KENT COUNTY CHURCH NOTES

CHRIST FOR ALL—ALL FOR CHRIST

The Word of God

Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path.—Psalm 119: 105a

Chestertown M. E. Church

Rev. J. Harry Wright, Minister.

Sunday services will be as follows:

10.00 A. M. church school, J. S, Kreeger, superintendent.

The lesson theme for the Senior Department will be "The Holy Spirit at Pentacost."

11.00 A. M. morning worship service. The Sacrament of the Lord's Supper will be the theme for the meditation, "His Last Will." You are cordially invited to worship with us. "Blessed be the Lord, who daily loadeth us with benefits; even God, who is our salvation."

7.30 P. M. evening worship service, which is scheduled for one hour. The pastor will bring a brief message, "Two Essentials." The evening services. from now on until September, will be held in the church school room. The popular gospel hymn-sing will be conducted throughout these evening services. Come out and sing these familiar songs with us.

Wednesday evening, 7.30, prayer and praise service.

Christ M. P. Church

Rev. E. A. Sexsmith, D. D., Minister

You are cordially invited to join us in the following services next Sunday.

Sunday School at 10.00 o'clock. With this lesson we begin a six months study of the spread of christianity. The subject of Sunday's lesson is "The Gift of the Holy Spirit."

Morning worship at 11.00 A. M., Communion service with short address by the pastor. Miss Sue V. Hess, of Washington, D. C., will be the soloist at this service.

Evening worship at 7.30 P. M.. the pastor will speak on the subject, "Christ-Made Men." Gospel song service and special music by the choir.

Mid-week prayer service on Wednesday evening at 7.30 o'clock. Join us in this service of meditation and praise.

Still Pond M. E. Church

J. C. B. Hopkins, Pastor.

9.30 A. M. Sunday school, A. J. Hackett, superintendent.

10.45 A. M. worship and sermon by the pastor.

8.00 P. M. Epworth League, Wm. Clark leader.

Betterton M. E. Church

J. C. B. Hopkins, pastor.

10.00 A. M. Sunday School, Mrs. Archie Crew, superintendent.

8.00 P. M. worship and sermon by the pastor.

Kennedyville M. P. Church

J. McLain Brown, pastor.

The Men's Bible Class will have no session July and August.

Sunday school 10 A. M.

Morning worship at 11 A. M.

Christian Endeavor at 7.30 P. M.

Brief address by pastor at 8 P. M. We shall be glad to greet you.

Lutheran Church

Lutheran services and Sunday School at 2.30 P. M. at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Herzberg on W. High street, Chestertown. You are cordially invited to attend. Theo. D. Martens pastor.

Many Plants That Lure Insects to Their Death

There are a great many varieties of insectivorous plants which grow almost all over the world. The first group of these plants is known as the pitcher plants, which have the blossom in the form of a pitcher which acts as a death trap for flies and other insects. The insects are attracted by a fragrance or some other lure, enter the mouth of the pitcher, and crawl down toward the bottom, being forced onward by small spikes downward pointing from the sides of the pitcher's throat. The poor fly is thus given no chance to escape and when he reaches the bottom he is caught in the sticky mass of fluid there and his body juices absorbed by the plant. Two other types of insectivorous plants are the Venus' flytrap genus and the Dionaea which grows only in the low coast regions of North Carolina. This little plant is probably the most famous stem variety of the insect-eating plants. A third type is a Sundew Drosera, which is common to Australia. This is also a large genus containing a great variety of species.

Bit of Greece in France

Antibes, like all the other places along the fascinating French Riviera, has had a romantic history, says a writer in the Detroit News. It was founded more than 2,000 years ago by descendants of the Greek colonists who had built a thriving city on the site of Marseilles. Legend says that among these first settlers were some men and women who had come from Greece and that they chose Antibes as a place to build because the scenery there reminded them so much of Greece. Phenicians and Carthaginians, Romans and Gauls, Germans and Italians and French—they have all met on this coast in the centuries that have passed since, but Antibes has managed more than any other town in France to retain its Greek appearance.

St. James M. P. Church

J. Lee Marker, Minister.

10.00 A. M. Sunday school, George Carroll, superintendent.

The lesson will be "The Coming of New Power." We request your cooperation in our effort to realize a more efficient Sunday school. We suggest three standards for each member. Be on time; know your lesson, and bring someone with you.

11.00 A. M. morning worship and sermon. The pastor will preach. A cordial invitation is extended to all to worship with us.

7.30 P. M. Christian Endeavor. The meeting will be led by Miss Laura Rees. The subject will be "What Is Christian Patriotism?"

