CHURCH NOTES AROUND KENT

CHRIST FOR ALL—ALL FOR CHRIST
The Word of God
Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path.—Psalm 119: 105.

Insignia of Discipleship. John 13: 34, 35. Jesus said: A new commandment I give unto you, That ye love one another; as I have loved you, that ye also love one another. 35. By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another.

Prayer: With my whole heart have I sought Thee Lord, let me not wander from Thy Commandments.

WESLEY CHAPEL OF KENT
Clarence Dawson, Pastor

All welcome to our services this Sunday. An inspirational worship is held in morning and evening worships and our fine Sunday Schools. Come out and give your soul a chance.

FAIRLEE M. E. CHURCH

Sunday School 10.00 a. m. Mr. Barnes, Superintendent.

Church service 11.00 a. m., preaching by the pastor.

Epworth League 7.30 p. m., Mrs. Weldin Walbert, leader

An election of officers for the school will be held at the close of the Sunday School hour.

CHRIST M. P. CHURCH
Rev. E. A. Sexsmith, D. D., Minister

A cordial invitation is given to the people of Chestertown and vicinity to worship with us. It is a pleasure to note the increased interest manifest on the part of the membership and our friends in the community. Let loyalty continue to be our watch word. We are expecting you next Sunday.

11.00 a. m. Morning Worship.

2.00 p. m. Sunday School.

6.45 p. m. Senior Christian Endeavor.

7.30 p. m. Evening Worship.

Monday 8.00 p. m., The Young People's Christian Endeavor Meeting.

Wednesday, 7.30 p. m., Prayer Meeting.

Friday, 6.30 p. m., Junior Christian Endeavor.

Friday, 7.30 p m., Teacher Training Class.

WORTON M. E. CHURCH

Sunday School 2.00 p. m., B. F. Rash, Superintendent.

Church service 3.00 p. m., preaching by the pastor.

Epworth League 7.30 p. m.

There will be an election of officers and teachers of the school at the close of the Sunday School hour.

The Rev. J. Harry Wright, former pastor at Cookman M. E. Church, Wilmington, who was assigned to the Chestertown charge to succeed the Rev. Dr. W. F. Corkran, filled the pulpit in the M. E. Church on Sunday morning and evening. He made a favorable impression. Dr. Corkran, who was appointed field secretary of the Conference Claimants Endowment Fund, will move to Seaford where he has a sister living. He intended to remove to Dover but was unable to find a suitable house. Mr. Wright has a wife and two children.

The Ladies' Aid Society of Christ M. P. Church held its monthly meeting at the home of Mrs. Walter U. Lusby, a feature of the business meeting being the opening of the mite boxes for the year. The total amount of money contained in the boxes which represented the contribution by each member of a dime for everyy holiday and special day in the year was $46.50, which will be used for improvements to the interior of the church parsonage.

Clinton C. Jones, superintendent of Christ M. P. Sunday School, and his wife entertained the teachers and officers of the Sunday School at a dinner conference Thursday evening in the lecture room of the church.

CHANGES AMONG CATHOLIC CLERGY

The Rt. Rev. E. J. FitzMaurice, D. D., Bishop of th Catholic Diocese of Wilmington, Monday announced the following changes among the clergy, resulting from other recent changes necessiated by the death of the Rev. Thomas F. Waldron, pastor of St. Paul's Church, Wilmington.

The Rev. John H. Walsh, now acting rector of St. Dennis' Church, at Galena, Md., has been appointed rector of St. Joseph's Church, Middletown, to succeed the Rev. C. A. Crowley, who recently was appointed rector of St. Peter's Church at New Castle; the Rev. John N. Walsh, rector of St. Mary's Church, Cambridge, Md., becomes rector of St. Dennis' Church at Galena; the Rev. Andrew Tocik, assistant rector at St. Paul's Wilmington, becomes rector of St. Mary's, Cambridge.

Screening a Town

A whole German town was recently made invisible from the air by means of a smoke cloud which rose from vessels containing a secret chemical compound. The clouds rose 300 feet and curtained an area of 500 square yards in six seconds.

Either One Can Do It

Two can always make a success of matrimony when they try but it takes only one to spill the beans.—Capper's Weekly.

She Was Hunting a Hero

By AD SCHUSTER

(Copyright.)

