Massey & Wilmer

SEMESAN Bel, a seed potato disinfectant.

SEMESAN, Jr., a superior disinfectant for seed corn.

Warner Hydrated Lime.

Shell Lime.

Leonard Tomato Seed.

Red Clover
White Clover
Sw t Clover
A alfa
Alsike
Red Top
Timothy
Orchard Grass

FERTILIZERS

5—8—5
2—8—5
1—9—4
0—12—5
0—10—5

Our Fertilizers are in first-class mechanical condition.

Treat your Tomato Seed with SEMESAN and note the difference in the quality of your plants.

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Chestertown, Maryland

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Our

Chester Turkey Laying Mash

now contains pure COD LIVER OIL.

Results obtained from feeding PRATT'S STARTER, GROWING MASH & KASCO ALL MASH CHICK FOOD speak for themselves.

For more EGGS we recommend PRATTS, KASCO ALL MASH and CHESTER Laying Mashes.

Rock bottom prices on Pratts, Kasco & Eshelman's Dairy Feeds,

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Have your stock turkeys treated with IODINE VERMICIDE, it will pay you.

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Chestertown, Kennedyville, Worton.
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Chestertown, Md.

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THIS SPRING
A Fresh Supply of Landreth's and Ferry's
GARDEN AND FLOWER SEEDS

Scatter Sunshine with Greeting Cards.

A full supply of Birthday, Anniversary and Remembrance Card

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Diversified selections composing Municipal, Public Utility and Rail Road Bonds, Industrial and Real Estate Bonds.

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105 Court St.
Correspondent of West & Co. Bankers
Philadelphia and New York Stock Exchange

This Week

by Arthur Brisbane

WHERE ARE THE PASSENGERS?
HALF A DAY IN MEXICO.
SURPRISING THE GREEK.
THE BILLION DOLLAR AGE.

Officials of the Santa Fe road, recently gathered in convention, in San Diego, California, were told by their president, Mr. Storey, who invited prominent citizens to luncheon at El Cortez Hotel, that something is happening to the railroad passenger business in the United States.

In 1922 the Santa Fe carried fifteen million passengers. In 1928, the number had dropped to four million, two hundred thousand.

That means a good deal to railroads, to owners of railroad stocks, and to the automobile industry.

Automobiles, privately owned, and public automobile bus lines, have made the change.

And Mr. Storey's figures will change again, soon, when fully developed air travel takes 90 per cent of long distance travel from railroad and motor bus lines.

Do not hurry to sell your Santa Fe or other sound railroad stock, however. Railroading now is really railroading, not stock jobbing. And better methods, bigger locomotives, longer trains, better yards and a thousand improvements, including especially loyal co-operation by railroad union workers, have more than made up for the drop in passenger travel. Freight is the thing now, and that depends on prosperity.

Years ago, when the late Mr. Ripley was president of the Santa Fe, Mr. Storey, then the road's chief engineer, built the Santa Fe line through the Texas Panhandle, and told Mr. Ripley it was a good line. Some thought it would not pay. Now it is the chief freight route, and the most profitable part of the Santa Fe's long trackage.

Agua Caliente, Mexico.—In this part of the world and just north, across the border in San Diego, U. S. A., they show and tell you more interesting things than 1,000 eyes and 1,000 ears could see and hear adequately.

On this new and amazingly successful resort, created almost over night just south of the United States border, many millions have been spent to create conditions that will compete with anything in Europe.

Whatever your ideas of horse racing and other amusements, with betting attached, you find comfort in the fact that this place will keep American money in America. Wide roads, bus and air lines enable the American who feels cramped by prohibition and other restrictions to cast them off here.

It is not necessary to go to Europe, spending all his income there.

Sixteen miles from San Diego, one of America's most beautiful cities, the American finds here everything that he would find at Deauville, Monte Carlo, Nice or any resort in Europe The place is well managed, well policed, well patronized. Ask Foxhall Keene, who has just gone by looking younger than ever.

This place is extraordianrily beautiful, with a perfect hotel, golf, all sports, hot sulphur and mud baths, famous in Aztec days, and the visitor is in Old Mexico, a land as foreign to him and as fascinating as though he were in Spain, yet near to his own land, no ocean to cross.

Below this place, the peninsula of Southern California, property of Mexico, stretches for 1,000 miles. The wealth of that peninsula cannot be exaggerated. Its beauty cannot be described.

High rock walls, going straight down to the ocean, innumerable sheltered coves, with white sand beaches, great flocks of sheep on the round green hills, herds of seals, ploughing through the water close to shore, quail innumerable, a wonderful empire.

