Section Two

Kent News.

VOL. 90. CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND., SATURDAY, MAY 2, 1931 NO. 51

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$1.00 or More Starts a Savings Account.

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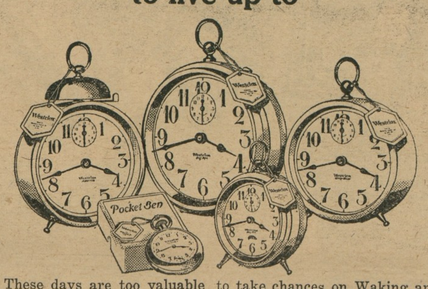
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We are ready with a line of

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N-O-W is the T-I-M-E to Join the
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While you are Saving WE PAY YOU INTEREST on your deposit.

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

Save today and be happy next Xmas.

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THE KENT NEWS is read every week by about 10,000 persons. If you have anything to sell or want to buy anything do you know any better way to reach these persons than by advertising in the KENT NEWS?

For Results
Try The KENT NEWS
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THE HEART OF THE HOUSE

GWEN slammed the oven door with a bang. Half-running, she hurried to the back yard to move the hose to another dry spot.

"The darned place just drinks water," she muttered resentfully. "There!"

She had done it again. She always did it! A streak of muddy water up the side of her clean stockings.

"Darn, darn, darn," she chanted as she went back to the house. She was humming a hymn of hate. She hated the house and the garden that surrounded it, the neighborhood with its numerous dogs and grubby children—everything about it.

The little house received the ingrate with open arms. It was a friendly little house, even if it needed paint and a nail here and there on its loose shingles.

The trouble with the house was that Gwen had been given no part in choosing it. Harry had seen it one day and had bought it. He had come to see her that evening, exultant, expecting Gwen to rejoice with him.

"But I wanted to live in the Hillcrest Arms, Harry," Gwen had complained.

"Hillcrest Arms? Girl, you'll forget there ever was such a place when you see our house. It has grass and flowers—and a peach tree in the back yard. Cute inside, too. You can get busy with cretonnes and paint and make it a regular little nest."

So Gwen came to the little house with resentment. Her new bridal things, clever and up to the latest mode, looked curiously alien in the shabby little room. Paint and cretonne would have helped, but Gwen tried neither of them. She was going to let Harry get sick of this—this dump—and maybe he'd sell and they could move to a decent place.

Spring had come, and although she didn't like the place he kept the flowers growing and the grass green. She hadn't planted a seed, but Harry had been puttering around on Sundays with gladiolus bulbs and lobelia plants.

Buzz! The doorbell! Another agent, she knew.

But when she reached the door a woman was standing on the little porch. A tall woman, with lovely clothes and furs. Out in the street stood a fine big car with a chauffeur at the wheel

"Pardon me," said the stranger, in a low, sweet voice. "I'm intruding, I'm afraid, but would you mind if I looked about your little house a bit? I lived here once, you see."

"Surely," Gwen was cordiality itself. "Come in."

"You haven't lived here long," the visitor ventured.

"Not very long."

"I knew that. You haven't made it look like you. But you will, and I'm so glad. It hasn't been very well treated, I'm afraid, poor little thing."

They walked through the rooms. In each of them the woman would remember something, note some change.

"I painted that bathtub," she laughed. "It was the most terrible old thing. I felt like Napoleon the day I finished that bathroom. In green and yellow. People didn't use color they do now, but I had to do then as I something. last, to see the yard. She asked, at areaway and She stood on the brick down her the tears dropped steadily cheeks.

"You never know how much of yourself you put in a home," she said at last. "This fence was my birthday present. Ned couldn't afford it, but he went without a new suit to get it for me. And my father thought I was too shabby once and gave me some money for clothes, and I bought these bricks instead—the bricks for the walks and the areaway. I remember when we planted the honeysuckles on the little pergola, and what a tragedy it was to us when they died that first hard winter after they'd been set out."

Gwen couldn't say anything. There was a choking feeling in her throat, and she was afraid that if she cried to speak she would burst out sobbing

"If I could only come back," the woman sighed. "But one doesn't. Some people think I have everything now, and I have nothing. It was here that I had all that was worth having."

She said good-by quickly, and went back to her car, almost running. The chauffeur helped her in. She was gone. Gwen stood there, in the forsaken little garden, thinking very hard. Love had made this place seem like a palace once; it had made it so beautiful to the eyes of another girl that she had given it bricks instead of buying pretty things for herself. It had been so near the heart that even a palace could not replace it in the heart of the woman who had loved it so well.

Slowly Gwen went into the kitchen. She reviewed her own brief months in the little house. She'd done nothing to make it attractive or homelike. She'd been a wet blanket—a poor sport.

Hurriedly she changed her soiled stockings, hurriedly she walked toward the bus. She was going to town. She was going to buy paint and cretonne and flower seeds and a little rug and a fireplace bench—ah, the list was too long! And she was going to come home and make Harry the very best dinner they had ever eaten in the little house where they were going to be happy—happy—happy!

MAY

May, representative of flowers
We love, in truth your joyous hours.
For every single day discloses
Within your court of love, the roses,

That hasten happily to groom,
From bud state to the full-blown-bloom,
May, Robin Red breast sings glad praises
To your good days—and the field daises

Peep forth from hard old earth to say
"Hurrah, hurrah, 'tis joyful May",
And a May carol my own heart
God bless, it here right now would start.

