This Week

by Arthur Brisbane

YOUR SHARE IS $3,000.
AN ANCIENT DREAD.
MOUNT BLANC IS ADVERTISED
ONE PROBLEM IGNORED.

The National Industrial Conference Board tells you that the wealth of the United States amounts to three hundred and sixty billions, one hundred million.

It sounds a lot, but it is only $3,000 for each American, with about $500 extra for New Yorkers. That isn't enough.

If a healthy black slave in 1860 was worth on the auction block $1,000, what is the value of an American, willing to work, and able, ordinarily, to earn at least $5 a day?

Human machines alone, leaving out mines, real estate, factories, are worth more than three hundred and sixty billions.

This land and its people are worth whatever science and industry choose to produce—certainly not mere billions, but trillions.

Signals to protect pedestrians from automobiles are to be installed in big cities and "amber-colored" lights were suggested. The police say: "Drivers will pay no attention to anything but red. That makes them stop."

Why is it that red impresses men, and even the lower animals? Is it, perhaps, because men, for forty million years, and animals, through hundreds of millions of years before men came, have known and inherited one great dread, the red blaze of a forest or prairie fire?

Francis H. Sisson, vice-president of the Guaranty Trust Company, repeats, what has often been said here, that the big problem is not production but distribution.

Business is on the upgrade. Mr. Sisson does not agree with that distinguished political economist, Solly Wertheim, who says, 'Business is looking up, flat on its back looking up."

Mr. Sisson reminds merchants that with adequate advertising goods can be sold at a lower price than without advertising.

First, have what the pepole want, then let them know you have it.

Consider Mont Blac, nice mountain in Switzerland.

One million and eighty thousand people visited Mont Blanc last year, spending more than $10,000,000 in little communities near the mountains. Only 100 climbed to the top.

We have bigger, better mountains, but they don't get the advertising that Mont Blanc gets, and they don't take in the money.

It is true that established reputation helps Mont Blanc. It is also true that edvertising helps to establish reputations, and keep them established.

New York's Safety Conference heard sad news yesterday from Dr. Deblois, engineer of the National Casualty and Surety Underwriters.

Of all that fell or jumped from windows in 1929, 87 per cent died in New York City.

And, according to this safety engineer, a New York earthquake might be "the worst cataclysm since the flood."

It wouldn't be necessary for skyscrapers to fall down. They would rock, shake off their outer coverings of brick and tile, and "all our industrial profits and real estate earnings would not pay the losses of the cleaning and rebuilding expenses."

We have a serious problem of unemployment, and, unfortunately, it is getting bigger.

Nobody in the government seems to know that there is any unemployment problem, or to be actively interested in it.

No commissions are appointed to inquire into it.

In England enough to live is given to every man out of work. Here we give him nothing; not even friendly interest or good advice.

Lady Astor, who talks sweetly on the radio, warns you that another big war "probably would end Western civilization."

Perhaps it would. Probably not. It would kill millions with poison gas, destroy billions in property.

But it would act very quickly, as the "black death" did when it killed nearly half the population of Europe.

The victims would be in the big cities, where gas from airplanes can reach crowded populations conveniently.

After the surrender of a nation taken by surprise, the country would again reconstruct what we call "civilization."

It would be necessary to end scientific knowledge to end civilization. Merely killing people would not do it. Human beings have been killing each other for 1,000,000 years.

Little homes with poison gas shelters attached would not appeal to Americans as much as the ordinary American home with garage attached.

But if this country does not wake up and arrange adequate defense in the air and under the water, instead of asking Britain "Please, what may we do?" some Americans may wish that they had a gas shelter instead of a garage.

Luxury, It Would Seem, Depends on Viewpoint

Recently the Woman passed through one of the poor sections of New York at 3 o'clock, just when hundreds of school children were being released. Directly ahead of her three little girls strolled. One of them, a pale child who looked as if sunlight and vegetables were not part of her daily regime, was conducting a monologue. In a high pitched, excited voice she was describing a bedspread which had been sent as a gift to the child's mother.