"I HAVE no objection to your being athletic and independent," Caroline's mother spoke slowly, "but doesn't it strike you that you are intolerant of those who have other tastes?"

"Maybe so," the girl answered lightly. "But this I know. I am going West to the mountains. I am going to see big strong men who fear nothing and who are of a different breed than those I have known. I am going to escape from the sissies and the highbrows and when I come back I —well, maybe I will have entirely reformed."

Caroline, in the mountain cabin, waited for the hero of the open spaces and the first man she saw, other than old Abe Potter, who with his wife owned the retreat, was Leroy Boone. Boone was tall and slender. He wore nose glasses and spoke in a low voice. Except for his woodsman's clothes he looked like a college man. Caroline was disappointed and yet Leroy was the only man within sight."

"I have been waiting to meet a man of the West," she said, giving him one of her best smiles. "I want to learn all about the customs and people."

"It is probable you will find us much like the men of any other place." He was amused at her enthusiasm.

"You don't understand. I come from a little town in the East. I am vigorous and independent, in a place where girls are quiet and ladylike and men are studious and timid. I wish to forget books and science, and live with the trees and the hills. When I meet a man I want him to be a miner, hunter, or even a stage robber. Can't you see?"

The man of the West removed his spectacles, drew out a handkerchief and cleaned the lenses with deliberation.

"They don't rob stages out here any more," he said, "and most of the cowboys have gone in the movies." After a moment of deliberation he added, "Maybe, by hunting long enough, I could scare you up a man whose father had been a cattle-rustler?"

"I see," Caroline was offended. "You do not understand. But if life is so unexciting here why are you in the mountains?"

"I might be a tourist like yourself but I'm not. You see I work for the biological survey."

"Mercy that's a queer thing to have in the hills! It means college education and books; that you are a student and not a real wild westerner after all. I didn't think," she caught herself before confessing she did not think his appearance was promising and continued, "I didn't think it would be so difficult to meet the kind of men I've read about."

When Leroy Boone came by again he brought her a rare flower he had found on the trail and again he smiled oddly when he saw she was not pleased.

"Your western man," he said, "the one you have pictured, would not have picked a flower and carried it so carefully. No—I think he would have been shooting the lights out of a saloon or rescuing a leather-skirted girl from the hands of the villainous foreman of a rival ranch. It's too bad there isn't a motion picture house up here." He went his way, walking leisurely as a man with plenty of time.

"He's angry because I didn't thank him for his flower," Caroline decided. "Well, as soon as he understands I do not wish biological surveyors bringing me posies, I will be better satisfied. I can see plenty of men like him at home." And when she returned to the cabin she said nothing to the Potters of the man who had no place in her picture or scheme.

Several times more the girl met him and at last she admitted to herself there was something in his quiet, almost tolerant manner that attracted her even while it exasperated. But she would not surrender. She had taken the superior attitude and until he proved himself a hero, worthy of his environment, she would continue disdainful. By the time she came to leave they were as well acquainted as the peculiarly strained situation would allow.

"I am sorry you are going," he said, "sorry because I will miss you and because you should stay long enough to get the real values of our West."

Was the man going to propose? And what would she say? Caroline felt suddenly her values had changed and that she was going to miss him. Then came that tantalizing smile and the banter which enraged her.

"If I were the sort you have been looking for I would kidnap you, throw you over a horse and take you to the parson. But as it is, I can only . . ."

"Say good-by," finished Caroline and she hastened to the cabin vowing she would be glad to forget this man who had no right to pretend to be of her West.

As Abe Potter drove her over to the station he mentioned Boone.

"He works for the biological survey," he said, drawing the words out importantly. "They hires him to hunt mountain lions. Last week he got five in one day!"

For five minutes Caroline was silent. Then timidly she said, "Mr. Potter, turn around and drive me back. I'm going to stay another week."

Convenience for Sailors

Sailors wear bell-bottom trousers in order that they may be easily rolled up when scrubbing the decks or when wading in the water.

Gaboriau's Crime Stories

Most of the thrilling crime romances of Gaboriau, the great French producer of detective stories, were written as newspaper fiction. Gaboriau, who died in 1873 at the age of thirty-eight, is said to have been Bismarck's favorite author, says the Gas Logic Magazine.

