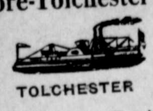
SUMMER

Baltimore-Tolchester Ferry



TOLCHESTER

The Automobile and Truck Route Between Baltimore and the Eastern Shore

From the heart of Baltimore to the Most Central Point of the Eastern Shore

Schedule in Effect July 1st, 1931, (subject to change without notice)

STANDARD TIME

Steamers Leave Baltimore

Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays.

Str. Annapolis ..... 6.00 a. m.
Str. Express ..... 8.30 a. m.
Str. Annapolis ..... 11.30 a. m.
Str. Express ..... 2.00 p. m.
Str. Express ..... 7.00 p. m.

Wednesday and Saturdays

Str. Annapolis ..... 6.00 a. m.
Str. Express ..... 8.30 a. m.
Str. Annapolis ..... 11.30 a. m.
Str. Express ..... 2.00 p. m.

Sundays

Str. Annapolis ..... 6.00 a. m.
Str. Express ..... 8.30 a. m.
Str. Express ..... 2.00 p. m.

Steamers Leave Tolchester

Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays.

Str. Annapolis ..... 8.30 a. m.
Str. Express ..... 10.45 a. m.
Str. Express ..... 4.15 p. m.
Str. Annapolis ..... 7.30 p. m.
Str. Express ..... 9.00 p. m.

Wednesday

Str. Annapolis ..... 8.30 a. m.
Str. Express ..... 10.45 a. m.
Str. Annapolis ..... 4.15 p. m.
Str. Express ..... 7.30 p. m.

Saturdays

Str. Annapolis ..... 8.30 a. m.
Str. Express ..... 10.45 a. m.
Str. Express ..... 7.30 p. m.

Sundays

Str. Express ..... 10.45 a. m.
Str. Annapolis ..... 3.00 p. m.
Strs. Express and Annapolis ..... 7.30 p. m.

Automobiles including driver $2.50

Low Rates For Trucks

Passenger fare one way 35c
Round trip, good one day 50c

TOLCHESTER COMPANY

Pier 16 Light St., Baltimore, Md.

Stavely & Bowers

Large Lumber Yard AND Hardware Emporium

AT LYNCH'S, MARYLAND

All Grades of LUMBER and MATERIALS

All Kinds HARDWARE

FARM GATES kept on hand.

All Kinds ROOFING

LIME by the barrel

CEMENT AND HAIR

OUR BLACKSMITHING WHEELWRIGHT SHOPS

are thoroughly equipped to do all kinds of Blacksmithing and Repairing.

LET US SUBMIT AN ESTIMATE for building any kind of structure

Stavely & Bowers

ASPIRIN

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS!



LOOK for the name Bayer and the word genuine on the package as pictured above when you buy Aspirin. Then you'll know that you are getting the *genuine* Bayer product that thousands of physicians prescribe.

Bayer Aspirin is SAFE, as millions of users have proved. It does not depress the heart. No harmful after-effects follow its use.

Bayer Aspirin is the universal antidote for pains of all kinds.

Headaches	Neuritis
Colds	Neuralgia
Sore Throat	Lumbago
Rheumatism	Toothache

Genuine Bayer Aspirin is sold at all druggists in boxes of 12 and in bottles of 24 and 100.

Aspirin is the trade-mark of Bayer manufacture of monoaceticacidester of salicylicacid.

Subscription to the Transcript $1.50 per annum.

NO USE FOR THE SPOON

In Denver there was a merchant who sold goods to the ranch owners, and who used to entertain his customers when they came to town. One day one of his best customers arrived from the range, and the Denver man took him todinner at the best hotel in the city.

All through the meal the city man was mortified to see the rancher eat with his knife. But it was a good account and the merchant did not want to offend the man by calling his attention to the fact that the fork was intended for use. When they reached the end of the meal, and the waiter cleared away the table and brought the coffee, the guest said to the host:

"Say, that waiter took away my fork."

"Well," said the host, "we're about through with the meal, so you won't need your fork any more."

"I won't hey? What'll I stir my coffee with?"