The House of Representatives recently voted to increase the national contribution to good roads from $75,000,000 to $125,000,000 a year for three years, beginning next July.

This will mean, in three years, three hundred and seventy-five millions for better roads alone, good news for all citizens, for the automobile industry, its employees and for the unemployed.

A Greek philosopher was exiled because he said the sun was probably bigger than all of the Greek islands. We know now that the sun is a million times bigger than the earth. And in distant space, other suns are a million times bigger than ours, making them one million million times bigger than the cosmic grain of sand we live on.

An Italian, Professor Bendani, announces discovery of the fact that our solar system is fifty times bigger than astronomers thought. What would the old Greek have said to that?

This is the billion dollar age. The old plain million, once revered, is as unimportant as the extinct hansom cab.

General W. W. Atterbury, president of the Pennsylvania Railroad, foresees expenditures by his company in the next ten years amounting to ten billions of dollars.

Ten thousand millions is a good many dollars.

The Pennsylvania has already spent six thousand millions.

Too Good to Be True

By ELIZABETH J. HARING

(Copyright.)

THE door was locked but this was to be expected. A few scientific twists of his lock tweezers overcame this difficulty and "Curly" Gaines stepped into the living room. It was dimly lighted by a rose-shaded reading lamp, and the radio was going. Mrs. Crumley, the old woman whom "Curly" planned to rob, had confided just that afternoon that she always left the radio on when she went out in the evening, as it seemed more cheerful when she returned later.

As a self-styled radio expert, "Curly" had familiarized himself with the premises on previous calls. Mrs. Crumley had become friendly and confidential, which was quite according to his intention. Old ladies were his speciality. Anyhow, he reflected, as he regarded her wall safe with a speculative eye, the necklace would not be a haul that required violence. And this small strong box was a joke! Radio accompaniment, however, was something new in his line and rather diverting. So he seated himself in a huge overstuffed chair before the radio.

There was a rustle of movement behind him and two cold, skinny hands were suddenly clasped over his eyes in "guess-who" fashion! A gun in the ribs had never in previous experiences produced the chill which now froze his spine.

"Did I startle you?" Mrs. Crumley, diminutive and smiling, with the artlessness of a child stepped from behind his chair. She shook a reproving finger at the gaping young man. "I hope I did—because you certainly frightened me until I realized who it was! I was sure I had the night latch on—and it was lucky that it was only you. I appreciate your coming back—because I know what a busy man you are."

It required all the ingenuity "Curly" possessed to adjust himself to the bewildering situation.

"I found I had some spare time," he found himself saying, "and I thought I'd run up and test out the new tube. The door wasn't locked—and I'd have had the radio all fixed."

Imperfect as he knew this explanation to be, "Curly" felt that Mrs. Crumley accepted it and was really pleased at his thoughtfulness.

"I wonder if you would like a piece of fresh cake?" she coaxed, bustling about, switching on lights and rearranging sofa cushions. "I baked it myself and I know men folks like cake. You're not hungry? Oh, I know! I promised to show you my old-fashioned jewelry sometime. It's really very interesting—especially the necklace."

"Curly" permitted Mrs. Crumley's fluttering hands to push him back into the deep chair from which he watched in hypnotized silence as she brought a large box from the wall safe. She seated herself beside him and emptied its contents into her lap. Ther were more than a dozen cotton flannel sacks of the same size and color.

"I keep the things in these bags so's they won't scratch each other. I can tell by the initials I embroidered what's in each, then I don't have to open them all when I want a certain thing. It isn't that any of it is so valuable—it's because it's grown old along with me.

"This was Joseph's watch—my husband's This was Ellen's—my daughter who died. And will you look at the chains Joseph wore with his watch—aren't they heavy? This is the necklace."

There was nearly a yard of it, "Curly" estimated.

"Joseph gave it to me when Ellen was born," droned Mrs. Crumley, fingering it lovingly in her palm. "There are seventy-five diamonds in it—even if they are not very large. My son-in-law says I'll be knocked over the head some night and he laughs at my little safe. I believe you're laughing, too?"

"No, Mrs. Crumley, I'd say you were safe from sluggers, at least! But, really, I must be going."

"You've been very considerate of an old woman," she declared, "and I'm thankful it happened to be you who walked in on me this evening and not a real burglar!"

"Curly's" face still wore a grin when he reached his room and pulled a cotton flannel sack marked with an "N" from his pocket.