May, love is in the very air
I sensed it first at morning prayer;
And when the garden I walked thru
The primrose, and the violet too,
Took up the joy-note in refrain,
And echoed gladness once again.
May, a deep feeling you excite
Within the human breast aright;
A true emotion of desire,
A decorative high aspire
For all the lovely and the pure,
That fashion spirits to endure.
May, green trimmed is your every tree,
And filled, it seems, with poetry.
Come let us dance, and choose our Queen
For love its very own would glean
Affectionate May-identity
With song and shout, triumphantly.

ALICE MATHEWS,
414 South 41 St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Facts and Figures on Your Telephone

By EDWIN F. HILL



Edwin F. Hill

Faith in the development of the telephone industry in Maryland, Virginia, West Virginia and the District of Columbia, territory operated by the Chesapeake and Potomac Telephone Companies, is emphasized by announcements made in the companies' annual reports of gross expenditures of approximately $56,150,000 for plant additions, betterments and replacements during the three years ending 1933. It is estimated that $16,140,000 will be expended in 1931.

This expansion program provides for a net gain of approximately 106,000 telephones during the next three years, which will make about 757,000 telephones in service in these three States and the District of Columbia. On December 31 of this year there will be about 685,000 telephones operated by these companies, if the estimated net gain of 33,800 telephones is met. Last year 31,921 telephones were added to the system in this area.

Gross expenditures contemplated this year in Maryland will amount to approximately $4,583,000; Virginia, $3,927,000; West Virginia, $4,080,000; and the District of Columbia, $3,550,000.

His Original Fau...

"As a rule," said Uncle Eben, "de man dat says nobody can't fool him has stahted out, de fus' thing, by foolin' his se'f."—Washington Star.

SELECT DATES FOR WATER CARNIVAL

The annual regatta of the Chester River Yacht and Country Club which will be held August 21-22 promises to be the outstanding yachting event on the Chesapeake Bay this summer according to announcement made by Neal A. Truslow, chairman of the regatta committee. Even at this early date, Mr. Truslow states that more than 50 entries are assured for the various events on the two-day program. Handsome trophies to be offered by the club are attracting keen interest from yachtsmen in all sections of the Atlantic seaboard. Notable among the trophies is the famous Bill Raskob Memorial gold cup, captured last year by National Democratic Committee Chairman John J. Raskob, who personally sailed his yacht "Patsy" to victory in the face of a northeast gale on the Chesapeake Bay. It has been officially announced that Chairman Raskob, who resides at Pioneer Point estate on Chester river will personally sail the "Patsy" again this year in an effort to capture the "Official championship of the Chesapeake Bay in a feature event which will be sailed over a triangular course on the first day of the regatta. The list of events follow:

Official championship of Chesapeake Bay. Open to all sail boats with water line of 25 feet and over.

Race to Anchorage Sailing Handicap.

Star boat championship of Chester River.

Chesapeake Log Sailing Canoe Sailing Championship.

Small sail boats under 16 ft. water line.

Outboard marathon.

110 H. P. stock runabouts.

Free-for-all Stock runabouts.

Cruiser Handicap.

Oyster boat championship — Four boat team race. This is a novel race. It is limited to oyster and fishing boats that have been employed as such during the past year. To be eligible all four boats representing a team must come from the same ... or community. ... town must ... at least two men ... in each boat.

Chairman Truslow and his committee are seeking to secure the cooperation of yachtsmen in Wilmington, Philadelphia, and tidewater Maryland in making this year's regatta the greatest water carnival ever held in the State.

TO SUBSCRIBERS

The label on your paper denotes the YEAR and MONTH your subscription is paid up to. Please look at your label and if you are in arrears let us have check. The Kent News is $1.50 per year.

Deaf-and-Dumb Alphabets

The art of communicating by means of the deaf-and-dumb alphabet is termed dactylology. The one-hand manual alphabet was perfected by the Abbe de l'Epee, who died in 1789. ... hand alphabet, probably and the two-... George Dalgarno of ... based on that of ... Aberdeen, published in 1680.

1931 **T. H. M. BRAMBLE** 1931

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9-4 Heavy Sheeting 28c per yd.

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For Ladies, Men and Boys

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Boys $3.50 Shoes now..$2.25 pr.
Mens Rubber Boots....$3.75 pr.
Mens ¾ Boots .....$4.75 pr.
Mens Hip Boots .....$5.75 pr.
Ladies $2.50 Galoshes..$1.50 pr.

Mens $12.50 Sheepskin lined Coats, waterproof now....$8.25

Mens $7.00 Sheep lined Kaki Coats $5.00

Mens $3.50 Heavy Pants Now $2.25

Boys $2.00 Winter Pants Now $1.19

GROCERIES

4 lbs. Fancy Rice 25c
3 lbs. Small Beans 25c
4 Cans Peas 35c
3 Kelloggs Flakes 23c
1 barrel good Flour $5.00
1 barrel Best in World Flour... ..... $6.75

Kennys Norwood Coffee
none better ..... 29c lb.
Good Coffee ..... 16c lb.

T. H. M. BRAMBLE, FAIRLEE

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