BIG 5C AND 10C SALE

An Unusual Sale Featuring Unusual Values. This is Your Chance to Stock Up at a Big Saving.

Your **5c** Choice

1 package Encore Macaroni
1 pkge Encore Spaghetti
1 can Gibbs Beans
1 tall can New Pack Peas
1 tall can String Beans
1 can Kippered Snacks
1 pound Fancy Bulk Rice
1 pound Pea Beans
1 12-oz bot. Cider Vinegar
1 package Jar Rubbers
1 cake Octagon Soap
1 cake Kirkman's Floating Soap
1 cake Lava Soap
1 can Kirkman's Cleanser
1 pkge Clothes Pins
1 bot. Arrow Special
deposit extra

Your **10c** Choice

1 can Iona Tender Peas
1 can Iona String Beans
1 pint can Gibbs Tomato Juice
1 can Grape Fruit
broken segment
1 10-oz bot Lang's Pickles
1 8-oz bot Quaker Maid Catsup
1 8-oz can Quaker Maid Cocoa
1 24-oz bot Cider Vinegar
3 pkgs International Salt
3 cakes P. & G. Soap

Additional Values

OPEN KETTLE RENDERED

PURE LARD 1 LB. **9c**

WHITE HOUSE **Evap. Milk** 5 TALL CANS **29c**

LEAN SMOKED **PICNICS** LB **12½c**

LARGE RIPE **Bananas** 5 LBS **19c**

BRAMBLE'S STORE, Fairlee

Lower Prices on all Classes of Merchandise

We Can fill All Your Requirements for Beautifying the Home in way of Furnishings.

Simmin's (White Enamel), full sized two in. Post Bed ... $6.25
Simmon's Forestwood Walnut Finish, full sized, handsomely decorated bed ... $10.50
All Cotton Mattress, with Art Ticking ... $5.00
We also have in stock Mattresses from $7.50 each to the Finest Cotton Felt.
A good Full Sized Spring at ... $5.00
The New Quaker Girl, 9x12 Lineoleum Rug ... $7.75
9x12 Japanese Matting Rugs ... $2.75
Hansorae Three-Burner Oil Cook Stove ... $13.00
Dupont's Inside and Outside Paints in all colors.
Wall Finish for Inside Work ... .50c package
Porch Rockers in all styles.
A Full General line in Dry Goods, Shoes and Groceries.
Eggs and Chickens taken in trade.

T. H. M. BRAMBLE

Fairlee, Maryland

Sweet Mystery of Life

The new statue had been unveiled in the Art institute. One by one the art lovers paused to admire it, to comment on the masterly skill of the sculptor in personifying his idea, and to give it a name:

"It is fear," said one.

"It is love," breathed another.

"It is hate," murmured a third.

"It is jealousy," declared a fourth.

"It is tolerance," whispered a fifth.

"Want you to see my latest job," remarked the great sculptor himself, as he came by with a friend. "I worked forty years on this idea. It's the personification of awe."

"Nice work," commented the friend, who was hard of hearing and didn't quite catch the last part of the sculptor's remark. "What do you call it—Liberty?"—Brooklyn Eagle.



WHEN FOOD SOURS

ABOUT two hours after eating, many people suffer from sour stomachs. They call it indigestion. It means that the stomach nerves have been overstimulated. There is excess acid. The way to correct it is with an alkali, which neutralizes many times its volume in acid.

The right way is Phillips Milk of Magnesia—just a tasteless dose in water. It is pleasant, efficient and harmless.

It is the quick method. Results come almost instantly. It is the approved method. You will never use another when you know.

Be sure to get the genuine Phillips Milk of Magnesia, the kind physicians prescribe to correct excess acids. 25c and 50c a bottle—any drugstore.

"Milk of Magnesia" has been the U. S. Registered Trade Mark of The Charles H. Phillips Chemical Company and its predecessor Charles H. Phillips since 1875.

Phone Johnny on the spot for Coal--149.



Have you put off ordering your coal. Give it a thought right now and phone —telling us how many tons you require for the winter. We'll attend to your order at once.

C. W. Kibler & Sons

Chestertown, Maryland

★

RED STAR LINE, Inc.