Lynch M. P. Church

2.00 P. M. Sunday school, Mrs. Harry Jewell, superintendent. The lesson will be "The Coming of New Power." There is a place and a welcome for all.

3.00 P. M. Christian Endeavor led by Mrs. Lee Joiner. The subject will be "What Is Christian Patriotism?"

W. C. T. U. TO MEET

An important meeting of the Kent County W. C. T. U. has been called for Wednesday, July 8, at the home of Mrs. E. A. Sexsmith at the M. P. Parsonage in Chestertown. The meeting will take place at 2.30 P. M.

Among other important matters to come before the meeting will be the annual election of officers.

UMBRELLA MAN JIMMY IS DEAD

Cambridge, Md., June 26, 1931.—James Smith, 65, an umbrella mender, who located in this city several years ago, was found dead in his home on Race St. Dr. John Mace, who was sommoned, stated that he probably died early last night of heart disease.

"Umbrellas to mend," "Umbrellas to mend." I stopped to listen; turned and saw afar off down the street, approaching with a slow, measured tread, a man of advanced years with a bundle of old umbrella staffs slung from his shoulder. Ever and anon came that old familiar call, "umbrellas to mend," "umbrellas to mend." He halted at my gate, and with a profound bow, and a ready smile, solicited work of which I might probably be in need.

I passed to him a small job; and whilst he busied himself in its execution, I mused, and had ample time to vision a mental picture. I saw his old home among the bogs of "Ould Ireland"—the thatched roof and the ancient, delapidated parvy of his sire. There, upon the banks "Where the River Shannon flows," I saw him as a boy barefoot, playing among the rushes; and with the exuberance of youth plunging into its placid waters for a quiet swim. In the dread hour at night when the banshee disturbed its somber stillness with the chanting of a dirge, I saw him cower beneath his meager coverlet. I pictured the awful famine of '48—the misery of tht peasantry and the sequel that prevailed in that unhappy land.—I saw the poverty of his youth—the distress of after years. Under continuous political oppression, I saw him as he left the scenes of his childhood—his native shore for a haven in America. With his ever present shillalah, he found the coveted release. I followed his meandering footsteps until he reached Kent county; and here, with his weather-beaten face—the halt in his walk and the old hat from the seeds of two decades, I behold him apparently happy with no relative within three thousand miles of his lowly shack.

The work completed, he left me with the profuse blarney of his race; and I with the impression that "The world is always as we take it—And life is always as we make it," I bid him "goodbye;" and as he disappeared into the distance, an echo came wafted down the street,—"umbrellas to mend," "umbrellas to mend," whilst a sympathetic tear trickled down my cheek as I mussed on such an existence.

The passing years silvered his hair hair—unknown and unkept, he passed into the infinite shade; and, with the words of Anatole France, "the earth will go rolling on, carrying through the vast, silent spaces the ashes of humanity, the poems of Homer and the august ruins of gracious marble attached to its frozen flanks."

Today, Jimmie, the Celt is but a memory.

F. H. R.

Galena, Md.

Now that daylight saving is in effect the unemployed can get out and look for work an hour earlier.

Nonchalant Americans smoked 115,379,197,000 cigarettes in 1930.

I believe the first test of a truly great man is his humility.—Ruskin.

NOBLE ROMANCE WITH MYSTERY

NADINE BARTLEY'S blue eyes were troubled as she handed artistically wrapped boxes of candy out to customers in Kieth's Kandy Kitchen. It was spring, but Nadine didn't want a little house with a rosebush and a clothesline as Jack Dillon had suggested last night; she wanted romance—romance with mystery!

"Will you wait on me, please?"

Little Nadine's golden head came up with a start as she erased her thoughts from her mind at the sound of a sauve masculine voice.

"I—I—pardon me!" she apologized hurriedly. As she waited on the sleek stranger, she could not help admiring him. He thanked her for wrapping the box of candy just as though she had done him a special favor; then bowed as he lifted his hat and went out. His manners were lovely, she thought. He himself—why, he was romance, and mystery. Next day he came back in a taxi. Nadine caught a shining gleam of dark blue as the taxi swept up to the curb and thought of Jack who took such pride in his taxi—it was his own now; all paid for last month.

The following week the mysterious stranger came almost daily; always asking for Nadine; always immaculately dressed; always sauve and gallant. Once he asked her if she would accept a box of candy from him. She told him it was against the rules for clerks to accept candy from strangers.

"But I'm not a stranger now, am I—Nadine?"

"N-No, not exactly."

She accepted the candy and was thrilled with the idea of having the man of mystery for a friend. She found herself wondering what business he was in, but he told her nothing except that his name was Tracy Loring. Curiosity whipped her imagination into the glamor of romance. At last she was finding mystery—mystery and romance.

