[illegible]HE CITY STORE---THE HUB

THE BIG [illegible]uary CLEARANCE SALE IS NOW ON

The big event that our patrons wait for each year will mean more this year to them than ev[illegible] before.

[illegible]G REDUCTIONS ON

MEN'S SUITS
" COATS
" SWEATERS
" GLOVES
" PANTS
" BOOTS & SHOES

[illegible]tupendous Reductions On

LADIES' SUITS
" COATS
" SHOES
" SKIRTS
" WAISTS
" MILLINERY
" DRY GOODS
" BLANKETS

[illegible]so Big Reductions on BOYS and GIRLS COATS

This Sale is For 15 Days Only.

The Hub Store, Millington, Md.

WEDDINGS

Mr. Frank Turner, of Worton, and Miss Nannie Judefind, of Rock Hall, were married in Elkton recently. After a short honeymoon, the happy young couple returned to Worton, and will make their home for the present with the groom's parents.

Mr. Turner is one of the most progressive of the young men of Kent County, and is the son of Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Turner, of Worton, the former being one of the largest [illegible] auto and farm implement dealers in Kent Co.

Miss Judefind is one of the most charming young ladies of the Fifth District. Both have a host of friends.

Upon the return of the young couple from their honeymoon, a serenade and reception was held at the home of the bride's parents.

The wedding of Miss Ethel Mae Price, the attractive daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Perry Price, of near St. Paul's Church, to Mr. Isaac Gibbs, Jr., son of Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Gibbs, of Massey, took place in Baltimore last Saturday. After the ceremony Mr. and Mrs. Gibbs left for a short honeymoon trip.

Mr. Gibbs is engaged in farming near Massey, and the couple will be at home to their many friends after Feb. 1.

A very quiet but pretty home wedding and wedding anniversary took place at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. T. Godwin, near Crumpton, on Wednesday evening, Jan. 9th, at 6 o'clock. The contracting parties were Mr. G. Herbert Bowers and Miss Ida V. Wallen. It also was the occasion of the 17th wedding anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. Godwin.

Promptly at the appointed hour, to the strains of Lohengrin's wedding march, rendered by Mrs. Norman A. Wallen, of Millington, sister-in-law of bride, the wedding party, preceded by Mr. and Mrs. Wm. T. Godwin as the only attendants, entered the spacious parlors and were met by Rev. Jas. A. Leach, pastor of Calvary M. E. Church, Sudlersville, and using the beautiful and impressive ceremony of the Methodist Episcopal Church, pronounced them man and wife. The bride was handsomely attired in a wedding gown of plum color satin, with gloves to match. The matron of honor was becomingly dressed in a messaline-de-steele silk dress with gloves to match. The groom and his best man wore the conventional black. A splendid reception and dinner immediately followed to the families and a few invited friends. The house and table decorations were beautiful and the whole affair, while it was in the hands of good taste, yet simplicity showed on every hand and bespoke of these stirring war times.

The presents were numerous and costly, consisting of silver, cut glass, linens, china, etc. The bride is a beautiful and popular girl of the upper part of Queen Annes county and is well known in religious and social circles. She has been organist of Providence M. P. Church for a number of years and is regarded as one of the highly talented organists in this section. She is the daughter of Col. and Mrs. Samuel A. Wallen. The groom is a popular and successful farmer and is also well known in fraternal circles. He is the youngest son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Pierce Bowers. After the reception they were driven to the home of Mr. Bowers on the "Bowers Home Farm," near McGinness, where they will reside.

On Friday evening a rousing serenade had been planned by the groom's "Owl" friends and others, but owing to the inclement weather not so many masqueraders turned out, but those that did made a "big noise" and spent a merry evening and left wishing bride and groom a long, happy, married life.

Those present at the wedding and reception were as follows: Mr. and Mrs. N. A. Wallen, Carlton Wallen, Mr. and Mrs. John Wallen, Mr. and Mrs. Harry McGinnes, Miss Ada Wallen, Mrs. and Mrs. Jas. Bowers, Mr. and Mrs. Lambert D. Bowers, Mrs. Jas. R. Jefferson, Miss Margaret Bowers, Mr. and Mrs. Harry C. Robinson, Jr. and family, Mr. and Mrs. Thos. A. Godwin, Mr. and Mrs. Earle Godwin and family, Roy and William Godwin, Mr. and Mrs. Clifton L. Jarrell, Mrs. Emma B. Snitcher, Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Walmsley and family, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. E. Adkinson, Misses Beatrice and Sue Adkinson, Rev. Jas. A. Leach.

Colored Men Making Good.—More than half of the 1,250 colored men who completed the course at the reserve officers' training camp at Fort Des Moines, Iowa, have been commissioned as officers in the Army. Nearly 100 colored physicians and surgeons have received commissions as officers in the Medical Reserve Corps. A full fighting force of 30,000 colored soldiers, including representatives in all branches of military service will constitute the Ninety-second Division, to be detailed for duty in France under General Pershing.

