Queen Anne's Record-Observer

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To tell the news accurately, interestingly and promptly. To espouse the best interest of the Nation, Queen Anne's County and the Eastern Shore fearlessly, whole-heartedly.

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QUOTATION OF THE WEEK

Nations these days do not always keep their promises. Undeclared wars and unhonored treaties speak of an apparent decline in international morality. Both involve a pretense. They are much like an individual who hides his covetous violation of the Tenth Commandment beneath apaprent observance of the Sabbatarian ceremonies of the Fourth. In the face of unprovoked agression on two continents there has been an increasing recognition that "the glorification of breaches of agreement" must be halted. The hope is expressed that eventually the outraged conscience of the community will set into motion forces that will "re-establish unshakable order based on law."—Charles E. Gratke.

GLARING LIGHTS

Motorists in Queen Anne's county who drive at night and who do not desire to fall afoul of the law had better be certain to dim their headlights when meeting a car.

Corporal John C. Gates of the State Police stationed here points out that when one driver dims and the other does not, the second driver is almost always guilty of glaring headlights. The safest thing to do is to throw the lights downward or dim them when meeting a car since otherwise a wall of light is formed which blinds a driver as to road conditions ahead. Although the officer did not mention there is a price tacked on glaring headlights.

One other matter that Corporal Gates wants to call the attention of car operators to is schoolboy patrols. These boys conspicuously belted are assignd to the task of guiding school children across streets. To do this work properly it is necessary that they halt traffic occasionally and the officer advises drivers to obey the patrol's signal to halt.

As far as motor vehicle laws are concerned it is the task of the police to supervise traffic with a maximum of safety and obedience to law. Corporal Gates' reminders are pertinent and proper. Common sense should tell a motorist to heed them.

JOINING PURPOSES

Everywhere throghout the nation Americans will join Saturday in the crusade against Infantile Paralysis. The movement is a tribute to President Roosevelt and centers rightly enough upon his birthday.

Activity will take various forms. In the larger communities plans are being pushed for thousands of dances and entertainments honoring the President and through him fighting the battle against the scourge of childhood which he faced and over which he emerged triumphant.

In smaller communities and by thousands of citizens in cities as well the movement will take the form of mammoth telegrams wishing the President happiness upon his natal day. Miles of dimes are also being rolled up.

In Queen Anne's county the activity concentrating upon joint telegrams with each person signing contributing twenty-five cents. This money will not be absorbed by the Western Union or Postal Telegraph companies which are donating their services.

All of it will be turned over to the New National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis, as will all or the greater part of the more spectacular entertainments and dances.

Almost every one who joins in one method or other of marking the President's birthday will be thinking first of him but it is well to remember that behind him is the childhood of America whose well-being is the ultimate goal of the celebrations.

FARMERS' FRIEND

Professor Frederic W. Oldenburg, associate professor of agronomy at the University of Maryland and specialist in that subject with the Extension Service, who died at his home in Hyattsville on Saturday, was a familiar figure to Queen Anne's county farmers and was perhaps the best known worker in the Extension Service here in Queen Anne's. . Professor Oldenburg's death at 64 was attributed to complications resulting from an automobile accident in Western Maryland last fall.

Because of his acquaintance with this county Professor Oldenburg had been included in the leaders to conduct classes at the Adult Farm School and was scheduled to take charge on the evenings of March 1 and March 8.

Much of his work in Queen Anne's was with individual farmers, soil testing, certification, alfalfa production and development of permanent pasture. He took an interest in Queen Anne's and did as much work here as in any other county in Maryland.

A graduate of West Point and like military men not given to the flourishes of oratory, Professor Oldenburg was in demand as a speaker at farmers' meetings because of the depth of his knowledge and his understanding and sympathy with farmers' problems. His sound knowledge and friendly advice will be missed.

