Kent News.

VOL. 86. CHESTERTOWN, MD., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1926 NO. 24

Extra News
LAST Auction SALE

On all summer goods at your own prices to the highest bidder for cash, on

Saturday, September 4.

From 4 p. m. to 8 p. m.

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has obtained from the Orphans' Court for Kent County letters of Administration on the personal estate of

MARY HELEN RASIN,

late of said county, deceased.

All persons having claims against said deceased's estate are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the proper vouchers thereof, to the undersigned on or before the 1st day of March, 1927, otherwise they may by law be excluded from all benefit of said deceased's personal estate.

All persons indebted to this estate must settle at once.

Given under my hand this 24th day of August, 1926.

JOHN A. TOBIN,
28a-4t Administrator.

NOTICE

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Schedule in Effect August 30, 1926.

Leaves Baltimore daily and Sunday at 8.30 a. m. and 2.00 p. m.

Leaves Tolchester daily and Sunday at 10.45 a. m. and 7.00 p. m.

FALL SCHEDULE

Effective September 7, 1926

Leave Baltimore week days 8.00 a. m. and 3.00 p. m.

Leaves Baltimore Sundays 8.30 a. m. and 3.00 p. m.

Leave Tolchester week days 10.15 a. m. and 5.15 p. m.

Leave Tolchester Sundays 10.45 a. m. and 5.15 p. m.

Excursion Tickets, one day, 50. One way 35 cents.

SASSAFRAS RIVER LINE

Effective June 22, 1926

Tuesdays — Leave Baltimore for Betterton and Fredericktown 1.00 p. m. Returning leave Fredericktown for Baltimore at 5.30 p. m. Returning leave Betterton for Baltimore at 6.30 p. m. Arrive in Baltimore about 10.00 p. m.

Saturdays — Leave Baltimore for Betterton 2.15 p. m. Returning leave Betterton for Baltimore 7.00 p. m. Arrive in Baltimore about 10.30 p. m.

PORT DEPOSIT AND HAVRE DE GRACE LINE

Effective July 25th, 1926

Mondays — Leave Baltimore for Betterton, Havre de Grace and Port Deposit at 12.00 noon.

Tuesdays—Leave Port Deposit for Baltimore at 6.30 a. m.,Havre de Grace 7.00 a. m., Betterton 8.30 a. m. Arrive in Baltimore about 11.45 a.m.

Thursdays — Leave Baltimore for Betterton, Havre de Grace and Port Deposit at 9.00 a. m. Returning leave Havre de Grace for Baltimore at 2.00 p. m., Port Deposit 3.00 p. m., Betterton 5.00 p. m., Worton Manor 6.00 Arrive in Baltimore about 9.30 p. m.

Sundays — Leave Baltimore for Betterton, Havre de Grace and Port Deposit 9.30 a. m., returning leave Havre de Grace for Baltimore at 2.00 p. m., Prot Deposit 3.30 p. m., Betterton 5:15 p. m. Arrive in Baltimore about 8.30 p. m.

For further information apply to agents at different wharves or

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The Author's Dream

By DOROTHY DOUGLAS

(Copyright.)

HENLEY shrank back from the huge pile of letters his sister brought in from the latest post as if she had handed him a packet of smallpox germs.

"I shall go utterly and completely mad if I have to answer any more letters," he groaned and mopped a fevered brow.

"Only one of the penalties of being a successful writer. "You shouldn't write best sellers—if you don't want notoriety," laughed sister Nan, but in her heart she felt sorry for her clever brother. "Perhaps you should engage a secretary. One hates to be rude to all these strange people who take the trouble to write."

"I suppose writers do have secretaries, but it seems to me a man constantly hovering about would get on one's nerves. However," Henley heaved a great sign, "perhaps you'd better look one up for me."

Nan, too, smiled, and with infinite relief. For some time Nan had realized that her brother was becoming more dependent on her with each step of his high ladder of fame, but—there was also patient John Westcote, who in turn was also dependent on her and who was quite determined that she would marry him soon and go to Japan with him.

