He Expected a Promotion

By EDGAR T. MONFORT

(Copyright.)

"AND I'm expecting a promotion pretty soon. If I get it, it ought to just about double my salary. Then we'll get married, won't we?"

Gene Walters smiled at her fiance. "You're just like a twelve-year-old boy talking about getting a new radio set or something of that sort," she told him. "And how do you know you'll get that promotion?"

"Oh, I don't know it, but I'm practically certain of it. Everybody at the office says so. You see, it's this way"—Wade Everett's voice was eager and his clear eyes flashed intelligence as he explained the situation—"it's just this way. Hawkins is going to leave the first of the year. Somebody'll have to fill his place. I've been with them longer than anyone else in the office, and I've carried more responsibility straight along. The president, old McKellar, has always been nice to me, and well . . . It's just about inevitable," he ended with a little laugh.

"Oh, Wade, I'll be so proud of you, if you do get it. It will be wonderful, my husband, manager of the sales department of the McKellar Paint and Varnish company! I'll be so stuck up!" She rose and walked around the room, her head up, an imaginary lorgnette before her eyes, a laughable imitation of a woman of the wealthy dowager type. Wade laughed and was not unflattered by her remarks.

"You little monkey," he said, "but you shall have the prettiest little runabout for a wedding present a man can give his bride."

"You generous old dear."

But "the best-laid schemes o' mice an' men gang aft agley." When Everett went to the office a few mornings later everyone was in a hubbub of excitement over the promotion of John Langston to the position of sales manager.

"Poor old Everett," they said sympathetically, "we were all sure you'd get it. Never mind, there are plenty of us to keep you company." They slapped him kindly on the back and tried to pass it off lightly, but Everett was stunned. At first he could not believe what they told him, then he knew it must be true, and sudden was stunned.

"Well, Langston's a fine fellow. He'll treat us right," he heard himself saying after a while.

Suddenly the gong sounded and they scattered to their respective desks, and all day long he kept asking himself how he could ever tell Gene. What would she say, what would she do? He thought of the plans they had made and the car he would buy her.

How could he ever tell Gene?

By now his head was aching intolerably. Every time he moved it gave him a terrible thumping stab.

When the gong sounded for five o'clock he was dumb with misery and pain. Mechanically he put on his hat and overcoat and went out into the cold winter air. He saw no one he knew on the way, and only habit guided him safely to his rooms. Arrived there, he felt a sudden strange tension in his throat, a violent and rapid pounding of his heart, an almost audible scream of pain from his head, and a second later he had thrown himself across the bed and was crying like a child. For an hour or more he lay there, then pulled himself together and forced himself out for something to eat and a brisk walk.

A well-cooked dinner changed Everett's viewpoint decidedly. Things weren't so bad after all. He would go straight to Gene and tell her the truth, and the next morning when he took his place at his desk he would see how hard he could work for the company. Perhaps some day he would get a promotion.

So, rather late that evening he surprised Gene by ringing her doorbell.

"Oh, I know about it, dear," she told him, after one glance at his face; "but don't look so tragic. We'll get along all right. I might have turned into the silly snob I was trying to imitate the other night," she laughed.

Good old sport that she was! He was glad she knew it, and he felt much better now.

A week later McKellar was passing through the office and stopped at Everett's desk for a kindly word as usual.

"How do you think you'll like your new boss?" he asked suddenly.

"Fine! He's a good fellow," Everett said heartily.

"You had a little idea you were going to get the position yourself, didn't you?"

Everett flushed and looked down.

"I'm afraid I did," he answered after a moment's hesitation.

"Well, I didn't give it to you because I want you to go to Nashville and open a branch store at three times your present salary. Will you do it?"

Dazed, Everett passed a hand over his forehead and tried to grasp the full meaning of his words.

McKellar saw the inarticulate joy on the young man's face and secretly enjoyed it. He liked to give people happy surprises.

"Well, you think about it," he said, "and if you want to talk it over with anyone I'll give you the afternoon off and a couple of matinee tickets I have here I can't use."

He moved away toward another desk and left Everett gripping the two bits of pink pasteboard and looking as if someone had just dropped a million dollars at his feet.

