STILL POND

Mr. ad Mrs. Wm. Davis and little daughter, of Baltimore, Md., are spending some time with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Robinson.

Messrs. Alfred and Herbert Jervis and friend, of Wilmington, spent the Fourth with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Jervis.

Miss Charlotte Schillke, of Buffalo, N. Y., is visiting her friend, Miss Clara Medders.

Mr. and Mrs. Carson Greenwood celebrated their 15th wedding aniversary on Monday evening. A large number of relatives and friends were present and spent an enjoyable evening. The out-of-county guests were Mr. and Mrs. Layton Mahoney, of Wilmington, Del., Mr. and Mrs. Carlton Price, of Townsend, Del., Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Davis, of Baltimore, Md., and Mrs. Wilson Smith, of Philadelphia, Pa. The gifts were numerous, both pretty and useful.

Rev. and Mrs. Aris Robinson, of Baltimore, Md., visited her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Medders.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Giddens, of Elkton, Md., visited her parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Hackett, on Wednesday.

Mr. Gale Rasin, of Wilmington, Del., spent the Fourth with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Howard Rasin.

The Devotional Service of the Epworth League will be led Sunday evening by Mrs. L. B. Harper.

We are glad to know that Master Nevitte Ford, who was run into by an automobile on lastFridayevening, is getting along nicely at Easton Hospital.

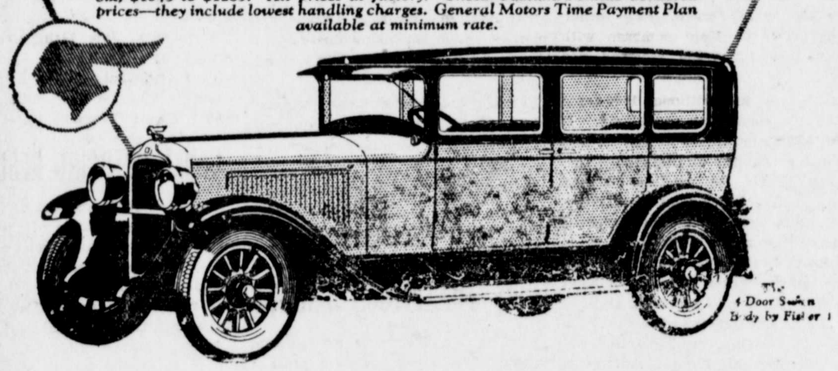
Subscription to the Transcript per annum.

Better than ever · *and winning even greater success*

Ever since it flashed into the field, Pontiac Six has been a history-making car. And today, Pontiac Six is winning even greater success—because today's Pontiac Six in countless ways is a better car than its famous predecessors.

Combining the masterly beauty of bodies by Fisher and the assurance of highest quality construction with its numerous notable engineering advancements, it provides style, comfort, long life and smooth six-cylinder performance, such as never before were available at prices as low as $745. Ride once—and you will agree . . . *here is value that cannot be matched!*

2-Door Sedan, $745; Coupe, $745; Sport Roadster, $745; Phaeton, $775; Cabriolet, $795; 4-Door Sedan, $825; Sport Landau Sedan, $875. Oakland All-American Six, $1045 to $1265. All prices at factory. Check Oakland-Pontiac delivered prices—they include lowest handling charges. General Motors Time Payment Plan available at minimum rate.



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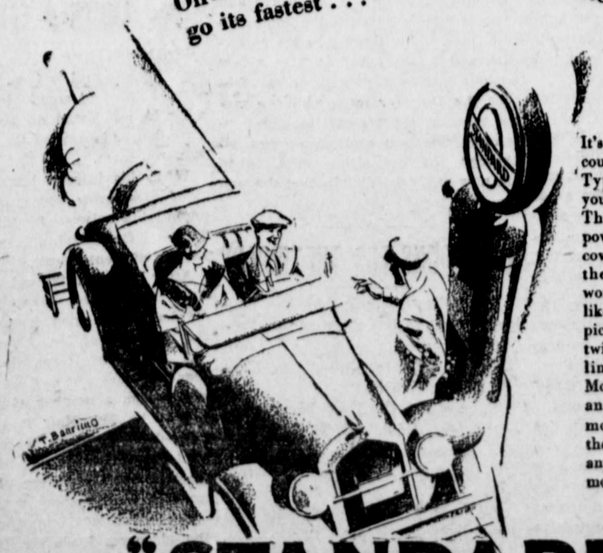
It was good to look at... this snappy roadster... polished French horn giving its "tra-la-la-la" to the morning air . . . and down the street it came at a right smart pace . . . came sidling in like a lithe young panther purring with pomp and power and stopped before the F. R. P.* . . . and, boy, She was good to look at, too . . . our town's best and prettiest . . . and Curley-top beside her was not so hard on the eyes himself . . . the pumpman smiled . . . an extra smile . . . says She to Jim . . . "how do you like my latest?" . . . says Jim, "which one?" . . . "oh," says She . . . "I mean the roadster, and no jokes, if you please, so early in the morning . . . 10 gallons of 'Standard' and a quart of 'Standard' Motor Oil—it's the stuff to make a roadster go its fastest . . ."