VANISHING HANDS

It has not been so very many years ago that practically every farm home of any consequences had its hired man. He was not regarded as a paid laborer; he was a fixture and could be taken into confidence as readily as any other member of the family. He seldom proved to be a 'floater." He came out of nowhere, and no one cared about his past. He was content with board and lodging and a little money now and then for chewing tobacco and a change of shirt and socks. He was a jack-of-all-trades, could fix anything that went wrong about the farm, was an indispensable member of the family.

Times have changed. The hired man as he was once known and cherished has been melting into oblivion, and there is a vast difference between him and the farm laborer of today. Today's farm hand generally migrates with the season; he isn't content to spend his life in the employ of one family. Today he is nothing more than a man working for wages —and always as high wages as he can get.

The old-time hired man has succumbed to the lure of the city. He couldn't resist the dream of big salaries and wages and the fascinating life of the city. If he has fonud happiness there, all right. But when he left he took away from the farm a lot of sentiment and happiness that can't be put back by the hired man of the present day.—Ellicott City Times.

400 SLAVES

The modern industrial civilization of the United States presents to each American family the mechanical equivalent of 400 human slaves, says Dr. A. A. Potter, of Purdue University, who maintains that science promises us a finer kind of living than the wealthiest potentates of the past ever dreamed of.

We have no means of checking the doctor's estimate but there is, at least, enough truth in his assertion to astound many of us. The utilization of mechanical power promises greater ease and comfort to the people of the United States. With it will come new dangers to the moral fibre of individuals, with some persons degenerating in flabby indolence and soporific stupification.

This does not mean that we must slow down industrial progress because of the dangers that attend its development. A people, blessed with such benefits along material lines, must keep their spiritual natures ahead of gross materialization if it is to live and be powerful.—Eastern Shore News.

RUGGED FARMERS

City folk like to picture Maryland's farmer as one who stands in faded overalls with one foot on the bottom rail of a fence, gazing on a blade of grass.

It was quite a different farmer who attended the twenty-second annual convention of the Maryland Agricultural Society, Maryland Farm Bureau and affiliated organizations in the Lord Baltimore Hotel, Baltimore. Outwardly, he and his 559 fellow tillers of the soil presented themselves in conservative dark business suits and sat attentively while professors and experts gave talks.

Inwardly, though, Maryland's farmer is very much like that chap with his foot on the bottom rail. True, he has long ago become used to modern machinery he has attended agricultural schools he has learned a number of city ways and he has harvested better crops.

But most of Maryland's farmers are just as rugged individualists and just as much confined in business methods —to his own field as the old fashioned hayseed.

Just now to get his share of the nation's income in competition with closely organized groups in other industries is what is foremost in the Maryland farmer's mind today. Farmers hereabouts don't look kindly on any brand of crop control. They want better prices for their crops but they don't want anybody to tell them how much they can plant or how much they can put on the market.—Easton Journal.

Love Point Ferry is well advertised on the Eastern Shore but a new steamer would be more effective.—Baltimore Observer.

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Free speech without compulsory listening should go far toward making a happy people.—Toledo Blade.

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True music-lovers are furious over the increasing hubbub and chatter of audiences in our opera houses. Wagner foresaw all this: he made his opus loud.—Des Moines Register.

THE Rambling Recorder

The little snow that fell last week did not last long enough to cheer farmers who wanted it to linger and help the wheat. We've heard it said that fog at night is a sign of settled weather. That is frequently true in the fall. This week it meant unsettled weather. The dense fog Friday night caused postponement of a card party scheduled at Queenstown and cut in on the attendance at the Little Theatre square dance. And it forced Harry Reynolds to take a good two hours to crawl from Greensboro to Queenstown, a trip he usually covers in less than an hour. Fog and rain lasted until Tuesday to maintain January's record of a gray month.

