Kent News.

VOL. 76 CHESTERTOWN, MD., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1914. NO 31

High Place On The Roll of Honor

It is with pleasure and commendable pride that we find the Kent County Savings Bank higher on the Roll of Honor than any other State Bank in the county.

The Roll of Honor of the State Banks and Trust Companies of Maryland is a table prepared by the Bank Commissioner from the reports of condition made to the State Banking Department. To secure a place on the Roll of Honor a Banking Institution must show surplus and undivided profits in excess of its capital stock—that is, assuming the capital at one hundred per cent. the surplus and profits must exceed that percentage. In other words, to be entitled to a place on the Roll of Honor an Institution must have, in the form of surplus and profits combined, an amount larger than its capital, and its numerical order on the Roll of Honor is based upon the percentage of this amount to its capital.

According to the last Reports of condition to the Bank Commissioner, there were in operation in the State one hundred and twenty State Banks and Trust Companies. Of these forty (or about 35 per cent,) are entitled to positions on the Roll.

The Kent County Savings Bank was ranked 12th with a percentage of 205.13. Its motto is "SAFETY BEYOND ALL ELSE."

THE KENT COUNTY SAVINGS BANK

CHESTERTOWN, MD.

War In Europe!

MAKES A BANK ACCOUNT IN

The Chestertown Bank of Maryland

A WISE THING TO HAVE

The smallest as well as the largest accounts will have the same careful attention. Mechanics, Farmers and all business people are invited to take advantage of our banking facilities.

WE PAY 4%

ON SAVINGS ACCOUNTS

WM. W. BECK, President.
SAMUEL VANNORT, Vice-President.
ALLAN A. HARRIS, Cashier.
F. E. MADDOX, Assistant Cashier.

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Seed Wheat Cleaned

Good seed helps to make a good crop. Can clean your wheat at any time. See sample.

ROSE BUD FLOUR for light and short bread, pies and general use IS THE BEST.

DAIRY FEEDS A SPECIALTY—Corn, Oats, Hay, Brewers' Grain, Middlings and Bran.

P. M. BROOKS, : Chestertown, Md

PHONE 81—J.

FROM HARVEST FIELD TO BATTLE FIELD

BY THE COUNTRY PARSON

EDITOR'S NOTE.—The Country Parson has just returned from a two month's visit to Europe. He was in Germany when war was declared, and he traveled in Europe until September 1. In this article he tells us of what he saw in the rural districts of the warring countries, and describes the effects of the war upon the farmers of those countries, particularly in harvesting their crops and in preparation for the fall seeding. He gives first-hand impressions of the burden of war upon the common people, and the effect upon the basic industries when men desert the fields of peaceful labor for the fields of horror.

I do not believe that the farmer ever wants war. Certainly the farmers of Europe did not want the present war. And yet its first direct effects are most keenly felt by him, even as it falls to his lot to bear the first burden of repairing the economic waste wrought by its dreadful ravages.

When I landed in Europe, on July 27 of this year, the farmers were busy harvesting a heavy crop of grain. From Northern Germany to Bohemia the fields were filled with busy workers, men and women, gathering the bounty of God. The newspapers were filled with war rumors and crowds were parading the city streets singing patriotic songs and discussing newspaper bulletins. The whole atmosphere was quivering with the spirit of war. The country districts had none of this feeling. The waving grain-fields and the tingle of reapers' whetstone, the cattle lazily browsing in the rich pasture fields, the women busy with their home duties, spoke only of peace.

On the morning of July 28th, when my train reached Bodenbach, a station on the Austrian border where all baggage is inspected by the customs officers, the scene changed. Austria was mobilizing against Servia. The station was crowded with peasants, attractive, straight limbed, lithe young fellows, fresh from the hillside fields where they had dropped their scythes to take up the sword. Each of them carried a little bundle of personal belongings, a change of underwear, a few socks and a lunch. A few of the officers were in uniform. The men were unaccompanied by relatives and friends, for they had come in from the little villages and hamlets of the open country. There were few affecting farewells. They had said them at home. One young woman clung to the arm of an officer as if she could not bear to have him leave. She was evidently his wife, but she shed no tears. Both seemed to accept their parting as something inevitable. There was no band at the station, no loud hurrahs, no confusion. Everything was on a war footing and the whole situation was handled as a simple business proposition.

