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Chestertown, Md.

ALL THIS WEEK
SPECIAL CHICKEN DINNER
50 Cents

WeGUARANTEE SATISFACTION
Served Daily 11-8 p. m.

Chestertown Candy Kitchen
A COMPLETE
RESTAURANT.
OPEN 6 P. M. TO MIDNIGHT Phone 207

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SERVED THE PUBLIC FOR 30 YEARS

ALL DINNERS 50 CENTS
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Salt Water Oysters
Toasted Sandwiches
Mrs. James T. Crew.
Gpen from 6 a. m. until 11 p. m.



WHEN you start at sudden noises, worry over trifles, can't bear the noise that children make, feel irritable and blue—ten to one it's your nerves.

Don't wait until your overwrought nerves have kept you awake half the night and paved the way for another miserable day. Take two teaspoonfuls of Dr. Miles' Nervine and enjoy the relief that follows. Take two more before you go to bed. Sleep—and wake up ready for the day's duties or pleasures.

Dr. Miles' Nervine is now made in two forms—Liquid and Effervescent Tablet. Both are the same therapeutically.

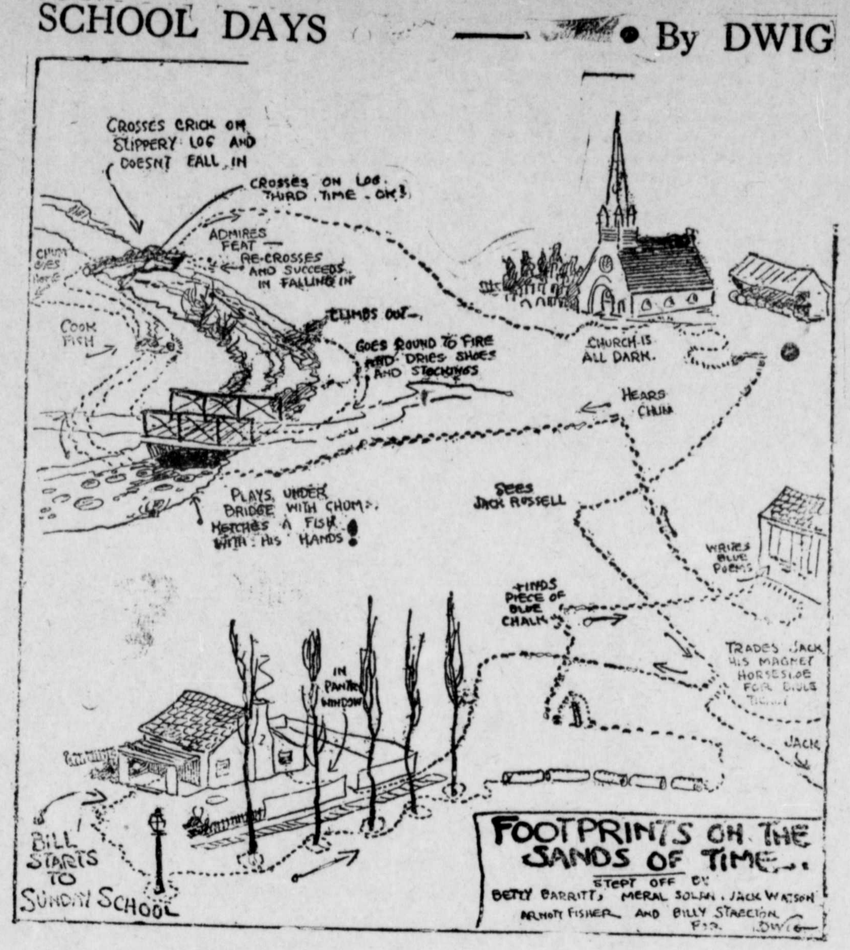
Liquid or Effervescent Tablets at all drug stores.