—A regular "tempest in a teapot" has been started by the enforcement of the rule requiring patrons of the Cecil County Farmers' Telephone Co. to call by number, as is done by every other telephone company. Here in Chestertown, the patrons often give the name of the party wanted on the line, instead of looking same up in the book, especially when we are in a hurry. We should bear in mind, however, in ordinary cases, that this entails a great deal of extra work on the operator. There are a few oftenused numbers that are known to them, but in a far greater number of instances they have to refer to the telephone book themselves.

STILL POND GRANG[illegible] A DEAD ONE, B[illegible]NS

Wide Awake Membe[illegible] [illegible]teresting M[illegible]

The night that Stil[illegible] Grange died,
I never sh[illegible]t,
All the crowd [illegible] as a tick, and
some ain[illegible]gry yet!
As long as th[illegible] oats" were passed
arou[illegible] course the gang all
staye[illegible]
And Samue[illegible]oseberry at the piano,
play[illegible] and played and played!
Mary Har[illegible]is sat in a corner, blowing
ou[illegible]her grief,
When [illegible]ster Gale and Sister Kelly
[illegible]me hurrying in with some
[illegible]eef.
They s[illegible]neaked up to the supper room,
a[illegible]nd what do you think they
[illegible]ound;
Alta [illegible]rice had eaten so much, she
[illegible]ouldn't make a sound.

E[illegible]thing was going fine, there was
[illegible]plenty of supper for all,
[illegible] Harvey said to Albert, "You've
[illegible] got an awful gall"!
[illegible] thought that it would start a row,
and sure enough it did,
For Albert was carving the turkey,
on the piano lid.

The eating grew fierce, and fast and
loud, the Grangers all pitched
in,
And the way they treated that turkey,
it surely was a sin!
And there was Sister Nichols, now
what do you think she done?
She stood the corpse on its head, in a
corner, just for fun!

But they ate 'till it all was eaten up;
the waiters they got stung,
For all that was left of that turkey,
was the place where he got
hung.
Yet down they sat, these waiters did,
to finish up that wake,
And this is the chorus that they sang:
"For a corpse, you take the
cake"!

And that is what every one there thought, when the "wake" was over! Positively, the liveliest meeting we have had for many a day! A lot of "dead ones" were there, but no one knew that they were dead, and three new members were taken in.

Still Pond Grange demonstrated to itself the value of advertising and the value of sandwiches, and as her part in the war believes that the thing can be done! What? Everybody will know before long. Sister Moore, in charge of the ceremonies, proved a delightful entertainer, and her program will remain in the minds of the patrons for a long time. Patriotism was there, and profit too, and the speech of L. L. Burrell combined them both, for he gave us a fine picture of the Thrift Stamp, and then spoke of the corn, potato and pig clubs.

Mr. Nichols was "there" with the "wake" and told us the history of it; Mrs. Price told about "When Pa was Ma," or the reverse, if you like it better that way.

Duets were sung by Sisters Price, Nichols and Harris, and the latter made a conservation plea for the grangers to consider, to wit: Big Spreads! Hoover says, "Go back to the simple life, be content with simple food, simple pleasures, simple food! Work hard, play hard, play hard! Do it all courageously! We have a victory to win."

So for the period of the war, Still Pond Grange will cut out the big spreads, for sandwiches, which were brought instead of the flowers, proved so toothsome, and the work of serving was so simple, that we had more time for play, got home sooner, so had more time for sleep. Hoover asks us to "do it all courageously," and we are not afraid to establish a precedent of any sort, dead or alive!

E. HARRIS, Sec. pro tem.

P. S.—Bessie Taylor gave us several selections, and Sister Gale talked on farming fifty years ago, while Walter Harris told of it fifty years hence.

Kent Won't Welcome These.—Kent county farmers and others have had enough pests the past year without a visit from beetles. Large flights of May beetles, known as the parents of the white grubs, destructive cereal and forage insects, occurred in June, 1917, throughout Illinois, Wisconsin, York, New Jersey, and parts of other States. These flights mean, says a report of the Bureau of Entomology, United States Department of Agriculture, that throughout the area affected the whole grubs will be destructively abundant in 1918, which will be the second year in the life of the resultant progeny.

To Succeed Dr. Caspari.—Dr. Fred C. Blanck, of the Food Division, United States Department of Agriculture, has been elected by the State Board of Health as Food and Drug Commissioner of Maryland, to succeed the late Dr. William Caspari, Jr., and will take charge in a few days. His acceptance of the position was announced last night by Dr. John S. Fulton, secretary of the State Department of Health.

GRAY EYES

By JANE OSBORN.

Madge Peckham was a teacher at the most fashionable school in the suburban community where the home of the newly rich Stoneworths was located, and, incidentally, she was the favorite and best-beloved teacher of twelve-year-old Vivian, who had been sent to school because of her inability to keep peace with the gray-eyed Mr. Sneed, resident tutor of the Stoneworth establishment.

