A Rose for Romance

By AMY DUNN

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RAY CHALMERS was a young man who had come to New York and made good. Of frail physique, he had overworked until his health suffered to such an extent that his firm gave him six months' leave to recuperate.

"Where are you off to, Ray?" the president inquired the morning Ray went in to shake hands.

"Don't know yet, Chief. I'm just filling the roadster with gas and starting. If I can find some crooked back country road in Connecticut with some sort of shack and a well, I'll grab it. Then I'll try to learn how to sleep and eat again. And I'll fool with roses." Ray grinned.

After several days of exploring the hill counties, Ray found just what he wanted; an old-fashioned cottage; high on a hill; near the forks of two country roads. A mile away nestled a little town with a general store.

With the arrival of June there was a cared-for look about the place; Ray's color and health had visibly improved; and on both sides of the orderly front path leading to the door were two round beds of hybrid roses coming into bloom.

Their cultivation had become Ray's controlling interest. In it he found defense against the solitude to which he was unaccustomed. He knew now, for the first time in his rapid life, the yearning for a companion to share with him such a little home as this. Ray had always been a bit afraid of women; too busy making his way to trifle, either seriously or casually.

His one acquaintance in the new environment, an elderly man who apparently lived alone in a house slightly down the road from Ray, confided that he had once been a professor of horticulture in a western college. This man seemed interested in Ray, enjoyed their daily scraps of conversation, and offered many helpful suggestions regarding roses.

At the post office one morning Ray found a package and a cordial letter from his employer. The letter explained the package—a pedigreed, prize "new" rose which the Chief had bought for him at a select rose show.

Home again, Ray found the professor standing over one of his beds with a critical air.

"Look . . . look here, sir," Ray was actually excited as he held out the potted prize rose, "a prize winner from the show, my boss sent it!"

The elder man's expression widened with pleasure as he examined the specimen and noted the explanatory matter written on a card loosely tied to the stem. There was one bud about to bloom—a rich, deep copper color; others were still wrapped in their protective sheath of green.

"Lovely . . . lovely . . ." said the professor softly, then in determined tones, "water it at once and put it in the shade of that tree. Don't transplant it today. I want you to bring it over to the house in the morning. I'll have a surprise for you."

"Surprise? How come?" Ray smiled.

"Wait and see!"

Ray noticed the professor's gaze fasten speculatively on the awkwardly hung curtains in his front windows.

"Admiring those curtains, I know. I've tried every way to make 'em drape as if they belonged. It's no use."

"You ought to marry, son. Then your curtains would hang right and you wouldn't wear that solitary look. Ever think of that?"

Queer bird; this professor, mused Ray. What had marriage and curtains in common? The elderly man started down the hill in his slow, precise manner, turning his head to call:

"Don't forget to bring the rose over in the morning."

"Right-o!" responded Ray.

Meditating, sprawled in his deck chair on the lawn that evening, the professor's query kept recurring to Ray. Marriage! It surely would be blissful to have some one beside him as he sat there; some one who cared and understood silence as well as speech. He must have a fling at the social side of life, he decided, when he returned to town.

Early next day Ray sought the professor's parlor, placing the prize rose on a broad window sill where the sun caught the copper glints of the new bursting bud.

"Now for the surprise, professor."

"Rose! Won't you come in?" called the elder one.

"Coming, Dad!" Musical tones from the kitchen. A charming girl entered, daintily aproned and groomed.

"Mr. Chalmers . . . my daughter! . . . Just home from college, and I want her to see your rose. They're her specialty."

All three bent over the rose on the sill. The girl caught her breath quickly as she examined the bud and the card attached.

"Why, why . . . Mr. Chalmers . . . this is my entry in the Rose show. I raised it in our greenhouse last winter. I've experimented with new varieties and colors for two years. Oh, you must let me help you transplant it and care for it."

The father, watching their eager faces, benevolently remarked:

"He will, Rosie; and by the way, while you're over there fussing around Ray's flowers, go in and fix his curtains properly. They need it."

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New Telephone Directory Out

Urges Discarding Of All Old Issues

Many Towns Are Listed

The new telephone directory, the most popular book in Chestertown, is now being delivered. In making the directory delivery, every effort is being made to have each subscriber receive a new book and return the old one to the delivery forces since there have been a great many changes in telephone numbers, and in the listings of new subscribers to telephone service since the last directory was delivered. Unless the old directories are recovered, users will, in many cases, get wrong numbers on making calls, R. C. Harris, manager of the company states.