"It's so bee-utiful, like sunshine. Ah smooth and golden. It's like that Look here!"

The children with the Woman—just a step away—stopped before a dingy store. Its window displayed a bedspread, cheap, coarse, glaring yellow.

"Isn't it lovely?" the little girl asked.

The woman had visions of a poor back apartment into which the sun never peeped. To its occupants that golden bedspread stood for every luxury of life. The woman looked from the happy face of the child to the spread. Perhaps it was not so glaring if you saw it from the right angle.—New York Sun.

Advises Use of Slogan to Overcome Dejection

Slogans are advocated as an aid to a healthy mental outlook by James D. Weinland, who considers their effect and lists a number in an article in Hygeia Magazine.

A good slogan can brighten our whole horizon, fill us with courage and be an emotional stimulus. It directs and holds the attention to a bracing thought. For instance, when a man is down in the dumps it is comforting to think that "the men who try to do something and fail are infinitely better than those who try to do nothing and succeed," or that "there are more chances and opportunities in life than we know."

There are slogans hidden away in the world's literature that fit almost any mood or desire, says Mr. Weinland. Proverbs are rich in them. Poems are jeweled with them. Each person must select the ones that mean most to him. Used at the right time the words can penetrate like a sharp dart into a mood and dissipate it. They act like a bugle call marshaling the forces of our resolution and ordering them into action.

French Enjoy Fishing

No fewer than 10,000 fishermen took part in a competition and congress which was held at Vichy, writes the Paris correspondent of the London Sunday Observer. The number is not only sufficient to show what a placid person the Frenchman really is—at least when he reaches a certain age—but also that he has a natural passion for sport. I do not mean sport as he understands the word, for he does not really care about games, but sport in the sense of shooting and fishing. Game shooting is far more a pursuit of the whole people of France than in England, and there is hardly a middleaged Frenchman who is not a fisherman.

Handn't Changed

He was a stout man, and his feet were big in proportion. He wore stout boots, too, with broad toes. When he went into the boot shop to buy another pair, he found he had some difficulty in getting what he wanted. A dozen pairs were shown him.

"No, no! Square toes—must have square shoes," he insisted.

"But, sir, everybody is wearing shoes with pointed toes. They are fashionable this season."

"I'm sorry," said the stout man, as he prepared to leave the shop. "I'm very sorry to have troubled you, I'm sure. But, you see, I'm still wearing my last season's feet!"—London Tit-Bits.

Had the Wrong Girl

Telephone tact is a necessary acquirement in these modern days, but its exercise occasionally leads to unexpected results. A recent example follows: Late at night the telephone in a home called the householder to the receiver. An obviously feminine voice was just as obviously that of a stranger.

After ascertaining that the caller had been connected with a wrong number, the householder remarked: "This is exasperating, isn't it?"

To his bewilderment the reply came back: "Oh, no; this is Lillian."—New York Sun.

Unprofitable Smartness

A farmer's son who had been sometime at the university came home to visit his parents. Two fowls were placed on the table for supper, and the young student said he could prove that there were really three fowls.

"This," said he, "is one, and this is two, and two and one make three."

"Since you hae made it out sae weel," said his father, "your mother shall hae the first, I'll hae the second, and ye may eat the third yoursel'."

Paper Money

The use of paper money began about 600 years ago in Italy, when the goldsmiths and silversmiths deposited bullion under supervision and the receipts circulated as currency. All the original states issued paper money in Colonial days. The first federal paper money was issued in 1775, under authority of an act of the Continental congress.

"Motoring is surely a great thing. I used to be fat and sluggish before the motoring craze, but now I am spry and energetic."

"I didn't know you motored."

"I don't. I dodge."

A Boomerang for Judy

By FRIEDA J. MONGER

(Copyright.)

"JUDY, you've got to keep your nose out of other people's affairs!" shouted Larry. "It's nobody's business if Mrs. Lampson's chauffeur has got a face like the villain's on page sixty-eight of your idiotic claptrap book on Analyzing Character! Good grief, Judy, do you realize that Mrs. Lampson discharged that man on your sayso? A man with five children to feed!"

