Kent News.

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The

Chestertown Bank of Md.

Branches at Galena, Kennedyville, and Betterton

We pay 4% on Savings Fund

Save a little every month, place it in the Savings Department and see how rapidly it will pile up.

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It Never Wears Out

Almost every article you buy will wear out. It will grow of less value the longer you have it.

But a Bank Account never wears out, and the longer you keep it, the more valuable it is.

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5 Per Cent. Interest on Farm Loans

Since the 5 Per Cent interest rate for farm loans became effective, the Kent and Queen Anne National Farm Loan Association has received applications for loans totaling $73,000, showing the increasing popularity of this cooperative means of securing money.

If you are carrying a 6 per cent mortgage on your farm, which never grows less, why not transfer it to the Federal Land Bank and get the benefit of the 5 per cent interest rate, which reduces your mortgage principal every year.

If you desire to purchase a farm, the Federal Land Bank will finance the loan to the extent of 50 per cent of the purchase price at 5 per cent interest.

No better means of financing farm loans has ever been offered than that afforded by the Federal Land Bank.

Come in and let me talk the matter over with you.

Office Phone 63J. Residence Phone 125

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Chestertown, Md.

KENT NEWS BEST ADVERTISING MEDIUM ON THE SHORE

Slingshot Days

The country boy who uses a slingshot to knock some unwary sparrow off a limb has little thought that he is practicing one of mankind's earliest arts. Not alone is the story of David an instance. There were long centuries of the Stone age when slung pebbles formed man's most effective weapon—his only weapon, it is probable—in the chase of that considerable fraction of his animal food which had to be captured awing.

Origin Lost in Antiquity

There is some controversy as to the exact origin of the Septuagint. This is a translation of the Old Testament only, including the canon, the prophecies, and the writings. It was compiled for the use of Alexandrine (Greek) Jews who had lost their knowledge of the Hebrew tongue. According to tradition, based on the letters of Aristides, Philo, and Josephus (Jewish historians), the translation was made by 72 scholars in 72 days by the order of Ptolemy II, who reigned at Philadelphia about 285-246 B. C.

Boston's First Name

The name of the original settlement of Boston made in August, 1630, was "Trimountaine." This name was given because of the three peaks of the most prominent hill, later called "Beacon Hill." The name "Boston" was formally given the colony in 1752. This name was derived from the English town of Boston, the home of some of the leaders of the colony. The Indians called the settlement "Shawmut."

Newest American Sport

Critic-baiting has become an even greater and more typical American sport than framing prize fights or fixing horse races and championship baseball games. The man who practices professional criticism in this year of our Lord lives constantly in a metaphorical gashouse district, his head and seat in imminent prospect of bash and boot.—George Jean Nathan in Vanity Fair.

Good Taste in Deacons

The middle course iz the best, even a moderate deakon iz better than a red hot one.—Josh Billings.

Have You Money In Reserve?

Every family that does not live whithin its means must go through trying and irritating hours during which its members face fact. It is best to have the institution of home based soundly upon the principle that Income must exceed Outgo. Why not put your home affairs on a business basis? Open an account here and adopt the policy of spending just a little less than your income. You will be surprised how quickly you will have cash in hand to make investments that are sound and which will in turn bring you more cash in hand. And remember that in times of financial stress your banker is your best friend.

A Friend When You Need One

THE PEOPLES BANK

Chestertown Bettertown
Rock Hall Massey

The Kent County Savings Bank

4 Per Cent Interest on Savings 4

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IT WAS GRAND TO BE HOMESICK

(© by D. J. Walsh.)

MARIA CRAIG hung listlessly over the old cook stove ready to take up the dinner as soon as she heard her husband's step on the side porch. From time to time she glanced from the window with a far-away look in her eyes. Maria knew every inch of the view from that window as well as she knew her own kitchen with its smoked and cracked walls, uneven floor, battered cook stove and old-fashioned iron sink. Oh, how miserably sick she was of it all. If she could only go a great way off and stay and stay until she became homesick—perhaps.

Homesick! She did not know from any experience of her own what the word meant. She had never been away from Palenville to stay longer than a day in her whole life. She was even likely to die where she was born in this same dingy house where she was at this moment. Of course she had the assurance of living many years yet—she came from a long-lived race, and she was only fifty-one. Take this house for instance. It had been in the Palen family for four generations and had come to her by the death of her parents. When she married John Craig he had come to live with her. John was an honest, hard-working man, but inclined to be stingy.

Just at the moment the potatoes were done John came.

"I stopped at the post office," he said. "Here's a letter for you."

