

NOW AND THEN

NEW YEAR

Another year, another year, Has borne its record to the skies. Another year, another year, Untried, unproved, before us lies. We hail with smiles its dawning ray, How shall we meet its final day?

AFTER CHRISTMAS

The Christmas trimmings have done their work, and are of no use now. The merchants who have been so busy with the Christmas rush, are finding time to look over their books again. The busy house wife is feeding her family with left-overs and has time for comparative leisure, and the sender of Christmas cards is writing to her friends again.

A PRESIDENT'S LEGACY

President Roosevelt has just announced to the Historical Society that he intends to leave to the Government, all his books regarding the happening of History and Politics which have taken place since his entrance in public life in 1910. To house all of these books he will leave his home at Hyde Park. This is a magnificent gift and will do much to preserve the name and doings of President Roosevelt, to posterity.

WHAT DID YOU DO?

Well Christmas has come and gone! Such a Merry Christmas it has been for so many, and the thought comes to us, What did we do to make some one happier this Christmas?

The radio has told us of many lovely things that others have done. One hotel keeper in a mining town in Canada, gave a free dinner to all who were guests of the hotel. When asked if it did not cost a great deal of money, he replied, "Oh yes it did, but it gave me a great lot of happiness."

Another man flew around where the Light House keepers count the hours in their lonely vigils and dropped down from the sky many books, newspapers and presents to them, while a certain postmistress induced her friends to send out to people unknown to them, but known to the post mistress, packages of "Happiness."

It was Sydney Smith who said: "If a person wants to be happy let him make some one else happy and he will be happy too."

MR. GRIECO'S 90 DAYS

Some years ago was published a very popular book, "Brewster's Millions." The story told of a young man who was left several millions. Just as he was about to enjoy his money another legacy was left him. But this legacy, which was about twice as much as the one which he had just inherited, made the provision that he must be without any means at all at the time that the money came to him. So it was up to Brewster to get rid of the millions which he already possessed.

The following true story reads something like it. Depending solely on his temperament, Herman Grieco of Memphis, Tenn., has the chance to be either one of the happiest of Americans or one of the most forlorn.

To understand this, one must know that Mr. Grieco, a cobbler by trade, was recently informed that he had inherited \$300,000 from a relative in Italy. The joker is that Italian exchange restrictions prohibit his taking the money out of the country and that he can get a passport to live there for only 90 days.

Thus Cobbler Grieco, who "never wasted a nickel in his life," is faced with the problem of getting rid of his \$300,000 in exactly 90 days in Italy. He has 90 days in which to eat, drink and tour in Italy, 90 days in which he must spend the money and have no durable goods to show for it, 90 days before his golden chariot turns back into a pumpkin.

After that, Grieco must return to his cobbler's shop. And one of two things must happen to him as a result of the experience. Either he will be glad to go back to his old way of living and enjoy his memories of how all Italy bowed and scraped on his 90-day tour, or he will spend his time disconsolately trying to readjust himself to the simple world of wretched shoes.

ELLEN TERRY'S FRIENDS

On one of her last American tours, Ellen Terry attended in New York the first night of a young playwright's new work; and at the close of the third act he was presented to her. She congratulated him warmly: "It is very good," she said, "your play is very good indeed, and I shall send all my American friends to see it."

"In that case," said the dramatist, with a very low and courtly bow, "can count on my little piece selling 90,000,000 tickets."

GETTING THE NAME RIGHT

When Vasco da Gama sailed down the coast of Africa, seeking passage to India, he ran into heavy storms at the southernmost point of the continent. After weeks of battling, he rounded the Cape, sailed into the Indian Ocean, and established the desired new trade route.

When he reported his travels and his travels to his king, da Gama said he had named that treacherous place "The Cape of Storms."

But the king saw beyond the present discomfort to the future possibilities, and protested, "Nay, call it the Cape of Good Hope."

NOW TO WORK A WHILE

A car drew up beside the road. On the other side of the fence an old man was busily hoeing cotton. "Hey, don't you know this is Fourth of July? You shouldn't be working. You ought to be at a picnic."

The old man leaned on his hoe. "Picnic? Huh! I've had my share of picnics. Why young fellow, you might not believe it, but I reckon in my time I've taken in at least 500 of these here Fourth of July picnics."