It's a mighty handsome couple we picture here. Typical of American youth the country over. They like speed and power and the ability to cover the miles, to see the wide and smiling world. And that's why, like so many others, they pick these "raring" power twins, "Standard" Gasoline and "Standard" Motor Oil. Like older and more experienced motorists everywhere, they know they will make any car do its very topmost best.

"STANDARD" GASOLINE

STANDARD

★And if our young lady were asked to translate F. R. P. in her own inimitable lingo, she would probably say "Faithful Red Pal"—it's helped her over many a mile of life's highway—and then again there would be millions who would translate it as the "Famous Red Pump," with the "Standard" globe, meaning, of course, the "Standard" red pump, that's everywhere along every highway in the State.

Such a Fleeting Thing

By LOIS BROWN

(Copyright.)

DOROTHY Willis looked out the window at a fat, slouchy woman who was trudging past with a basket on her arm and two children following her.

"That's what happens when you get married," she told herself.

At the sound of the boss' footsteps outside the door she returned to her typing, but not before she had glimpses of her silky bobbed hair in the mirror and her slender little white throat that Norman Whittaker loved to kiss.

"What's the use?" she asked herself as she tapped away at the keys. "Romance dies when you marry anyway. It's such a fleeting thing and you lose your job and your looks and your freedom." She thought of married couples she knew who did nothing but struggle for a living. There were children who had to be cared for and provided for, endless expenses to meet. Just an eternal struggle. Look at her own parents, for instance. Dad worked down at the Benton Lumber company from early morning till very late at night. And mother wore dowdy house dresses and slaved all day simply keeping the family alive. The same thing over and over and over again; make beds in the morning to be torn up that night, spend hours preparing meals to be eaten in a few moments, then more hours to prepare more meals to be gobbled up the same way. Where did you get? A whole lifetime of that! No, sir. Dorothy was to give Norman his answer tonight and it would be a most emphatic NO.

Some quirk in the feminine brain made Dorothy put on her most alluring pink georgette that evening and when Norman came he was quite carried away by her loveliness.

"You are so dear," he whispered.

"But, Norman, this makes it so much harder for me to say what I'm going to have to say," Dorothy told him sadly. "I've thought about it until I'm nearly crazy, but, dear. I just declare I can't marry—anyone. The woman gets so little out of marriage and the man doesn't get so much more. I believe we'd both be happier single."

"Then marriage doesn't mean to you what it means to me," he answered quietly. "I wouldn't attempt to persuade you, Dorothy, but I do believe I could make you happy, dear. I'd try so hard."

His earnestness hurt her. After a moment she spoke again:

"I can't explain it to you and I do love you, but somehow I feel I'd be giving up—everything, if I married."

"In that case I shan't ask you again. I don't want a wife who thinks she's made a sacrifice in marrying me."

Soon he rose to go, there was no protest, no reproach, but he could not bear to stay longer, he explained.

After he had left Dorothy went into the room where her parents were, and with utter weariness, tossed herself on the old leather couch that stood in the shadows and had offered her rest so many times before. With intuitive tact neither her father nor her mother asked any questions and soon the girl relaxed, her eyes closed, and she reviewed tthe events of the evening. The voices of her parents were low, almost mumbling as they strove not to disturb her. At last at the sound of her name consciousness was brought back to those in the room and she heard her mother say:

"I think Dot's asleep. Poor child's tired. I wish she'd give up her job and get married. She'd be so much happier. Nothing can take the place of a home and kiddies of your own and the companionship of a man."

There was a silence followed by a slight creaking of a chair. Dorothy was sure that her father had leaned forward and put out a hand.

"We're battle scarred, mother, but it's been worth it," laughed Mr. Willis gently. "Wouldn't we be lonesome without our children and each other now?"

"Why, if I hadn't married I'd be a hopeless old maid by now," laughed Mrs. Willis, "to say nothing of what I'd have missed by not having had you to chum with. We have been sort of pals, haven't we? I know I'm not strong on looks any more," Mrs. Willis went on, "but it doesn't seem to matter."

"Looks," answered dad indignantly. "Honestly, mother, you're lots prettier than when we were married. I really mean it!"