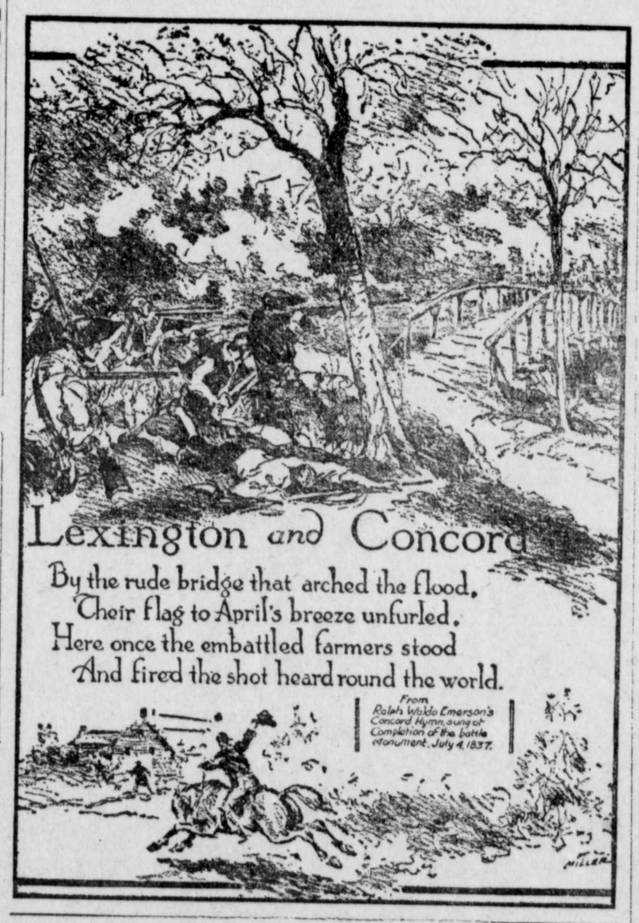
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Court St., Chestertown, Md.





Eisteddfod Goes Back to Eleventh Century

The eisteddfod is an annual Welsh national festival, accompanied by competitions in the musical arts most associated with the history of the Welsh people. Music competitions of a similar nature and under the same name are now also held chiefly among people of Welsh origin or descent, in the United States and some of the British dominions.

The Welsh word means literally "sitting" or "session." It was applied of old to the Welsh assemblies of bards, whose meetings, traditionally, go back to the Fifth and Sixth centuries. The eisteddfods of definite record, however, begin much later than that. The earliest actual account of one of these festivals is of the one held in 1170 by Lord Rhys at his castle at Alberteifi.

In that century the eisteddfod appears also to have been a regularly constituted court of a sort, its function being to license bards and regulate their privileges. In the time of the Tudors it was still recognized as a tribunal of authority and Queen Elizabeth issued a commission for holding one in 1658.

During the next century the custom seems to have lapsed entirely, but it was revived in the Nineteenth century, and restored to its importance in Welsh life. The eisteddfod is now held every year, in North and South Wales alternately, and is attended by many thousands.

"K. C. M. G." Translated

When Sir George Reid, a man prominent in Australian politics, was made knight commander of St. Michael and St. George, he was rather embarrassed by his new dignity, for he liked to be referred to as plain George Reid. At one of his meetings some one called out: "Say, Sir George, what does K. C. M. G. mean?"

Without a moment's hesitation the new knight answered, "Keep calling me George."—Melbourne Mail.

Lignite or Brown Coal

Brown coal, as it is often known, lignite is vegetable matter in the early stages of coal formation. From a geological standpoint it occupies a position between peat and sub-bituminous coal. Lignite breaks and crumbles easily in handling and for this reason it is often difficult to burn. It ignites readily but yields only a moderate amount of heat.

Beth's Garden

By CLARISSA MACKIE

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

OF COURSE the old Mordaunt place had a garden. Beth remembered coming there years ago with her mother, before Uncle Jaffrey died. The flowers were so marvelous and the gardens so weedless that they appeared almost unnatural to the young girl and her mother, who lived in a small cottage nearby.

