"FIGHTING CARAVANS"

TO BE SHONE HERE MAY 8 AND 9

"Fighting Caravans," the thrilling and spectacular drama of the battling pioneers who beat new trails across the continent, is the tremendous attraction which the New Lyceum Theatre will show on Friday and Saturday, May 8 and 9. Gary Cooper and Lily Damita head an exceptionally large and forceful cast of well-known screen favorites in this epic picture of the forefathers of the American West.

"Fighting Caravans" has been filmed on the same gigantic scale which made "The Covered Wagon" a never-to-be-forgotten screen presentation. The lives, the equipment, the characters, even the dangers and privations of those forward-pushing days have been reconstructed, and brought to life on the screen, in a breath-taking production that will make moving picture history.

Into the intense atmosphere of the frontier-busting caravan is introduced a tender romance, between Gary Cooper, the swaggering, devil-may-care junior scout of the expedition, and Lily Damita, French girl immigrant whose father dies during the gruelling march, leaving her alone, with a giant wagon and a valuable cargo, to carry on to the Land of Gold. Cooper, tempted to take advantage of the girl's helpless position, is quickly brought to his senses by her indomitable will. Their romance blossoms in danger and bursts into full bloom as the struggling caravan straggles into Eldorado.

KENNEDYVILLE

Mr. and Mrs. James Lusby. Mr. Author Lusby and Miss Elizabeth Robinson attended a surprise birthday party for their brother at his home in Newark, Del., last Friday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. John B. Glenn, of Rock Hall., spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. George Glenn.

Mr. and Mrs. Kernan and little daughter, of Philadelphia, visited relatives over the week end. Mrs. Kernan remained for a visit with her parents.

Miss Gladys Archibald, of Wilmington, Del., spent the week end with her parents.

Mr. Harry Walls and mother visited Baltimore this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Homer King and family spent Sunday in Wilmington.

Mr. ad Mrs. Edward Caldwell and Mr. and Mrs. Umliff of, Wilmington, spent the week end with relatives.

Mr. Wattie McKnett spent the week end with Mrs. McKnett who is spending some time with her sister, Mrs. George Johnston.

Mrs. Walter Pippin and daughter, of Chestertown spent the week end here.

The P. T. A. will hold their monthly meeting next Wednesday afternoon at 3.30 p. m.

Service in Grace Presbyterian church next Sunday evening at 7.30 Dr. Humphreys will preach. All welcome.

Service as usual in the M. P. Church Miss Pauline Hopkins will lead the Christian Endeavor.

Crumpton Vicinity

Messrs. Pierce Bowers and James Flossman flew to Lancaster, Pa., last Monday in Company with Mr. Thomas Bourne in his airplane.

Mr. and Mrs. Dawson Walls and son, of N. J., spent the week end at the home of their parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Walls.

Master Jesse Coleman, son of Mr. and Mrs. Glenn Coleman, of near town, who has been quite sick is improving.

Rev. Harvey Hufnal began his weekly prayer meetings Thursday evening at the M. E. Church. There was a special meeting of the Stewarts and Trustees at 7 p. m.; Prayer services 7.30 and choir practice at 8 p. m.

Miss Ethel Ryland is visiting Mrs. Carrie Merrick in Baltimore.

Mrs. Addie Sheppard has returned home after having spent a week with relatives in Wilmington.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard King and Miss Thompson, of Milsboro, Del., spent Sunday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Wm Godwin.

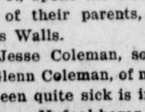
Rev. and Mrs. J. P. Prettyman were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. James Walls Thursday.

HE STOOPS TO CONQUER

Come-to-Grief-Airman: "I was trying to make a record."

Farmer: Well, you've made it. You be the first man in these parts who climbed down a tree without having to climb up it first."

DR. JULIAN T. POWEL



OPTOMETRIST

Chestertown, Maryland.

In office at Chestertown every Monday, Wednesday and Saturday; office hours 9 a. m. to 4 p. m.

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.

Chestertown, Maryland

Idle Dreams in a Quiet Corner

By A. W. PEACH

(©, 1931, McClure Newspaper Syndicate.) (WNU Service.)

MARGERY—for a very good reason of her own—usually sought the little table at the back of the avenue cafe. There, with a wall behind her and one beside her, she felt secure. It was a quiet little place, neatly arranged and well-kept, and well patronized at breakfast by business men and young women who later took the subway downtown.