Too Much Inspiration

A poet at a window, a brunette came along. The poet liked her looks, began to pen a song. In just another moment a blond came into view. She was so very pretty she got a line or two. And then there was a red-haired girl, and she was not so worse. She gave a lot of color to the ensuing verse. The poet couldn't sell his song; could not a nickel get. It served him right—he should have been true to the brunette.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Scotch Cow Evidently Had Fondness for Fish

The real heroine of this adventure was a cow. The angler could cast a fly and had caught trout in the south of England, but had never so much as seen a salmon river. Great was his joy therefore, when one day he received an invitation to fish one of the most famous spring salmon rivers in the north of Scotland, says the Field. In the very first cast that he tried he hooked and landed his first salmon—a ten-pounder.

The first salmon is always the most perfect and beautiful that ever was seen and the angler reflected that if he carried his fish in the bag all day it would dry and lose its lovely sheen. On the top of the brae there was a marshy nook that would answer his purpose admirably. He deposited his treasure in this nest and, having covered it with a thick layer of rushes, went on his way.

The rest of the day he caught nothing except a half-pound trout. Still he was very happy and content as he turned homeward and whistled merrily as he approached the marshy nook. But there he found a highland cow in the act of consuming his salmon, of which little remained except the head and the tail. In his anger he flung the trout savagely at the cow, hitting her full in the face; but, so far from taking offense, she seemed rather to think that he had brought her a bonne bouche wherewith to complete the feast, for, after gazing at him for a moment with the innocent, confiding eyes of her kind, she contentedly swallowed the trout.

Rules of Politeness Were Not for Tennyson

Tennyson gained a reputation in his later years for rudeness. It was due perhaps to his dislike of intrusions upon his solitude. When the mood was upon him he was apt to disregard entirely the conventionalities, says the Kansas City Star.

A neighbor of the poet laureate once asked if he might bring to Aldworth a woman who was visiting in his home. She was well known in society. It was carefully explained to Tennyson that the woman had a great admiration for the poet's works and desired very much to see him. Tennyson assented quite readily, telling the neighbor to bring her to luncheon and named the day. When the day arrived the poet had forgotten all about it and, as it chanced, was in one of his solitary moods.

The woman was introduced; Tennyson bowed. Luncheon was announced and they went in. She sat next her host, who throughout the meal did not utter a word. At the end of it he retired in silence to his own room and the woman left the house to which she had made her pilgrimage in hope and reverence, not having heard so much as the sound of the poet's voice.

Cockney's Absent "H"

In Latin and the languages, such as French, derived from it, the "h" is not pronounced, its omission being due to the slightly different throat formation in different races. For centuries after the Norman conquest Latin and Norman French were the official tongues of England, and the aspirate, therefore, was never sounded. With the gradual rise of English as a national language, the "h" came into fashion, though even today one may occasionally find an old-fashioned clergyman who clings to the ancient tradition and speaks with conservative correctness of an "umble man." In the main, however, the dropping of the "h" was left to the less-educated classes, particularly those in London, which, as the court and official center, had of course been more affected by the French non-aspiration than the more truly English north country.

Gave Tint to Water

Opposite Buckingham palace is to be found the Victoria memorial. This beautiful piece of workmanship is particularly remarkable for the clear, delicate green of the water in its marble basins. The secret of its coloring and translucency was revealed recently when two workmen were observed solemnly drawing a large sack to and fro through the water. They explained to an interested onlooker that the sack was filled with a certain substance which, while preventing the growth of weeds, gave the water its delicate apple-green tint.—London Times.

Oldest Form of Writing

The Egyptian system of writing is perhaps the oldest of the known scripts. This writing was in the form of pictures. The most ancient Egyptian papyrus now known contains accounts of the reign of King Assa (3580-3536 B. C.). The earliest literary papyrus is that known for the name of its former owner as the Prisse Papyrus, now preserved in Paris. It contains a work composed in the reign of a king of the fifth dynasty, and is computed to have been written as early as 2500 B. C.

Caddy's Limitations

One day "Fiery" was caddying for a rather petulant golfer, who, after missing a short putt on the ninth green at Muirfield threw his putter into the neighboring potato field to relieve his feelings.

With face unmoved, "Fiery" was walking in the direction of the next tee when the golfer said: "Oh! 'Fiery,' you might go and get my putter."

To this "Fiery" replied: "I'm paid tae carry, no tae fetch and carry."