SEEKING THE GOOD

"World friendliness can be best fostered by seeing good and ignoring evil. I will, in extending this love, forget that there ever was a Napoleon. Instead, I will look at some sculpture by Rodin. I will close my eyes to the fact that Great Britain is imperialistic. I will remember that Shakespeare and Shelley and Dickens and Galsworthy were Englishmen. Somebody will say, 'German,' and I will hum a bar of the 'Pilgrim's Chorus.' I will let myself know only of the great accomplishments of these countries in literature, music, art and philosophy."—Dorothy Michell.

SHAW'S FIRST

While the motion picture was developing into an extraordinary medium for mass entertainment, one of the world's foremost playwrights flatly and steadily refused to let any of his works be made into movies. The playwright was George Bernard Shaw, Irish wit, rude non-conformist, and critic of all things from breakfast to man.

Accordingly, because he had so long looked down his nose at the cinema, it was an event of double interest last week when George Bernard Shaw appeared in a movie of his own making. Opening in New York, the movie began with a prologue in which the 82-year-old playwright explained that he had never been opposed to having his works filmed but that he had simply wanted them placed on the screen exactly as he had written them.

And almost exactly as he had written it, his "Pygmalion" unreel itself on the New York screen. As his first movie, it faithfully followed the lines of the play he had written in 1913. Drawing the name from the mythological sculptor who fell in love with one of his own statues, Shaw's Pygmalion (Leslie Howard) is an English phonetics expert who wagers that he can transform a cockney flower girl (Wendy Hiller) into a lady fit for a king, merely by teaching her to speak properly. The teaching process involves many things, not the least of which is the blossoming of love between the language expert and his pupil. The resultant comedy is excellent, and it serves to introduce Miss Hiller to Americans as one of the year's best actresses.

Made in England with Shaw's assistance, "Pygmalion" pleased all the critics who saw it in New York. The general judgment was that the play had been expertly transferred to the screen and that Shaw's first movie was a first-class hit.

MANSIONS IN THE SKIES

This is a Story founded on one which I read long ago, sitting in Judge Pearce's library, surrounded as I was with shelves and shelves of books.

The name of the author I do not remember, and many of the incidents I have forgotten, but when asked to write a New Year's Story, I thought of this: It was called:

"MANSION IN THE SKIES"

Mr. Mason sat alone in his luxurious library this New Year Eve. Everything around spoke of wealth and possession, but his face was as pale as a sheet, and he sat with his hands clasped in front of him, as if he were in the grip of some terrible calamity.

His wife had just asked him for a large sum of money for a social function which she was to have to pay out her social obligations. Of course such things were necessary, he thought, but some how he could not bring himself to part with the money. He had just received the disappointing news that the assistant whom he had refused to raise his salary.

The sum which he had given his wife for her party was enough to give the poor fellow a substantial raise. Being poor, he did not hesitate to help those around him who were poorer than himself. Mr. Mason had just heard of his paying the rent of a small house at Christmas time. No wonder he was poor.

But what hurt him above all things was the attitude of his talented son, who followed his father's footsteps and entering the legal profession, chose to be a doctor, and on that day, had informed him that his wish was to go out as a medical missionary to the countries that so needed medical care. The father had planned so much for this son of his and now for him to waste his talents in such a way as this.

Mr. Mason remembered too, the look of his son who was in the office when David asked for a raise. It seemed to say, "Father he deserves it!" And the good opinion of his son was very dear to him.

Suddenly his surroundings changed and he seemed to be borne up in the clouds and with him was David, his little son, and they went, and then a door was opened and they were in the land that is far off.

They saw there a great white throne in Heaven and on the throne sat one whose face was beautiful to behold, while around were multitude of people, worshipping and praising Him, who sat upon the throne, and their voices were as the sound of many waters.

As they stood entranced at the sight one approached them and said, "Come and I will show you your home in Heaven. And he led them to a small house, while beside it stood a lovely mansion. He pointed to the small house and said to Mr. Mason, "This is your home, and to David, this is yours."

Oh no! cried both Mr. Mason and David, "there is some mistake."

But the angel replied, "We build the houses in this kingdom with what is sent on before; of love, of friendship to all, and sacrifice, David has sent far more than you, so his is the larger house."

"Father father wake up! we are ready to welcome the New Year in," said his daughter, as she kissed him with a laughing face.

He arose and followed her as she joined the family, but the dream could not be shaken off. All night long, he thought of it. He thought of his coldness to his fellow men, how he avoided the poor, and how little he gave in proportion to his means. What after all would he deserve in the fair land above?

New Year's day was Sunday, but he did not wait until the next day when the office would open, but walked over to David's humble home. "I have thought better of it," he said, "and have decided to give you a raise, for you deserve it," and shaking the hand of his delighted clerk, he turned and left him with a very light heart.

