CHANGED THEIR MATRIMONIAL PROGRAM

(© by D. J. Walsh.)

FRANK SOUTHWICK adored his older brother, John. Everything about Frank was faintly reminiscent of John, even his clothes. That is why it was so easy for the younger brother to pick up the wrong coat the morning they lay side by side across the hall table—the morning that Frank had unbosomed himself to John about the girl, who, refusing to marry him, had jocosely promised to be his maiden aunt instead.

"Oh, come on and have lunch with me, kid, and forget it," pleaded John protectively.

"No, I'm going to have a bite at the Prize Package, where she and I so often eat together," he finished with a sigh. "Then, if she isn't there I'm going out and buy her some flowers."

John's amused but sympathetic eyes followed his brother's dejected back as it drifted out of the door. Then he called a taxi and was finally deposited before an office building whose tenth floor boasted a suite with "John Southwick, Jr., advertising," chastely and simply lettered on its outer door.

A little later John emerged from the small wash room that adjoined his private office, his hair brushed to a satin sheen, a fresh collar replacing the wilted one, being, in short, a perfect picture of a prosperous young business man about to seek his noonday meal. He was about to don his coat when he discovered to his dismay that he had brought Frank's; rather, Frank, having left home first, had taken his. Being oppressively hot, John had dispensed with his coat in the taxi and as far as his office. Going to the high-class restaurant he frequented in a coat three sizes too small for him or entirely coatless was another matter.

Remembering Frank's mention of the Prize Package, one of those automatic eating places where one drops a coin that opens a door and introduces one to one's meal, he resolved to try locating his brother there—incidentally his own coat. No one in or of the Prize Package would look askance at a coatless man on such a hot day and there were still taxis.

Frank Southwick was not among those present when John reached the friendly portals of the restaurant, but he chose to remain, since he must eat somewhere and in the hope that Frank might appear before he had finished.

He moved with the crowd toward one of the slot places, instinctively reaching for his glasses. No glasses—of course! They were in the pocket of the coat Frank probably was carrying about with him. He couldn't read a thing without them. Finally, in despair, he chose a slot at random and inserted a coin. The mechanism whirred softly and a bowl of hot soup appeared. He saw the soup. His fresh collar wilted at the sight of it. Placing the bowl upon his tray he tried another slot. A different kind of soup but quite as steaming as the first greeted him.

Dropping down at the nearest table he tried first one soup and then the other, muttering beneath his breath. A chuckle from the other side of the table caused him to look up and into a pair of soft brown eyes brimming with merriment. John noted immediately that the girl was the apotheosis of everything cool and lovely, but while his brain was busy with that delightful reflection his tongue was declaiming glibly, as though he had met her often, a panegyric on soup.

"You don't want that soup, do you?" the girl laughed. "Why in the world don't you take it back and get yourself something iced? Your advertising for soup on a blistering day like this sounds like the great and only John Southwick."

He confessed to forgetting his glasses, allowed the girl to get him some salad and ice cream, puzzling all the while over her reference to John Southwick. He was very sure he never had seen her before. Finally, admitting an interest in the man, he asked her to describe him.

"Well," she said naively, "I could give you quite a comprehensive summary of his virtues as I've heard them rehearsed several times a week for a year or more by his younger brother, Frank, but if you want my personal opinion," the girl's tone took on a sudden crispness, "if nothing were an adjective, John Southwick would be its superlative degree."

"Oh, now, Miss—Miss—"

"Stone—Winnifred Stone."

John was not conscious of his own floundering beginning, but he was absolutely certain about the girl's interruption, and proceeded forthwith to uproot every single preconceived notion he had had concerning the girl his brother was so in love with.

"You're wrong, Miss Stone," he went on pleadingly, "Southwick isn't such a bad fellow. No wonder you have formed an opinion that he is the epitome of egotism with his foolish young brother dinning his praises into your ears for so long. In reality he's just an ordinary, humble, well-meaning human being."

"Friend of yours?"

"I work in his office."

"I certainly admire loyalty to one's employer, but you cannot be persuasive enough in your advertising to sell me John Southwick." She laughed as she arose to go. "Better bring your glasses next time," she finished, nodding a friendly farewell.

John Southwick sought the Prize Package next day at noon time, plus his coat and glasses, bearing down upon a table where sat Miss Winifred Stone, looking cool and immaculate in blue linen.

"Going to advertise John Southwick or soup today?" She asked with a brilliant smile.

"Neither," he answered pleasantly. "Soup is as hot today as yesterday, and I wouldn't think of trying to advertise the gentleman mentioned, because I am sure that is the last thing he wants."