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A few years ago we were amused when a couple of acquaintances went hell-bent-for-leather toward a woods a mile away looking for a fire. And found the moon rising. On Monday shortly after noon Mrs. Walter Morris left the home of Mrs. J. Edward Connolly to return to her own fireside. One glance at her dwelling as she passed through the woods and she hurried back to the Connolly's tearfully to report her home and furnishings and all going up in smoke. A call was sent in at once for the Good Will Fire Company. Before the Company arrived willing friends hurried down to Mrs. Morris' home to try to save some of the furnishings and discovered that the fire was a puff of fog that had settled on the house and apparently wreathed it in smoke.

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Jeff Davis Post of the American Legion has one member who has received both the Distinguished Service Cross and the Croix de Guerre with a gilt star. Both were awarded to Leonard A. Renshaw, now manager of the Spring Cove Farm, and both were on display at the Centreville National Bank for a short time recently. Mr. Renshaw won his medals in the Meuse-Argonne sector as a corporal in the 115th Infantry in the 29th Division. The citation says, "In command of a liaison group he displayed great contempt for danger in frequently carrying messages under artillery and machine gun fire. Although several times gassed he remained at his post." Mr. Renshaw was living in Princess Anne at the time of his enlistment.

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The "Sugar Foot" is the most popular dance at the Little Theatre on Friday evenings. Bonded liquor seized in raids in the county last year stayed in jail for a long time awaiting disposition of the cases. Now it is being distributed to hospitals, a share having gone to both the Kent-Queen Anne's hospital at Chestertown and the Emergency Hospital at Easton. Our fast moving age has put odd twists to the meanings of words. An ariplane pilot was blown off his course in the storm of Monday night. A radio announcer was sending directions for reaching Hartford, Conn. Said the announcer, "If you will pick up the river you will find the airport." The storm was accompanied by a whistling south wind and one of the highest tides observed by Kent Islanders for a long, long time. At Kent Narrows a number of boats staked out south of the highway bridges were blown ashore. Fortunately the tide was still high in the morning and owners got their craft in deep water again. Otherwise some of them would have work cut out had their boats been left high and dry.

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Down the road they are saying that Walter Miles, the voice of Wye Mills, can not help his friends as easily as he once did. During the depression and for sometime thereafter Walter had a soup bone which he passed around among his neighbors so they might make lima bean soup if they had the beans. But one neighbor used the bone for black bean soup and ruined it. And not far from Wye Mills they are telling of a lad who stayed close to home for two days. He had told his girl friend he was going on a short trip and then couldn't catch the ride he counted on. And was too embarrassed to explain matters. Coincidence defy explanation. The Good Will Fire Company awards a dollar membership prize at the monthly meeting provided the member whose name is drawn is present to claim the dollar. On Monday evening every member answered to the roll call. Before the meeting was over John Hagen left and his name was the one drawn later for the dollar.

JANUARY

By Casper L. Newcomb

January, infant of a New Year;
Baby of future days to come,
You're bright; but O how drear
You look to a pessimist in his home.

The snow that lies out there so bold,
And cover fields, wide space, and dale;
Your frozen ways of ice, and cold;
Keen northern winds that blows a gale—

Is nothing but your baby try
For nourishment on which to thrive,
Until the bright sun shines up high
And wakes all sleeping things alive.

Women have twisted that old saw into "If the hat fits it isn't a hat."—Washington Star.

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Trouble is a sieve through which we sift our acquaintances. Those who are too big to pass through are our friends.—Stewart-Warnerite.

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According to a Murray State Teachers College a small thimble full of water contains 40000 million million million molecules. Put a dollar sign in front of that and see how closely the figures resembles the public debt in this country.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

OUR READERS SAY:

January 21, 1938.

To the Editor

Dear Sir:

I read with a great deal of interest and gratification, the editorial entitled, 'Every One's Hall', written in your last week's issue. To those of us who have carried the burden of the financial structure of The Little Theatre, and sometimes not always with ease, your editorial strikes a chord of deep appreciation with us, to know that our efforts are being publically recognized. The Little Theatre is every one's hall, and we want the public to know and realize that this is true. You have ably carried that point to your readers and at this time I want to personally thank you in behalf of The Little Theatre.