That evening, as he sat with his son in the Library they discussed all that his son had planned for the future, and he offered to help him in all of his undertakings.

He never told his dream but those who were thrown with him noticed how full of loving kindness he had grown, and many who had regarded him as cold and stern, grew to love and admire him.

S. S. R.

KENNEDYVILLE

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Lipscomb entertained Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Pennington and Mr. and Mrs. Norman Pennington at dinner on Christmas Day. Mr. and Mrs. James Gros and children were Christmas dinner guests of Mrs. Ida Scotten and Miss Blanche Redmie.

Don't forget the Play in the school building. Getting Ira married by the Red Line Dramatic Club.

Mr. and Mrs. William Umlift and Mrs. Anna Caldwell, of Wilmington, spent Christmas Day with Mr. and Mrs. William Dempsey.

Mr. Harry Johnston and family and Mr. William Johnston, of Middletown, Miss Annie Weer, Miss Sue Johnston and Betty George were Christmas Day guests of Mrs. James Weer.

Mr. and Mrs. Hope Copper entertained at dinner on Monday Mrs. Olivia Fowler, Mr. Ralph Copper and wife, Mr. Fred Copper and Miss Catherine Atwell and Miss Catherine Fogwell.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Smith and Bobby of Philadelphia, spent Monday with relatives here.

Mrs. Dora King has been quite sick the past week at the home of her son, Mr. and Mrs. Delbert Robinson, of Baltimore, spent the Christmas holidays with relatives here.

Mr. Joseph Weer and Miss Sue Johnston, of Washington, D. C., and Mrs. Annie Weer visited Mrs. James Weer and family at home last week.

Mr. and Mrs. John George entertained her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Parsons and son of Quaker Neck and Mr. Linwood George and Billy George at Christmas dinner on Sunday.

Miss Sophie Miller spent Christmas with friends in Wilmington, Del.

Mr. and Mrs. Ross Wilbanks and Jane spent Christmas Day with Mr. and Mrs. Harry Hill.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Johnston spent Christmas Day with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Johnston at Worton.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Estees and children, of Washington, D. C., spent Christmas Day with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Wilbanks.

Mr. and Mrs. William Anthony were dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. Garey on Monday.

Mr. Thomas Van Dyke, Miss Lula Van Dyke and Mrs. Acra Crey were dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. George Glenn on Monday.

Mr. James Fogwell of the U. S. Navy visited relatives here a part of this week.

The Christmas entertainment was held in the M. P. Church Tuesday evening with the usual visit of Santa Claus.

MILLINGTON

Mr. and Mrs. Goldy Schults and children were Christmas day guests of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Lewis Starkey, near Golts, Md.

Mrs. Ethel Freeman, of Chester, Pa., was a visitor at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Burris one day last week.

The small son of Mr. and Mrs. Eddy Squires is threatened with pneumonia.

Mrs. Sara Taylor, of Philadelphia, is visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. John W. Higman.

The family of Harry L. Higman reported sick last week and all somewhat improved.

Mrs. James E. Higman who is threatened with pneumonia is somewhat improved at this time.

Miss Martha G. Hazell is spending the winter with Miss May Green in Holmesburg, Pa.

Mrs. Della Garton (nee Pennington) and daughter, Mrs. Burns and Miss Mildred Downes, of Baltimore, were callers at the home of Fred C. Numbers on Tuesday last.

Mrs. W. O. Selby, of Chestertown.

is spending some time at the home of her sister, Mrs. Merritt Brice.

Mrs. Ethel Jones and father, S. Thomas Phillips, of Stamford, Conn., and Mr. O. D. Price, of Chester, Pa., were week end guests of the latter's sister, Mrs. Ruth Bowman.

Mr. and Mrs. William F. Batchelor are receiving congratulations on the birth of a fine son, on December 18th. James Connors has moved from the Gayton apartments to apartments over the Hanson Horsey Cafe.

The Christmas Pageant at the Asbury M. E. Church on Christmas night was beautifully rendered and well attended.

Mrs. Emma Airey, of Catonsville, Md., was at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles P. Jones for the Christmas holidays.

Miss Margaret Jones and friend, Harry Hoffman, of Camden, N. J., spent Sunday with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Jones.

Miss Charlotte Jones, of Homeopathic Hospital, Wilmington, spent Saturday through Tuesday at the home of her parents.

