Section Two

Kent News.

VOL. 91. CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND., SATURDAY, JULY 4, 1931 NO. 9

Summer Is Here

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We are ready with a line of

COATS and DRESSES

all high grade stock

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A. L. SPARKS

Chestertown, - Maryland

N-O-W is the T-I-M-E to Join the

MILLINGTON BANK

Christmas Saving Club

While you are Saving WE PAY YOU INTEREST on your deposit.

BEGIN NOW by putting in Bank 25 cents or $1.00 a week.

Save today and be happy next Xmas.

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T. C. ROE, HARRY HOLT, JOHN P. AHERN, LEONARD WILSON, C. M. MELVIN, MERRITT BRICE, S. J. JOHNSON, J. H. AHERN

GRASP Opportunities

Themen who get along best are those who know how to take hold of any condition Whether it is good or bad, and get the most out of it.

SAVED MONEY ALWAYS HELPS

We Pay 4%

On All Savings Deposits

THE PEOPLES BANK

Chestertown Betterton
Rock Hall Massey

KENT NEWS $1.50 A YEAR IN ADVANCE

Great Wire Hookup Used by Lindbergh

Talk Broadcast from 119 Stations Linked by Telephone Circuits

Col. Lindbergh

When Col. Charles A. Lindbergh told the story of aviation to the American people over the radio recently, giving his talk twice the same day, he spoke over a broadcasting hook-up greater than has ever before been made available to any private citizen.

Suggesting the dependence of civilization upon transportation facilities, Colonel Lindbergh told his millions of listeners on this continent that the airplanes and the airship have given a third dimension to these facilities, and predicted the time, within the next few years, when air transportation systems over land, both here and abroad, will be linked by regular air lines over the water.

Colonel Lindbergh's talk was broadcast over the chains of the National Broadcasting Company and the Columbia Broadcasting System, in which a total of 119 broadcasting stations were linked. These stations were connected by the land lines of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, as are all chain broadcasts, and the only unusual feature was the size of the undertaking and the preparations entailed. The program transmission forces of the Long Lines Department of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company connected 62 roadio broadcasting stations for the N. B. C., and 57 for the Columbia System. Approximately 30,000 miles of long distance telephone circuits were used in connecting these stations.

STERLINGS

The Rexall Store

1 Pt. Triple Distilled Witch Hazel
1 Tube Ever Ready Shaving Cream
1 Ever Ready Razor
All for 49 Cents

STERLING'S

The Rexall Store

TOULSON'S Drug Store

Parker Pen and Pencil Set

At Toulson's Drug Store

Read A Book

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DAY BOOKS
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EVENINGS BY APPOINTMENTS

THE ONLY BROKEN VOW

JAMES PENHALLOW, opening his mail at the breakfast table, paused with a letter in his hand and looked around at his family with a troubled expression on his face. The family consisted, besides the head of the house, of Mrs. Panhallow, a placid lady of ample proportions, a tall son of twenty-five, and several daughters who, when they stood in a row, looked like a flight of stairs.

"What is it, father?" chorused the girls.

"Aunt Pen is coming," replied Mr. Penhallow in a hushed voice.

A silence fell over the little assembly. Something akin to consternation was visible on every face. They were all secretly afraid of Aunt Penelope Penhallow. She was a tall, angular, elderly maiden lady possessed of managing abilities which she cultivated by constant exercise.

Her visits were visitations, and whenever an announcement of her intended descent upon the peaceful family of her brother was made the effect was like that produced upon the Roman senate by the announcement that Alaric was at the gate of Rome.

"Dear me," at last the voice of Mrs. Penhallow broke the silence, "and I don't believe the guest chamber has been swept in a fortnight. When is she to arrive? Tonight? Girls—" and the disturbed matron began giving rapid orders to her daughters regarding their dress and deportment during the stay of their revered aunt.

Had Miss Penelope Penhallow had a fortune to leave to some chosen one of her brother's children the anxiety shown to placate the elderly spinster might easily have been accounted for. But she had none. She ruled solely by terror and habit. In the afternoon the terrible old lady arrived.

"Well," she said, glancing around the dinner table, "I see we are all here. Jane, you are getting stouter than ever. You should diet. How the girls have grown—got to the scraggy age when they are all elbows. William, I hope you are attending to your law studies. Do you learn things any quicker than you used to? James, you keep this place pretty well—though of course you can't afford it." Having thus placed all the family at their ease, the old lady proceeded to make a hearty meal, criticising each dish as she disposed of it. William felt rebellious and confided to the eldest of the girls that he would "be jiggered" if he would submit to being "bully-ragged" by Aunt Pen. He made his reckless boast in a whisper of fear, however.

Next morning Aunt Pen, getting William by himself, asked abruptly: "Why aren't you married? You are old enough now. I'll make a round of calls today and pick out a wife for you."

"My dear Aunt Pen," began William, "in a matter of this kind I must—"

"There, there, that will do," interrupted Aunt Pen, "don't argue. Run along now, I want to talk to your father. James"—as Mr. Penhallow entered the room—"why on earth don't you—" William fled and left his father to his fate.