Judith stared in horrified silence at the blond young giant that it had seemed so easy to promise to love and cherish only a month ago. So this was the rest Larry.

"But Judy," continued, Larry, "don't you realize that what you call a hobby is really malicious interference and—"

"And I intend to go right on with it—as an art."

That was only the beginning. When Larry, having scorned breakfast, jerked into his overcoat and grabbed his hat, Judith was throwing things into a suitcase. The door closed loudly. Before Judith had time to run to the window to see if Larry really had gone, he was back again, pulling a billfold from his pocket. Placing a hundred-dollar bill on the dressing table, he snapped, "Write for more when you need it."

With feverish indecision Judith watched the approaching train come to a stop. Once more she raced to the end of the platform to make absolutely sure that Larry wasn't coming. The brakie had picked up the little stool and swung his arm outward, before Judith ceased wavering and climbed aboard.

She dropped into the first empty seat, which was opposite a plain young woman too absorbed in a thick book even to look up. For which Judith was thankful, for she found herself quaking outwardly and wishing with absurd fervor that she were back in the bungalow.

Larry. Resentment against him flared up anew within her. He thought he could dominate her life, choose her hobbies for her, tell her what she could do and what she could not do! No; that sort of thing killed love, and she wanted to keep on loving Larry. Stoically she pushed aside further thoughts of him and began to study the woman opposite. Not the intellectual type, Judith decided, despite the fact that she was seemingly absorbed in a serious-looking volume from which she never raised her eyes. She reminded Judith of a cat—her movements though quick were stealthy.

The fingers interested Judith. She knew a thing or two about hands. These weren't the hands of an artist—they had the sinuous strength, the quiet nerve, the sensitiveness that were to be found in the hands of clever crooks. They might actually have posed for the illustration on page twenty-nine of Analyzing Character. She could see these hands caressing the combination lock of a safe. The thought made her clutch her purse more tightly, and set her to dreaming of ways in which to spend the hundred-dollar bill.

Her day dreams were shattered by a scream from the far end of the coach. Judith jumped to her feet and, with others, hurried down the aisle. They found a frantic mother dabbing at a gash on the forehead of a child. A moment later the hysterical mother was again calm, the child crying softly.

When Judith returned, the woman was still bent over her book, unconscious, seemingly, of the incident that had just occurred. As Judith was about to sit down, she gave an involuntary gasp—in her excitement she had left her purse lying on the seat! She picked it up, opened it quickly. Her heart seemed to leap from its accustomed place and lodge itself in her throat. Frantically she dove about in the recesses of the purse. The hundred-dollar bill was gone!

What should she do? Accuse the woman, point blank? Demand the return of her hundred-dollar bill? Call the conductor? As if in answer to her thoughts, the woman rose and hastened down the aisle to the ladies' wash room. And in her hurry she had, like Judith, left her purse on the seat.

Without a moment's hesitation Judith reached over and snatched up the small brown bag—opened it. Her heart plunked back into place: the hundred-dollar bill was there! Quickly she pulled it out, tucked it into her own purse, replacing the brown bag in the position she found it.

At two o'clock Judith pressed the doorbell of Aunt Claire's apartment, and Aunt Claire, dressed to go out, opened the door. Her greeting was matter-of-fact. "Hello, Judy. When I knew you were coming it was too late to cancel my afternoon' engagement but—"

"You knew, Aunt Claire?"

"Yes, you have a message from Larry. I'll have to hurry along now, but make yourself at home. I won't be late."

Judy tore open Larry's message: "Judy, darling, measure people's chins and noses with a ruler if you like, but come back. Leaving the hundred dollars on your dressing table and all the doors open was a grand gesture, and I love you for it. Life is nothing without you, Judy."

When Aunt Claire returned, there was no sign of Judith, but in the waste basket lay a well-thumbed copy of Analyzing Character.

A venerable Scot purchased a little radio set, and a few days later his friends asked him how he liked it.

"Well, it's a' right to listen to," he replied, "but those bulbs are nae sae gud to read by."

Dean of Women—Did you read the letter sent you?