AN OLD PRAYER STILL GOOD

Here is an interesting old prayer in verse, which dates from the Eighteenth Century at least. It is of English origin, but its author is unknown. It is as appropriate today as when written, as a petition for Divine help in living a happy, healthy and useful life here on earth:

Give me a good digestion, Lord, and also something to digest;
Give me a healthy body, Lord, with sense enough to keep it at its best.
Give me a healthy mind, good Lord, to keep the good and pure in sight,
Which, seeing sin, is not appalled, but finds a way to set it right.
Give me a mind that is not bound, that does not wimper, whine or sigh.
Don't let me worry overmuch about the fussy thing called I.
Give me a sense of humor, Lord; give me the grace to see a joke,
To get some happiness out of life and pass it on to other folk.

State Secrets Hidden by Absorbent Roller

Every foreign office in Europe acts on the theory that an army of spies is constantly on the alert to steal its secrets, and infinite precautions are taken to baffle their efforts. Very shortly after the first use of blotting paper it was discovered that it was quite possible to cause a blotting pad to give up secrets by simply holding it in front of a mirror. Long after all the commercial world had forgotten the existence of such a thing, the British foreign office used a sandshaker to dry its important written documents, of which there are still many despite the use of the typewriting machine. Then specially manufactured black blotting paper was used, but this was not found to be absolutely spyproof and a return to the sandshaker was contemplated when some one suggested the simple expedient of a small absorbent roller. These rollers have since been used for drying diplomatic documents. When such a roller has been run up and down and across a document once or twice, the cleverest spy in the world is at liberty to try his hand at deciphering the impressions.

Farmers of Country Owe Much to "Dream"

Wisconsin farmers have erected a granite monument to the memory of John F. Appleby, who was known throughout the Mid-West a generation ago as an expert whittler in wood. He helped farmers throughout the world by inventing the first machine to tie sheaves of grain automatically.

According to Farm and Fireside, Appleby was eighteen years old when he whittled his way to fame by his invention. He had grown tired from bending to bind grain by hand in a Wisconsin harvest field, and so he spent an evening "dreaming" of a machine which would do this work. He whittled out a model of his invention, which he perfected in 1858. It is still almost identical with the design used all over the world on grain binders today.

Thin Children NEED Scott's Emulsion

"LADY OF PAVEMENTS" AT NEW LYCEUM"

Magnificent sets—replicas in many cases of the historic balls in which the Third Napoleon trod—the full ecstasy of the decadent court of France with its daily costumed dames in their hooped finery, marbled halls of splendor and the Parisian dives—all these are part of D. W. Griffith's "Lady of the Pavement's" a romantic screen poem out of fancy's pages, which is scheduled to show at the New Lyceum on Thusday and Friday, April 24 and 25.

WILLIAM BOYD and LUPE VELEZ in D. W. GRIFFITH'S "LADY OF THE PAVEMENTS"

For sheer beauty and spectacular display, lavishness of production and that elusive, indefinable quality best known as color, Griffith has set himself a standard of pictorial charm that even the massive aestheticism of "Intolerance," or the inspiration of "The Birth of a Nation" does not surpass.

Within this environment of beauty, Griffith weaves one of the most daring stories of his twenty years of effort in pictures. The picture unfolds the intrigues of a mistress of Napoleon who, thwarted in her selfish love for an officer of the Prussian legation, succeeds in marrying him off to a girl of the streets for the express purpose of debasing him.

Difficult though this subject is, the director has achieved a highly entertaining continuity of dramatic events which the excellent acting of William Boyd, Jetta Goudal, Lupe Velez, George Fawcett, Albert Conti, William Bakewell and Menry Armetta augment to a considerable extent.

The care and forethought which is the birthright of a Griffith picture is made easily apparent in "Lady of the Pavements." The cast was chosen with a sincere view to obtaining players whose natural characteristics featured in the story. For the good-natured, boyish Prussian legation attache, William Boyd was the best obtainable type in Hollywood; Jetta Goudal was born in France and acted on the French stage. There is no other actress who could portray the aristocratic bearing, the proud disdain, the aloofness and the enigmatic qualities of Napoleon's mistress as she can.

A Female Peacock?

In popular usage the word "peacock" is applied to any individual bird or the peafowl family, whether it is male or female. It is more accurate to speak of the birds in general as peafowls, and call the males peacocks and the females peahens when it is desirable to indicate the sex.

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