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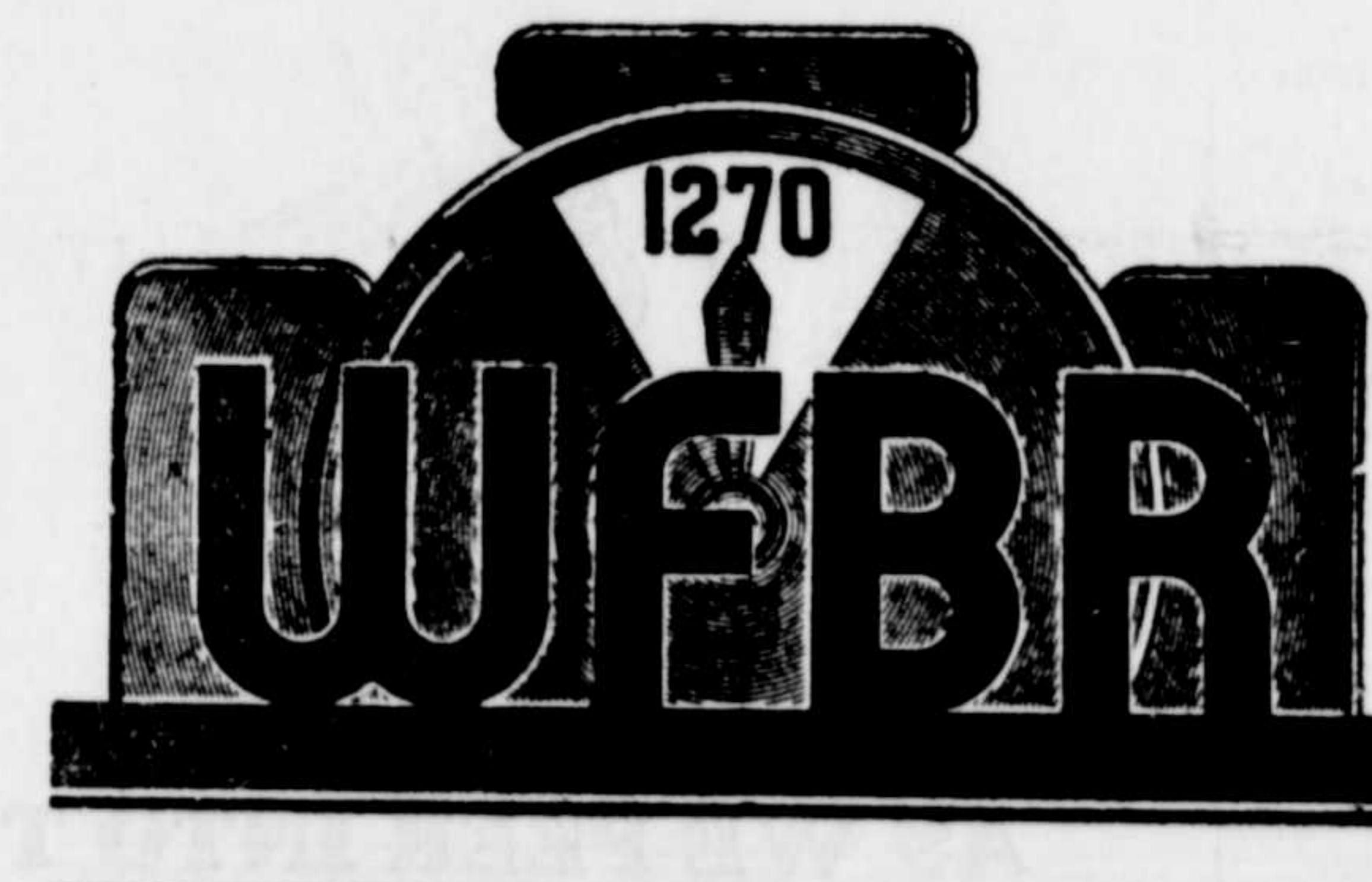
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WFBRR Wishes All Its Listeners A VERY Happy New Year 1939 Is WFBRR YEAR With NEW STUDIOS NEW TRANSMITTER INCREASED POWER GREATER COVERAGE Watch Us Grow



Arthur L. Eskey, Charleston, W. Va., was elected a vice president of the Telephone Pioneers of America at their seventeenth annual convention held recently in Toronto, Canada. Mr. Eskey is the general plant manager of The Chesapeake and Potomac Telephone Company of West Virginia. He is a past president of the West Virginia Chapter of Telephone Pioneers, which has 230 members. Like most telephone officials, Mr. Eskey came up from the ranks, having started his telephone career thirty-one years ago in Wheeling as a groundman.



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