"It was almost too good to be true!" he laughed to himself as he dumped the loot from the bag. But his smile vanished immediately. The glittering heap before him was not the necklace, but "Joseph's" ponderous watch chains! And his professional pride would have suffered even a greater jolt could he have heard Mrs. Crumley's telephone conversation at this moment with her son-in-law.

"Yes, I'll be ready as soon as you get here. No, indeed, I won't stay alone in this house another night. Imagine what I've been through—and switching those bags almost under his very nose!"

Reasons for Loving

'Tis never for their wisdom that one loves the wisest, nor for their wit that one loves the wittiest; 'tis for benevolence and virtue and honest fondness one loves people; the other qualities make one proud of loving them, too.—Hester Lynch Piozzi (1741-1821). Letter, 1781.

Peanut Problem

Notwithstanding the enjoyment over her first bag of peanuts, Nancy Vern, just past three, was experiencing difficulty in breaking the shells of the monster goober with her tiny fingers.

"Muvver," she asked, holding up a big peanut, "will you unbutton this thing for me?"

Subscription to the Transcript $1.50 per annum.

Idea of Broadcasting Fire Alarm Not Modern

Methods of transmitting news of fire are very old and until about the middle of the Nineteenth century watch towers with alarm bells were maintained in American cities. After the development of the electric telegraph, reliable apparatus was installed. As early as 1845 Dr. W. F. Channing of Boston published an article in the Advertiser outlining a fire-alarm telegraph system. In 1850 Charles Robinson used Morse apparatus for signaling fire alarms from police stations and engine houses in New York city to watchmen at tower bells, who sounded the signal of the appropriate district. A telegraph signal plan was put into operation in Boston, April 29, 1862. New York installed a fire-alarm telegraph system in 1869 and by 1875 it had reached to 75 cities. Although various systems are in use, that devised by Channing and Farmer and improved by Gamewell has been the one most generally employed in America. The keyless door was patented by Tooker in 1875 and the automatic keyless door by N. H. Suren in 1895.

Quick Cure for Obesity

As Falstaff, Sir Herbert Tree wore a rubber suit, which was blown up like a bicycle tire for the enormous size necessary for Falstaff, writes Constance Collier in "Harlequinade: The Story of My Life." It was a continuous duel between Ellen Terry and Herbert Tree as to who should get the better of the other. They would think out elaborate jokes. But one day the joke went too far. Ellen Terry took a hatpin and stuck it into Tree's enormous belly at the beginning of a long scene. Falstaff slowly began to deflate, and when the scene ended he came off with his clothes hanging in festoons around him. Ellen Terry was nowhere to be seen. She had locked herself in her dressing room.

FAMILY DOCTOR LEARNED THIS ABOUT CONSTIPATION



Dr. Caldwell loved people. His years of practice convinced him many were ruining their health by careless selection of laxatives. He determined to write a harmless prescription which would get at the cause of constipation, and correct it.

Today, the prescription he wrote in 1885 is the world's most popular laxative! He prescribed a mixture of herbs and other pure ingredients now known as Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, in thousands of cases where bad breath, coated tongue, gas, headaches, biliousness and lack of appetite or energy showed the bowels of men, women and children were sluggish. It proved successful in even the most obstinate cases; old folks liked it for it never gripes; children liked its pleasant taste. All drugstores today have Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin in bottles.

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Commission Merchants

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Under personal supervision of E. Nelson Stevens, over thirty-five years successful experience.

References—Marchants & Machanics First National Bank. All commercial agencies.

Baltimore-Tolchester Ferry



SPRING SCHEDULE
Weather Permitting
Effective March 7th, 1930
STEAMER "EXPRESS"

Leaves Baltimore week days at 8.00 a. m. and 3.00 p. m.

Leaves Baltimore Sundays at 8.30 a. m. and 3.00 p. m.

Leaves Tolchester week days at 10.15 a. m. and 5.15 p. m.

Leaves Tolchester Sundays at 10.45 a. m. and 5.15 p. m.

Adults tickets one way 60 cents; Round trip good 30 days $1.10; Round trip good 1 day $1.00; Children half fare.

Autos and Trucks at low rates.

Special, Saturdays and Sundays, round trip good 1 day 75 cents, Children 40 cents.

THE TOLCHESTER COMPANY
Pier 16 Light St. Baltimore.

6540—Morgantown, W. Va.

