FOOD
THE GREAT QUESTION
OF THE DAY

TO OUR FRIENDS

We wish to thank you for your past business, which has been a pleasure and help to us.

We are continually improving our mill to make Rose Bud Flour uniform and of the best quality. In soliciting your flour business this year we can assure you that

ROSE BUD FLOUR

Will Always Be Good
COST YOU LESS

And Gives You the Best of

Breads, Pastry and Cake

Bring your Wheat to us and we will give you your Rose Bud Flour as you need it, same as last year.

BROOKS' MILL
Chestertown and Worton, Md.

Rose Bud Turkey Mash, the Feed that Grows the Best Birds

ANYWHERE TO ANYWHERE—BY LONG DISTANCE

Keep in touch with them by

TELEPHONE

ARE they spending the summer months away from the intensity of the city heat? At the seashore? At the mountains?

Long distance reaches them quickly and conveniently at a very moderate cost. And they would appreciate hearing your voice in a personal conversation so much more than they would the usual humdrum letter about the weather and other commonplaces.

Call them today by long distance and notice how quickly your connection is completed. Try the *station-to-station way*—calling by number if you know it. *Station-to-station* rates are low—especially during the evening and night hours.

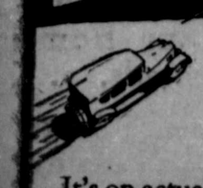
Number Please?

Person-to-person calls—calls to a particular person at a distant point.

Station-to-station calls—calls to a particular telephone or address in the distant city.

THE CHESAPEAKE AND POTOMAC TELEPHONE CO.

BETHOLINE



More Mileage

It's on actual road tests that BETHOLINE convinces most motorists. For it is there that BETHOLINE is constantly showing that more miles to each gallon, in addition to all-around better performance, easily makes it worth the few extra cents it costs.

SHERWOOD BROS., INC.
BALTIMORE, MD.

ALSO ASK FOR REXOLINE MOTOR OIL

Baltimore-Tolchester Ferry

The Automobile and Truck Route Between Baltimore and the Eastern Shore.

From the Heart of Baltimore to the Most Central Point of the Eastern Shore.

Schedule in Effect May 28, 1927 (subject to change without notice)

Steamers Leave Baltimore
Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays.

Str. Express ..... 8.30 a. m.
Str. Annapolis .....11.30 a. m.
Str. Express ..... 2.00 p. m.
Str. Express ..... 6.45 p. m.

Wednesdays and Saturdays.

Str. Express ..... 8.30 a. m.
Str. Annapolis .....11.30 a. m.
Str. Express ..... 2.00 p. m.

Sundays.

Str. Express ..... 8.30 a. m.
Str. Express ..... 2.00 p. m.

Steamers Leave Tolchester
Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays.

Str. Annapolis ..... 8.00 a. m.
Str. Express .....10.45 a. m.
Str. Express ..... 4.15 p. m.
Str. Annapolis ..... 7.30 p. m.
Str. Express ..... 8.50 p. m.

Wednesdays.

Str. Annapolis ..... 8.00 a. m.
Str. Express .....10.45 a. m.
Str. Annapolis ..... 4.15 p. m.
Str. Express ..... 7.30 p. m.

Saturdays.

Str. Annapolis ..... 8.00 a. m.
Str. Express .....10.45 a. m.
Str. Express ..... 7.30 p. m.

Sundays.

Str. Express .....10.45 a. m.
Str. Annapolis ..... 3.00 p. m.
Strs. Express and Annapolis ..... 7.30 p. m.

Low rates for Automobiles and Trucks.

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Round trip, good one day 50c

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IN BARRELS

HEADQUARTERS

For Cement and Baled Hay

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By Rail and Water

Your Orders Solicited

J. D. BACCHUS

MISS BABCOCK'S WING

(© by D. J. Walsh.)

ELSIE had gone to the city alone because at the last moment her dearest friend, young Mrs. Spencer, had disappointed her. Mrs. Spencer had a wonderful little boy and she could not leave him in her mother's care because that lady had a sick headache. Maybe she had a sick headache on purpose, for Eugene was a handful, but that is another story.