"Which is the very nicest thing I've ever heard about him."

So they discussed art and poetry, music and the drama, wild flowers and country lanes, discovering many mutual tastes and ideas. When it came to the place where it was necessary to give himself an entity, Southwick chose to call himself John Crerar, using his first and second names only. He was not ready quite to precipitate himself upon this girl he had come to admire as the man she had dubbed the superlative of nothing.

For two months the attachment between Winifred Stone and John Southwick, begun within the humble confines of the Prize Package, grew stronger every day. Frank, worn and, as he thought, hopelessly crushed by Miss Stone's refusal to marry him, spent that time in the far north woods.

One matchless Sunday in early September, while they were eating a picnic lunch in the heart of a deep wood, far from the maddening crowd, Southwick decided to tell Winifred the truth about himself. He had only begun when she interrupted him with a sparkling laugh, followed by the statement that she knew what he was about to say.

"I knew you at once from a cut in a magazine Frank showed me," she told him, "and I couldn't resist the temptation to try to puncture the bubble of what I thought was pure egotism. But when you began to develop that inferiority complex, I—er—somehow I found my concept of the great and only John Southwick changing."

"What is it now?" he demanded eagerly, bidding her look at him. "Just what is it now, Winifred?"

A little later, when they were having tea in Winifred's studio in town, Frank dropped in—just returned from his vacation.

"Why, hello, John!" he greeted cheerily. "Where did you meet Winnie? By the way, I might as well tell my story once as twice. I'm engaged to be married, folks, to the cutest little girl you ever saw. Good thing you were farsighted enough to refuse me, Winnie. Guess you'll have to be my maiden aunt after all."

"It's just too bad, Frank, dear, but I can't accept that position of trust and responsibility because I've just promised to be your sister-in-law."

Argentine Capital Hides Eyesores From Visitors

Here, brethren, is the most wonderful part of Rio de Janeiro: Approaching, you see not a single man-made blemish in the entire scope of the scene—no gas tanks, no coal tipples, no freight docks, no grain elevators, no factory chimneys, no switch yards. These are tucked away out of your sight in landlocked basins or along the banks of concealed artificial canals.

The exquisite beauty of the vista is unmarred and unmutilated. It was made perfect, and perfect it remains—or anyhow, almost perfect. I am trying to forget that one minor blotch on the panorama is an electric sign advertising a Yankee brand of motor car tires.

The criminal guilty of perpetrating that atrocity should be condemned to confinement for life in a corral of North American billboards, and for a cellmate he should have the misguided Frenchman who, despite protests from the local beauty lovers and at the instigation of the mayor, was lately engaged in cutting away century-old trees to make room for dinky reflection pools and stupid gravel walks and foolish replicas of formal Persian gardens, all interspersed here and there along the ocean parkway. But these be small and inconsequential exhibitions of bad taste.

When I remember how in most great cities the water fronts have been ravished and despoiled and disfigured with ugly utilitarian things, and how natural loveliness has needlessly been sacrificed for mistaken economic advantage, I shall turn my admiring thoughts to Rio.—Irvin S. Cobb in Hearst's International Cosmopolitan.

Cornstalk Building "Boards"

The United States bureau of standards is making some tests with "boards" made from cornstalks. This of itself is not wonderful, but some chemists have discovered a method of effecting this transformation in the space of 15 minutes. The material placed in a vat is treated with a chemical, which reduces it to a pulp in two or three minutes. Placed in a mold and subjected to a high pressure the operation is completed in five minutes. On account of the long fibers the product is said to be quite strong and capable of being handled as an ordinary board. Other material with short fiber offers the same possibilities, but the resulting "board" lacks strength, but it is suitable for some uses.

Safety First

During the trial of a man on a serious charge of theft the evidence was so palpably insufficient that the judge stopped the case and directed the jury to return a verdict of "not guilty." A well-known lawyer, however, who wished to do something for the fee he had received for the defense, claimed the privilege of addressing the court.

"We'll hear you with the greatest pleasure," said the judge, "but, to prevent accident, we'll first acquit the prisoner!"—Montreal Star.

Didn't Need Any

Mary Jane's mother was in the back yard so she went to the door when a young man knocked.

"Please tell your mother I have a subpena for her," said the man.

"I'm sorry," said Mary Jane, "but mother just went to the grocery store and has all the vegetables she needs."

Play Fair in Life

Other men are just as much deserving of a chance as you are. The road to success is not over others upon whom you have trampled. You cannot demand a "fair field and no favor" without extending the same privilege to others.—Grit.

