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Gill Bros. Ice Cream Cones

5c Pure, Crisp Cones,

filled down to the very point with rich, delicious Ice Cream. No bigger nickel's worth in town. Next time you're by this way, treat your youngster to one!

GILL BROS.

Chestertown, Md.

ALL THIS WEEK

SPECIAL CHICKEN DINNER

50 Cents

We GUARANTEE SATISFACTION

Served Daily 11-8 p. m.

Chestertown Candy Kitchen

A COMPLETE

RESTAURANT.

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The Del-Mar-Va Restaurant

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SERVED THE PUBLIC FOR 30 YEARS

ALL DINNERS 50 CENTS

Delicious Home-Made Pies and Bread.

Salt Water Oysters

Toasted Sandwiches

Mrs. James T. Crew.

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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.

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JOHN H. DWYER

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Worton, Maryland

STEPHEN R. COLLINS

ATTORNEY AT LAW

Court St., Chestertown, Md.

SCHOOL DAYS — By DWIG



HEARTBREAK HOUSE

By FANNIE HURST

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

LADY tourists with Baedekers and misanthropic men with sufficient income to retire and live cheaply in pensions along the respendent coast of the Riviera, are given to sentimentally referring to the gambling casino at Monte Carlo as "Heartbreak House."

Well, there can be no doubt that out of this storied mansion of chance armies of men and women have stumbled to tragedy of one sort or another.

The case of Gentleman Dawes was one that stood out, even on the crowded ledgers of the debit stories that checker up the past of the brilliant little principality, which is set like a painted drop-curtain against the incredible foreground of the Mediterranean.

Gentleman Dawes came to Monte Carlo at the age of forty-five, from a town in Colorado where he had amassed a fortune of five hundred thousand dollars in a staple mercantile business. His visit to Monte Carlo was more or less accidental, nothing more than part of a tour along the French Riviera, during his first trip abroad, after his retirement from the business to which he had devoted thirty-five years of his life. It was literally his first vacation, the rather typical case of a self-made American trying to learn how to play.

In Dawes' case this was difficult. Thirty-five years that included his early boyhood of toeing the mark to routine, business responsibility, heavy decisions and the growing burdens of success, had produced a prematurely white, socially timid, and wholly unplayful individual. Shy to a degree that made him appear suave, delicate as a woman in manner, exhibiting none of those aggressive qualities which had made him a success in business, the middle-aged, well-dressed, easy-spending American, who drifted into Monte Carlo, was just one more unremarkable member of his pleasant tribe.

One week later, however, Gentleman Dawes, as he was dubbed overnight, was not only the talk of the gossipy Riviera, but the American press, with especial emphasis in his home city, carried the ever-tragic and dramatic story of a man who has gambled away a large fortune to the banks of Monte Carlo.

In exactly eight days, Dawes had lost to the green baize tables the sum of four hundred and eighty-five thousand dollars. It was one of those spectacular debacles which happen every so often in the little unreal principality along the sea.

When he walked into the brilliant gaming solons his first night at Monte Carlo, something inside Hermann Dawes which had never before been stirred, caught fire. For the first time in a bachelor life of hard work, lonely leisure, insular pastimes, he tasted the winey pleasures of chemin-de-fer, baccarat, roulette; sniffed the exciting dust of chance, experienced the untellable thrill that catches a man at the pit of the stomach as he places gold in the lap of fate. Within two hours after his arrival, Dawes, who had never gambled in his life, discovered that he was a gambler; Dawes, whose business success was due to his conservatism, and who had never even turned a playing card, found himself on the way to becoming a tragedy of Monte Carlo.

After that, his case went the way of many before him. Broken, broke, dazed by devastation, lacking the impulse and the courage to return home, the next fourteen years of his life were to be spent within the white shadow of the house of his doom.

Monte Carlo has a way of making a bow to these derelicts of hers. She does nat cast them off as ruthlessly as the storied legends go. For those fourteen years of his life, every month, out of the coffers of the gambling house, there came to the bowed little gentleman living in a back-street pension of the town of his undoing, an allotment of five hundred francs. Scarcely enough to keep his body and soul together, but an assurance, at least, of his board and keep. Twenty dollars a month, for a man whose fingers had once closed over the reassuring fortune of five hundred thousand dollars. To abet that, he obtained a position as night elevator-operator in one of the large hotels. Automatically then, since no employee in the city of Monte Carlo may play stakes at the gaming tables, this disqualified him for the gaming tables, but, strangely enough, it was as if, after his life lay thus in ruin about him, desire had fled.

For fourteen years, Gentleman Dawes lived his life there, occasionally pointed out as a relic of tragedy. His days passed as simply and uneventfully as if he had not thumbed his nose to fortune, and seen the results of his lifetime come crashing about him like hailstones. Every morning, hatted, spatted, nicely creased in gray, quiet as a moth, gentle, still horribly shy, he walked from his narrow little pension in an obscure, even mean street, to a small adjoining square, where for two francs he took his coffee and petit-pain, which constituted joint breakfast and lunch. During the afternoon Dawes, the once important citizen of the thriving Colorado town, loitered about the beaches, dawdled an hour in the park during the band concert, returned to his pension room for refurbishment, dined in a narrow little cafe along the wharf and reported at eight for night duty as elevator man in one of the large hotels.

