# Kent News.

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## Chestertown Bank of Md.

CHESTERTOWN GALENA KENNEDYVILLE

The oldest banking institution in Kent county invites you to deposit your savings with them.

WE PAY FOUR PER CENT IN OUR SAVING DEPARTMENT.

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SPEND LESS than YOUR EARNINGS and DEPOSIT THE DIFFERENCE IN A SAFE, SOUND BANK
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BUT IT DOES MORE!

Think of the convenience of paying by check. Think of the convenience of "cash this check for me please!"

Many people have found being known by a bank of inestimable help—principally for its value for reference —for credit—for advice— for a hundred and one things that come up in everybody's life.

"Service" Is Our Watchward.

The Peoples Bank
Chestertown, Md.


## ALFALFA QUESTIONS

ASK ME ANOTHER, BY COUNTY AGENT, H. B. DERRICK

1. Will alfalfa grow successfully in Kent County?
Answer. Yes.

2. On what soils will alfalfa grow?
Answer. Alfalfa will grow on almost any type of soil, provided it is well drained, is not sour, and is in a good state of fertility.

3. What is "sour" soil?
Answer. Soil is called "sour" when it is acid. The opposite of acid soil is alkalki soil. Between these two soil conditions is what is known as a neutral soil, which is the condition of the soil desired for general farming and alfalfa.

4. How is sour soil changed toneutral soil?
Answer. By the application of lime.

5. How much lime should be applied per acre to grow alfalfa?
Answer. This depends upon the condition of your soil. It may not need any, or it may need 6000 pound of calcium carbonate per acre, or any amount between these to correct the acidity.

6. How can I find out how much lime my soil needs for alfalfa?
Answer. By taking 4 or 5 samples of soil from the field or plot and taking or sending it to your County Agent's office, with the request that they be tested for acidity.

7. When should alfalfa be sown?
Answer. It may be, like red clover, sown in the wheat in the early spring. For this purpose the disk seeder is best.

2. It may be sown with a nurse crop, oats for example, in early spring.

3. Planting about the middle of August, gives alfalfa the best chance of all to make a good stand that will last. A good seed bed should be made. This is obtained only by frequently disking and harrowing, while occasional rains firm the seed bed.

8. How much seed should be sown?
Answer. Twenty (20) pounds per acre is the usual amount sown.

9. What kind of alfalfa seed should be used?
Answer Common alfalfa from the northwest is the best for the usual Maryland conditions. Seed from the southwest or from irrigated regions should be avoided. Alfalfa seed from South America or from other foreign countries, if used, will mean disappointment. On soils, where alfalfa heaves out badly each spring, Grimm alfalfa may do better.

10. What is the first thing I should do to get a stand of alfalfa?
Answer. Select the field or plot you want to put in alfalfa (see No. 2) and plow as soon as possible.

Send in your questions on alfalfa and watch this column.

### *World Owes Them a Debt*

The system of trained nursing which now prevails through America, Great Britain and in many other lands originated in the Deaconesses' institute founded by Pastor Fliedner and his wife at Kaiserswerth, a little village on the Rhine, in 1836.

### *Pickin's for Chickens*

The prize economical man, according to a correspondent, is the fellow who got married in his back yard so that the hens could get the rice.—Boston Transcript.

### *Patron of the Crippled*

St. Giles was chosen patron of cripples because he refused to be cured of lameness. He was a Greek who came to France in the Seventh century, and became the head of a monastic establishment.

### *Suburbanite's Wish*

A suburban man says he's heard lots of people speak harshly of kidnapers, but he wishes his would nap a little late on Sunday morning.

### *Highest Navigable Lake*

The highest body of water that is navigable is Lake Titicaca in South America.—Liberty.

## THE NEW PARLOR SUITE

(© by D. J. Walsh.)

THE new parlor suite had arrived that afternoon. Tod Billings, who had been warned to look out for it, brought it from the station in his truck and Mrs. June with her own hands had unpacked it. It was laborious work and she hurt her fingers considerably, but she simply could not wait for Mr. June to come home.

"Well, it has come!" was her greeting as he appeared. She led him to the parlor and pulled up the shades a little higher in order to let more daylight in on the new possession.

"Unpacked it yourself, eh? Couldn't wait for me?" Mr. June grinned. His wife pleased him very much no matter what she did. And, indeed, she was a dear little woman with her gentle, anxious face and graying hair. When you saw the graying hair you realized that Mrs. June had had to wait a long time for her parlor suite, and even now she had only achieved it at the cost of much planning and saving and doing without this or that. Even at the last she had taken a chance and sent for it rather than pay more and buy it off Mr. Snyder, who kept the only furniture store in town.

"What do you think of it, Henry?" she asked eagerly.

"Suits me," answered Mr. June. He passed a hand over a plump arm. "Looks like comfort. You're a great little homemaker, Floss."

Then they kissed and tried the davenport and each chair in turn until the burning potatoes sent Mrs. June scurrying to the kitchen.

She was very happy, especially when Henry said, over the rhubarb pie:

"If you want some new curtains for that room, Floss, I guess I can steal out enough from my month's wages so that you can get them."