As our crowded train moved out of the station in the gray half light of early dawn I looked out of the window and saw rich fields of dead-ripe grain, covering every foot of tillable ground; some of it lying in swaths; some in shocks and scattered sheaves, wet with heavy dew. The men who should have been harvesting it were on the train hastening to Prague to don a uniform and go forth into another harvest field where the reaper is death. It was inexpressibly sad.

At Prague everything was in confusion. Forty thousand men had been sent to the front the day before. The streets of the city were filled with groups of young men from the rich upland plains, lying to the right and left of the valley of the Moldavia. They were being marched to the barracks in squads, under command of young officers. Their parents and relatives who had come in with them were driving aimlessly about the city streets. Higher military officers in brilliant uniforms were hastening hither and thither with automobiles and carriages. The railroad depot was a perfect pandemonium.

The open country was deserted. I drove 40 miles over a macadamized road, planted on each side with splendid fruit trees, prunes, pears and limes, into a magnificent rolling country under a high state of cultivation. It had been farmed for hundreds of years. How the people maintained its fertility I could not understand. Yet there it was, field after field of heavy grain, the oats in many places lodged, and a second cutting of grass ready for the mower. I saw no improved machinery. Here and there a group of middle-aged men were toiling with clumsy scythes while the women and children were raking and binding the grain. The young men had been called to arms. It was a pitiful sight, showing that agriculture, the foundation of all national prosperity, is the first of all human occupations to feel the dreadful results of war.

I managed to leave Prague before the troop movements abolished all regular passenger schedules. After spending a few days at Dresden I went to Leipsig, where I visited the great military barracks and the new Battle of Nations monument. Mobilization in Germany was in full swing. The Graphic Arts Exhibition and the museums were closed. The city is situated in the midst of a great level plain, the "Battlefield of Europe," where Napoleon I, one hundred years ago (October 16-19, 1813) was defeated by the allied monarchs of Russia, Austria and Germany. No trace of the devastation caused by that great battle remains. The untiring hand of the husbandman has succeeded in fully restoring the country to its original beauty. The ripe harvest fields come right up to the houses and streets of the city. The great barracks, which houses 6,000 men, were surrounded by fields of oats. Nobody paid the slightest attention to them. Hundreds of young men in groups of ten and twenty were hurrying towards the barracks. The great iron gates like the teeth of some monstrous beast opened to receive them. After a few moments they came forth, uniformed and equipped, to march to the railroad station. The bitter lessons of the past had been forgotten. The forces of destruction and devastation were again to be set at work.

Wherever I traveled, in the Thuringian Forest; up the Werra Valley; in Hanover; in the Ravensberg district of Westphalia; in the heath country between Celle and Hamburg, where convict colonies are bringing this waste land into use by clearing away the matted close-rooted heather and applying lime and phosphate; in the moor country between Hamburg and Bremen, where peat is taken out of entire fields to the depth of five or six feet and these same fields drained and converted into rich pasture lands and meadows by an intelligent use of lime and potash; in Holland, where 500,090 men are under arms; even in England with its lovely fiel ls, its trim hedges and symmetrical stacks, I saw the same thing: Young men called from the harvest fields to go to the field of battle. It was a heart-rending sight, full of evil portent for the agriculturists of these countries

At the same time the call to arms was disorganizing and disrupting industrial conditions in the towns and cities. Factories were compelled to shut down for lack of labor, business houses curtailed expenses by dismissing employees; the purchasing power of the city industrial classes was enormously lessened and a condition created which again most seriously affected the farmer. Again, the taking of his horses to supply the cavalry and field artillery, even though he received cash payment for them, lessened the farmer's power of self help in harvesting this year's crop and preparing his fields for the crops of next year, just as the taking of his cattle and hogs to meet the demands of the armies for food lessened his chances for a steady reproduction of these indispensable adjuncts to all good husbandry. The farmer was being hard hit from every side.