A place where a simple and appeasing breakfast could be found at a reasonable price—that was all the cafe represented to her, until that morning when he entered and sat down not far from her, glanced at her with eyes that looked as if they had never gazed at any one except in kindliness, and then turned to his newspaper.

She stole a swift glance or two at him. There was a little glint of gray at his temples, his face was gentle and yet suggestive of quiet strength—the face of a man who had lived bravely through tempestuous times and had emerged without losing faith.

"I could love a man like that—if he loved me," she thought to herself, and then woke up—"Foolish! daydreaming in a cafe! When he sees you as you are, he'll never look again."

She waited until he had gone by the broad window, then she left her table and limped slowly to the same desk.

That was her grief—the crippled ankle that, like a stroke of fate, had taken her girlhood and almost her courage. But by the time she had reached her chair behind her desk in the drugstore, she had put thoughts of him aside tenderly as one lays cherished things in lavender.

He came the next morning, however, and many mornings after that. He had his regular breakfast time, she found, and she timed her appearance with his, always taking care to leave after his departure, not before.

Then came the morning when the peaceful little cafe filled suddenly with strangers, and Margery guessed that they were delegates to the convention to be held in one of the nearby halls. He came in in his quiet, serene way and at the quick leap of her heart she shifted her eyes.

"Miss, may we put a chair at your table?" She awoke to hear the smiling Japanese head waiter ask.

She nodded—and there he was with her.

"I am sorry to crowd in at your private corner," he said smiling, "but it seemed to be a matter of breaking into your corner or breaking out without breakfast. I hope you'll forgive my intrusion."

"I do forgive," she answered, a bit breathlessly.

It was a golden moment, and golden minutes followed in which his comradeship made her feel that she had known him a long time. She chatted and gossiped with him, happy in his companionship.

Then the spell broke. Just before he left, he paused, and his clear, open eyes held hers. "I wonder if you will like to take in one of the concerts with me tonight? I am betting you like music from what you have said. Does it appeal to you? I really should like to know, and in this whopping big city there's no one to give us a formal introduction."

Before she thought, she agreed, and she listened to his plans. The moment he had gone she remembered, and the world grew gray and dark about her.

She waited his coming that night with fear, yet with resignation. She would have two happy hours with him; then she would tuck them away among her memories.

Her lameness he seemed to take for granted, he aided her through the evening so inconspicuously that she almost forgot the dark corner in her life. She reveled in the music, for she had made her love of music fill empty places in her days; and his mood and enjoyment were in tune with hers.

Then afterwards, he took her to his apartment where she found his mother, motherly and kind, ready with an attractive lunch. They played together some of the easier selections they had heard earlier. And when the time for her departure came, she was on the verge of tears.

In the corridor, as he drew her wrap about her, he must have guessed her mood because he said gently: "Have you had a happy evening?"

She stood silent, knowing tears would come before speech.

She felt his arm go about her gently, then as if divining her thoughts he said tenderly: "Now listen and give heed, little lady with the brave eyes. I want to see more of you—tomorrow and days beyond tomorrow. I asked that the waiter give me a seat with you. Next time: I want to come because you want me to, and—promise you won't try to escape me!"

She nodded a dark head, and something in her heart sang to her that there would be memories and memories to come—and none to be folded away in lavender.

Optimism

"Of course there is a lot of trouble in the world," admitted Charles M. Schwab, "but, like those reports of the death of Mark Twain, I think the trouble is greatly exaggerated.

"This, I am sure, is due to the fact that most men who have troubles run around trying to get the rest of the world to help them do their worrying."

STEPHEN R. COLLINS

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW

Court St., Chestertown, Md.

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NOTICE OF

First Meeting of Creditors

In the District Court of The United States For the District of Maryland

In the Motter of Robert E. Lee Hopkins, Bankrupt.

Notice is hereby given that on October 15, 1931, the said Robert E. Lee Hopkins, of Kent County, Maryland, was duly adjudged Bankrupt, and the first meeting of his creditors will be held at the law office of S. Scott Beck in Chestertown, Maryland, on the 1st day of May, 1931, at 4 o'clock p. m., at which time the creditors of said bankrupt may attend, prove their claims, appoint a Trustee or Trustees, examine said bankrupt, and transact such other business as may properly come before the said meeting.

