NOW AND THEN

LOST TWILIGHT
By Robert Hillyer

Once with the grave Hesperides
I drank the sunset to the lees,
The evening star, the smouldering rose
Of light that neither comes nor goes
And one by one the maidens chose
Their cave of sleep in mist alone;
And night like closing hours of stone,
Guarded my heart in deep repose.

But now day withers, night comes on;
The tall Hesperides are gone,
I surely know them. Where are they?
The evening star set yesterday,
With light that flash and words that flay.
The years go by me in this land
Divided sharp on either hand
In light and dark like foes at bay.

There was a timeless time that seems
One with the footfall of my dreams,
Yet I remember it as well
As echoes from a silent bell,
Or the sea sounding in a shell
Word fail when we would say these things,
No phrase there is that speaks or sings
And what we know we cannot tell.

THE CHAUTAUQUA

Do you remember the Chautauqua and the seven joyous days? Those were the days before the movies were so universal and the broadcasts over the radio.

How eagerly we went to buy our season ticket. There were two entertainments every day, and because it was only for seven days we never missed a show, though sometimes we were very tired before the entertainment was over. Such wonderful speeches we heard from great men. How they warned us of coming evils as the large audience sat under the great tent. One evening there was Victor Herbert with his great band of musicians. There were yodlers and singers from everywhere and lectures about every conceivable thing generally warning the assembly of coming evils, if certain laws were not passed.

Among these was Mr. Bryan the great commoner as he was called. He always came on the platform waving a big palm leaf fan. Very often there was a lump of ice placed beside him and usually when he waxed warm in his speech he would lay his hand on the ice and give his bald head a cooling caress.

Sometimes he would speak from the platform of the car to the waiting crowds.

One day he was speaking thus to the crowds and telling them that the time would come when the Government would own all the great enterprises. It must run the express companies, the rail—but he never finished the sentence. "The Government is not running this train yet Mr. Bryan," said the conductor, giving the engineer notice to start.

With a broad smile the Commoner swing on the platform, "You win, Mr. Conductor," he said,

But after awhile the speakers were not so eloquent, the music no longer pleasing, the tents grew old and shabby, the seats uncomfortable, and the attendance small, and so Chautauqua passed out of existence.

A. A. MILNE

One of the most lovable and popular men of England is A. A. Milne, the editor of "Punch." His Autobiography was published in the Atlantic monthly some time ago. He says:

"It is easier in England to make a reputation than to lose one. I wrote four "children's books," containing altogether, I suppose 70,000 words—the number of words in the average length novel. Having said good-by to all that in 70,000 words, knowing that as far as I was concerned the mode was outmoded, I gave up writing children's books. I wanted to escape from Punch; as I have always wanted to escape. In vain. England expects the writer, like the cobbler, to stick to his last. As Arnold Bennett pointed out; if you begin painting policemen you must go on painting policemen, for then the public knows the answer — Policemen. If you stop painting policemen in order to paint windmills, criticism remains so overpoweringly policemen-conscious that even a windmill is seen as something with arms out, obviously directing the traffic. These last ten years in which I have been writing plays, novels, and invocations against war are littered with affiliation orders on behalf of all the "juveniles" born so lovingly and with such complete absence of labor into the book-world. If I didn't put my name to them, "that," as the King of Hearts said, "only makes the matter worse." It proves that my spiritual home is still the nursery, that I am still thinking of policemen. As a discerning critic pointed out: the hero of my latest play, God help it, was "just Christopher Robin grown up." So that even when I stop writing about children, I still insist on writing about people who were children once. What an obsession with me children are become!

A. A. MILNE

RICHARD WAGNER

When Richard Wagner appeared in London with his bold, startling innovations in music, he excited much comment by conducting a Beethoven symphony without a score. For this omission several critics took him severely to task, claiming it had caused him to give a poor interpretation of the work.

The next time he conducted a Beethoven symphony the carping musical experts were pleased and flattered to observe that he was using a score, and were unanimous in declaring that this had resulted in a much better reading of the music.

But Wagner, without at all intending to do it, had the last word. A few days later, while the critics were still congratulating themselves upon having put "that upstart innovator" in his place, they were treated with an astounding piece of information—the score that had rested on the music stand before Wagner during his last interpretation of Beethoven had not been Beethoven at all, but really the score of Rossini's "Barber of Seville," and laid upside down in the bargain!

KEEP GOING

Charles F. Kettering, research genius of General Motors, recently exhorted a large gathering of college students to strive to accomplish something, never to quit resignedly. "Keep on going," he declaimed, "and the chances are that you will stumble on something when you are least expecting it. I have never heard of anyone stumbling on anything while sitting down."—The Fusion Point.

A little heap,
Kept through the years,
And darkly stained
With old, old tears.

Lunch Rice Patties

1 cup cooked brown rice
¾ cup raisins
½ cup chopped cheese
½ teaspoon salt

Plump the raisins in boiling water and mix with the other ingredients. Shape inot patties and fry on both sides until brown.