And there was a conviction that rang in his voice that made Dorothy know that he meant it. She sat up suddenly. Yes, sir, there was mother sitting in dad's lap! Mrs. Willis got up rather hastily.

"Stay where you are," said Dorothy. I got an inspiration.

She hurried into the hall and rang Norman. At last a surly voice came over the wire.

"Norman, if you want to come over tomorrow evening and—b-bring a—ring along—" she said.

"Tonight!" he sang back over the wire.

"Nonsense, silly. Tonight's almost tomorrow now," she laughed, hanging up the receiver.

"Now, aren't girls a mystery?" he said, rubbing his tousled head.

Short but Sweet

Prince Arthur of Connaught tells an amusing tale of his experiences when serving as governor general of South Africa. He had made a journey up the Zambesi to some of the paramount chiefs. One of them made a speech of welcome which took three-quarters of an hour to deliver. When he had finished a native interpreter came forward to explain the oration. Pointing to the chief, the interpreter discharged his task with a single sentence: "Him say him dam pleased to see you."—Grit.

SUPERVISORS' NOTICE

OF

Appointment of Registers of Voters, Judges and Clerks of Election.

REGISTRATION OFFICERS

FIRST DISTRICT

First Precinct

Samuel S. Hurlock, Dem.; Paul C. Price, Rep.

Second Precinct.

Harry Todd, Dem.; Lemuel Mark, Rep.

SECOND DISTRICT

First Precinct

Robert C. Kennedy, Dem.; Lewis S. Price, Rep.

Second Precinct.

Benjamin Robinson, Dem.; Ralph Geary, Rep.

THIRD DISTRICT

First Precinct

James S. Matthews, Dem.; Harry T. Williams, Rep.

Second Precinct.

Ernest D. Briscoe, Dem.; G. Ray. Crew, Rep.

FOURTH DISTRICT

First Precinct

Harvey G. Blyman, Dem.; Charles S. Smith, Rep.

First Precinct N

Wm. T. Hicks, Dem.; Mrs. Bertie Clements, Rep.

Second Precinct.

Wm. F. Malin, Dem.; H. Theodore Jewell, Rep.

FIFTH DISTRICT

First Precinct

Samuel Collyer, Dem.; Wm. E. Leary, Rep.

First Precinct N

Thomas A. Tucker, Dem.; H. Bernard Wilson, Rep.

Second Precinct.

John Kelly, Dem.; Chas. H. Hudson, Rep.

SIXTH DISTRICT

Archibald Ramage, Dem.; Harry T. Hoyle, Dem.

SEVENTH DISTRICT

W. Raymond Startt, Dem.; Mrs. Morgan Brown, Rep.

JUDGES OF ELECTION

FIRST DISTRICT

First Precinct

Alexander Powell, Dem.; Fred. C. Numbers, Rep.

Second Precinct

Wm. H. Stradley, Dem.; C. W. Guthrie, Rep.

SECOND DISTRICT

First Precinct

Thomas A. Conner, Dem.; James A. Nickerson, Rep.

Second Precinct

George Webb, Dem.; Oliver W. Atwell, Rep.

THIRD DISTRICT

First Precinct

Robert A. Loud, Dem.; Harrison T. Cornelius, Rep.

Second Precinct

Bayard Crew, Dem,; Charles T. Willis, Rep.

FOURTH DISTRICT

First Precinct

George H. Burke, Dem.; Mrs. M. Elizabeth Falls, Rep.

First Precinct N

Thomas G. Wroth, Dem.; J. Taylor Baxter, Rep.

Second Precinct

Randolph V. Waddell, Dem.; R. Clarke Davis, Rep.

FIFTH DISTRICT

First Precinct

Jacob Kendall, Dem.; Marion Coleman, Rep.

First Precinct N

Charles Parsons, Dem.; Joseph W. Williams, Rep.

Second Precinct

Melvin Glenn, Dem.; Samuel J. Kilbourn, Rep.

SIXTH DISTRICT

Frank Skirven, Dem.; H. H. Legg, Rep.

SEVENTH DISTRICT

Herbert W. Walbert, Dem.; Harold M. Baker, Rep.

CLERKS OF ELECTION

FIRST DISTRICT

First Precinct

Leonard W. Robinson, Dem.; Alrich Price, Rep.

Second Precinct

C. Harvey Freeman, Dem.; Olin S. Davis, Rep.

SECOND DISTRICT

First Precinct

Robert H. Vandyke, Dem.; George E. Powell, Rep.

Second Precinct

Walter Heller, Dem.; Merritt Willis, Rep.

THIRD DISTRICT

First Precinct

Frank Fogwell, Dem.; Wm. B. Noblette, Rep.

Second Precinct

Howard Robinson, Dem.; Mrs. Francis Owens, Rep.