In fact, it was John who found the advertisement in the paper which read: "Mrs. De Peyster highly recommends secretary. Three years with well-known writer, two with Van, the famous cartoonist. Most efficient in understanding temperament."

"I believe he's just the chap for Tom. If you write to him you could get him broken in in no time and with Tom in good hands we—well we can be married soon."

Nan blushed and told John that his wishes were her own and together they began the correspondence that resulted in an interview with the prospective secretary.

When John and Nan faced each other after the interview the same thought flew across each mind.

"Tom will never even see her—if he knows beforehand that the secretary is not a man, but—isn't she perfectly adorable?" said Nan. "I believe she's the very person for Tom. What shall we do?" She raised her lovelit eyes to John's face, and what else could he do but enter into a conspiracy to get the author's dream into the author's presence and leave her to do the rest?

"I'm sure he'll thank us in the end," Nan said.

The only wicked thing Nan did was to have a hurried call to town on the afternoon when the secretary was coming out to interview her prospective employer.

Henley, all unsuspecting, sitting amidst a pile of unanswered letters and longing with all his soul for quiet concentration, looked out over the beautiful gardens of his Long Island home and saw a delightful vision moving serenely up the long drive.

"The secretary, sir," the maid announced presently and hurriedly withdrew and closed the door behind her.

When Henley stood up swiftly the girl only smiled a slow, understanding smile that went deep into the core of Henley's sensitive being. It soothed him and gave him a moment's pause, in which to collect his scattered senses.

"It is not often I am shut in my own study with a most lovely vision," he apologized quickly. "Please excuse my seeming atrophy. I fancied my sister would interview you—first."

"I will wait and talk with her—if you prefer it," said Miss Collins with her most alluring voice.

"But I most certainly don't prefer it," Henley told her. "It is I who must judge as to the effect of a personality upon my own—isn't it?" He tried to assume an attitude of inquiry. "And why did you leave the well-known writer's employ and also that of the cartoonist?"

Miss Collins blushed a most lovely shade and cast down her eyes. She would have spoken, but Henley stopped her.

"Oh, I see—they fell in love with you. Well—I trust, in fact I know that you will not leave mine for a similar reason. No, no, indeed. And how soon could you come to me. I am in dire need of a helping hand."

"Whenever you like. I can run into the city now and get my few belongings. I am glad you—you feel that my personality will not jar. I, too, know that we will get along nicely and that in no time you will be deep in a third best seller."

"You," said Henley, "are the kind of person a writer dreams of. Now just how many belongings have you?"

Miss Collins looked a bit startled. "I mean," said Henley a bit hastily, "if they are not too frightfully bulky I could run you up in the car and bring you and the belongings back—right away. I need a breath of fresh air," he added with a smile, that told much to Miss Collins. She knew that she would remain in his employ for the same reason that she had left two former places, and Henley knew it, too.

As the conspirators returned in John's small runabout from New York they certainly nearly lost their breath when, in a car going cityward, they saw Tom and his secretary smiling happily into each other's eyes.

Wrapping twine is made from the pulp of pine trees by a Southern paper company.

Chickens for All

On the farms of this country are five chickens for every man, woman and child in the entire United States.

The Suspicious Characters

By H. IRVING KING

(Copyright.)

THEY met on the steamer going over. J. Percy was tall, robust, athletic, clear-eyed, clean skinned; he was a good thing to look at—and the women set down his age at about five years older than Penelope.

J. Percy was down on the passenger list as hailing from New Orleans; Miss Woffenden as coming from New York. None of the New Yorkers on board knew her, or had ever heard of her, but then, New York is a big place and, as Penelope casually remarked at tea one day, she really knew but very little about New York, though she claimed her residence there, having spent most of her time since the death of her parents on a ranch she had in the West, or in traveling abroad. She spoke familiarly, but not obtrusively, though, of the "very best" people in the very highest circles of American and European society.