EDWARD T. MILLER, Referee,
Easton, Maryland.

N. B. Creditors should at once prove their claims before a Notary Public and file same with the Referee or have them ready to file at the first meeting of Creditors.

NOTICE TO TRADERS AND OTHERS

Notice is hereby given to all persons and bodies corporate or politic, doing business in Kent county, and requiring a State License to obtain a license or renew the same on or before

THE FIRST DAY OF MAY NEXT

A failure on the part of persons now engaged in business to renew their license by the first day of May next, will subject them to a fine.

Clerk Robert A. Shallcross will be ready to issue license on or before the first day of May next at his office in the Court House.

Those interested are notified of the following requirements of the license law:

If applicant's stock in trade does not exceed	$1,000	$15.50
If over $1,000	not over 1,500	18.50
If over 1,500	not over 2,500	20.50
If over 2,500	not over 4,000	25.50
If over 4,000	not over 6,000	30.50
If over 6,000	not over 8,000	40.50
If over 8,000	not over 10,000	50.50
If over 10,000	not over 15,000	65.50
If over 16,000	not over 20,000	80.50
If over 20,000	not over 30,000	100.50

SPECIAL NOTICE

All applicants for traders license must make application in writing upon special form under oath before Clerk of the Circuit Court or Justice of the Peace or Notary Public as provided for under Chapter 632, Acts 1916.

These blanks can be secured upon application to the Clerk of the Circuit Court.

NEW LICENSE LAW

EFFECTIVE JANUARY 1, 1916.

Notice is hereby given to all persons interested that the License Laws of Maryland were amended by the General Assembly of 1916, and new sections added providing for the licensing of Detective Agencies and Agents, Moving Picture Shows and Carnivals, Garages, Cash Registers and Adding Machines, Typewriting Machines, Commercial Mercantile and Mutual Protective Agencies, Intelligence Offices and Employment Offices, Laundries, Junk Dealers, Trading Stamp Companies, Wholesale Dealers in Farm Machinery, Soda Water Fountains, Livery Stables, Bowling Saloons, Storage Warehouses, Check Rooms, Dyeing, Cleaning and Pressing Companies, Shoe-Shining Parlors and Hat Cleaning Establishments, Restaurants or Eating Places, Plumbers and Gas Fitters, Construction Firms or Companies, Non-Resident Wholesale Tobacco Dealers. For information of the license fees under this law apply to the Clerk of the Circuit Court.

STALLIONS—Any owner or keeper of every Stallion or Jack shall before being permitted to stand or station such animals pay to the Clerk of the Court or some one of the counties of the State the highest sum that he intends to receive for the season, for one mare, and the receipt of the said Celrk, with the seal of his court, attached thereto for said sum shall be the license for standing or stationing such a stallion or jack for one year from the date thereof; provided that in no case shall the sum directed to be paid by this section for such license be less thon ten dollars, and that every stallion or jack, upon which the said tax is paid, shall be exempt from all other State tax.

Any owner or keeper standing or stationing any stallion or jack without a license shall forfeit and pay twice the sum authorized and required to be paid in the last preceding section and half to the State and the other half to the informer.

all. JOHN T. VICKERS, Sheriff.

ANNOUNCEMENT

DR. S. HOLT WRIGHT has opened an office for the general practice of DENTISTRY in the residence of Miss Maude Kemp, corner of Maple and Spring Avenues, Chestertown. Phone 395. f28

The Children's Corner

Edited by DOROTHY EDMONDS

A Butterfly Hunt

On sudden spring-like days in midwinter, when the melting snow drips from each slanting roof, the hibernating butterflies, deceived by the unexpected warmth, show themselves to our astonished view.

"But are they not killed by the frost? How can such tender creatures live through the bitter cold nights?"

One would surely think they would die and many varieties do, but a whole brood of hardy butterflies exists for which the cold has no terrors, and which hide through the winter to enjoy a new awakening in the spring.

There is the "Yellow Edge" or "Antiopa" butterfly, with red-brown velvety wings trimmed with old gold, the earliest to fly about the woodlands in early spring; then there are the "Comma" and "Semi-Colon," the "Atlanta" and showy "Red Admiral," all members of the same sturdy group called "Angle-Wings." They are easily recognized, as their wings have a sharp, pointed, bat-like appearance.