The days he didn't come became the longest days in the week. Then came an invitation to attend a theater with him! Her joy knew no bounds!

At the theater they sat in a box. Exquisite perfumes; lowered lights. The woman in front of them wore diamond earrings and an ermine wrap. Little Nadine thrilled to it all! How long she was utterly absorbed by the play on the stage she did not know, but some slight movement on the part of the woman wearing the ermine wrap caused her attention to wander for one slight moment. In that moment she noticed one of the diamond earrings come unfastened and drop, unnoticed by the wearer, to the collar of the wrap where it gleamed like a tear. Then, so suddenly she seemed hardly aware of it, she saw the long, slender fingers of Tracy Loring reach out and lightly, deftly, touch the woman's ermine wrap.

A sick feeling at the pit of her stomach at the thought that leapt so suddenly in her mind; but she could not tear her eyes away from the fur collar where the diamond no longer gleamed like a tear. Wide-eyed, she continued to stare at the stage, but her interest was gone. Gone was something else—romance with mystery; she wanted to go home, now.

At the last curtain the man of mystery seemed in a hurry. Outside, she was trembling. A thief! And she, would she be an accomplice? And then Nadine saw the friendly grin of a policeman, a friend of Jack's. She smiled back at him, pausing almost imperceptibly; but the sauve stranger tightened his hold on her arm as he bent toward her smilingly and whispered: "Keep going and keep quiet!"

Little Nadine was trembling so she could scarcely stand as a taxi, a familiar, shining blue taxi, drew up at the curb. She caught only a glimpse of a familiar shoulder as she was hustled inside; she did not catch the quick direction given the driver. But it didn't matter, she knew it was Jack's taxi and she would be safe. She glanced at the mysterious stranger who was smiling at her, but not as he had smiled before.

"It is not often I let business interfere with pleasure," he began in that sauve voice, "but tonight . . ." The taxi suddenly came to a halt, the door was thrown open and two policemen stood there. Before Nadine could cry out, they had handcuffed the stranger. Nadine drew back, unable to speak. Would they take her, too?

But the next moment Jack was there and he was holding her in his arms and the policemen were taking the stranger away.

"Good work, Jack!" one of them called out.

"Jack, Jack, what does it mean?"

"Don't bother your little head, honey; your mysterious friend is the Candy Kid—expert jewel thief. Connected with the robbery of a famous diamond last week. I'll get part of the reward, honey. What would you like with it?"

"A little house, Jack, and a rosebush and a—a clothesline!"

Postal Phonograph

The novelty of the year in Paris is the "phonograph disk as a postcard." You talk your letter into a disk made postal size, which can actually be sent by post to the object of your attentions, who on receipt puts it in his phonograph and hears it all straight from your voice.

Why Insect Pests Flourish

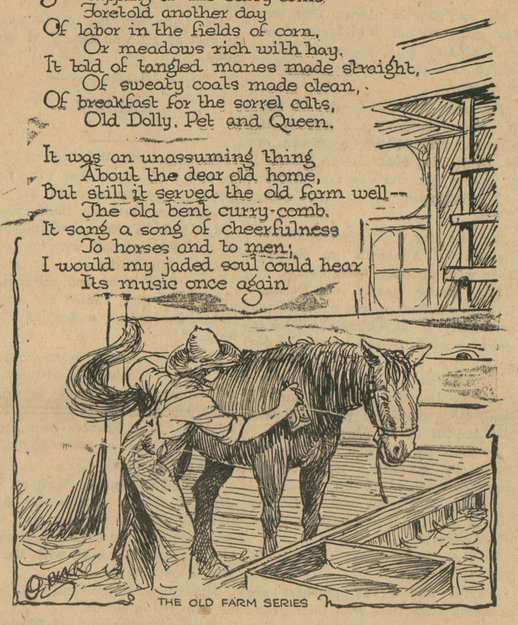
Whence came our present insect pests? Most of them came from foreign countries. And they come here without their natural enemies. In this way the balance is disturbed, wholly in favor of the insect. An insect in his home land is often so harmless and obscure that his presence is not even noted. This is because his natural enemies keep him in his place. But transplant this little bug to America, give him plenty of rich food and no enemies, and he will show what the biological laws of reproduction mean.

The Old Curry-Comb

by A. J. Dunlap

The tapping of the curry-comb
Foretold another day
Of labor in the fields of corn,
Or meadows rich with hay.
It told of tangled manes made straight,
Of sweaty coats made clean,
Of breakfast for the sorrel colts,
Old Dolly, Pet and Queen.