And yet, the admirable social and industrial organization of these countries is so wonderfully adjusted that the authorities came to his help. This was especially noticeable in Germany. Martial law was established (or, as they put it "a state of war declared") in Germany on July 30. The very next day the "Kqltersminister" or Secretary of Education for the entire kingdom directed that the students of all higher schools together with the larger pupils of the "Burgerschulen" be excussd from school attendance until the harvest was gathered. The Rector of the famous old University of Leipsig issued a call to the students, urging all who had not gone to the front or volunteered for the Red Cross service to offer their services at the official employment bureaus for "Erntehilfe" or harvest help. These employment bureaus were already making every effort to relieve conditions among the city factory workers by sending them out to every farmer who applied for help.

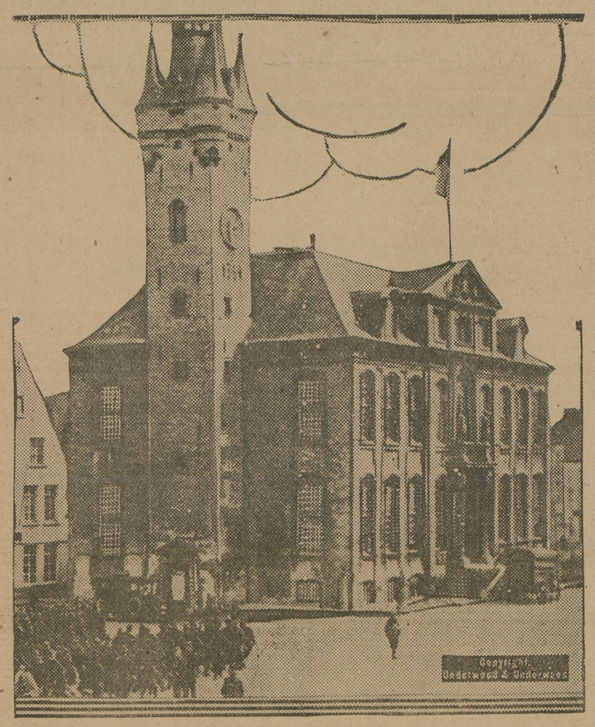
The numerous agricultural societies and trades guilds or unions were promptly brought together to co-operate for the common good. The various organizations corresponding to our "Boy Scouts" the "Pathfinders" the "Birds of Passage" ("Wandervogel"—and the "League of Young Germany" were also called to service. But the brunt of the work was borne by the women—the brave, patient uncomplaining women. I saw them everywhere, raking and binding, preparing a frugal meal in their cottages after a day's hard work in the fields while the men were sharpening their scythes for the task of the next day.

Near the little village of Stedtfeldt in Saxony I stopped to look at a steam threshing outfit. A crew of eighteen was working on the job. Half of them were women and they took their places on the feedboard and strawstack with the men. So far as I could see, no effort was being made to give them the easier places and lighter tasks. They had bravely sent their husbands and sons to the army and then stepped into their vacant places to do the work of two. Thanks to them above every other agency, within two weeks after the first day of mobilization it was possible for the school authorities to send out notices that the help of school children was no longer needed in the fields and that the requirements of the compulsory education laws were to be complied with. If war strikes first at the farmers, it strikes hardest at the farmer's wife. She not only feels its horror most keenly but she must bear the brunt of every burden and hardship it imposes.

And when the cruel war is finally over and the burden of reparing its ravages is again placed upon the farmer's shoulders it will be the wife and the mother who will be called upon to bear a double burden of grief and toil, and that without even the pitiful privilege of visiting the village churchyard to weep beside the grave of the husband or son whose maimed body lies in some far-off battlefield trench. They call it "the field of hnor." To me it is the field of horrors. But if there is any honor attached to war, that honor should go to the silent men and women who, without ever desiring war are always called upon more than any other class to bear its burdens and endure its hardships—the men and women of the farm.