Grim, tragic, a little horrible, was this life of a man who, in eight brief days, had undone his life-time of carefully achieved success.

Then, in a life that seemed marked for swift rises and falls of destiny, a woman named Angie Falls, a second cousin of his mother's, whom he had met but once, died in Keokuk, Iowa, and left him, as her nearest relative, a fortune of two hundred thousand dollars.

Poor Dawes. It could not be said of him that he took the news unblinkingly. He stuttered, he paled, he broke into thin, womanish tears and manifested a very close equivalent to hysterics. Amazing with what rapidity a galaxy of friends sprang up about the obscure old man! His departure from Monte Carlo for America was the occasion of quite a local celebration. The press of Europe and America took occasion to revive the case. Gentleman Dawes had once more come into his own.

It was just about sixteen months later that a resuscitated Gentleman Dawes, rejuvenated, filled with a new poise and as appealing as ever in the shy, hesitant manner that had always characterized him, returned to the scene of what had been his degradation. Not, however, to Monte Carlo. He was too well known there and to be conspicuous was anathema to Dawes. It was almost as if his flesh literally crept up his bones and his being shuddered. In a pointed goatee, his hair dyed to a sluggish black, he returned to Deauville and the Riviera as James E. Squire, there to recoup and in a way to revenge.

The following week, there was a thin patter of talk along the blue coast. A man named Squire, from the states, had lost, within eight days, playing the tables between Deauville, Nice, and Cannes a neat fortune amounting to no less than two hundred thousand dollars.

No Tame Rooster Match for Ringneck Pheasant

The strongest fighting cock would probably finish a poor second in a bout with a ringneck pheasant.

Equipped with longer spurs than its barnyard relatives, and of a more truculent disposition, the pheasant can worst anything in its class. The farmer's Plymouth Rock or Rhode Island rooster, a lumbering adversary at best, finds itself soundly trounced after a few passes.

When food is scarce in the winter, cock pheasants invade the barnyard for corn thrown to the chickens. Woe to the rooster which endeavors to uphold its prowess against the visitor from the wilds. Roosters have been killed in such unequal combats.

Pheasants, some wild life observers say, have been known to mix it with grouse and prairie chickens with sad results to the latter. They have sometimes been accused of cannibalism. Whatever their faults in their social relations, they cannot be accused of cowardice.

During the nesting season in spring, the male pheasant is often indifferent to the presence of man. It struts boldly about the fields, unconcerned over its visibility. Sometimes it barely deigns to get out of the road when menaced by automobiles. Frequently the indifference to hazards it recognizes during the shooting season is laid to stupidity.

The pheasant's superiority in combat with domestic fowl is partly attributal to its better physical condition. It makes constant use of its wings and legs, and is much harder by nature. Though sometimes outweighed, its faster speed and excellent equipment more than offsets the disadvantage.—Detroit News.

People of Moravia

Frills, laces, and embroidery are much in evidence in the trousseau of the Moravian bride. Moravia is a small principality within the republic of Czechoslovakia. A long time ago it was an independent country, but for many years it has been under the control of one or another of the European powers. Before the World war it was part of Austria. Though it has been dominated by outsiders, its people have preserved their national and racial characteristics. The inhabitants of the little principality, which is a mountainous plateau, are chiefly Moravians and Slovaks.

GALENA

Mr. Alfred Walsh, of Wilmington, Del., spent the week end with his brother and sister.

After a long illness, Mr. William Stradley passed away at the home of his sister, Mrs. Ollie Ford, near Chestertown, Md., on Tuesday, Funeral services were held in Galena from the home of his brother, Charles Stradley, on Thursday October 6, 1932.

Mrs. L. R. Vansant is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Terry Mitchell in Waynesboro, Pa.

Mrs. Nellie Way and Brother, of Baltimore, Md., were Sunday visitors at the home of Mr. and Mrs. James D. Davis, Jr.

Mrs. Earle Gilfillan and Dorthea, spent the week end with relatives in Newark, Delaware.

Mr. Irving Vansant, of Wilmington, Delaware, spent the week end with his brother, Mr. L. R. Vansant.

Mrs. Wm. Payne, of Washington, D. C., is visiting her sister, Mrs. Carl Dill.

Miss Mary Carroll Smyth, of N. Y. C., N. Y., spent the week end with her mother, Mrs. Sarah Smith.

Misses Frances Ruth and Alice Prettyman spent a few days last week with friends in Baltimore, Md.

Mr. and Mrs. Terry Mitchell and son, of Waynesboro, Pa., spent the week end with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. L. R. Vansant.

Mr. Elmer Jarman and Miss Bliss Jarman spent Sunday with his son, Mr. Harry Jarman and family in Bel Air. Mrs. Elmer Jarman returned home with them after visiting her son.

Miss Reba Isenbreg, of Dover, Del., spent a few days with Carrie Dempsey last week.