Maria read the letter aloud:

"Dear Maria: You have always promised to make me a visit. Why can't you come now? Since Jerry died I am all alone. How much alone, I am just beginning to find out. I have money, acquaintances, friends, but in my loneliness I long for some one I knew in the old days, some one who knew Jerry and me when we lived in Palenville. I am sending you a railroad ticket. Please use it and come.

"Lovingly,

"LOUISE."

"Well, forevermore!" Maria ejaculated. "Louise Cady wants me to make her a visit. Why, I haven't seen her since her folks died and that's all of twenty years ago. It's nice of her to remember me but of cource I can't go—"

"Why not?" John spoke slowly. "She sent you a ticket. I'd go." And so John settled the matter just as he always did.

Louise met Maria at the station. She had a taxi waiting and they were whirled through the city to a great apartment building. Louise unlocked a door and they entered a twilight dimness which was instantly transformed when she pressed a button on the wall.

"This is your room, Maria," Louise said, crossing the small living room and opening a door. "Make yourself at home and we'll see what Freda has got for us to eat."

Maria, who was of a large and solid build, hardly dared turn around in the tiny bedroom. A narrow bed took up most of the room, a wardrobe took nearly one side, and a dressing table the other. To Maria, unused to anything but a stove, the central heating in the apartment seemed almost suffocating. She went to the window and raised it. But this did not afford much relief because the window opened onto an air shaft. "Well, forevermore!" she gasped in astonishment.

When she had finished dressing she went to find Louise. She had not far to go for Louise was in a tiny "cooped-up place no bigger than my pantry," Maria thought. Louise was working over a queer-looking machine all knobs and levers.

"Where's your kitchen, Louise?" Maria asked.

"Why, this is the kitchen," Louise answered.

"But where's your cook stove?"

"This is my stove," Louise answered. "It's electric and really wonderful. No ashes, no matches. Just turn a knob." She opened a door and revealed a roast of meat, baked potatoes and a delicious-looking pudding ready to serve.

Maria stared. "Why, it's uncanny!" she murmured. She watched in amazement as Louise went to the wall, opened a door and took out a bottle of cream and several packages placed on the dumb-waiter by the grocery delivery boy. "It's all very handy, I've no doubt," she commented thoughtfully.

"I should think so! When I think of the old days back in Palenville with its outdoor wells, wood fires, heatless houses and cash-and-carry stores I wonder how I ever stood it. But I was young—and I had Jerry," and she sighed.

Maria offered to help with the supper work, but Louise informed her that Freda would see to it. She had tickets to a show. She telephoned for a taxi and away they went. It was eleven o'clock when they got home, for Louise insisted upon dropping into a gay little restaurant for a bit of chicken salad after the show.

Maria, used to early hours and quiet evenings, never closed an eye until three o'clock, and even then she did not rest because her dreams were full of half-naked girls dancing as if for dear life on cakes of ice, while millions of bright lights danced around them. She was awake at six, but as she had orders not to get up until eight she had nothing else to do but lie and listen to the street noises.

They had a light breakfast at noon, and Maria, used to an early and hearty breakfast, was almost faint from lack of food. She thought longingly of eggs, pancakes smothered in maple sirup and at least two big cups of her special brand of coffee.

All that day they were on the go. Louise acted as if she wanted to show Maria the whole city at once. In the evening there was another show.

Next day the program was the same. The fourth morning Maria looked pale and felt shaky. Even the morning coffee did not revive her. She looked at Louise to see if she, too, were not beginning to give out under the strain but she looked as fresh as ever.

"I've made up a full program for today," Louise said, nibbling at a roll like a mouse. "How I am enjoying your visit, Maria! I haven't felt so much like myself since Jerry went away." She sighed. "I have a perfectly wonderful morning planned—"

Maria gulped, "I am sorry, Louise, but I feel that I must go home—today—"

"Go—home! Why, Maria! Are you sick—er—"

"No, I'm not sick—but I've got to go. I've had a lovely time, Louise, but I really can't stay another minute."

It was dusk when Maria reached home. She went round to the kitchen door where a light shone out. She was greeted by a smell of frying pork. John was getting supper. He had fried pork, mashed potatoes and some of her very own kind of coffee! She ran across the room and flung her arms about his neck.

"John!" she breathed as she cuddled her head against his shoulder. "Thank God, I'm home!"

"Why, Maria!" John gasped in astonishment. "I wasn't expecting you for days. Are you sick?"

"No—not really sick, John, only a little homesick. And, oh, it's grand to be homesick!"

Not until the next morning when Maria entered her kitchen to get breakfast did she notice what had taken place during her absence. There was a bright now range, a new sink and even a new porcelain-covered kitchen table.