Laura Tillingham was waiting for him by an old oak tree under which, beside the rippling brook, the two were accustomed to meet and, seated on a mossy bank, discuss "cabbages and kings," love and housekeeping. Not but that they might have done all this in the judge's parlor—but the trysting oak was so much more romantic.

"What do you think!" said William as he took his seat beside Laura, "Aunt Pen has arrived and is going to devote the day to picking out a suitable wife for me. Isn't it funny?" he laughed heartily; but Laura looked rather perturbed.

"If she does," said the fair, young creature slowly, "I am afraid that you will—you are all so dreadfully afraid of your Aunt Pen that you might be—"

"Nonsense!" cried William. "What an idea. Laura, hear me: I swear that it is you and you only that I am going to marry. I don't care a hang who Aunt Pen picks out, I swear that I will not marry her. Is that enough?"

"You dear boy," replied Laura.

It was late in the afternoon when Aunt Pen, having made a round of calls in her brother's commandeered automobile to the country houses in the neighborhood, returned to the Penhallow place. William, who had been on an errand just after his aunt who met him in the hall with: "I've found a suitable wife for you, William. I brought her over to dinner. She is in the library now. Go in and see her." And the old lady whisked upstairs leaving William flushed with anger. Scarce realizing what he was about he entered the library. A tall, young lady was standing by the table. "Laura," he cried.

"Hush," said Laura, "Aunt Pen hadn't the faintest idea that we were already engaged. But, of course, now we can't be married."

"Why not?" asked William.

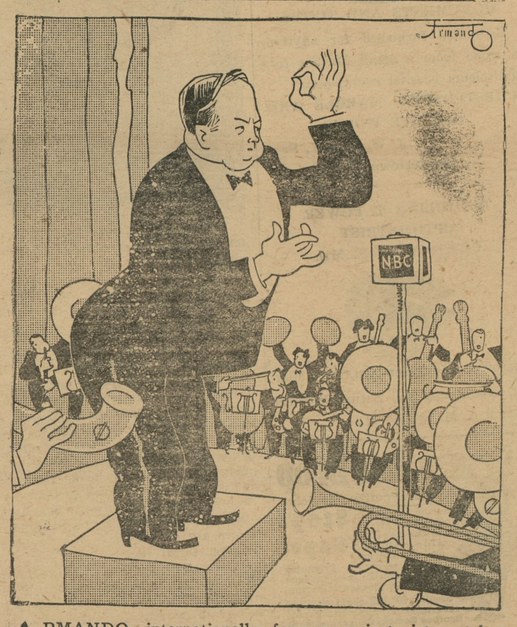
"Why I didn't you swear that, under no circumstances, would you marry the girl Aunt Pen picked out for you?"

"Oh, forget it!" cried William. "Aunt Pen is out of this entirely."

Criminal's Sanctuary

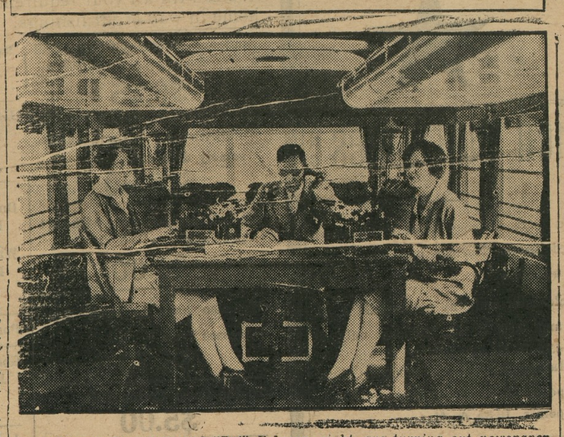
A man on his way to execution in Arabia is safe if he can lay his hands on the skirts of a woman.

TEN LITTLE FINGERS



ARMANDO, internationally famous caricaturist, catches B. A. Rolfe in a characteristic pose. Mr. Rolfe, spurning the customary baton, directs the Lucky Strike Dance Orchestra with his ten dainty digits.

Aviation News From A Mobile Press Room



"Peggy" Post, left, and "Pat" Erkman, right, are turning out newspaper copy from their typewriters in the bus press room, while J. J. Reardon, center, dictates a story to the editorial city room over the telephone. (P. & A. photo)

Aviation news from Mills Flying Field, San Francisco, during the recent aviation movements and maneuvers was expedited by a press room on wheels, said to be the first in the history of journalism.

The unique press room was originated by the Pacific Greyhound Lines, Inc., utilizing one of their large buses which was fitted with every facility to enable newspaper reporters assigned to cover the maneuvers to keep in close touch with their offices by telephone from any part of the aviation field.

Telephone facilities for such service may readily be supplied by underground conduit and cable connecting the central office with below-the-surface terminals located at various points on the field. When a plane lands the press bus can be transported under its own power to the nearest plug-in box where the connection is readily established. After the reporters gather the facts, they may be typed in the "press room" and telephoned to their respective papers or news service.