When Uncle Jaffrey died, Beth and her mother found that his beautiful property had been left to them, but there was not money enough to keep it going. Every year Mrs. Mordaunt divided the tiny income so that there was just enough to live on carefully, and nothing was ever left for the garden. People whispered that there must have been more money, for Uncle Jaffrey was very rich, and grew quite miserly in the last year of his life, and they declared that somewhere about the old place he had hidden either one large sum or many smaller ones.

One day a good looking man came to the door. Mrs. Mordaunt met him and greeted him pleasantly.

"Mr. Smith, who said he was your lawyer, suggested that I come and see you about clearing up your garden and lawns in return for my board," he told her frankly. "I had pneumonia in the late winter and I really need light outdoor work to keep me outside—regular farm work is too vigorous just now—I am studying medicine at Blank university, and I cannot afford to spend money for a vacation." Then his pleasant voice grew wistful as he scanned the delightful old neglected garden. "It would be a wonderful opportunity for me," he added, "but you may have other plans."

Mrs. Mordaunt did not hesitate. "If Mr. Smith sent you here, you are certainly welcome—my daughter and I were just discussing the needs of the garden." Then she introduced Bruce Wayne to Beth and went to the house to select a room for him.

"Mother," said Beth, one August morning, "everything is so beautiful—do come out and witness the cleaning out of the large fountain. Bruce is going to do that next."

Bruce whipped off his old hat and grinned affectionately at the woman who had been so kind to him for several months. He had brought a deep wicker chair from the front veranda, and soon Mrs. Mordaunt was comfortably settled and watching these two young people who worked together so harmoniously. She was wondering whether her daughter, Beth, cared at all for the embryo doctor, whose heart was in his fine eyes, whenever he glanced at the lovely girl. There was no doubt that Bruce Wayne had lost his heart to her gentle Beth, and sighed a little as they worked so happily together, because she was thinking about the lack of money and the years they would have to wait.

Bruce had a large hammer and was prying off the fitted boards of the "tent-like" protection. "Hurrah," he shouted when the last section had been removed and the rusty, stained proportions of the fountain were revealed.

"Are you going to paint the fountain, Bruce?" asked Beth's mother.

"It should be painted, don't you think, Mrs. Mordaunt?" And then, bending over the deep basin he lifted out a dry and rusty steel box. "Why, what the dickens do you suppose this can be?" he queried. "Buried treasure?" He set it at Mrs. Mordaunt's feet.

"Oh, Bruce, smash it open," begged Beth. "Perhaps that is where poor Uncle Mordaunt hid his money!"

A few blows of the stout hammer opened the rusty box. Inside of that was a huge rubber pocket which held the missing wealth of Uncle Mordaunt. They sent Bruce for Mr. Smith, and during his absence, Beth confessed to her mother that she and Bruce loved each other and that he had asked her to marry him. "And I want to, mother darling," sobbed the girl, "even if we are quite poor at first! You understand, don't you?"

Mrs. Mordaunt nodded happily, and then the two men appeared and Mr. Smith checked up the contents of the old box. "The missing securities," he said. "You see, there was about a hundred thousand missing—and here it is!"

Bruce Wayne looked very glum. After the lawyer had left, Beth's mother said to him:

"Well, Bruce, aren't you happy over our good luck?"

"Oh, yes, Mrs. Mordaunt—of course. Only—you see—well, I'm so poor—and Beth's a rich girl now."

"But, Bruce," said Mrs. Mordaunt, smiling understandingly, "the money's really part yours—you found it." And she went off to the house.

Bruce turned stammeringly to Beth. "Don't you see, dear," she said, "if you hadn't come into my garden we might never have found that money? So it is part yours—it's ours."

And so when Bruce left her garden Beth had promised to wait for him to finish his training, and he had promised to start out his professional and married career in the old Mordaunt home.