"I am going to have a new floor laid, the walls papered and running water put in," John said, just then entering the room. "I wanted to have it all done and the mess cleaned up before you got home. You see, Maria, I sorta figured that after you had seen Louise's grand place you might come back discontented—"

But Maria said nothing. She was too busy getting breakfast, such a breakfast as only she knew how to get.

Tracing Bank Notes to Ancient Babylon

One of the earliest banking firms of which there is record was that of Egibi & Son, who are supposed to have carried on an advance, exchange and general financial business in Babylon between 700 and 600 B. C. Knowledge of this firm is obtained from certain records on clay tablets found in excavations made upon and near the site of that city.

There have also been found in these and other Assyrian explorations bills of credit and drafts, in the form of small clay tablets, which were, apparently, in use among the merchants of that time. It is plain that these tablets were negotiable, but from the nature of things they could not pass by indorsement, since once the clay was baked nothing more could be added. The name of the payee was for this reason frequently omitted.

In Egypt similar inscriptions on papyrus of very early date have been found. The use of notes as a paper currency was adopted by the Chinese long before it was tried in Europe, and a bank for the issue of such notes was established in that country about 1000 A. D.

Banking in ancient Greece was so far developed before the decadence of that country that it included deposits at interest and letters of credit as well as advances. The Romans derived their banking customs from the Greeks and added somewhat to them.

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Preferred to Make Her Plea in English

A little five-year-old miss had learned to say her prayers in English, when her grandmother started to teach her to say them in French. It was a part of home instruction in French, and the little miss was picking up the second language rapidly.

However, her program in saying her prayers in French halted a bit, as the youngster had a little difficulty in getting her tongue around several words. One hot evening, in the midst of her home lesson in French, she stopped and said:

"Grandma, can't God understand my prayers in English?"

"Why, yes," replied grandmother. "He understands all languages."

"Well," said the little miss, "if it's all the same to God, I'll say them in English tonight."

His Conditions

The young man waited for the millionaire's reply.

"I don't blame you for wanting to marry my daughter," said the latter. "And now how much do you suppose you and she can worry along on?"

The youth brightened up.

"I—I think," he cheerfully stammered, "that £200,000 well invested would produce a sufficient income."

The millionaire turned back to his papers.

"Very well," he said, "I will give you £100,000, provided you can raise a similar amount.

And the young man went away sorrowing.—London Opinion.

Population Increase

It is known that every day about 100,000 persons die and 150,000 are born. Which means that every day the sun sets on 50,000 more people than were on earth when it rose. Never before in human history have births been 50 per cent more than deaths. Taking this as a basis for figures, Edward Roos notes in the Century Magazine that doubling the world's population in sixty years indicates that the earth's inhabitants have increased ten-fold in two centuries. At this rate there will be only a square yard of arable land to a person 1,000 years hence.—Capper's Weekly.

X-Rays in Industry

The game of "button button" is now being played in a commercial way with the aid of X-rays. The device is used to search for buttons and other solid materials in piles of rags that are to be used for making paper. Serious damage to the pulping machinery is likely if buttons, hooks, eyes, and other hard articles are not removed. To find these objects, the rags are conveyed on endless bands over an X-ray tube, where the solid materials are readily detected by fluorescent screens.

Thanks to Jealousy!

Parchment was invented owing to the jealousy of two kings. Papyrus was exported from Egypt, and Ptolemy Philadelphus, being jealous of Eumenes of Pergamus because he was afraid the latter would acquire a larger library than his own, forbade the export of the reed.

Eumenes looked about him for a substitute, and ordered the skins of sheep to be dressed in such a way that they could be used for writing. Hence came parchment, the thin, fine variety of which is known as vellum.

Evil in Unwise Feeding

Two Chicago teachers did a little experimenting the other day. One swallowed a toy balloon attached to a stomach tube. The other blew up the balloon. In a few minutes the man who had swallowed the balloon felt drowsy as one does after heavy eating. Which indicates distention of the stomach is the cause of the feeling of unfitness after a too hearty meal. The stomach is capable of astonishing distention. But it's unwise to take advantage of that fact.—Capper's Weekly.

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Your Life Saver Next Christmas!

WHEN Christmas 1928 rolls around there will be no necessity of clinging to a financial straw, when there is a Life Saver in the form of a Yuletide Saving Fund to bring you to the shore of contentment.

Increase the joys of Christmas—JOIN OUR CHRISTMAS CLUB—and look forward to the holidays with a light heart and a full purse. You will be in a position to buy gifts and meet other expenses without inconvenience, and in addition you will have money left over,

By depositing little each week out of your wages or income, you can easily accumulate an account that will take care of your every requirement.

JOIN NOW—We cordially invite you, your family and friends to enjoy the benefits of our CHRISTMAS CLUB.

MILLINGTON BANK OF MARYLAND

MILLINGTON, MARYLAND

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