In October, long after the Cecropia and Prometheus moths have tucked themselves away snugly in their warm silken cocoons, you can still find the last broods of the "Angle Wing" caterpillars, either in the form of chrysalids, or still feeding as worms upon various late plants, quite happy and contented.

But soon they turn into chrysalids also, and these develop rapidly. In two weeks at most they reappear as butterflies. The occasional frosty nights do not harm them, but seem rather to hasten their change.

Flowers at this season are rare, but a few may still be found in sheltered spots and the newly escaped butterflies are not discouraged. The farmer is making cider, and they fly to the pomace heap near the cider press. You may see them sucking the sweet juices of the crushed apples as contentedly as their earlier brothers and sisters do the rose and the lily. Even the rotting apples about the ground in the old orchard are not disdained, and many seek the woodpile and feed on the juices from the newly cut birch logs. It is well to be independent and to know when to help one's self.

When, however, the biting chill of November nights ushers in the winter, and hoarfrost whitens the roadside and meadow, you will look for the "Angle Wings" in vain—that is, unless you look in the right place and sharply at that.

Indeed, it is no easy task, for they have crept away under loose shingles and clapboards, or in cracks and crannies in barns, especially beneath the roofs, close to the hay, where they sit with wings folded upon their backs so as to hide their bright colors. The dull tints of the underside are so much like their dusky hiding places that it is most difficult to find them.

There they remain as if quite dead, but when the warm thaw of midwinter penetrates to their dark hiding places, they come crowding out to seek the bright sunshine. They expand their stiff wings and flutter about in the open as joyously and contentedly as in May—a pretty sight indeed!

Yes, you might have a butterfly hunt in winter, but you need very sharp wits and eyes.

Queer Questions

Have you ever heard the dogwood bark?
Or a pussy willow purr?
Does a larkspur sing just like a lark?
Can one make coats of fir?

Did you ever hear a horse sorrel neigh
Or see it run a race?
Can we really tell the time of day
By four o'clock's red face?

If a cowslips down does it hurt to fall?
Is oxalis a lady ox?
Does the sleeping clover wake at all?
Are sheep or birds in phlox?

Is the toadflax woven into cloth?
Is silkweed made of silk?
Does a pale star-flower attract a moth?
Can one drink milkweed's milk?

Is a tiger lily dangerous?
Can a dandelion roar?
Are the catkins any kin to us?
Please tell me, I implore.

I've a brand-new flower book, you see,
I've read the index through
And these are questions bothering me,
I think them queer, don't you?

—Maude Wood Henry.

(Copyright.)

GUILT

There is almost unlimited application of the Scriptural injunction, "Let him who is without sin cast the first stone."

An old Negro preacher owned a mule which had an efficient pair of heels and a loud but unmusical voice.

One Sunday morning, while the preacher was delivering his sermon, the mule persisted in putting his head in at the window and braying loudly.

The preacher finally said: "Breddern and sistern, is dere one among you all who knows how to keep dat mule quiet?"

"Pahson," replied a man, "if you will jess tie a stone to dat mul's tail he sho will keep quiet."

"Breddern and sistern," said the preacher, "let him who is without sin tie de fust stone."

1931 T.H.M. Bramble 1931

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" 3-4 " "	$4.75
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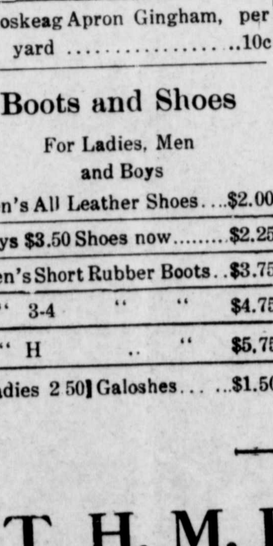
Men's $12.50 Sheepskin lined Coats, water proof, now	$8.25
Men's $7.00 Sheep lined Khaki Coats	$5.00
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1 bbl Good Flour	$5.00
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Kenney's Norwood Coffee, none better	29c lb
GOOD COFFEE	1.c

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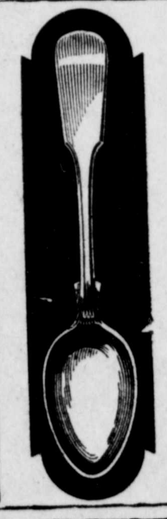
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JOHN BARTLEY

Chestertown, Maryland

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