DR. TITSWORTH WRITES OF ITALY

Mussolini's success in rejuvenating Italy and in having preserved his country from Communism or, worse, from anarchy that once threatened to engulf the nation and hurl King Emmanuel from his throne, lies largely in his uncanny knowledge, of his people and in his intuitive perception of their wants and needs, in the opinion of President Paul E. Titsworth, of Washington College, who, with his party of students of present-day European conditions, has braved the danger of renewed earthquakes and is sojourning in Mediterranean lands. "Without him," writes the Eastern Shore educator to this paper, "they would be a disintergrating people, a nation of many minds. But in the mind of an American loyal to democracy there lurks a feeling that his dictatorship is robbing people of the inherent right of free political choice." The Duce's soldiers are of every kind and everywhere though they are not obtrusive. They patrol the trains, the stations, the public squares, both to impress the people and to give tangible evidence that there is an iron will to enforce the law, the Chestertown savant asserts.

"We are falling in love with Italy" he writes further. "Whether it has been the lazy, shadeless, sun-drenched Ventimiglia, the first Italian town the traveler strikes if he comes from Nice; or majectic Rome, saturated with antiquity; or lovely Florence which we first caught sight of when the soft contour of the Tuscan hills was limned against the mellow yellow of the sunset's afterglow; or unique Venice, with its cramped and mildewed palaces but with romance and colors always around the corner, once the proud merchant city of the world and the first victim of the growing prestige of America; or verdant, hustling Milan with its amazingly beautiful cathedral, the second largest church in Christendom—we love them all."

The Maryland party narrowly missed seeing the King and Queen the other day and on a journey from Genoa to Rome all sorts of soldiers were noted along the route, together with police and plainclothes men at every crossing and bridge. Their Majesities, the tourists were informed, were expected, en route from Rome to Turin. A small army was patroling the entire route for his King's train of three cars, one in red one in white and one in green, the Italian colors. But as the royal train hove in view no sight was to be had of the Italian soverigns.

The Italian dictator has dressed his metropolitan police in striking costumes which attract the eye of the tourist. They are garbed in darkblue swallowtailed coats, with a double row of silver buttons down the front. The trousers are striped with broad red bands and on the head is worn a large Napoleonic, three-cornered hat. The police are uniformly tall and always go in pairs. They are being employed as a tangible evidence of the invisible power and invincible purpose of Il Duce himself and his government and to keep a tight rein over the populace, in the opinion of the writer.

"One very good reason why we like the Italians," concludes Dr. Titsworth, "is because they seem to like us. They are courtesy, graciousness and eagerness to help personified. The phase 'sunny Italy' applies quite as much to the nature of the people as to the cloudless skies of the country. At the outset of each meal our hearts have been won by an abundance of cold, refreshing water set before us, caped with bowls of cracked ice. Any American traveler in Europe who has gone for whole days without a drink of decent water will appreciate the boon Italy affords. Whatever else Americans may drink in Europe they are always clamorous for honest water. Nowhere in Europe is this craving satisfied as in sunny Italy."

Identifying Herself

The theater queue had had a long, long wait. But at last they began to shuffle slowly forward as the early doors were opened. Suddenly a young flapper rushed up and insinuated herself behind a stout and elderly gentleman. A keen believer in fair play, he turned upon her.

"How dare you push in there?" he demanded. "That isn't your place."

"Oh, yes, it is!" replied the girl, pertly. "I only went off to get some candy, and I put a cross on your back with my lipstick so that I'd know my proper place when I came back. Take your coat off and see for yourself!"—London Answers.

Hearing Insects Feed

"You wrote recently in this column," writes a correspondent to "Looker-on" in the London Daily Chronicle, "that one of your readers heard slugs eating. I have never heard them, but I have heard snails and caterpillars eat. Snails make a scratching noise. Caterpillars crunch. The caterpillars of the privet hawk moth make quite a loud noise, and I have often heard them when sitting in the garden, and they have been eating the lilac leaves." Other correspondents state that they have heard snails feeding.

WINTER BARLEY SEED DEMAND

As a means of producing grain feed for use next summer, barley is to be sown by many who will have little or no corn available. Barley is usually valuable this an dnext year.

Seed of winter barley is scarce this fall. Professor Metzger, of the University of Maryland, as a drought relief measure, is appealing to all who have a supply of winter barley on hand to offer it for seed purposes and to use the money derived therefrom to purchase spring barley for feeding purposes in place of the winter barley.

Any one with a supply of winter barley over and above their need for seed, is urged to sell the balance for seed. The County Agent desires to be informed of any available winter barley suitable for seed.

Barley, along with wheat and winter oats is a splendid crop to sow for fall and spring pasture. See agricultural notes article in this regard or consult the County Agent.