It was an unassuming thing
About the dear old home,
But still it served the old farm well—
The old bent curry-comb.
It sang a song of cheerfulness
To horses and to men;
I would my jaded soul could hear
Its music once again



TODAY is July 4th. Have a good time, but be careful on land and water.

It won't be long before the weenies at the roadside stands will be hot on your trail.

The United States has 65 per cent of the world's radio (and about 85 per cent of its stupid programs).

REPAIRS

Now the time to have your car put in condition for the summer.

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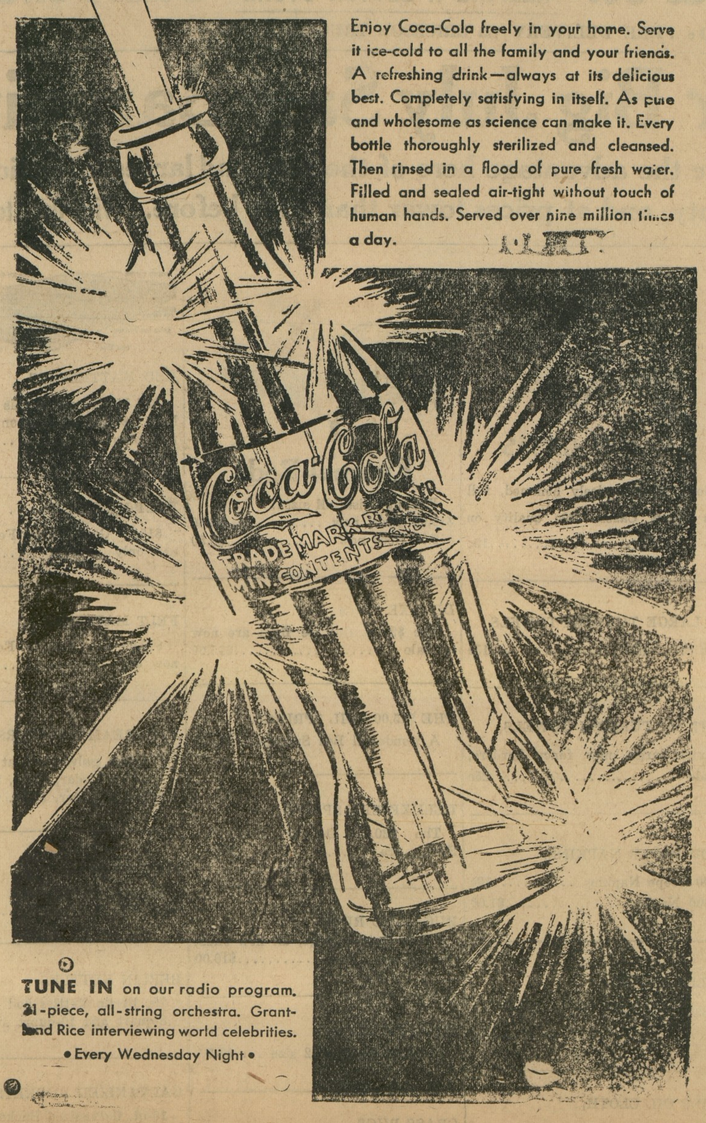

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SUMMER SCHEDULE

The Automobile and Truck Route between Baltimore and the Eastern Shore.

Schedule Effective July 1st, 1931. (Subject to change without notice.) Standard Time.

Steamer Leaves Baltimore

Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Fridays, Str. Annapolis 6.00 A. M., Str. Express, 8.30 A. M., Str. Annapolis, 11.30 A. M., Str. Express 2.00 P. M., Str. Express 7.00 P. M.

Wednesdays and Saturdays, Str. Annapolis 6.00 A. M., Str. Express 8.30 A. M., Str. Annapolis 11.30 A. M., Str. Express 2.00 P. M.

Sundays, Str. Annapolis 6.00 A. M., Str. Express 8.30 A. M., Str. Express 2.00 P. M.

Steamer Leaves Tolchester

Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Fridays, Str. Annapolis 8.30 A. M., Str. Express 10.45 A. M., Str. Express, 4.15 P. M., Str. Annapolis 7.30 P. M., Str. Express 9.00 P. M.

Wednesday, Str. Annapolis 8.30 A. M., Str. Express 10.45 A. M., Str. Annapolis 4.15 P. M., Str. Express 7.30 P. M.

Saturdays, Str. Annapolis 8.30 A. M., Steamer Express 10.45 A. M., Str. Express 7.30

Sundays, Str. Express 10.45 A. M., Str. Annapolis 3.00 P. M., Strs. Express and Annapolis at 7.30 P. M.

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