Tells of Experience With Dreco Treatment

Morgantown resident says: "Feel better than I have in years"



Mr. Geo. Gross

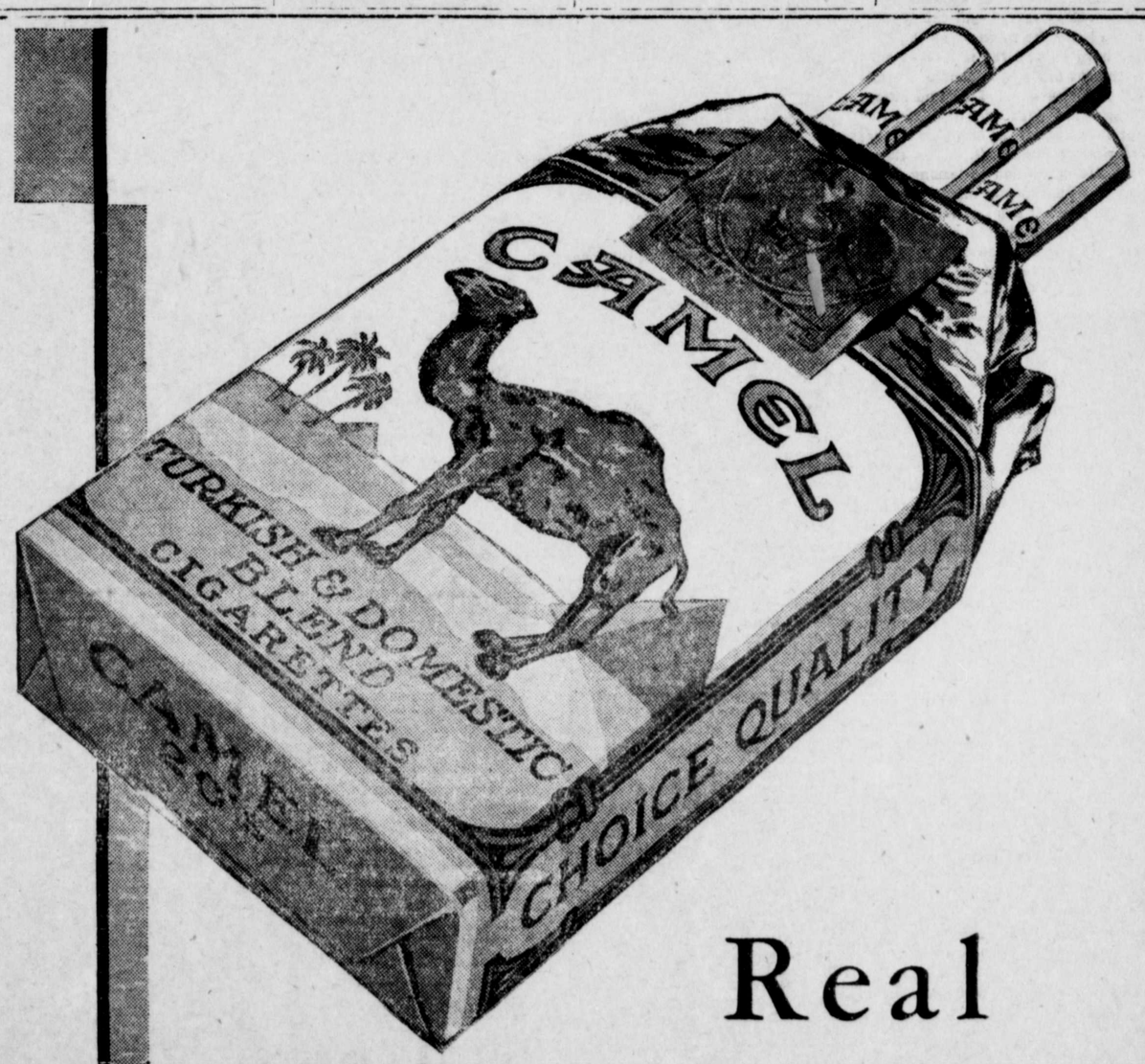
"My stomach was sour and gassy, and I felt miserable at all times," said Mr. Geo. Gross, of Morgantown, W. Va. to one of the Dreco Experts.

"It is strange that so many sufferers from stomach trouble wait till they are down sick and unable to attend to their duties before starting on a medicine like Dreco.

"The Dreco treatment ended my suffering and made me feel better than I have in years."

for Stomach, Liver and Bowels
DRECO
Plant and Herb Medicine

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Camels stand alone. If you merely want to *puff*, anything will do. But if you want to know the true delight of smoking—to enjoy the mild, mellow fragrance of superbly blended Domestic and Turkish tobaccos, brought to perfection by the most scientific methods of manufacture but with none of the delicacy of its natural goodness lost or spoiled by over-treatment—then Camel is the cigarette for you.

You'll find in Camels all the exquisite enjoyment that can be packed into a smoke.

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