DeLuxe Coaches leave Chestertown Daily for Hurlock and Way Points 5.30 p. m.

Tolchester and Way Points 9.30 a. m., 4.10 P. M.

Sunday only 9.30 A. M., 4.15 P. M. (Making Baltimore connections.)

Kent Island Ferry and Way Points 10.35 A. M.

PERCY SHELLEY

"The trumpet of a prophecy! Oh, Wind, if Winter comes can Spring be far behind?" To aid another in his need, to bring one's abilities to the caretaking of another's perplexing problems is a worthy aim.

C. L. DODD
Funeral Director
Chestertown, Maryland
Telephone, Chestertown 164

ONE OF THE DIVA'S RETINUE

By FANNIE HURST

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

AROUND the heroic figure of Camilla von Stroheim had always whirled entourage.

She had been a prima donna since she had flashed, at a robust seventeen, a magnificent Brunhilde, upon a public that welcomed her permanently to its bosom. For the first fourteen years of her triumphant career, during the lifetime of Herr Graf von Stroheim, one of Germany's magnates, she had three times toured around the world in operatic and concert capacity, success always in her wake.

After the death of her husband, Camilla had spent most of her time in America, traveling in continuous tours with her daughter, three or four maids, secretaries, chauffeurs and a special valet whose exclusive duty was to care for the dozen or so Daschunds, which invariably made up part of the diva's caravan.

Paula von Stroheim, daughter of Camilla, had been born in the Waldorf-Astoria in New York city, christened in Berlin and educated by governess and tutors of practically every civilized country of the world. At seventeen she was a pasty-faced girl, given to occasional outbursts of tiny pimples, narrow-shouldered, slightly near-sighted, and as far removed as possible, from the exuberant, creature-beauty of her mother and in no way similar to the stout expansive figure that had been her father's.

Curious, but von Stroheim, probably too busy with the glitter of her own career, had never been acutely conscious of these physically shortcomings of her daughter. She adored her. She lavished endearments, gifts, indulgences, and was most elaborately demonstrative. She had a nickname for Paula; a ridiculous one. "Pet-cat."

"My darling-cums Pet-cat, what would mother do without you?" "My angel-faced Pet-cat, how could von Stroheim exist if it were not for you?"

Angel-face or no angle-face, well might von Stroheim ask herself that question.

From the time Paula had been six she had slavishly been serving her mother. By the time she was sixteen, no lady's maid, no masseur, no attendant of any kind whatsoever, could bring to von Stroheim the sedative kind of relaxation that emanated from the fingertips of her daughter. Paula served her mother heart, soul and body. She was on call in the watches of the night, when the great diva, given to insomnia, wanted to talk. She was on call in the wings of the opera house, when the great diva, impatient of her physicians, wanted Paula, who stood waiting with a throat syringe. She was on call with the train schedule; concert schedule; hotel schedule. In other words, the frail and pasty-faced little Paula was doomed to walk in the wake of grandeur.

Until she was about nineteen, however, these realizations did not bite in. Her adoration of her mother was so colossal that it dwarfed her sense of relative values. Von Stroheim was like a great sun in the center of Paula's life, throwing its fierce, powerful rays everywhere about her. The tempers, the temperaments, the moods, the vagaries of her mother, were the indicators, so to speak, in the life of Paula. When von Stroheim smiled, Paula smiled. When von Stroheim threw glassware and tore silk to shreds, Paula's little soul quailed within her. But it must be said for von Stroheim, that whatever her moods, whatever her fluctuations of temperament, her attitudes toward her child were chiefly those of adoration.

As the members of the entourage and the sychophants who hung on the outskirts of the retinue that surrounded the great prima donna used to say, Pet-cat was her sole reverence. Pet-cat was the only creature on earth she really loved. And fiercely Paula loved in return; worshipped the flower-strewn ground on which her mother trod, had no thought of self, because hers was bound up in the magnificence of von Stroheim.

It was when Paula was nineteen that there wedged into her life an emotion that was new, terrifying and ecstatic. A secret emotion, which she would not admit at first even to herself, and yet as it became more and more apparent it was wonderful to lie on the cot she invariably occupied at the foot of her mother's great bed, and let these strange ecstasies sweep over her in floods of enchanted sensations.