—Pennsylvania Farmer.

HEADQUARTERS OF KING OF BELGIUM



This is the ancient town hall at Lierre, which the king of Belgium has been using as his headquarters. In the courtyard are some men of the famous "black devil" regiment of carbineers, which lost two-thirds of its members in action.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

Suffered Twenty-One Years —Finally Found Relief

Having suffered for twenty-one years with a pain in my side, I finally have found relief in Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root Injections of morphine were my only relief for short periods of time. I became so sick that I had to undergo a surgical operation in New Orleans, which benefitted me for two years. When the same pain came back one day I was so sick that I gave up hopes of living. A friend advised me to try your Swamp-Root and I once commenced using it. The first bottle did me so much good that I purchased two more bottle. I am now on my second bottle and am feeling like a new woman. I passed a gravel stone as large as a big red bean and several small ones. I have not had the least feeling of pain since taking your Swamp Root and I feel it my duty to recommend this great mediciue to all suffering hu nanity. Gratefully yours,

MRS. JOSEPH CONSTANCE,
Rapids Par. Echo, La.

Personally appeared before me, this 15th day of July, 1911, Mrs. Joseph Constance, who subscribed the above statement and made oath that the same is true in substance and in fact.

WM. MORROW, Notary Public.

Letter to
Dr. Kilmer & Co.
Binghamton, N. Y.

Prove what Swamp-Root will do for You

Send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.. for a sample size bottle It will convince anyone. You will also receive a booklet of valuable information, telling all about the kidneys and bladder. When writing, be sure and mention the KENT NEWS. Regular fifty-cent and one-dollar size bottles for sale at all drug stores

Advertise in the "NEWS"

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CAHN, COBLENS CO.

Howard and Lexington Streets, BALTIMOLE

SEND US YOUR MAIL ORDERS

They will be filled promptly, carefully and conscientiously. The good judgment of expert shoppers is at your service. Our sole object is to please you and so execute your orders as to permanently retain your good will and patronage.

We Consider No Transaction at an End Until the Customer is Thoroughly Satisfied

MERCHANDISE DELIVERED FREE

by Parcel Post within 300 miles of Baltimore. Purchases amounting to $5.00 or more delivered free by Parcel Post anywhere in the United States. The above does not include groceries or goods requiring special packing or crating.

EVERY MAN and BOY Within a Hundred Miles of Baltimore Should Profit By This Wonderful Early-Season CHANGE OF DEPARTMENT MANAGEMENT AND MANUFACTURERS' SURPLUS STOCK

Sale of Stylish and Dependable Clothing

At Actual Savings of One-Third to One-Half

Change of Department, together with extraordinary purchases of New, High-Grade Clothing—Manufacturers' Cancelled Orders and Surplus Stocks—allows you to own really good, desirable clothes right now, at usual "End-of-Season" prices.

Mail Orders Filled. Everything fully guaranteed to give complete satisfaction or money refunded. Alterations Made Free.

$6.50 to $8.50 Men's and Young Men's SUITS..... $3.85
No Alterations on the above.

$9.75 to $11.50 Men's and Young Men's SUITS..... $6.95

Men's Balmacaan Coats Save One-Third

$7.50 Balmacaans for..... $4.95
$10.00 and $12.50 Balmacaans for.. $6.75
$15.00 and $16.50 Balmacaans for.. $9.75
$18 50 & $20.00 Balmacaans for $12.75

They are waterproofed and combine the advantages of both overcoat and raincoat.

All are the newest fabrics, many of imported Woolens, including English and Scotch Tweeds and Cheviots and other rough weaves in Gray, Tans, Browns, Green Gray and Blue mixtures; full cut and made with convertible collars. —Third Floor.