Elsie went on alone because she had the money—she had been saving it for three months out of her housekeeping allowance, at the risk of sickening Dick of macaroni and stew forever—and because she simply had to have a few things that could not be had for either love or money in Springville. She made up her mind that she would not mind the loneliness or the strangeness of being unknown, but she would just go on and get her shopping done in a businesslike way.

On the train she looked about her to see if there were any Springville folks going up to the city, and there, three seats farther up the aisle, was Miss Babcock. She knew it was Miss Babcock by the hat.

"I would know that hat in Nankin," Elsie thought, and giggled faintly in amusement.

It was an odd hat, one that had been good of its kind five years before when they were wearing them high with narrow brims. Besides, it was a winter hat and here it was May, burgeoning May. Under the telltale brim one way sat a wad of clean, dark hair with a few silver threads in it, the other way jutted out Miss Babcock's plain, thin face. She was looking out the window and clearly enjoying everything.

"What can she be going to the city for?" Elsie thought. "Well, I don't want to hook up with her, so I will keep well out of her way."

Elsie was very conscious of her charming new suit, dainty silk stockings and pumps. Ladies in high, old-fashioned velvet hats do not match up with such fashionable young beauty, of course.

After arriving at the city Elsie lost sight of Miss Babcock. She found her hat and put it on, and then she went to lunch at a place Mrs. Spencer had recommended, but she did not know how to select from the menu. Moreover, the lamb tasted woolly, and the pie had seen better days. She went forth feeling sadly unfed.

It was hot, terribly hot. People burned and sweltered and Elsie soon tired. She slipped into a "movie" theater, but the picture was of a kind she hated, and she wished she had gone somewhere else.

When she came out of the theater she was astonished to find that the sunshine had vanished. Indeed, there was an ominous gathering of gloom. People began to appear with umbrellas. She had no umbrella, and, worst of all, she had no money to buy one or rubbers; she had spent far more than she should on a wisp of straw with a big dahlia stuck in front.

Then suddenly it began to sprinkle. In a moment the rain would be coming down in a torrent. She darted into the first available shelter and found that she had entered a quick-lunch place.

Elsie would have to buy something to make it possible for her to stay there, she thought, so she rushed up to the counter and ordered tea and ham sandwiches, not looking at the menu card, but naming something she thought they would be sure to have. As the man shoved the food toward her a flash of lightning seemed to set the world on fire, while a roar of thunder ground it to pieces. She shrank into the nearest chair, set down her plate upon the obliging table-arm and covered her face with her hands. At that instant the lights went out.

Elsie was always panic-stricken in a storm even when her husband was at hand to laugh at her fears, but now alone in a strange place with no one near she could speak to—she felt ready to die with terror.

At that instant out of the twilight dimness a voice spoke from the chair right beside her.

"We need rain terribly, I noticed that as I was coming up on the train this morning."

Elsie tried to peer.

"Is—is it Miss Babcock?" she gasped.

"It is."

"Oh, I am so frightened!" quavered Elsie.

"Well, I don't think you need be, though it is quite a good-sized shower. Drink your tea and try to forget it."

"I can't swallow, I am so scared."

"Oh, come now! What you got there?" Miss Babcock bent close to Elsie's plate. "Ham sandwiches, eh? Wait a minute." She arose.

"Oh, don't leave me!" moaned Elsie.

"I will be right back."

She returned with a tray filled with dishes.

"There," she said. "Now we can eat comfortably together. I expect one thing makes you nervous is you're hungry and tired. This is an A No. 1 place; I've eaten here lots of times. Look here. I've brought you a little chicken pie, real chicken, and some nice hot rolls, and a cup custard! That's what I've been having and they're good. Try your pie before it gets cold. You know, my dear," went on Miss Babcock in her humorous voice, "you're just as safe here as you would be anywhere. A good many folks live to be eighty or ninety without being struck by lightning. Now pick away and see how much better you feel."

Elsie made an attempt to "pick away" and soon found a real relish in the food. Besides, there was something comforting in Miss Babcock's presence as she munched and sipped, evidently in a state of calm unconcern. Once when a violet light lit the place she put her arm about Elsie for an instant with a soothing:

"There! There! Most over now, I expect. You could count five between that flash and report. And nobody killed yet!"

The storm raged on. They finished their supper and Miss Babcock began to tell stories. Once or twice she made Elsie laugh.

After a great length of time the lights flashed on. Elsie glanced at her wrist watch and gave a cry.