KENT WINS AT FREDERICK FAIR

The 4-H Poultry Judging team of Kent County scored a greater number of points than any other representing ten Maryland counties in the Poultry Judging contest held Friday, October 24th, at Frederick.

Eight classes of five birds each were judged. County teams and scores follow: Kent, 2050; Montgomery, 2040; Frederick, 2030; Calvert, 2030; Allegheney, 2010; Carroll, 1990; Harford, 1890; Baltimore,1890; Prince Georges, 1810; and Howard 1750. The closeness of competition can be seen in that only twenty points separate the fourth and high teams.

Wilbur Morris by his score of 790, will make the trip to Madison Square Garden as a member of the Maryland team. He was third high in the contest.

Much credit is due our boys for this victory. Clarence Sutton, Wilbur Morris, William Comella, and William Carroll, alternate, made up the team. Sixteen meets have been held.. Martin Sutton, Purnell Newcomb, John H. Moffett, Neal Truslow and Assistant Agent E. W. King assisted in coaching this exceptional poultry team of which Kent County may well be proud.

Subscription to the Transcript $1.50 per annum.

School Supplies.

A COMPLETE LINE

Everything You Need AT

Toulson's Drug Store

Chestertown, Maryland

Ford Digs Two Mile Tunnel for A Billion Gallons of Water a Day

NEARLY a billion gallons of water a day—more than is used by the cities of Detroit, Philadelphia, Cincinnati and Washington combined—will be the capacity of a huge tunnel now nearing completion at the Rouge Plant of the Ford Motor Company, Dearborn, Michigan.

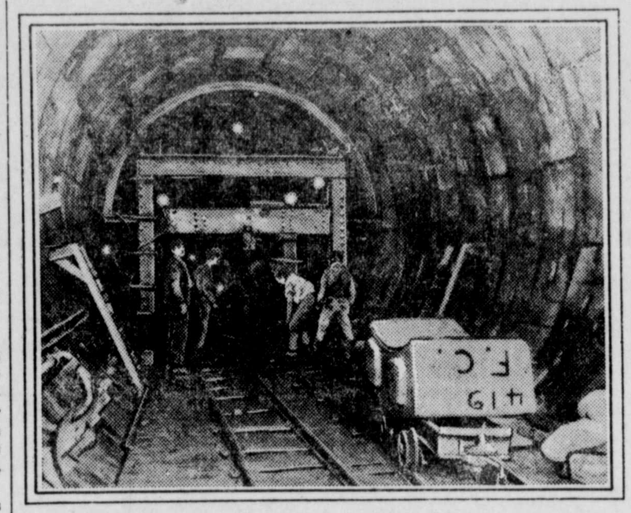
The tunnel will replace the present water intake system which supplies the Ford plants with 500,000,000 gallons a day. At the same time the company is remodeling its power house to greatly increase the power output. Both improvements, costing several million dollars, are being made to enlarge the production facilities of the Ford plant.

Sixty Feet Under Ground

In constructing the waterway, the largest of its kind ever undertaken by a single business concern, the engineers are burrowing sixty feet under ground for a distance of two and a fifth miles. They have gone under main highways, railroads, street car tracks, bridges, a cemetery and a creek.

One of the most difficult tasks was that of tunneling under Baby Creek at a point which is crossed by a railroad bridge and where also a large sewer is under construction by the city of Detroit. The piles that provide the foundation for the bridge and those driven by the company constructing the sewer formed a network on each side of the creek. It was the task of the Ford engineers to burrow under the creek, sewer and bridge, going between the piles without striking or weakening them.

Boring of the tunnel is accomplished by means of a shield—a large steel cylinder fourteen feet long and twenty-one feet in outside diameter with a solid steel shell or skin two and a fourth inches thick. This shield has a bulkhead which is made fast near the front end. There are four openings through which the mud streams, like toothpaste from a tube, as the shield is shoved forward by twenty powerful hydraulic jacks.



The head of one of the sections of the Ford tunnel showing the machinery used to burrow through the ground. In the foreground is one of the concrete blocks used to line the tunnel which has an inside diameter of fifteen feet.

When the shield has been pushed forward sufficiently concrete blocks two and a half feet wide and five feet long, each weighing 3,420 pounds, are placed to form a ring around the circumference of the tunnel. One of them acts as a keystone so that the lining of concrete, which is eighteen inches thick, withstands the pressure of the earth. After this steel forms are set up and filled with concrete to form a solid inner lining which is also eighteen inches thick.

The present intake system of the Ford plant has a capacity of 500,000,000 gallons a day. The new tunnel will be able to carry 913,600,000 gallons.

