H. SACHS & SON.

Leaders in Ladies' and Men's Wear

ANNUAL INVENTORY SALE

Our annual inventory sale will take place Wednesday, Jan. 16th, 1918, and continue for ten days only.

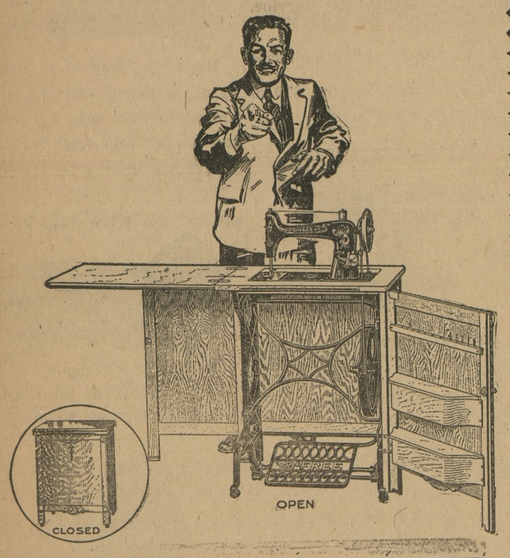
Big Reductions in Men's and Boys' Suits, Overcoats, Pants, Sweaters, Underwear, Hats and Caps.

Also Ladies' Suits and Coats, Skirts, Waists, Sweaters and Underwear. Every item mentioned in this sale will go at reduced prices to make room for our big line of spring and summer goods. This sale will positively last TEN DAYS ONLY, so come early while our selection is large.

H. SACHS & SON,

Leaders in Ladies' and Men's Wear

Toulson Building Chestertown, Md.



The Best in His Pack

THE FREE.

SEWING MACHINE!

THIS is a day of necessity—not extravagance and Santa's gifts are consistent with the day. Not foolish trinklets and novelties but necessary articles like a sewing machine—a sewing machine which will enable you to cut your clothes bill in hlalf.

Santa has left the FREE sewing machine above illustrated at my store for your inspection. Coom in and let me show it to you. If you decide that you want to own it.

We Will Allow You $12.00 For Your Old Sewing Machine.

JOHN BARTLEY,

Chestertown, Maryland.

CORRECT Coal-burning HOVER

(Patented Nov. 14, 1916.)

$10.75 Costs Less to Buy—Less to Run

41 INCH CANOPY

You can pay more—but can't get more. Capacity 50 to 1,500 chicks. Self-feeding and regulating. Gas and spark tight. Portable and everlasting. Coal only once in twenty-four hours. Costs but 5c. a day to run.

$11.85

52 INCH CANOPY

Don't take an imitation. This is the only BIG value. Write for circular.

CORRECT HATCHER CO.

Department

Leesville, Carroll

Subscription to the Transcript $1.00 per annum.

STEVENS BROTHERS

GRAIN, FRUIT AND PRODUCE

COMMISSION MERCHANTS

226 S. Charles St., Cor. Camden St.,

Baltimore, Maryland.

Grain Salesmen—R. Nelson Stevens, J. W. E. Emory. Fruit and Produce Salesmen—A. B. Carey, John L. Corson, C. H. Norris, C. D. Biggs, Robert F. Smoot. All under the personal supervision of R. Nelson Stevens.

We have the best possible facilities for handling shipments of Grain, Fruit, Asparagus, Poultry and Produce of all kinds.

References:—Merchants'-Mechanics' National Bank of Baltimore and all Commercial Agencies

Subscription to the Transcript $1.00 per annum.

STANLEY'S RETURN

By GEORGE MUNSON.

Robert Stanley was running away. The train was a local. That was part of his scheme. At Philadelphia he meant to catch a quick train to the South. Thence he could make his way undetected to South America. He felt as eager as a schoolboy over it. And it occurred to him that his past life had ended when Miriam had died. The five and twenty years that had elapsed was only an interlude.