This new directory not only contains the listings and numbers of telephone subscribers in Chestertown, but it also includes the names and numbers of subscribers to the service in Centreville, Denton, Easton, Federalsburg, Greensboro, Hillsboro, Oxford, Preston, Queenstown, Ridgely, St. Michaels, Tilghman, Galena, Millington, Rock Hall, Still Pond, Cecilton, Chesapeake City, Elkton, North East, Perryville, Port Deposit, Havre de Grace, Hurlock and Warwick.

KENNEDYVILLE

Miss Elizabeth Pennington is visiting in Indiana.

Mrs. Thomas VanDyke and Mrs. Thomas Jones are spending a few days with Mrs. Robert Kennedy near Galena.

The Mite Society of Grace Presbyterian Church will meet at the home of Mr. and Mrs. James Weer next Wednesday evening, October 15th.

Service in the M. P. Church next Sunday. Sunday School at 10 a. m., Men's bible class the same hour. Preaching at 11 a. m. by the pastor, Rev. Mr. Brown. Christian Endeavor at 7.15 p. m. Sermon at 8 p. m. by the pastor. All welcome.

Service in Grace Presbyterian church next Sunday evening at 7.30, preaching by Dr. John Humphreys. All invited.

Mr. Raymond Hill is suffering with a very sore finger, he cut it in an ensilage cutter one day last week.

Mr. Harper Carter is also suffering with a sore finger, after cutting it in a fodder shredder.

Mr. August Money is visiting relatives near Baltimore.

Mr. William Dempsey spent Tuesday in Wilmington. Mrs. Dempsey returned home with him.

Miss Katherine Urie entertained at cards Saturday afternoon.

Mrs. Brown is spending a few days with relatives in Philadelphia.

Miss Blanche Redmile entertained Dr. Humphreys last Sunday evening.

Mrs. Henry Boggs spent the week nd with her son, Mr. Paul Boggs, and family at Stockton, Md.

Mr. James Nickerson is on the sick list.

Mr. Harry Scheibner and friends spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Homer King and Mr. and Mrs. William Jewell.

Mr. and Mrs. George T. Hepbron, of New York, pent a few days here with their cousin Mrs. Robert Hill.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Hill and Margaret Ann, of Phoenixville, Pa., spent the week end here with relatives.

Mrs. Lin Redmile spent a part of this week with relatives in Baltimore.

Mrs. Thomas Jones, of near Cecilton, visited her sister, Mrs. Thomas Van Dyke and other relatives the past week.

Mrs. Clara Dorney, of Baltimore, is visiting relatives here.

Mrs. Susie Shallcross, of Milford, spent a few days with her friend, Mrs. Rachiel Hill.

Mrs. Ada Hitch and Bobby, of Queenstown, spent Sunday with relatives here.

STILL POND

Mrs. Murry and daughter, Miss Alice Shugard, of Baltimore, Md., spent last week end with their cousins, Mr. and Mrs. Carson Greenwood.

Mrs. Dora Howard, of Pittsburgh, Pa., is spending some time with Mrs. Angie Rasin.

Little Ernestine Matthews has been spending this week with her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Matthews.

The Philithia Class held a very enjoyable meeting on Wednesday evening at the home of Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Harper.

We are glad to know that Miss Elizabeth Shallcross is much improved and now able to be out.

Mr. and Mrs. George Hepbron, of New York, visited their aunt, Mrs. Mary Davis over last Sunday.

Mrs. Howard Toulson with her mother, Mrs. J. L. Price is attending the W. C. T. U. Convention at Easton, Md.

Don't miss the Sunday School Rally Service tomorrow morning, Sunday School at 9.30 with Rally at 10.45.

Quite a number attended the Men's Mass meeting in I. O. O. F. Hall on Tuesday evening and planned to hold another one on next Tuesday evening.

The devotional srvice of the Epworth League will be lead tomorrow evening by Mrs. J. C. B. Hopkins.

The Women,s Foreign Missionary Society will meet on Thursday afternoon, October 16th, at the home of Mrs. E. M. Bonwill.

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