"We've lost our train!"

"I knew that ten minutes ago," replied Miss Babcock calmly.

"But what shall we do?" Elsie was numb with consternation.

"Why, we will go to the Y. W. C. A., get a room and go to bed and sleep. It's right around the corner; you won't even get your feet wet."

"But my husband—and I have no money!"

"Your husband's got sense. He will know you couldn't get home in this storm. As for money, I've got aplenty. Come on now."

At the Y. W. C. A. she asked:

"Would you rather have a room by yourself?"

"No! No! I want to be close to you," answered Elsie.

"There's a train leaves at eight o'clock tomorrow morning," said Miss Babcock as they were undressing! "My! What a nice, comfortable room this is! We will sleep like tops."

"Miss Babcock," Elsie said contritely, "you are a perfect dear. And to think I've known you all these years without finding it out."

Miss Babcock smiled curiously.

"There's an old saying, my dear, which I set a deal of store by," she said. "It is this: 'The best way for two persons to get acquainted is to have them caught out in a storm.'"

Great Composer Had Also Great Appetite

Richard Wagner had an appetite almost as mighty as the music he composed. At the invitation of Madame de Schleinitz, one of the greatest music lovers in Berlin then, Wagner used to come to her palatial home twice a week and play for her and some forty of her guests. His playing finished, a supper table was placed in the middle of the music room, at which Wagner seated himself alone in state. Then Madame de Schleinitz would give a signal and her guests, the great ladies of Berlin, would enter as waitresses and heap the great composer's supper table with Teutonic delicacies—plates of sauerkraut, liver sausage, black puddings and herring salad. Wagner was very fond, also, of raw ham or raw smoked goose breast and seated there in his frock coat and invariable black skull cap, would consume huge quantities of those foods, munching steadily away, taking no notice of the fair princesses and countesses who served him. For the rest it was a Barmecide feast, for beyond the sight of the great Wagner at supper, they had no refreshments offered to them.—Kansas City Star.

Would Save Tragic Spot

Efforts are being made to save the "Trench of Death," famous during the World war and familiar to later visitors to the battlefields. It is in the path of a proposed road from Caeskerke to Dixmude, and a campaign has been launched to have the road diverted and to preserve the tragic spot as a memorial of the war.

Doubtful

Lady of the House (tearfully)—Our Uncle George has left all his money for the benefit of feeble-minded persons!

Visitor (trying to say something sympathetic) — Gracious! Does that mean that you won't get anything?

John P. Ahern
MILLINGTON, MD.

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Coal Insurance
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—FOR—
WHITE WASHING
75c
PER BUSHEL

CHICKEN COOPS AND CYPRES GATES
Aready for Use. Get Price.

Subscription to the Transcript $1.50 per annum.

Farmers, List Your Repair Needs

It would be hard to find a farmer who at some time or another had not lost valuable time waiting for necessary repair parts. Take this territory and total up the time lost in this way and it will astonish you. And all because repairs are not ordered as early as they should be.

There is no better time than right now—just before the busiest season on the farm—to go over your machines carefully, make a list of repairs you are likely to need and send it to us. With this list in our hands, we can order our stock so as to be prepared t meet every call promptly.

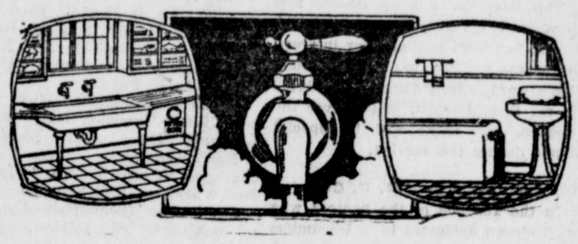
Repair part service is a necessary part of our business. We realize what it means to you in time and money to get what you need at once. Help us to help you by making up your list now and sending it in to us.

PAUL COMEGYS
Millington, Maryland

ATTENTION, FARMERS!

It is better to be glad than sorry, therefore do not neglect to place insurance on your HAY and WHEAT as soon as in stack or barn with

JAMES G. BECK



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"Standard" holds its body between drainings—thus minimizes the danger of scored cylinders, wrist pin knocks and badly worn bearings. Stick to "Standard" and your car will bring you a better price when you are ready to sell it.

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