FOURTH DISTRICT

First Precinct

George W. French, Dem.; Don T. Falls, Rep.

First Precinct N

Joseph N. Wheatley, Dem,; W. Howard Pennington, Rep.

Second Precinct

B. R. Bartley, Dem.; Miss Elizabeth Trew, Rep.

FIFTH DISTRICT

First Precinct

Maurice Jones, Dem.; Thomas H, Casey, Rep.

First Precinct N

Nelson Rodney, Dem.; Frank M. Sewell, Rep.

Second Precinct

Weston Kendall, Dem.; Charles T. Crouch, Rep.

SIXTH DISTRICT

W. T. J. Keyser, Dem.; O. F. Eierman, Rep.

SEVENTH DISTRICT

Wm. J. Maslin, Dem.; D. W. Ingersoll, Rep.

C. FRANK CROW, Pres.
J. HYLIE THOMPSON,
T. W. TREW,
Supervisors of Elections for Kent County.
W. O. KNIGHT, Clerk.

ANNOUNCING THE OPENING ON JUNE 21ST, 1928 OF THE BELLHAVEN TEA HOUSE ON THE MAIN HIGHWAY CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND TELEPHONE 211M MARGARET C. BELL

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Never Before Has a Nickel Bought Such a Cigar!

Talk about the past and present purchasing power of a nickel, here's a buy that upsets all previous standards: *Havana Ribbon* cigar. Thirty years on the market! Produced by the millions today! That and long-studied cigar-making have put value into *Havana Ribbon* such as you've never before known in a five-cent cigar. And there's something else: *Ripe tobacco.* Imagine what a fine, mild, fragrant smoke that means! No bitter *under*-ripe top leaves of the tobacco plant. No flat-tasting *over*-ripe bottom leaves. Pure flavored *Ripe* middle leaves only. Long filler—that won't come out in your mouth—same as used in higher-priced cigars. . . . You just can't beat it for the money!

Don't dally—slip one nickel over the counter and set yourself for a smoke you'll want again and again. Better still, buy a ready-filled *Practical Pocket Package* of five cigars and be prepared for the longing that's sure to come.

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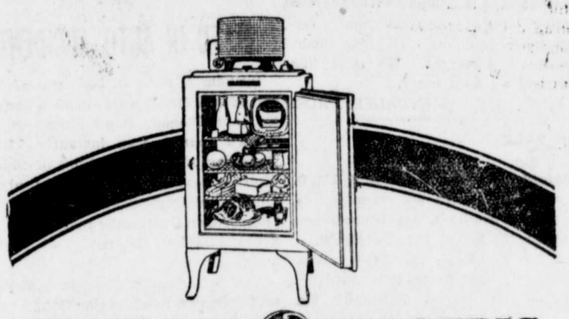

GENERAL ELECTRIC
Refrigerator

After fifteen years of intensive research in the vast laboratories of General Electric, this remarkably simplified refrigerator was produced. It marks an entirely new conception of electric refrigeration for the home. It is so simple mechanically that all its machinery is enclosed in one hermetically sealed casing. It operates quietly, economically, automatically. It hasn't a drain-pipe, belt, fan or stuffing box to get out of order. Guaranteed by General Electric. See it operate—study its advantages.

CHAS. H. BRICE
BETTERTON, MD.

The Why of Telephone Progress

"It is fundamental in our plan of organization to have at headquarters and in our laboratories several thousand people whose sole job it is to work for improvement."

WALTER S. GIFFORD,
President of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company (Bell System)

¶ Research, invention, development—this sequence in unvarying order has been responsible for every advance in the art of telephony.

¶ Fifty-two years ago there were only two telephones in the world—the crude but entirely practicable models of the inventor. Today, the world has over 29,000,000 telephones, more than 18,000,000 of which are in or connected with the Bell Telephone System in this country.

¶ Every step in the development of this giant industry has presented its problems—problems that can only be solved through exhaustive research and experimentation. Since the day of its invention a constantly growing organization of scientists have been devoting their entire time toward perfecting the telephone art.

¶ Today, this organization, known as the Bell Telephone Laboratories has grown until it numbers 3700 people. Hardly a month goes by but the world is astounded by some new and marvelous result of their labors—some new and important advance in the art of communication.

¶ The Chesapeake and Potomac Telephone Company of Baltimore City—which serves you—is one of the associate companies of the Bell System, and as such is entitled to, and has at its disposal the results of these scientists' labors as soon as they are perfected. Thus, we are enabled to make continuous progress toward the realization of our aim to give the most telephone service and the best at the least cost to the public.

THE CHESAPEAKE AND POTOMAC TELEPHONE COMPANY OF BALTIMORE CITY

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