After she's passed fifteen and until she is eighty a woman defines an "old woman" as somebody five years her senior.

A good way to discourage a husband is to remind him of the progress his friends are making.

KENT NEWS $1.50 PER YEAR

A business enterprise is like a ship at sea—the management of it cannot be reduced to a formula.

Five per cent seems a pitifully small return on your money until you've tried to get ten per cent and lost your principal.

Every boy asks for more than he expects to get.

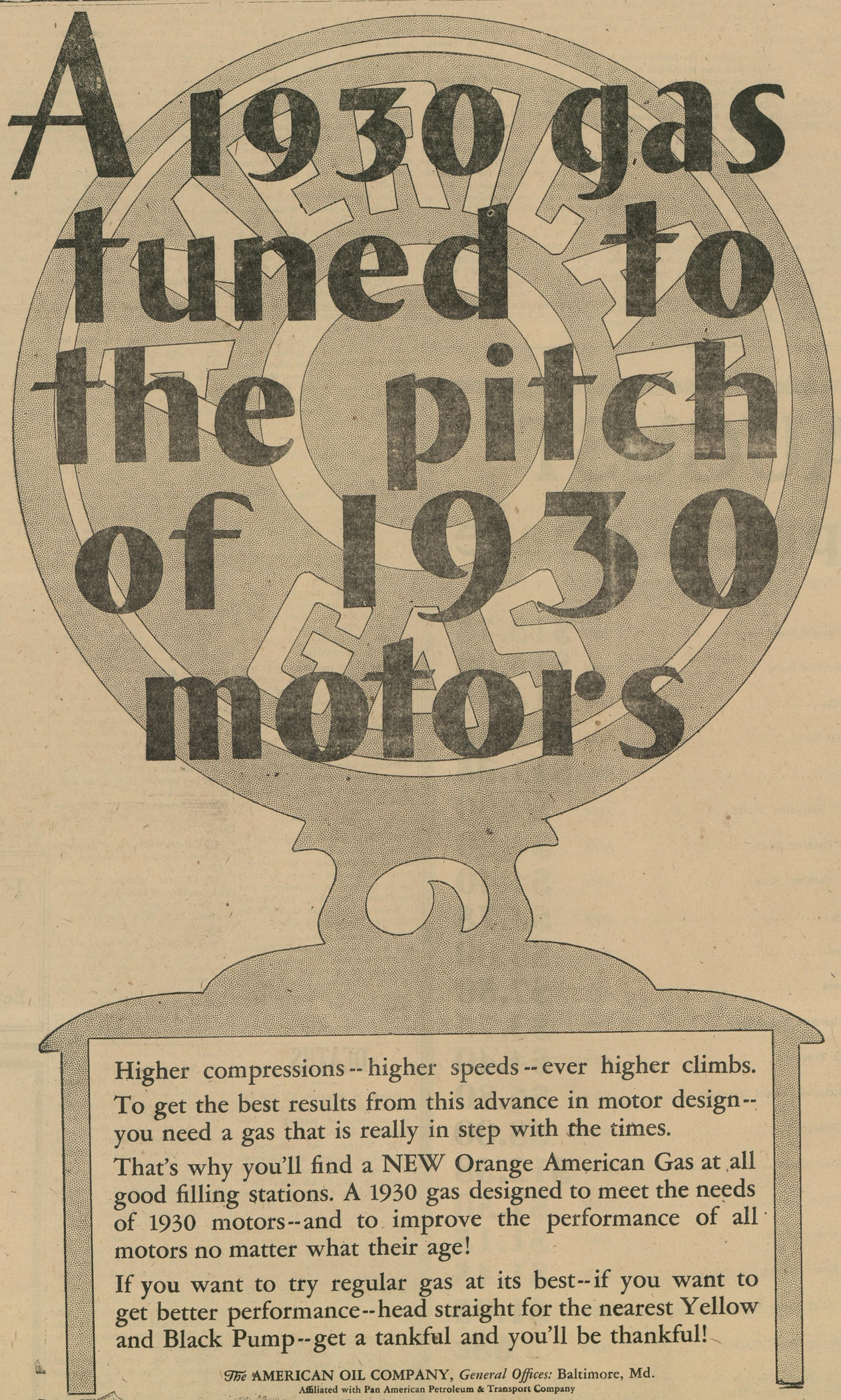
Isaac—Und vot brice shall I pud on dese white duck trousers?

Jacob—Four und a half a pair.

Isaac—But de only cost 45 cents a pair.

Jacob—I don'd care vot dey cost. Dis iss a closing-oud sale, regardless of cost.

Kent News $1.50 Per Year.



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