As the acting head of the organization, I feel that I want to enlarge on your article and give the public our viewpoint of what The Little Theatre means.

It is true that the Little Theatre stands preeminently for amateur Theatrical productions, thereby developing latent talent and offering much needed recreation and pleasure to those who are interested and take advantage of this work. In the nearly three years of our organization, I am safe in saying that our purpose has been realized. Under the able direction of Mrs. Edna M. Harris, we have given numerous productions that have afforded us this realiziation and besides, have been a credit to our community. We have not always had the support of the public in attendance at these productions, but judging by the remarks made by those present, we feel that those absent have been the losers. Have we succeeded in our first aim? Yes, 100%. So we say, 'On with the next show; we are eager and ready.'

But The Little Theatre has another very important function. That is, to provide a community hall suitably euipped to serve the needs of most any demand. As brought out in your article, we have provided this hall and tho not fully equipped according to our plans, yet adequate to the needs we have so far experienced. At this point I feel that you and your readers will be interested in the annual financial report, submitted by our treasurer, Ray Tabler, at our recent board meeting. We desire the public to know just where our money comes from and more importantly, how we spend it. To have this information is to realize that, to support the activities of the organization means to support the community at large.

The total receipts for the past year, ending December 31, 1937, were $1,185.55. This money was obtained as follows: Contributions by our patrons, $385.00; from roller skating $243.26; from rentals of the building, $272.00; from theatricals, $97.95, and from bakes, parties, etc., $187.34. The total expenditures were, $1,096.00, as follows: Rent, $300.00; equipment, $283.13; roller skating, $128.23; light, heat and janitor, $190.04; remodeling $76.07; garden, $25.00; play royalties, $20.00; taxes and insurance, $38.87, and miscellaneous, $34.66. This report shows a net gain of receipts over expenditures of $89.55, but to us the significant part of the report is that over 35% of the expenditures were for improvement and equipment. To further enlarge the items of receipts from rentals is most interesting. During the year of 1936, our report showed receipts from this source of $115.00. A corresponding figure of $272.00 for 1937. proves that the public is realizing the advantages we have offered it and is using the building more for its numerous activities, a gain of 135% over the previous year. To us this is most significant. Where have we spent this added income? The report above answers that question, but to emphasize, to make The Little Theatre more serviceable. During the past year, we have practically equipped our Kitchen, having provided dishes enough to serve 125 persons at one sitting. We have bought extra cook stoves and provided a hot water heater. We have facilitated serving by building serving shelves direct from the kitchen. We have bought tables with a joint seating capacity of 125. Tho adequate for most occasions, we need more tables, more dishes and we need chairs. Our benches, serving us well in the past, are not suitable for all activities. We find a great need for convenient and more comfortable seating. Our heating arrangement has done nobly well for what we have, but new stoves will soon be necessary. We have greatly enhanced our stage effects with our new lighting set-up. There are numerous other improvements we deem necessary in our plans.

Yes, Mr. Editor, The Little Theatre is, 'Every One's Hall'. It belongs to the public. We are only its keepers. We are proud to know that we are associated with such an organization, working with a fine, congenial group of associates. We have a board of directors that really function. Each member has his job, and each job is done. We neither ask or desire any pay. To see our organization growing and filling a need long felt in this community, what better pay?

It might be of interest to know that we have the only COMMUNTY SUPPORTED Little Theatre organization in the State of Maryland. We are continually receiving letters from within and without the state from similar groups and interested individuals recognizing our unique set-up. We have started a movement, but the community has participated in its growth. On we say to make Queen Anne's Little Theatre, the most up-to-date and best equipped community hall in the State of Maryland.

J. Hall Barton, President,
Queen Anne's Little Theatre.
Centreville. Md.

January 10, 1938.

To the Editor:

Permit me to express my opinion to your readers on the curse of America, the "Monopolies."