In the smoking room J. Percy could talk familiarly of yachting and steeple chasing, of tennis and golf, and, if he was drawn out, would admit acquaintanceship with exceedingly well-known and important persons. But Percy was not in the smoking room much—he was generally in attendance upon Miss Woffenden. They had maneuvered their steamer chairs side by side and used to sit and talk and gaze upon the heaving sea.

So matters went on until the steamer was in midocean. Then came a wireless message, over the seas and through the air, to the captain of the ship informing him that a notorious swindler was thought to have sailed in his vessel under an assumed name and with a "faked" passport. So much leaked out. When the news spread through the ship Winters was sitting as usual beside Miss Woffenden. One of the ship's officers came to where he was sitting and said: "The captain would like to speak with you in his cabin, sir."

Then there was a sensation. In less time than it takes to tell it—almost—the news was broadcast that J. Percy Winters had been summoned to the captain's cabin. So he was the fugitive swindler, was he? People loitering about the door of the captain's cabin, and trying vainly to look as if they were there by accident, heard Percy remark as he came out: "I was rather afraid of this. However, it can't be helped now." That settled it! Winters stopped to hand in a message to the wireless operator and then rejoined Miss Woffenden.

"So," said Penelope, "you are a dangerous character, are you? Honestly, Mr. Winters, you don't look it."

"Suppose I were a—what those women have evidently been telling you I am; would it make any difference to our friendship?" he replied.

"Pray, don't press me too closely on such a delicate point, Mr. Winters," said she. "I may as well confide to you that I myself am not exactly what I seem. But let's change the subject." An acid-faced man in a clerical dress went by and looked at the couple askance—Rev. Caleb Mahan, going out as missionary to the Celebes. "His reverence does not seem to approve of us," remarked Penelope.

Great was the scandal at the continued intimacy of Miss Woffenden with the condemned Winters. It was decided that she was an adventuress with whom he had fled, and that they would both be arrested upon the arrival of the ship at Havre. When the steamer arrived at Havre and the boat came off from shore, sure enough—there was a sergeant of gendarmes and two of his men on her deck. All the passengers crowded around to see the adventuress put in handcuffs, making a little open space in which Percy and Penelope stood alone. But the sergeant went right by them and clapped the "bracelets" on the wrists of Rev. Caleb Mahan, missionary to the Celebes—alias Slippery Dick. Everybody felt swindled at such an anticlimax.

"And pray, Miss Woffenden," said Percy a little later at the hotel, "why was it that you took it for granted I was not the fugitive from justice everybody supposed me?"

"Oh, simple enough," replied Penelope. "As soon as I became—er—interested in you I wirelessed to New Orleans and found out all about you. You see I am in the customs service and make my bread and butter by taking trips abroad to look after ladies with smuggling tendencies."

"But weren't you curious to know why the captain called me into his cabin?" he asked. "Yes," she replied, "and I asked him, and he told me. You had a business appointment to keep in Paris and before you sailed the captain assured you we would get in in time for you to keep it. He called you in to tell you that, because of unforeseen delays, you would not be able to make it."

Miss Penelope Woffenden, whose real name was Mary Robinson, visited several European capitals in the discharge of her duties, and at every capital she visited she was sure to run against Percy Winters. She is no longer in the customs service, but as Mrs. J. Percy Winters lives in the South, where her husband is a prominent cotton broker.

To Be Sure

We have an inquiry from a citizen who wants to know where the population of this country is the most dense. That's an easy one—from the neck up. brother.—New York American.

Sea Salt Content Shown

The salt content of the sea is about 35 pounds to 1,000 pounds of water.

Mr. Farmer

Do you know that within the past eighteen months the Maryland-Virginia Joint Stock Land Bank of Baltimore, through Wm. Frazier Russell, Jr., its attorney, has loaned to Kent County Farmers more than $90,000.00?

Do you know that you pay no bonuses or commissions to secure a loan through this bank?

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