PHYSICIAN HURT AS PLANE CRASHES

When his monoplane crashed into a strawstack at Eversley, the country home of Mrs. Alice G. Wilmer, near Centreville, Dr. McCame Downes, prominent surgeon, of Germantown, Pa., was seriously injured Sunday afternoon.

Dr. Downes is at the Emergency Hospital, Easton, suffering from what physicians fear is a broken back.

Dr. Downes, who is an associate of Dr. Harry Wilmer, of Philadelphia, son of Mrs. Wilmer, was to be a guest at the Wilmer home where a family gathering was being held in honor of Mrs. Wilmer's seventy-fifth birthday.

Those attending the celebration saw the plane flying toward the field. It is believed that he misjudged his distance and the plane crashed into the straw stack. Dr. Downes was thrown from the cockpit as the machine nosed over. The plane was badly damaged.

KENT NEWS $1.50 PER YEAR

Chester River Golfers Tie Leaders

Chester River Country Club, of Chestertown, Md., went into a tie with the Greenhill Country Club, of Salisbury, for the championship of the Delmarva Golf League, when the visiting divot lifters defeated the Rehoboth Country Club at Rehoboth, on last Saturday, 24 to 12.

Each leader has won four and lost two matches and each has defeated the other.

The play-off match between Salisbury and Chestertown will be played at Dover Country Club at a date to be arranged. Summary:

Chestertown — Truslow, 2½; Collins, 2½; Falls, 1; Strong, 0; Russell, 3; Clark, 1; Kreeger, 3; Derringer, 3; Metcalfe, 0; Beck, 2½; Corey, 2½; Johns, 3. Total, 24.

Rehoboth — D. Layton, ½; Hitch, ½; Grier, 2; Bale, 3; Vinton, 0; Burchehell, 2; Baker, 0; Sipple, 0; C. Layton, 3; G. Laton, ½; Conant, ½; Smith, 0. Total 12.

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THE LONG WAY ROUND

"NO-O-O," drawled old Mr. Millikin, glancing shrewdly up at the eager-eyed young man in the battered little car, "I don't know as I'd care to have my Polly married, Peter, unless 'twas to some up-an'-comin' young feller."

"I thought I was up and coming, Mr. Millikin," said Peter, trying hard to smile. "I've been coming around to see Polly for a year now."

"Yep—and you've taken the same route every time, Peter Marr, the longest way around—all the way around by Shelby's quarry and the old hill, when the shortest way from your house to mine is to cut across the green—and here you are in five minutes."

"I know that—I've thought of that way—I used it often as a boy, but in the last year I just cannot help coming around by the quarry!"

"Just can't help wasting time and money, eh?"

"Money?"

"Gasoline, when you're riding your little bus, here."

Peter glanced down at the shabby flivver. "I suppose it does seem that way to other people, but I've got the habit of coming the long way around, and it's hard to break. Now, what you just said about Polly—you know, Mr. Millikin, it means a lot to me coming here to see her, and hoping all the time that some day—" He stopped and looked off at the bold shoulder of the quarry hill that jutted against the blue sky.

"Of course, Peter, you know ma and I think a lot of you, being a nice boy and we've known you all our lives, and I always thought Polly did, too, but she's a prudent girl, and you couldn't blame her if she did get rather interested in that new automobile salesman that's staying over to Andrew's place. He's always wanting to take us all out in his cars—and ma and I certainly do enjoy it in our old age," chuckled reminiscently.

"And Polly?" questioned Peter's low, strained voice.

"Well—she's nice to him," admitted Mr. Millikin. "Now, that young feller, he never comes the long way around when he's coming here, Peter; he just shoots around the corner by the church and he's here in two minutes. That's the way he come tonight, and whiffed off Polly and her mother, while you was moochin' all around by the quarry in your bus. Well, Polly's gone for the evening—sorry," said Mr. Millikin, and, stepping back inside his own gate, he watched the disappointed suitor drive off.

"Going back the same way—long way around, jiminy," ejaculated Polly's father as he hobbled around to the rear of the house to feed the chickens. "I just can't see our Polly marrying anyone that's not got more wits than Peter Marr."

That night when Polly came home, her father related his conversation with Peter. The girl looked downcast and sorry.

"Poor Peter," she sighed, thinking of how her mother had enjoyed the ride with Mr. Smart, the automobile salesman.

Polly went into the house at last, her thoughts lingering on her old friend, Peter Marr. "If Peter comes around by the quarry, there's something that he's interested in," she decided.

The next day they heard that Peter Marr had bought the old quarry and all the surrounding acres.

"What'd I tell you?" demanded Mr. Millikin of his family. "That boy's a fool to go and buy a wornout quarry."

Another week brought a corps of engineers who surveyed the property and it was another week before the amazed villagers learned that oil had been discovered there and Peter Marr, owning it all, would be a very rich man.

"How about the longest way around now, father?" asked Polly quizzically.

"It's the shortest way home sometimes," admitted Mr. Millikin, "and I do confess, now that I know all about it, that Peter showed a long head for such a youngster."

"Yes," admitted Peter modestly to Mr. Millikin that evening. "I've had my eye on that property since last year when I was hunting and found traces of oil in an old drill hole, so I got an option on it and I've been testing there—going around every chance I got, and then—all at once, that night we had our talk, Mr. Millikin, I was sure! Is Polly home tonight?"

"That there Mr. Smart has taken them to prayer meeting in his speedy car," regretted Mr. Millikin.

"Then, I'll just run around there and bring them home—by the longest way around. Have I your permission, sir?"

"Oh, go on, do as you like, Peter, I can't tell you anything!" chuckled Mr. Millikin contentedly.

(Copyright.)

John Paul Jones a Smuggler

John Poul Jones, first man to bring glory to the American flag at sea, was a smuggler in his youth. He helped bring to the shores of Scotland cargoes which the British government was trying to exclude, and his activities in dodging and fighting the British warships that were trying to break up that trade gave him the seamanship and knowledge of tactics that were to make him such a great naval leader later on.—Kokomo Tribune.

Whither.

First Broker—Well, stocks have hit the bottom.

Second Busted Broker—Yes, but even the bottom seems to be in a tailspin now.

"Don't Get Collegiate"

A college sheik severed social relations with Miss Stemen to offer his attentions to Miss Heaton, whereupon the college "Echo" reported: "Dudiman has quit Steamin' and gone to Heatin."

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