Monopolies is the cause of Wars and Depressions. For instance, the Standard Oil Company employs Chinese Coolies for 20 yen a day; in American money it is 2 cents a day, and is selling the cheap labored gasoline to the American people for 18c a gallon, which is highway robbery, and the other gasoline companies are in the same conspiracy. Then how could the American farmer, small businessman and worker balance his budget, when the Chinaman gets the work, and the American has to pay for it 100 percent more than it is really worth.

You may look into the Steel Trust. It raised the wages of its workers 13½ percent, and raised the price of steel 80 percent.

I could name many more but the space in your paper would not permit.

I would suggest that a law should be passed that the Monopoly Rulers should be punished like profiteers had been punished in the World War. We have a war right now, it is a struggle for existence. It is Monopoly vs. Pioneer. If Pioneers built America, why not give it back to them.

Now as our Assistant Attorney General Bob Jackson is preparing his findings of his investigation of the Robbery methods of those Monopolies for the Congress, I wish that every citizen should write to his Congressman and ask him to enact a law with sharp teeth with no loopholes to curb the enslavers of the American people.

Yours truly,
M. DUBNOW.
Stevensville, Md.

THIS WEEK'S OLD TIMER

A comparatively young "Old Timer" who has earned his title by continuous residence in the county, and his activity in several organizations that label a man a successful and progressive farmer is Earle R. Bishop, of "Kinderhook," near Centreville, in the Sixth District.

Mr. Bishop was born near Starr on the Knotts' farm, on December 20th, 1882, and is the eldest son of former Register of Wills William T. Bishop, and the late Mrs. Bishop.

When he was four years old his parents moved to the Palmer Farm, near Hope, where the family remained until the subject of our sketch was sixteen years old, when they moved to the large "Wakefield" farm owned by the McKenney estate, also in the Hope neighborhood.

Learning the art of farming from his father "Old Timer" Bishop at the age of twenty-one started out on his own on the Wright farm, and on January 7, 1903 married Miss Mabel Gafford, a daughter of the late Ludlow Gafford. Mrs. Bishop lived only two years, and died in August, 1905. Mr. Bishop, however, continued farming, and soon became a leader of his community.

On November 22nd, 1907, Mr. Bishop married Miss Gladys Jester, the daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. John E. Jester. The marriage took place at the farm home of the bride's parents near Carville. He also became associated with William T. Hufnal, as contractor for crops for the Carville canneries. Some time later his father purchased the "Briston" farm near Queenstown, and Mr. Bishop followed him to the "Wakefield" farm.

He lived at "Wakefield" seven years when he launched out as a farm owner by purchasing the "Shallcross" farm near Carville and moved there, where he remained until 1917, when he purchased the "Kinderhook" tract near Ruthsburg, from Charles A. Busteed. This was at that time and still is considered one of the most attractive homes of that section.

Besides his actual agricultural pursuits, "Old Timer" Bishop is a member of practically every organization in the county in the interest of better conditions for the farmer. He is a charter member and has been on the Board of Directors of the Queen Anne's County Farm Bureau since its organization. He is a member of the Inter-State Milk Association and a director of the Southern States Grain and Feed Association. He is also Queen Anne's county representative of the Swift Red Steer Fertilizer Company, and for twenty years has purchased grain for C. S. Thomas, of Centreville.

Several years ago Mr. Bishop sold his Shallcross farm to Mr. Hufnal, but three years ago again purchased it, and now carries on both farms, besides managing the farm owned by Mrs. Bishop, near the old Poplar School. He has a splendid herd of fifty milch cows on his two farms.

He has always been a member of the Democrat party and has taken an active part, particularly in the Sixth District He was a candidate for Register of Wills in the Primary in 1934.

Mr. and Mrs. Bishop are known for their splendid hospitality, and their home is the rendevous for many friends, particularly the young folks, who delight in visiting there. They have six children—four daughters and two sons. They are: Mrs. C. Harrington Knotts, and Mrs. Marion Wilson, of Centreville; Mrs. Howard Dukes, of Queenstown; Mrs. Roger Alexander and Mr. William E. Bishop of Wilmore, Kentucky, and Mr Robert Bishop, at home.