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FLIES haven't a chance where DETHOL is sprayed. And it's so easy. A few quick shots from the improved DETHOL sprayer does the trick. They breathe the DETHOL mist. It strangles them. They die. Quick-sure-safe.

Just as easy to kill mosquitoes, roaches, ants, bedbugs, moths, fleas. For cleaning, spray basins, bathtubs, tiling. Leaves a spotless, glistening surface when wiped. And you'll like the clean, refreshing odor of DETHOL.

It's a pleasure to use DETHOL. Guaranteed to kill flies, mosquitoes, and other pests wholesale—or you get your money back, all of it. That's how good DETHOL is. Get it today

at your favorite drug, grocery, hardware or department store. DETHOL Mfg. Co., Inc., Baltimore, Md.



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FALL SCHEDULE

STANDARD TIME

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Effective September 2nd, 1930

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Leaves Baltimore Sundays at 8.30 a. m. and 2.30 p. m.

Leaves Tolchester week days at 10.15 a. m. and 4.45 p. m.

Leave Tolchester Sundays at 10.45 a. m. and 4.45 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

NO TIME TO PLAY

The season was waning and they were much in love, so the summer boarder approached the farmer to ask for his daughter's hand.

"I—I—that is, I lo-lo-love your daughter, and we're going to be mar-mar-ried, and—"

"Keep your troubles to yo'self!" the father thundered. "Don't bother me with 'em now. I've got two sick hosses on my hands."

BADLY WANTED



Actress—You say you are wanted in all the big cities—they're just crazy to get you?

Actor (with swelled head)—Yes, I'm wanted everywhere.

Actress—What's the charge?

Cats

Yes, I do love all nature's sounds,
In any "sharp" or "flat,"
But most near, and ever dear
Is the purring of my cat.

Canned Ones Now Suit Him

"My husband used to be crazy about fresh, green peas and made a regular pig of himself when we had them," remarked Mrs. Brown.

"Well, isn't he still fond of them?" asked Mrs. Black.

"No," smiled Mrs. Brown, "not since my ultimatum that he would have to shell them whenever we had them."

In the Near Future

First Tramp—Come on, bo; hook on. hook on. Dis airship starts in a coupla minutes.

The Other One—Wait till I buckle on me parachute. De guard might fling us off.

Coloring

"It is not so easy for a portrait painter to paint the ladies these days."

"Why not?"

"They are using some colors that portraitists never had to use before."

Helped a Lot

"I supported my uncle while he was ill."

"You supported your uncle?"

"Yes, I didn't borrow off him for a whole year."—Nagels Lustige Welt.

NOT EXPENSIVE



He—Won't you go out to dinner with me some evening?

She—Sure—but I warn you, I eat like a horse.

He—Oh, well—hay ain't so expensive.

Ditto

I like to see the stuff in print
That comes from my own pen;
But how I hate the guy who sells
My joke worked over again.

Tit-for-Tat

Mother (at 7 o'clock in the evening)—Come, Ethel, it is bedtime. All the little birds have gone to sleep in their little nests.

Ethel (at 5 o'clock next morning)—Come, Mamma, it is time to get up. All the little birds are up, and the mamma birdie, too.—Pearson's Weekly.

Positive Proof

The Cynical One—Women age faster than men. They also lose their powers of memory first.

The Other One—Can you prove it?

The Cynical One—Yes. Just notice how many women at the age of thirty have difficulty in remembering how old they are.

Everything Provided For

"You say this vacuum cleaner takes the place of a broom?"

"Absolutely. You notice this handle? It is detachable."

"Well?"

"That's in case you want to whack your husband."

Nervous Watching

Doctor—You are suffering with your nerves. To what can you attribute it?

Patient—To fishing.

Doctor—But fishing is a very soothing occupation.

Patient—Not when you have no license.—Pages Gales, Yverdon.

Missing: One Airplane

Long-distance telephone operators receive unusual requests from time to time, but perhaps the strangest of all was one that came to the chief operator at Davenport, Iowa, who was startled when a man called up and asked if anyone had reported finding an airplane.

It turned out that the party was an airmail pilot who had been lost in a blinding snowstorm and being unable subsequently to locate his plane, turned to the telephone operator as a possible source of information. Unfortunately, however, no airplanes had been reported missing that day.

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Nine tuned circuits—expensive new electro-dynamic speaker—screen-grid—beautiful new cabinets—amazing tone—many other features.

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NOTICE

NOTICE is hereby given that no obstruction may be made to the free and proper use by the public of all public landings in Kent County, Md.

At the same time the public is hereby warned that no nuisance of any character will be permitted in, on or around public landings in the County.

County Commissioners of Kent County, Md. au2

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