Paula was in love with the small blond accompanist who had joined her mother's retinue a few months previous. He was a German fellow, teutonic, blue-eyed, yellow-haired, who spoke English as fluently as he spoke his native tongue, a brilliant musician with promise of a fine career of his own, after a few years of apprenticeship as accompanist. Von Stroheim was not easy to serve in this capacity. Her experience with accompanists was varied and full of all kinds of regretable experiences. They came, they went. She was known as a "holy terror" to the pianists who had served her and young Meyer Gluck was not unaware of this when he enlisted as her pianist.

Of all his predecessors, however, Gluck had been the most successful. Von Stroheim liked him; had taken a fancy to him from the start. She petted him, she babied him and had personally nursed him through a heavy grippe cold which had overtaken him in Seattle on one of her cross-country tours. She even had a name for him, as ridiculous in its way as Paula's. "Pet-boy." The young man flushed whenever she applied it to him, even after months in her service. It made him feel ridiculous, and at heart he was a shy, serious, ambitious, fellow, full of dreams of ultimate pianistic triumphs.

Paula found herself also harboring these dreams for Gluck. In the hotels where their retinue camped on its tour from city to city, her greatest joy was to find a place near the door of Gluck's room, and stand there listening to his practicing, as it came in avalanche arpeggios down the long impersonal hotel corridors.

Paula was in love.

Overwhelmingly maternal as von Stroheim was in her treatment of this girl; ardent, emotional, demonstrative and indulgent, there was not between them, at least so far as Paula was concerned, any relationship that admitted of a revelation of the minute secrets of the mind and heart, chiefly it must be admitted, because Paula up to this time, had owned none in particular. At nineteen she was practically as much of a child to her mother as she had been at nine. Paula was no problem to von Stroheim for two reasons: the great diva was to occupied with the intricate problems of her famous self and so subtly had the eventful years slipped by, that von Stroheim had no conception of the fact that her daughter was an adult.

"Pet-cat my darling-cums, come sit on your mother's lap." "Pet-cat angel, come rub your mother's head." "Pet-cat my baby, wake up and talk to your mother. I can't sleep." And always the talk was of the diva; her triumphs, her defeats, her hopes, her chagrins, her tempers, her loves, her hates. And of all of them there were aplenty, because as time went on, and her position became more and more secure, von Stroheim became more and more the temperamental operatic star.

That was why, when love came to Paula, strangely, shyly, secretly, it was something she could not find the voice to impart to her mother. It was sufficient in the beginning just to stand off and secretly adore, and secretly, oh so secretly, hope and hope and hope.

And out of the hoping was to come this:

One evening, entering the hotel suite in Detroit, wrapped in sables, blazing with gems, laden with long stem roses the odor of which perpetually surrounded her, von Stroheim rushed up to her daughter, catching her tightly and ecstatically in her arms.

"My darling-cums Pet-cat, will you forgive your bad, naughty mother who loves you? She went and got herself married. You have a sweet new darling Pet-boy for a father."

Precisely that had happened. Von Stroheim and Gluck had been married by a local magistrate. A thunderclap had descended upon the life of a narrow, pasty-faced little person known as Paula von Stroheim. A thunderclap that was to reverberate through a life time.

Strange, that neither von Stroheim nor young Gluck were ever to have an inkling of this secret catastrophe in the heart and soul of Paula. She was the same unobtrusive, willing little soul she had always been. Von Stroheim, if possible, was more fiercely, relentlessly, maternal after her marriage, than she had ever been before. The terrible part to Paula was that Gluck was so gentle, so considerate of her well-being; so eager to successfully serve in his fantastic capacity as stepfather. After all, he was only eight years the senior of Paula.

What happened subsequently came so gradually that it is doubtful if Gluck was conscious of it until after the condition was too well established to be remedied. It is doubtful if he even desired a remedy, so all-embracing, so powerful, so possessive, and so sedative was the claim of von Stroheim upon his heart and mind. She showered him with the magnificence of her affections, just such as she had showered Paula. She smothered him with indulgence, with endearments, and with a quality that transcended his own, and just as it had transcended Paula's.