Mr. Bishop and his family are members of Grace M. P. Church, but also have a keen interest in the little Ruthsburg Church, which they attend a great share of the time.

BOOKS You May Enjoy

By GRAHAM WATSON

THE RAINS C AME.

India provides the setting of Bromfield's latest novel—a melodramatic story of English people and natives, whose nerves are strained by the heat, drought and waiting for the rains. Before relief comes, circumstances bring drama, disaster and happiness. The stage is set in the province of an enlightened Indian Maharajah.

Roffredo, irresistible and thoughtless. He loved Almina—in his own way.

Suzy, the enchantress. Her life centered in pleasure. Almina got in the way.

The Marchess, very wise, very wonderful and very old—She really knew what really mattered. All join to create a very interesting story.

DANGEROUS YEARS. Gilbert Frankau.

The great English success now already one of the outstanding American successes of the year. A brilliant commentary on modern life, its characters are familiarly human, particularly the young American, Dwight Mansfield. There is romance and passion, nobility, and thrilling sport in the 686 pages of grand reading.

It is a searching story of human emotions and human beings, built around the family of Sir John and Lady Carteret. It covers the time from the Titanic disaster to the present and is a story of English life reflected in the lives of Lary Carteret and her love affairs and her four children with their contrasting careers.

ENCHANTER'S NIGHTSHADE. Ann Bridge.

It appears as a serial in part in The Atlantic Monthly. It is by the author of "Pekin Picnic" and "Illyrian Spring." It is a story of the VIII 'Alta family, scattered all through an Italian province, and what happens when an English governess is engaged sight unseen. Though the story has a Victorian setting it is told from a modern point of view.

The New York Times Book Review says: "It is a novel of Summer madness in Northern Italy back in the so-called age of innocence. Not merely a book in a hundred; it is a book in a thousand."

THE BEST SELLERS OF 1937.

Fiction:

Gone With The Wind, Northwest Passage, The Citadel, And-So Victoria, Drums Along the Mohawk, The Years, Of Mice and Men, The Rains Came, The Outward Room, We Are Not Alone.

General:

How To Win Friends And Influence People, An American Doctor's Odyssey, The Story of Ferdinand, The Return to Religion, Coronation Commentary, Orchids On Your Budget, Life With Mother, The Arts, The Flowering of New England, Present Indicative.

THE EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR

Animal stories were running around the Shore newspapers this week. The Preston News comes up with this one which may awaken an echo of sympathy with Queen Anne's trappers who have come back from a trap with only a foot or a tail in return for their bait:

"Mr. Melvin Willoughby had a rare experience this week while trapping. One day he went to his trap and only the tail of a muskrat was there. The very next day in the same trap he caught two muskrats, one by the front leg and the other by the hind leg. And the peculiar part of it was that one of these rats had no tail. It must have been the same rat he caught the day before. This is the second time this same thing has happened to Melvin and different ones around Tanyard."

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The Federalsburg Times wants to match all comers with old guineas and offers this champion:

"Mrs. Herman Conley, of near American Corner, writes in to tell us that she had a guinea which died on Sunday, at the age of 16 years. The fowl laid a few eggs last summer, and appeared to be a healthy specimen until suddenly attacked by old age.

"Mr. Conley raised the question. 'Are there any living guineas older?'"

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Up in Cecil county the Rising Sun Midland Journal tells of a skunk that changed his color but presumably not his smell. If skunks are going to camouflage themselves it's bad news for folks who believe they are safe if they keep away from all black and white pussycats. Here's the tale:

Clyde McMullen, son of Dick McMullen, recently caught in one of his traps, set on the old Woodlawn Campground, a polecat of unusual marking Instead of the usual black and white marking the polecat was dark red, or brown, with white stripes.