Organization of Scientists

The Royal society grew out of two small groups of friends, who met occasionally in London and Oxford to discuss scientific questions, about the middle of the Seventeenth century. These were organized into a definite society in 1660, and two years later the society was granted a charter by Charles II and incorporated as the Royal society. Its early meetings took place in Gresham college, and afterwards in Crane court. In 1782 the place of meeting was transferred to Somerset house, and in 1857 to Burlington house, London.—London Mail.

The Eclipse In Kent

The patrial eclipse of the sun occured in Kent county Saturday morning and presented a rare sight, with twilight conditions and not a cloud passing before the sun's dick. Prof. B. G. Taylor, making telescopic observations at the College of the City of New York, said that at totality he observed mountains of gas boiling up from the corona to a height of 1,000,000 miles, and that the contour of the corona was continually changing. The shadow of the total eclipse stole across the snow covered landscape, visible about two minutes before and after the totality. The total eclipse lasted for about 30 seconds, as scientists had forecast. But was only partial in Kent, where there was a period or darker purple and black-gray light during which dancing waves of crescended lights wove a fantastic pattern on snow fields, roadways and the sides of buildings. Bailey's Beads, dancing like drops of liquid topaz strung on a sparkling thread, hung in the sky for just a moment before the eclipse because total. As they flickered out the shadow bands flared forth wierdly, heralding the appearance of the awe-inspiring corona.

Subscription to the Transcript $1.50 per annum.

New CHEVROLET

New value—with its success based on selling quality at low price, Chevrolet now offers greater quality than ever before.

New chassis—from radiator to rear axle, new quality features of construction that you would expect to find only on higher priced cars.

New bodies—of even greater beauty and comfort. Open models have many added refinements. Closed models with fine Fisher Bodies.

New finish—in beautiful colors of the wonderful and enduring Duco that retains its color and lustre indefinitely and withstands severest usage.

See These Beautiful New Cars Tomorrow

NEWSOME'S GARAGE
BETTERTON, MARYLAND

CHEVROLET
for Economical Transportation

THE MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY OF KENT COUNTY

Insures Property Against Fire And Lightning.

All Policy Holders Participate In The Company's Profits.

Conservatism and caution its motto. Nearly three million dollars' worth of property insured.

DIRECTORS

James P. Brown, Church Hill; R. G. Nicholson, J. D. Bacchus, F. G. Usilton, T. W. Eliason, Jr., Allan A. Harris, Eben F. Perkins, Edward W. Emory, P. Medford Brooks, Chestertown; Howard Turner, Betterton; Wm. A. Hyland, Galena; Dudley G. Roe, Sudlersville.

APPLICATION FOR INSURANCE MAY BE MADE TO F. E. Thomas, Stevensville; E. C. Bowers, Lynch, Md.; Joseph Downey, Rock Hall; R. Wesley Moffett, Millington; Charles H. Jefferson, Chestertown; Frank H. Ruth, Galena; G. W. Owens, Betterton; Allan S. Walls, Sudlersville; Howard Turner, Betterton.

FRED. G. USILTON, President.
EBEN F. PERKINS, Sec.-Treas.

CAPITAL $100,000

Business Established Since, 1885.

Stewart Fruit Co

of Baltimore City

1 & 3 E. Pratt St., Baltimore, Md

Commisson Merchants.

Jobbers and Distributors

All Fruits, Vegetables and Farm Produce generally.

We have an excellent store location, expert marketers.

FERTILIZER

Large stock in our warerouses at Betterton, for immediate use.

(For all crops)

No delay. Wagons loaded as soon as they arive.

LUMBER AND BUILDING MATERIALS

Just received a carload of Southern Cypress, which includes Fencing, Gate Slats, Siding, Rab Boards, Dressed Lumber, etc. If you want Cypress we have it.

Our store opens at 7 a. m. and closes at 8 p. m.

TURNER & SON,
Betterton Md.

BIG REDUCTION
—IN—
Ladies Coats

WE ARE OFFERING OUR WINTER COATS AT GREATLY REDUCED PRICES.



OFFERINGS THAT WILL STARTLE YOU



Also Reduction on Ladies', Misses', Children's, Men's and Boys' Shoes.

LET US SAVE YOU MONEY!

B. L. BONNETT

Chestertown's Leading Department Store, Chestertown, Md.

©Maryland State Archives msa_sc3326_scm8223-0478