One-Sided Arguments

Mrs. Pecke—We have been married a year now and we never have quarreled. If a difference of opinion arises and I am right, Henry gives in immediately.

Mrs. Becke—And if he is right?

Mrs. Pecke—Oh, that hasn't happened yet.

Many Square Miles of "Liquid" United States

The firm land area of the United States is about 3,000,000 square miles; its water area, not counting the Great Lakes, amounts to more than 50,000 square miles—better than one mile of surface you'd have to swim across for every 60 you could walk over.

Some of our states have far more water area than Delaware or Rhode Island has land area. The District of Columbia has one square mile of water for every eight of land. Connecticut has nearly 100,000 acres of water to beautify its 3,000,000 of land.

Minnesota, with 2,500,000 acres of water, leads all the states in water area, while if you count the 40,000 square miles of Great Lakes surface, over which Michigan claims sovereignty, she has almost as much water as land area.—W. B. Courtney in Collier's.

Ancient Greek Furniture

While there are but few actual examples of early Greek furniture, we know something about it from the colorful illustrations contained on vases and walls which have been unearthed from that dim and distant past. There are on the market today many charming copies of Greek furniture, particularly in the dining room and living room lines. Being pure in both architecture and enrichment they present a freshness by the most modern designer or builder of furniture. In fact, the L'Art Moderne is of Greek inspiration. The reason for that is, no matter where we turn we can find nothing more inspiring, more correct or more comfortable to the eye than the classic proportions laid down by this wonderful race. They come back in all times, in all periods and in all styles of furniture.—Exchange.

"Bumping Off" Trainmen

Some years ago a practice known as "bumping off" was common among train workers. Under the rules of seniority, any engineer, for instance, could bid in the run of any other engineer of fewer years' service than he. Now and then, if an unpopular man, or one incurring the enmity of the others, obtained a run he might be permitted to keep it until he became well established, perhaps even moving his family to the end of the run, after which an older engineer would "bump him off," or bid in his run. This sort of treatment could be carried on indefinitely, engineers sometimes giving up passenger runs for freight cars in order to punish a man believed in need of discipline by his fellows.

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When the mercury is dancing up to meet the perspiring sun—that is the time to buy your supply of coal. It is priced now to help frugal, prodent folks save money.

C. W. Kibler & Sons
Chestertown, Maryland

Baltimore-Tolchester Ferry



SUMMER SCHEDULE
BALTIMORE-TOLCHESTER FERRY
EFFECTIVE JUNE 10, 1932
(subject to Change Without Notice)
Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday
Leave Baltimore (Pier 16 Light Street). For Tolchester
STANDARD TIME

Str. Annapolis	6.00 a. m.
Str. Express	8.45 a. m.
Str. Annapolis	11.30 a. m.
Str. Express	2.30 p. m.
Str. Annapolis	6.00 p. m.

Saturday

Str. Annapolis	6.00 a. m.
Str. Express	8.45 a. m.
Str. Annapolis	11.30 a. m.
Str. Express	2.30 p. m.

Sunday

Str. Annapolis	6.00 a. m.
Str. Express	8.45 a. m.
Str. Express	2.30 p. m.

Leave Tolchester For Baltimore
Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday

Str. Annapolis	8.30 a. m.
Str. Express	11.00 a. m.
Str. Annapolis	3.00 p. m.
Str. Express	5.15 p. m.
Str. Emma Giles	7.30 p. m.
Str. Annapolis	8.30 p. m.

Saturday

Str. Annapolis	8.30 a. m.
Str. Express	11.00 a. m.
Str. Annapolis	5.15 p. m.
Str. Express	7.30 p. m.

Sunday

Str. Express	11.00 a. m.
Str. Annapolis	3.00 p. m.
Str. Express	7.30 p. m.
Str. Emma Giles	7.30 p. m.
Str. Annapolis	7.30 p. m.

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SNOODLES

By CY HUNGERFORD



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