NEWRUGS

FIBRE - GRASS - MATTING
LINOLEUM - CONGOLEUM

Porch Gliders - Porch Rockers
Porch Swings

New Living Room Furniture

HOUSE CLEANING NEEDS

O'Cedar, Mops and Polish.
Johnson's Liquid Wax, for Furniture and Floors
DIC-A-DOO - The Paint Cleaner
Wall Paper-Paints-Enamel-Varnish-Brushes - Window Shades-

JOHN BARTLEY

CHESTERTOWN MARYLAND

TIM WILSON'S MONEY ROLL

THE shadows were growing long among the hills. Over the rugged trail leading upward from Cheowhee valley into the hills trudged a man. There was a buoyancy in his step, and a poise of his head which indicated abounding joy. Tim Wilson was getting home again after an absence of five years in the West; and it was more than a homecoming to fireside and mother, for a girl awaited him by all the virtue of a promise made those five years before. Tim had told her that he would wrench from the grasp of the world five thousand dollars before he returned to claim her. Tim had the five thousand now in a bulgy roll of fifty one-hundred-dollar bills.

Nature had gathered the sweetness of the mountain flowers and the brightness of the sunshine to mould the beauty of Sarey Goodmann; and Tim had carried the memory of it in his heart every day of the struggle and hard application of his five years of service in fortune hunting.

Old Hollis Goodman had built his cabin on a little plot between the hills, and facing the Sheepnose cliff, more than fifty years before; and here Sarey would be waiting for Tim. The trail wound about the base of the cliff; but Tim chose to climb to the top of the rock, so that he might first gaze down upon the cabin that had sheltered Sarey for all these years.

Twilight was settling about the cabin. Old "Ringold," Sarey's dog, was lying asleep in front of the cabin door. Ringold was older but still faithful. Even a dog must be faithful to Sarey Goodman! Tim stood for some moments, his gaze dwelling upon the peaceful scene and the spot of his anticipated great joy.

"Sarey!" he murmured.

As if in answer to his heart call, a young woman came and stood framed in the doorway. Once more Tim's lips moved to utter the beloved name aloud. The girl was shading her eyes with her hand, and was gazing down the mountain trail as if expecting some one. Tim's heart thumped in his breast. He pictured Sarey standing thus every evening looking for his return. Now the shout rose to his lips, but died away unuttered. Some one else was hurrying up the trail to meet the girl.

Tim Wilson slumped to his knees on the rock. As the young couple walked arm in arm to the cabin door, Tim's hand crept down into his trousers pocket and drew forth the roll of bills he had treasured there. He tried to crush them, but the bulky roll refused to be compressed. Opening his palm he looked down upon the greenish paper mass. Slowly regaining his feet he advanced to the narrow edge of the cliff, where he stood for a moment convulsed in body and soul over the story which the little scene below seemed to have revealed. Again he glanced at the roll in his opening palm. It was held together by a stout rubber band. Here were the savings of five years of toil and privations, gathered together for Sarey. He had brought it thus that he might lay it upon her palm.

"Well, she she'll have it, as my parting gift," he mused.

Bending his body backward for a supreme effort, and swinging his right arm through a sweeping arc, he hurled the package of currency with perfect aim toward the doorway of the cabin. As a bird winging homeward to its nest the roll landed upon the floor with a little thud, attracting the attention of all those within, a stooped old man, two young women and a young man. The elder of the girls seized the strange object from the floor.

"Lord, what a lot o' money!" she exclaimed, hugging the roll to her bosom. "I wonder—"

Suddenly she darted from the cabin into the yard beyond. Halting a few feet from the step she looked all about her.

"Tim," she shouted; "Oh, Tim!" Then a moment later: "Don't yuh try to hide from me, Tim! I jes' know ye've come home!"

In the meantime Tim Wilson lay a crumpled heap not twenty steps away, with a sprained ankle. A loose stone had rolled from beneath his foot, when he hurled the roll of bills into the cabin doorway; and his body had shot downward to the rocks below. A moment later he would have started down out of the hills again forever. On hearing his name called he sat up, and grinned cynically. But the movement of his body had not escaped the girl's attention; and the next moment she was beside Tim.

"Yeah, Sarey; I'm back again; but, gee, I wish I hadn't come!"

"For the land sakes, Tim Wilson; what yuh talkin' about?"

Tim was silent a moment. "Well, Sarey; I—I got a busted foot; and—and—who's yuhr man, Sarey?"

Sarey gazed down upon him. "The Lord he'p yuh, Tim Wilson; as if I'd ever had any other man but you!"

"Sarey!" Tim dragged himself quickly to his full height on one foot. "Didn't I see yuh in the arms of a man?"

Sarey laughed, and the echo of it came back from the ravine below in a silvery peal. "Thet was little Sis meetin' her man. She's growed up and got married since you left, Tim."

"Lord, Sarey; I'd ha' been gone away from here if I hadn't got this foot busted. Thank God I got thet tumble!"

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