The Shipped Soph.—Yes'm, I read it inside and outside. On the inside it said, "You are requested to leave college," and on the outside it said, "Return in five days," so here I am.

SEES ADVERTISING AS PATH TO RICHES

NEW YORK, March 3.—Advertising, constructive and stiumlating to business, is the road to new heights of wealth, Francis H. Sisson, vice-president of the Guaranty Trust Company and a director of the Advertising Federation of America, told 800 members of the Merchants' Association meeting with newspaper executives and advertising men Friday at the Astor.

"Never was there a time in our country when we should use advertising more," Mr. Sisson said. "It has demonstrated its value, it needs no defense."

Not more than half the people who read advertisements believe them, Mr. Sisson said, and added that the next step in American prosperity was to make advertising 100 per cent convincing. He saw over-production as the major business evil of the day, and said that advertising, "a giant economic force," will develop mass distribution to absorb surplus goods.

"Advertising must educate the public as to what it wants and needs and tell the public where to get it," Mr. Sisson declared. "There is no such thing as standing still. To hold the old customers you must seek the new. The purpose of advertising is to educate the public as to who you are, what you are, where you are and what you have to offer in service, ideas or commodities. The only one who should not advertise is the man who has nothing to sell.

"The science of modern advertising is the science of psychology—which is the science of the heart. Eighty per cent of successful advertising is based on psychology and psychological analysis in the realm of feeling more than in the realm of thinking. The new advertising is a service for the sale of ideas. The wants of tomorrow must be known today."

Advertising has its weakness, but the manufacturer and at the same time raises the standard of living by making people want more things, he said.

"We are not Lazarus begging crumbs at the table of Dives," he declared, "we are Dives himself, surrounded with luxury and suffering occasionally from acute indigestion.'

Advertising has its weakness, but gradually it is being established on a scientific basis, Chester M. Colby, Jr., president of the General Foods Corporation, said.

"I know of no more convincing evidence of the force of advertising in our daily lives than the fact that many hundreds of busy merchants of New York can find time here in midweek to listen to a discussion of it," Mr. Colby declared. "Thirty years ago a gathering of this character would be inconceivable."

At no other time in the world's history, Mr. Colby said, could advertising have become the powerful factor it now is in the economic structure of the nation. Speaking of the dissolution of sectional lines and prejudices in the United States, he said, "the birth of modern advertising had to await the real birth of the nation."

One of the great innovations in modern distribution methods as seen by Mr. Colby is the introduction of the package form of selling food.

"Lots of water has flowed over the dam since the Sherman anti-trust act was passed," Mr. Colby continued. "There has been a tremendous moral uplift in business within the last 25 years. You can't sow wild oats in advertising without reaping losses and tarnished reputations."

A. C. Pearson, president of the National Publishers' Association, presided. Among those present were Robert Adamson, vice-president of the Bank of the United States; Eugene P. Thomas, vice-president of the United States Steel Corporation; Joseph R. Shusser, president of the Terminal Barber Shops, Inc., and business and advertising managers of daily and trade newspapers.

Waking Up.—I will exchange a Simmons day-bed and mattress for a secretary.—Ad in the Tulsa Daily World.

Laundered Hair Shirt.—The President' Day. 9.45 a. m.—Senator Smooth (Rep.), of Utah, called.— United States Daily.

Life of the Funeral.—Excited Premier Buried in Bulgaria.—Fort Worth Record-Telegram.



King Albert
76 Pieces $230.00

Gorham silver costs less than you realize

MANY women have felt that because Gorham is the ultimate in fine silver, they could not afford it.

Actually, Gorham silver is very moderate in price. You can buy 76 pieces—complete service for eight—in any one of Gorham's seven most popular patterns for less than $260.00.

We invite you to visit our shop where we can show you a wide assortment of lovely flatware patterns, as well as exquisite matching pieces of hollow ware in a wide range of prices!