At the end of the second year of this strange marriage, there was serving the great von Stroheim, not only the daughter who walked quietly in the wake of her magnificence, but the young teutonic-looking husband, who had receded by this time, in what was to be the permanent role of accompanist and member of the diva's retinue.

From city to city, from country to country, wanders this magnificent caravan de luxe, the extravagantly personable prima donna shedding effulgence everywhere she goes, and in her wake, adoring her, the little daughter named Paula, and the little husband named Gluck.

Gas Destroys Metal

Many gases were developed during the war for one purpose or another, and one which was designed to attack the individual was found to operate in a much more effective and humane manner. It has a very rapid corroding action on metal so that a gun subjected to the fumes is rendered utterly useless in a few hours.

"Dead Reckoning"

In his "A Systematic Dictionary of Sea Terms" C. Grand Pierre says on this subject: "Dead reckoning is the estimation of a vessel's position by means other than direct observations, when these are not feasible. Unlike all other marine uses of the word, dead, here, does not express anything inert or adverse. Formerly logs were loose ruled sheets of a prescribed form. The latitude column being too narrow to admit the words 'deduced latitude' in full, the expression was abbreviated 'ded. l.' and later shortened to 'ded' which was corrupted to 'dead.'"—Pathfinder Magazine.

Origin of Christmas Tree

The Scandinavians of North Europe worshiped trees in their pre-Christian days, the special deity of the Northmen sea-savages being called Ydrasil, or The Tree of Life.

Their Tree of Life was adopted by Christian England as an emblem of the Blessed Savior, and has been for centuries the center of the gift-bestowing at the blessed season as a Christmas tree. In olden times it was placed on the rood screens, in the minstrel's gallery, or in the chancels of the churches.

Attitude Toward Time All That Really Counts

Time is passing so quickly that there is need for us to push on with the job we have in hand. We must not think that time passes more quickly at one time than another. It moves always at the same rate. Our attitude to it is the thing that counts. If we are busy, if we are happily concerned in the affairs of life, we do not notice the passing of time. It is then we say that it passes quickly. When we are bored and discontented and gloomy, we think that time hangs heavily upon our hands. And it does.

The right attitude to the matter of time should be something different. Time, and therefore experience, must come and go. Are we being intelligent enough to utilize every second of time in the best possible way, and are we directing our lives to the fullest possible advantage as a result of the experience? If we are not, we are not pushing on. Valuable days are passing, and people are suffering; some physically, some mentally; many in both ways. There is no time to lose. If we are economists of time and effort, as we should be, there is need for a closer and a more intelligent understanding and grasp of our jobs; not only our personal task, but the business of caring for others.

We must push on. There must be no faintheartedness. If we would lead, there must be courage and determination.—Exchange.

STEPHEN R. COLLINS, Attorney.

Ratification Nisi

Stephen R. Collins, Assignee
versus
John Bedford Tilghman, et al

In The Circuit Court for Kent County
In Equity, No. 2668

Ordered, this 15th day of July, 1931, by the Circuit Court for Kent County in Equity, that the Auditor's Account and Report, stated and reported by S. Scott Beck, Auditor, in the above entitled cause, be Ratified and Confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown within three weeks from the date of the first publication of said notice, viz: August 8th, 1931; Provided, a copy of this Order be inserted in some newspaper printed and published in Kent County, once in each of two successive weeks before the 3rd day of August next.

True Copy,
ROBERT A. SHALLCROSS, Clerk.
Test
ROBERT A. SHALLCROSS, Clerk.

FERTILIZERS

Large stock in our warehouses at Betterton, for immediate use.

(For all crops)

No delay. Wagons loaded as soon as they arrive.

LUMBER AND BUILDING MATERIALS

Just received a carload of Southern Cypress, which includes Fencing, Gate Slats, Siding, Rab Boards, Dressed Lumber, etc. If you want Cypress we have it.

Our store opens at 7 a. m. and closes at 8 p. m.

TURNER & SON,
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$180.00

Radios

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$37.50

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$69.50

CROSLEY
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