Mrs. Eva McCauly entertained over the week end, her children Misses Eva and Mary McCauley, of Philadelphia, and Mr. Alvin McCauley and son, of Martinsburg, West Virginia.

Mrs. Harry Smith and son returned to their home in Salisbury, Md., after spending the summer with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Scotton. Miss Selma Scotton also returned with her sister, Mrs. Smith.

Robbers visited the store of Bolton and VanDye on Tuesday night, taking away over $200 worth of mdse.

Mr. and Mrs. Hooper, of New York state are visiting her niece, Mrs. Thomas Cruickshank, near town.

Proof Enough

Visitor (to angler at riverside)—Is this a good place for fish?

Angler—Yes, I never see any of them leave it.—London Tit-Bits.

Never Makes a Mistake

"You say he's very sure of himself?"

"Is he! Why, he always does crosswords with a pen!"

The New

RCA Victor Radio

A brand-new, up-to-the-minute 10-tube Superheterodyne (table model) with "B" Amplification, Automatic Volume Control, Complete New Line of Tubes and other amazing features for only

$73.75 Complete

Come in—see and hear it!

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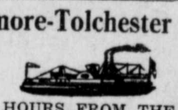


When the mercury is dancing up to meet the perspiring sun—that is the time to buy your supply of coal. It is priced now to help frugal, prodent folks save money.

C. W. Kibler & Sons

Chestertown, Maryland

Baltimore-Tolchester Ferry



TWO HOURS FROM THE EASTERN SHORE TO PIER 16 LIGHT STREET, BALTIMORE.

FALL SCHEDULE

STANDARD TIME

Subject to change without notice

Weather Permitting

Effective September 6th, 1932

Leaves Baltimore week days at 8.00 a. m. and 3.00 p. m. Sundays 8.45 a. m. and 3.00 p. m.

Leaves Tolchester week days at 10.15 a. m. and 5.15 p. m. Sundays 11.00 a. m. and 5.15 p. m.

Adults tickets one way 60 cents; Round trip good 30 days $1.00; Children half fare.

Autos including driver $2.00; Trucks at low rates.

Special Saturdays and Sundays round trip good 1 day 50 cents, Children 25 cents.

Pier 16 Light St., Baltimore

THE TOLCHESTER COMPANY.

L. W. BARROLL

Counsellor-at-Law

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WM. PEPPER CONSTABLE

Maryland Trust Building

Baltimore, Md.

In Elkton, Md., Tuesdays

REWARD FOR CHICKEN THIEVES

A reward of Two hundred and fifty ($250.00) dollars will be paid by the Kent County Commissioners for information leading to the arrest and conviction of the gang of chicken thieves who have been operating in Kent County during the past two months.

By Kent County Commissioners,

au13 MARION CALDWELL, Clerk.

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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 barrell

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

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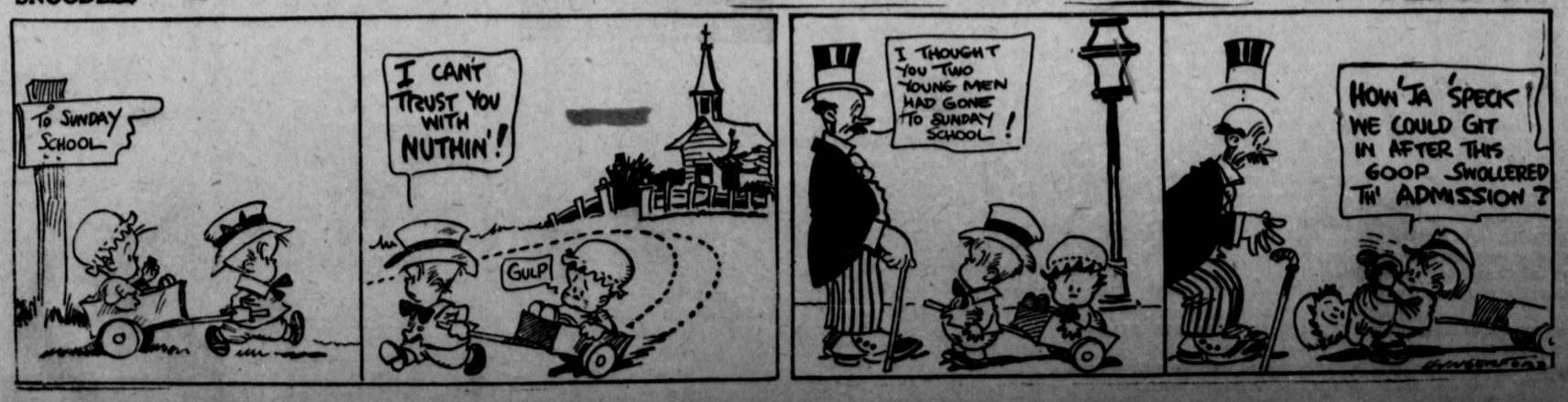
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ATTORNEY-AT-LAW

Phone No. 10 Chestertown, Md.

SNOODLES — By CY HUNGERFORD



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