Fairfax
76 Pieces $240.00

J. S. KREEGER
Jeweler & Optician. Chestertown, Md.
PHONE 53J.

HURLOCK—CHESTERTOWN—TOLCHESTER
EFFECTIVE SEPT. 3, 1929

READ DOWN All runs daily and Sunday unl ess otherwise noted READ UP

P. M.	X A. M.			A. M.	P. M.
	7.10	Lv.	HURLOCK Ar.		8.00
	7.25		FEDERALSBURG		7.45
	8.00		DENTON		7.05
	8.20		GREENSBORO		6.45
	8.30		GOLDSBORO		6.35
	8.45		INGLESIDE		6.20
	9.00		SUDLERSVILLE		6.05
	9.15		CHURCH HILL		5.45
	9.30	Ar.	CHESTERTOWN Lv.		5.30
4.15	9.35	Lv.	CHESTERTOWN Ar.	10.40	5.25
4.30	9.50		FAIRLEE	10.25	5.10
4.40	10.00	Ar.	TOLCHESTER Lv.	10.15	5.00
P. M.	A. M.			A. M.	P. M.

XThis run one-half hour later on Sundays.

TOLCHESTER— CHESTERTOWN —CENTREVILLE
EFFECTIVE SEPT. 3, 1929

READ DOWN READ UP

	A. M.			P. M.	
	10.15	Lv.	TOLCHESTER Ar.	4.40	
	10.25		FAIRLEE	4.30	
	10.40	Ar.	CHESTERTOWN Lv.	4.15	
Daily Except Sunday	10.40	Lv.	CHESTERTOWN Ar.	3.55	Daily Except Sunday
	10.55		CHURCH HILL	3.40	
	11.20	Ar.	CENTREVILLE Lv.	3.15	
	P. M.			P. M.	

Economical—Safe—Comfortable
RED STAR MOTOR COACHES, Inc.
And Subsidiary
SALISBURY, MARYLAND
Phones:
Salisbury 594 -- Hurlock 67



The knowing woman no longer submits meekly to regular, systemic suffering. For this kind of pain is relieved by Bayer Aspirin just as readily as an occasional headache, twinge of neuralgia, or the more intense pain of rheumatism. Try it for the days you dread and share the gratitude of business and professional women for Bayer Aspirin. Doctors declare it safe to use freely. Any drugstore.

BAYER ASPIRIN
Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid

Stam Drug Co.
Chestertown, Md.

Plan to Have a Garden
THIS SPRING
A Fresh Supply of Landreth's and Ferry's
GARDEN AND FLOWER SEEDS

Scatter Sunshine with Greeting Cards.
A full supply of Birthday, Anniversary and Remembrance Card

Stam Drug Co
"The Prescripttion Store"
Phone No. 30.

Massey & Wilmers FERTILIZERS

Are cured in bulk thereby insuring first class mechanical condition for drilling.

You get what years of experience and field observation prove to be the best combinatio nof plant food.

W can furnish what your crop needs when you wont it in any quantity, delivered i nyour barn.

TOM JR. (5-8-5.)
TRUSTWORTHY (2-8-5.)
CROP PRODUCER (1-9-4).
SUPER-PHOSPHATE (12-5.)
SUPER-PHOSPHATE (10-5.)

New Crop Timothy
Alfalfa
Crimson Clover
Red Top
Sweet Clover
Kentucky Blue Grass.
WARNER'S HYDRATED LIME
SHELL LIME

CERESAN for disinfecting Seed Wheat. Ceresan is very effective in the control of Bunt or Stinking Smut and is recommended for the control of seed bourne Flag Smut.

Massey & Wilmer
Chestertown, Maryland

Investments
that merit your confidence to yield about
5½% to 6¼%
Diversified selections composing Municipal, Public Utility and Rail Road Bonds, Industrial and Real Estate Bonds.
Foreign Bonds and Stock Issues.

Thos. W. Perkins, Inc
105 Court St.
Correspondent of West & Co.
Bankers
Philadelphia and New York
Stock Exchange

JOHN W. BARROLL
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
Phone No. 10 Chestertown, Md.

Subscription to the Transcript $1.50 per annum.

©Maryland State Archives msa_sc3326_scm8226-0085