away on the Chester River Mrs. John J. Raskob has been raising wild black mallards with astonishing success.

In one year Mrs. Raskob released about 1,000 wild ducks, fed them, cared for them. And during the hunting season only 7 were shot on the Raskob estate. Which is what can be called real and productive conservation.

Move still higher on the Chesapeake Bay and you will come to the Bohemia River. They call the estate of R. R. M. Carpenter the "dinner table" for wild geese.

Few persons even in the nortbound ever have seen 5,000 Canadian geese feeding. Yet that sight has been witnessed on the fields of Carpenter. And that does not include the swans and the wild ducks.

If there is anything that a Canadian goose or a white goose or a rare blue goose prefers to anything else it is young winter wheat. It is succulent and nutritious.

For heavy victuals the Carpenter farm fed 4,000 bushels of corn to the visiting wild fowl.

Less than 150 geese are killed on the property during the shooting season. "And this," says Game Warden E. Lee Lecompte, "I feel is great conservation work."

So important is the Carpenter venture regarded that the United States Biological Survey has established a bird-banding station on the estate. It will help to fix the exact migration routes of the wild geese.

Mrs. John J. Raskob's big service is being rendered chiefly to the black ducks. These birds belong to the mallard family and thousands of them breed in the marshes of New Jersey and Maryland.

It was not until Mrs. Raskob started to protect them that they became numerous on the Chesapeake Bay waters.

In one season she raised about 1,000 and this means that there will be future large increases. These birds have spread down the Chester River nearly five miles and are raising new broods. Many gray mallards from the Raskob estate are hatching along the river.

There are about 2,500 quail and more than 1,000 ringnecks on the Raskob property.

Walter P. Chrysler became interested in 1931 when Chief Game Warden LeCompte pointed out how easy it was to convert a lake on the Eastern Shore estate in a wild fowl refuge.

From 175 brooders Mr. Chrysler raised 600 gray and black mallards one summer and later increased the total. He aims to raise about 1,500 wild ducks. Part of the output are wing-tipped so they will remain on home grounds.

They will come back with their youngsters each Fall and will glide softly into the water of the protected Chrysler lake.

The automobile magnate is encouraging quail to live on his place. It is said that there are more bobwhites to the acre on the Chrysler tracts than anywhere else on the Atlantic Coast. About 2,000 birds were raised by him in a single season. He has more than 1,000 ringneck pheasants gallivanting among the high grass and weeds.

While the rich man can establish game preserves on a large scale, it is possible for clubs, associations and individuals to develop refuges of lesser magnitude.

Poor men have benefited along the Chesapeake Bay because rich men have gone to the trouble to protect and feed the ducks and the geese. States can do the same thing for the average run of hunters.

R. U. TELLING ME

By King Anne

Boy, take a telegram to . . . .

WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST,
NEW YORK, N. Y.

Please accept my deepest sympathy. While the defeat of your handpicked candidate must be somewhat of a blow I can readily realize your grief over the thoughts you must have as to the power of the press. It is true that people still read newspapers but people today put common sense ahead of all lies and fabrications that publishers can think up that might score a point for their favorite. Thus Roosevelt was elected Tuesday. Again I extend spmpathy.

KING ANNE

KING ANNE

MR. AL SMITH,
NEW YORK, N. Y.

You went high hat and withdrew from the party that supported you in the past. Yes, you turned out to be a rather poor sport and even the Republicans you hoped would side with you even turned against you. Oh yes, you shouted over the radio, "Vote For Landon" and what did it get you, well it secured many votes for the Democratic Party. So you don't even deserve sympathy and you know by this time don't you that President Roosevelt stays in office.

KING ANNE

GOVERNOR ALF LANDON
STATE OF KANSAS

Even in defeat I admire you. A man led to slaughter by a group of disgrundled humans who put money before human kindness. Am sure that you realize by this time that it takes a mighty big man to oppose a candidate for the office of President, especially when the candidate who defeated you had done so much in the past three years to relieve human suffering. A candidate who was the choice of the American people to lead this country out of the depression and a candidate who did.

KING ANNE

THE REPUBLICAN PARTY
U. S. A.

You fought a gallant fight and lost. Gallant in the sense that never before in the history of this country has such an obnobious campaign been waged. You were disorganized and wandering in the dark before the campaign started and today finds you scattered to the four parts of the earth. You knew that Landon didn't have a chance yet maybe he was the best man you had, considering that your only chanbe of winning was banked on the support of Hearst and his papers. But you failed to take many things into consideration because it is the man of the street, the poor man, the working man who elects Presidents. not the idle rich. You no doubt received just what you expected. You put Hoover in office and he did nothing along came Roosevelt, accomplished things, then you thought you could throw him out and return to your form of government which means doing nothing. Alas, ladies and gentlemen of the Republican Party, as the elephant folds his trunk and places his tail between his legs and slinks off into nowhere, let me be the first to extend sympathy.

KING ANNE

EDITOR, LITERARY DIGEST
NEW YORK, N. Y.

Have for sale good correspondence course in arithmetic guaranteed to teach you how to add straw votes.

KING ANNE

PRESIDENT FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT.
THE WHITE HOUSE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

On Tuesday, November third in the year nineteen hundred and thirty six the people of America spoke. The results were for you Mister President. You have been elected to carry forward this great land we call the United States for another term so my congratulations. The campaign has been bitter, the Republicans spent much money. but you had your past record, something that money could not buy and it was this record that has again placed you in charge of our government, a record that will carry us all through to greater things in life and being. Please deal kindly with your enemies for the war has ended, the election is over, and they deserve all pity that can be bestowed upon them. They strayed from the path of common decency they thought up lie after lie, they thought up nasty things to say they tried by hook or crook to put their man in office, but there are still left in these states one hundred per cent. Americans. So again Mister President I say congratulations on your fine victory.

KING ANNE

THE POET'S CORNER

WHEN NIGHT COMES

From the top of the sky
Night is spreading its wide black cloak
That drops down to the bright
Like an engulfing tent.
Out of the opening folds
Tumble unnumbered diamonds,
Gleaming like fire prisoned in cut-crystal,
Ever growing brighter and brighter
As the wide black cloak descends.

—Mildred Nickerson.

CHINESE LADY WITH FAN

In her pale slow fingers
The gossamer fan
Of mauve silk
Floats in the air
Like the petal of a flower; ;
And the poem
Which a gracious friend
Has painted upon it
Seems to her
Like a little tune
Blown softly on the wind.

SOAP-SUDS

"I know there is soap in the ocean
"I'm as certain as certain can be."
"There is no soap in the ocean!"
Nanny snapped sharply at me.
So the gulls and I keep it secret
For we've watched much more carefully—
And we've seen the waves bring in soap-suds
Just as thick as thick can be!

The Good Old Days

Senator Blair Lee to the rescue as recorded in the Denton Journal twenty five years ago:

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Running on a down grade and nearing the depot at Centreville on Tuesday night shortly after 7 o'clock, the rear trucks of the end car of the M. D. & V. passenger train jumped the track and the car bumped over the ties a considerable distance. Senator Blair Lee was in the car on his way to Centreville to a Democratic meeting and when several windows were smashed and ladies in the car became hysterical from fright, the Senator pulled the bell cord. The train was stopped within a hundred yards of a trestle.