69c and 75c Boys' PANTS 44c

Knickerbocker and Bloomer Pants—some are full peg style, with belt loop. Of dark and medium, Woolens, Cheviots and Worsted effects in stripes, mixtures and solid color, 5 to 17 year sizes.

$2.50 Boys' OVERCOATS $1.39

Up-to-date Garments. All the most popular models in good weight, serviceable Woolens. They must go—quick clean up price, $1.89.

$2.98 Boys' OVERCOATS $1.69

All-Wool Chinchilla and Cassimere Overcoats; warmly lined with Venetian or with Red Flannel; 2½ to 9 year sizes. They must go—quick clean-up price, $1.69.

$12.50 to $14.75 Men's and Young Men's Suits..... $8.85

$16.50, $18.75 and $20.00 Men's High-Grade Suits..... $11.75

$2.50 & $3.00 Boys' School SUITS $1.89

Balkan, Norfolk and regular Norfolk Suits, with full peg Knickerbocker Pants. Blue Serges, Blue Cheviots, pencil stripes and Gray and Brown mixtures, 6 to 17 year sizes.

$4 & $4.50 Boys' SUITS $2.90

Suits that are not only sightly but will prove highly satisfactory from point of service. New Balkan style and knife-pleated Norfolk models, with patch pockets, sewed down belts, etc.—all the popular new mixtures, as well as Blue Serges, etc., etc.; full cut, well tailored and finished; 5 to 17 year sizes. They must go—quick clean-up price, $2.90.

$3.00 and $3.50 Boys' REEFERS $1.84

Stylish pin stripes and plain Gray Woolens, Diagonals and Covert Cloths—some are made with belted back and pretty emblem on sleeve, some have velvet collar; 2½ to 19 year sizes. They must go—quick clean-up price, $1.84.

$5.00 and 35.50 Boys' SUITS $3.95

With Two Pairs of Knickerbocker Trousers to Match. Strictly up-to-date Norfolk model Suits in a satisfying range of staunch and durable all-wool fabrics; full cut, well tailored and finished; 6 to 17 year sizes. They must go—quick clean-up price, $3.95.

$1.00 and $1.25 Boys' PANTS 69c

Fine, full-cut, peg-top Knickerbocker Pants of high-grade, well-woven Worsted effects, Blue Serges, Cheviots and Fancy Woolens—choice stripes, mixtures and solid colors. Splendidly made and finished—belt straps, hip pockets; riveted or sewed buttons, patent waist bands and taped seams. 6 to 18 year sizes.

The Millington Bank of Maryland

Beginning March 1st, 1914, THE MILLINGTGN BANK OF MARYLAND WILL PAY

Four Per Cent. Interest

ON ALL SAVINGS DEPOSITS.

J. P. AHERN, - - - - President
ISAAC GIBBS, - - - Vice-President
JOSEPH MALLALIEU, - - Cashier
W. I. JARVIS, - - - Assistant Cashier

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New Ice-Cream Parlor

Cross St., Chestertown

I have rented the elegant big store room in the new Culp Building on Cross Street, next door to Fowler's Paint Store, and fitted the same up in the latest style as

Ice-Cream Parlors

Our Ices Cannot Be Surpassed

Our many customers are our advertisement. Try an order and be convinced for yourself. We are prepared to serve the public, including Churches, Lodges, &c., with Ices of all kinds in any quantity upon reasonable notice.

MRS. J. CORDRAY LOUD.

PHONE 54. my23

FOR SALE.

HOUSE BOAT, 32 feet long, 10 feet beam, 6 horse power Eagle engine, electric light, completely equipped. Will be sold very cheap. Address P. O. BOX 122. sep8-tf Chestertown, M

DRILLS and REPAIRS

Empire and Bickford & Hoffman Drills for sale.

Repairs of all kinds also on hand for Drills.

CHAS. H. JEFFERSON,

oc3 4t CHESTERTOWN, MD.

Dr. Merritt Brice

MILLINGTON, MD.

Will practice in Millington section and will make obstetrics a specialty. feb1

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