ON THE SCREEN AT THE NEW LYCEUM

Anne Gwynne and Billy Halop (center) with the Dead End Kids, Gabriel Dell (L), Bobby Jordan, Huntz Hall and Bernard Punsley in Universal's "Give Us Wings." which comes to the New Lyceum Theatre on Thursday, Friday and Saturday, January 23, 24 and 25

"Four Mothers," the latest of the gay, charming "Four Daughters" series will make its local debut at the New Lyceum, Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, Jan. 20, 21, and 22. All the favorites of the Lemp family are back in this newest adventure. The story is more dramatic than its predecessors because now the Four Daughters are Four Mothers, yet it contains much sparkling humor.

The cast stars the Lane sisters, Priscilla, Rosemary, and Lola together with Gale Page as the Four Mothers. Adam Lemp, honest, respected citizen of Briarwood and devotee of Beethoven, is played by that grand actor, Claude Rains. His wise, philosophical sister, Aunt Etta, is portrayed by May Robson, Jeffrey Lynn, Eddie Albert, Frank McHugh and Dick Foran are cast as the husbands who are ideally suited to their wives.

Adam Lemp persuaded many of the townfolk to invest in some property in Florida that his son-in-law Ben (Frank McHugh) owned. When a hurricane came along and devasted the area, Adam felt as if he were responsible for the loss and sells his property in Briarwood in order to repay hsi friends. This warm story of how a great family helped themselves escape the disheartening results of adversity by working together will always he remembered. It is not only the story of a family's sacrifice. It is the story of a doctor's search for cure that will rid the town of a certain disease. It is the story of how a man's love for great music is kept alive. Above all it is a story of faith in the little man.

Director William Keighley has whipped the fine screenplay by Stephen Morehouse Avery into a grand film, losing none of the little human touches that give it such warmth. The story was suggested by Fannie Hurst's novel, "Sister Act."

Said to add another outstanding performance to his impressive record Billy Halop, talented young screen player, is seen in a top role in Universal's "Give Us Wings" coming on Thursday, Friday and Saturday, Jan. 23, 24 and 25th to the New Lyceum theatre.

In the film Billy appears as the leader of the Dead End Kids and the Little Tough Guys, portraying youthful aviators engaged in the hazardous crop-dusting profession.

Though one of the youngest dramatic actors on the screen, Billy is regarded as a seasoned performer by Hollywood directors.

"Billy has a natural flair for acting," says Charles Lamont, who piloted "Give Us Wings." "His ability to grasp a dramatic situation and play it to the hilt without sacrificing realism is a quality which comes to most performers only after many years of experience," Lamont declares.

Now barely out of his 'teens, young Halop started his professional career at the age of 10, when he played in Shakesperean dramas on the radio and in little theatres. Later he starred on a coast-to-coast air program creating the role of Bobby Benson, in which he won the following of thousands of boys.

Brought to Hollywood following his sensational performance in the stage production of "Dead End," Billy has increased his prestige with each film appearance.

Huntz Hall, Gabriel Dell, Bernard Punsly and Bobby Jordan are his fellow Dead Enders featured in "Give Us Wings." Wallace Ford, Victor Jory, Anne Gwynne and Shemp Howard also have important characterizations.

Entertainment honors go to Johnny Mack Brown's new Universal western "Bury Me Not on the Lone Prairie," coming on Thursday, Friday and Saturday, Jan. 23, 24 and 25th to the New Lyceum Theatre.

Throughout the film Brown battles and rides to score in the fast-moving dramatic sequences, and Fuzzy Knight registers his most impressive comedy role to date.

Nell O'Day and Kathryn Adams are the leading feminine players. New tunes and the title song are well done by Knight and the Rough Riders. Director Ray Taylor and cameraman Jerry Ash have given expert treatment to the screenplay by Sherman Lowe and Victor McLeod.

MILLINGTON

Mr. and Mrs. John Gleave, Miss Virginia Rickerson, Norman Higman, of Philadelphia, visited the home of their aunt, Miss Mollie Higman, on S. Crane Street.

Mrs. George J. Smith, who has been quite sick for several weeks at her home, is now quite improved at this writing.

Miss Mollie Higman and Mrs. Belle Higman, visited the former's brother and wife, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Higman, near Peter's Corner, last Monday. They found Mr. Higman somewhat improved.

Mr. and Mrs. Norman A. Wallace and Mrs. W. Leo Gale, were visitors in Wlimnigton, on Tuesday last.

Mrs. Joseph Tubbs, of Creseptown Md., spent Monday at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. Leo Gale.

Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Burris and children, Billie and Carol Ann, of Newport News, Va., spent Sunday with his mother Mrs. William Burris.

Mr. and Mrs. C. S. McWilliams and Miss Helen Hilyard were visitors on Sunday of relatives and friends in Salisbury, Md.

Mrs. William L. Starr, of Galena, spent Tuesday last with Mrs. James L. Skinner at the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. Leo Gale.

Mrs. Hannah Voshell is quite sick at this time at her home near town.

Mr. and Mrs. William Batchelor are now occupying the Jones property, recently vacated by Mrs. Ruth Bowman and the telephone office.

Mr. and Mrs. John W. Hilyard and daughter, Miss Dorothy spent Sunday at the home of Mr. W. E. Dickerson in Pomona, Md.

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