"Oh, Henry! You old darling!" She extended her hand to him and he clasped it, while he went on eating pie with the other.

"I guess," Mrs. June said, "I will go to the telephone and ask Mrs. Crabbe in to see my new parlor suite."

"Why Mrs. Crabbe?" Henry inquired.

"Well! I will tell you. She has so much and she is always glorying over me so that I want to show her that for once I have got something as nice as she has. Henry, I just know she will envy me that parlor suite."

"And that will tickle you! Well, the parlor suite is all right, Floss. You made a good selection, I'll tell the world."

Mrs. June arose and went to the telephone.

"Can you come over a minute? I've got something to show you," she told Mrs. Crabbe.

"I will be right over in about half an hour," promised the neighbor.

"Floss, can't you forget that parlor suite long enough to come out and show me where you want your gladioli planted? I am going after the garden tonight," Mr. June said.

Mrs. June left dishes and went with him out of doors. And it only seemed a minute until she saw Mrs. Crabbe coming toward her.

Mrs. Crabbe was a slim, light woman, with eyes like skim milk, a drooping tip to her nose and a slightly sneering expression. She wore a beautiful gown of heliotrope cotton, which she had put on obviously for the purpose of displaying it to Mrs. June.

"Now what have you to show me?" she inquired, smiling loftily. "Anything out here? Your flower beds look terribly skimpy, don't they?"

"Come into the house." Mrs. June led the way with a sense of anticipation. "I've got a new parlor suite," she explained, as they approached the parlor. "Wait till I turn on the lights."

She snapped a switch and the three lights of the chandelier illuminated the twilight room.

At that instant she felt a clutching sense of defeat and chagrin. Mrs. Crabbe gave a little scornful laugh.

"Well, forever more!" she ejaculated. "If that isn't the most bizzare thing I ever saw. Why, the figures jump right at you!"

Mrs. June stood dumb, her small patient face frozen into an awful stare. The lights had done a horrible thing to her new parlor suite; the figures did jump at you, many of them, great bright spots of them, yet by daylight they had not been noticeable at all. She caught her breath wearily.

"Colors seen by candlelight," quoted Mrs. Crabbe lightly. "Well, maybe you will get used to it. I never should. Where did you get such odd-looking stuff?"

Mrs. June was in control again.

"I sent for it," she acknowledged. "I selected my sample very carefully. And, of course, I—I like it or I shouldn't have got it."

Mrs. Crabbe shrugged her shoulders. "You won't like it so well after you have lived with it a while," she said. "But I must go. I am invited over to Mrs. Peck's this evening."

She was gone. Mrs. June sat down on the new davenport and cried. Her long-desired, her hardly won parlor suite was a failure and she could never get rid of it, never. Those bright-popping figures! Why hadn't she been able to discover it before? Oh, well! She must make the best of it, but it was hard—hard!

"For pity's sakes! Where did you get this?" She looked up. Emmy Travers stood in the doorway between the two rooms, gazing so eagerly at the new parlor suite that she did not notice poor, tear-sick Floss.

"Oh, Emmy!" Mrs. June quavered. "I know it is awful, but don't—don't tell me so."

"Awful?" Emmy Travers entered and plumped down into one of the fat chairs! "It's the easiest thing," she said. "Awful? Why this is swell! I bet you paid a pretty penny for it. I saw some tapestry just like this over at Bingham the other day and I thought then it was the handsomest stuff I ever saw."

"It is by daylight, but the figures jump at you so now!"

"That is the fault of your lighting, Floss. Let me show you something." She switched off the lights, ran into the next room and brought back Mrs. June's table lamp. In a moment she had it connected up and turned on. "There, now!"

"It does make a difference," murmured Mrs. June.

"I should say so. See how that davenport shades off? Just enough of the bright stuff to make a fascinating contrast. Why, your parlor looks a different room. I bet Sarah Crabbe will turn green with envy when she sees this."

"She has seen it," confessed Mrs. June, "and she didn't like it."

"I bet she didn't like it," laughed Emmy.

"No, honestly, she did not. And—and I thought I didn't myself. I was sick when I turned on the lights and saw it look so different from what it did in daylight."

"Well, I call it handsome," said Emmy. "And if you could have some soft ecru curtains—"

"I'm going to have," Mrs. June said eagerly. "Oh, Emmy, you are such a joy. Do you know after I got through with Mrs. Crabbe I was ready to—to—"

Emmy laughed again.

"My dear! You must not be so impressionable," she said.

Just then Mr. June appeared.

"Hello!" he said. "Admiring Floss' new furniture, eh? Pretty nifty, eh, Emmy?"

"It is beautiful," said Emmy enthusiastically.

And it was beautiful, for a little good nature and kindness and cleverness had made it so.

### *Hardest Known Metals*

Nickel, cobalt and manganese are the hardest metals found in the natural state. Alloys of steel, containing these metals, are harder than the unalloyed metal.

### *Welcome Lights*

The Nantucket is the first lightship sighted when coming into the New York harbor from Europe. Others sighted are the Fire Island lightship and the Ambrose lightship.




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TONSORIAL PARLORS
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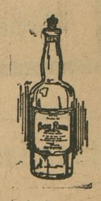
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