Easter holidays had come and because Madge had no family to return to during the school vacation, she had been glad to accept the task of returning home with Vivian to share the duty of taking care of the young Stoneworths. Mr. and Mrs. Stoneworth had departed the day before for southern climes to be gone a week.

Madge had dined alone with the little girls, and after intrusting them to the care of their maid to be put to bed she had retraced her way to the library, of which she had caught a glimpse before dinner.

From Vivian's few comments Madge had formed a distinct mental image of the tutor. She fancied him lean, precise, pedantic and immaculate, both in appearance and in speech. She heard a muffled step on the heavy rug behind her.

"So you are Miss Peckham," said a voice so melodious and magnetic, so unlike anything Madge had associated with the probable Mr. Sneed, that she gave a perceptible start.

"May I introduce myself? We shall have to see more or less of each other for ten days. I hope we shall get on famously."

"I am very glad to meet you, Mr. Sneed," said Madge, making a rapid visual survey of the athletic young man before her.

"Isn't it really quite a lark to be here?" she laughed. "I have never been in such a wonderful house before. It is quite like a fairy tale, though no doubt we shall have our hands full. I am sure Vivian will be docile enough, but Hildegarde does not know me. I suppose Billy is quite a terror. Did you see that he had been put to bed before you came down?"

The next morning, when Madge descended to the breakfast room at eight, she found her charges already at breakfast.

"Billy is the limit," put in Vivian, with a knowing glance at Hildegarde. "It is just dreadful when he is at meals. I'm glad Mr. Sneed made him have breakfast upstairs."

"I am quite sure I shall be great friends with that bad Billy brother of yours," said Madge, although secretly she was glad that the complications of the first morning had not been increased by the addition of Billy.

That first of the Easter holidays was one of those days that seems like the longest and the shortest of a lifetime. At Mr. Sneed's suggestion, there was a morning horseback ride in the mild spring air, lunch in the sun parlor and an afternoon spent first at music in the music room, when Madge and her little charges played for the entertainment of the tutor, and, later, hours spent in the library.

After the girls had gone to bed, Madge made her way down to the library, this time because the tutor had made her promise to meet him there when they parted at dinner.

"Haven't the children been wonderful?" she said, as soon as they had taken their places before the embers of the low-burning fire on the hearth. Madge had changed her simple navy blue dress for an equally simple evening frock of white that added a hundredfold to her charms. In that wonderful day she had become well acquainted with the tutor and she even wanted him to admire her.

It didn't seem at all presumptuous, but simply as the culmination of a wonderful experience when the tutor told her that he loved her, that she was the loveliest woman he had ever known and that the day with her had been the most beautiful in his life.

"And it is so strange," she was saying as they sat there in the glow of the embers. "I had such a distinct impression of what Mr. Sneed would be like. I thought he would have gray eyes, but not at all the kind of gray eyes you have—"

"It was because I had gray eyes that you knew I was Mr. Sneed, then? The funny part of it is that I am not Mr. Sneed at all."

"Who are you, then?" she asked in amazement.

"I am that very bad boy Billy whom you told us you were quite sure you should like. You see, I am really Vivian's brother."

"But Mr. Snead is Billy's tutor!" interposed the mystified girl.

"Yes, he is. You see, I cut college to go in business with my father, and now that he's made his pile I want to go back and study law and Sneed is helping with the examinations. But when Vivian, the rascal, told me that the teacher was very pretty, I just thought I'd give Snead a vacation and stay home with my sisters instead. I knew he didn't appreciate the pretty teacher half as much as I should. I never thought of pretending that I was Sneed till you suggested the deception, and of course the youngsters were delighted to help the game along. That is probably why they have behaved so well today."

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ECONOMY.

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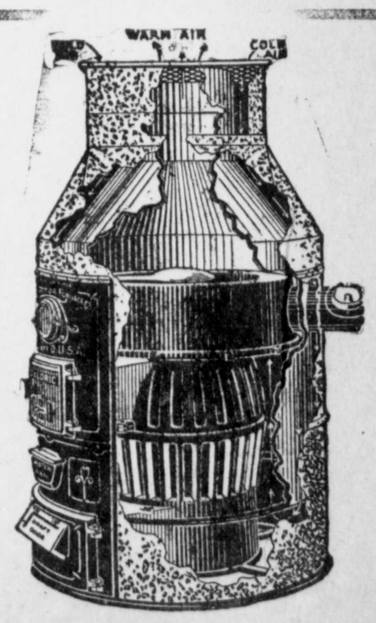

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Steamer will leave Baltimore Thursdays at 7.00 A. M. for Betterton, Sassafras River landings and Tolchester, returning same [illegible]
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For other information and [illegible] dis[illegible] charges, [illegible]

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