"Dick McMullen reports this is only the second one of the kind he has ever seen and has trapped hundreds of the little fur-bearing animals."

THE POET'S CORNER

JUST REMINISCENT

By Mary Fennimore Sheppard

And when it comes—
I do not want to live too long.
is not fair,
That just for the hours of an empty day,
Should I be—in another's way.

Late winter, is so bleak,
For hearts thats left alone—
When all the thrills of life have fled,
And all the prayers for unknown space, been said;
I much prefer
That I go home.

No value of importance, would be mine.
My usefulness, would be out-lived—
I could no longer hold my own
In the teeming stream of life,
O'er which the seasons of the years have sped,
But now instead,
Take on a muted tone.

Finished the scroll, in light and heavy lines—
Perplexing, as the entangled threads of lace
No longer mine, the Grand Parade.
And so 'tis best, that I pass on
Into that Unknown Space
For which my prayers were prayed,
With Dignity—and Unafraid.

The American Automobile Association says a man can park a car properly but that a woman cannot. How does the AAA know? Has any woman ever tried to park a car properly.—St. Louis Star-Times.

RADIANT LIVING

WHITHERSOEVER HE MAY LEAD

By Rev. C. M. Griffeth
Pastor Calvary M. E. Church
Sudlersville, Md.

It must have been so disappointing—that He had vanished from their sight the very moment that they had recognized Him!

They recalled how on their way to Emmaus the Stranger had joined them, and how he had talked to them about how the Scriptures predicted that the Christ would suffer. And as they had reached their hope, how he had desired to go further but they had constrained him to come in and abide with them. And as they were sitting at the evening meal and he was breaking the bread, they suddenly recognized Him—the resurrected Christ!

What if they had not prevailed upon Him to come in, but had gone on with Him whithersoever He might have lead them? Would they not have had Him with them still?

Has not the Christ vanished from many a heart and life because that heart would not go on with Him—on through the night if need be—on, in a more perfect and full accord with the will of God?

Often we constrain the Christ to come in and stay with su. And out of His compassion He does come in to bide —for awhile. But Christ must go on. He can not remain within the limitations of our desires. He goes on that He might lead us on.

To continue in fellowship with the Risen Christ, we must continue to walk with Him whenever He would "make as to go on a little further'—whenever He would have us go on a little further in the grasp of spiritual truth, a little further toward a full yielding of one's whole will to God.

How often we are apt to think, when we have received a spiritual experience that we have received all. How often we want to abide in that experience. But we must not feast too long on present experiences.

Oh soul of mine, go on with the Christ!

CHURCH HILL

The January meeting of the community club was held in the basement of the community building last Thursday evening. Mrs. N. S. Dudley, Mrs. Oscar Sparks, and Mrs. J. Wilbur Walls were on the entertaining committee.

Mrs. J. W. Walls and Mrs. . Bernard Shortall are entertaining the Home Mission Society of the Sotuhern Methodist Church at the home of Mrs. Shortall Thursday evening, (tonight.)

Mr. and Mrs. Nelson Hammond, of Felton, Del., were dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. Franklin Everett on Sunday.

Mr. Bowen Tatman, of Lancaster, Pa., spent Sunday at home.

Mr. Charles Smith, of New Castle, Del., spent the week-end with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Smith.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. T. Merrick and Miss Gertrude Merrick were dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. Percy Merrick, of Ingleside, on Sunday.

Mrs. Bessie Dewberry is spending some time with her sister, Mrs. John Jones, of Centreville.

Mr. and Mrs. Otis Walls, of Baltimore, spent the week-end with Mr. Walls' brother and sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Walls.

The Ladies' Aid of the Methodist Church was entertained at the parsonage on Tuesday afternoon.

Miss Pauline Bailey, of Longwoods, spent the week-end with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Bailey.

Abner *says*-

The big brain what named the phonygraph a talking machine oughta waited for the raddio.