He looked up as the train stopped at a small station with an odd sense of familiarity. He saw the name Birmingham. Why, that was his home town, and he had never been home since his mother died. He had always meant to, until he heard of Miriam's marriage, and then he had dropped a veil over the past. Now he had a sudden longing to see the little place again.

He took his suitcase—all he was carrying with him—and got off. Two other passengers were leaving the train. One was a man about fifty-five, the other a girl of nineteen or twenty. As Stanley stood on the platform she turned, and he saw Miriam looking at him.

He raised his hat automatically, gasped, and stood staring at her foolishly. The girl looked doubtful for a moment—then she whispered to her father, who turned with a puzzled expression upon his face.

"I beg your pardon," stammered Stanley, "but my name is Robert Stanley, and I—I seemed to recognize—"

"You did," smiled the man. "What an odd meeting! My name is Roger Leston, and this is my daughter Miriam. Her mother often spoke of you."

"I knew you from your photograph, Mr. Stanley, at once," said the girl smiling. "Though it was taken before I was born—"

"I feel complimented," said Stanley.

"Are you staying in Birmingham?" inquired the other. "If so you must be my guest. I hope you won't refuse, for my wife always spoke so kindly of you; in fact, I understand you were an old admirer of hers?"

Kindly of him? Could anyone have ever spoken kindly of him? Stanley was unguarded. For the first time in a score of years he dropped the mask of coldness that he presented to the world.

"And I know all about you," the elderly gentleman continued. "I was saying to Miriam only yesterday that you must be harassed to death by those Wall street scoundrels. We hope you'll best them. You see, we all speak kindly of you in Birmingham. It will be a great honor—"

Before Stanley could recover from the surprise of this dramatic meeting he had accepted Leston's hospitality overnight. But on the following morning he found himself unable to rise.

It was nothing serious, the doctor said, but weeks of anxiety had broken down Stanley's strength. And, coming back to the old town, with its boyhood memories, he had yielded to the weakening and softening influence. He was like a runner who drops exhausted at the end of a race. For five days he did not stir from his room; he was too exhausted to leave his bed, even, during the greater part of them.

Leston had scrupulously respected his secret, and, as Stanley had given out that he intended to spend a week in the mountains no anxiety or surprise was caused by his disappearance.

On the sixth day he came to the conclusion that the old life, always hateful, was now impossible. But the idea of running away had somehow become equally impossible. Life seemed construable only in terms of the little town and—Miriam.

In the girl he saw his old love, fairer, and with the same winning charm and sweetness. And with the new life to begin, it seemed unbelievable that he should not have Miriam to share it.

That night he had a frank talk with Mr. Leston. He had already showed him much of himself, but now he bared his life from the beginning. He told him his hopes and fears, how he had planned to run away, how the strange meeting had affected him.

"It may sound strange to you, sir, in a man of forty-five," he said, "but I feel like a young fellow coming to you to ask for your daughter's hand. If Miriam does not consider the difference in our ages an irreparable disqualification, may I have your permission to ask her to become my wife?"

Leston clapped him on the shoulder. "There is no reason why you shouldn't, Robert," he said. "I don't think age changes our real natures very much. It would give me much happiness. And I believe you are the only American man I know who has gone to the father before going to the daughter."

Stanley found Miriam in the garden.

"I have come to say good-by," he said, taking her hands in his. "I am going back to face the music. And when I return—I don't know when—I shall ask you to be my wife."

The girl's eyes filled with tears. "I have loved you all my life—before I ever saw you," she said. "And mother used to say she wished I could marry a man like you. You see, we all think so highly of you in Birmingham."

(Copyright, 1915, by W. G. Chapman.)

G. B. TAYLOR

SURVEYOR.

Farm surveys for area, division lines and recovering lost lines.

Leveling for ditches, drains and grading.

Maps, plots and blue prints.

High-class work, moderate charges.

P. O. Chestertown or Millington, Md.

Subscription to the Transcript $1.00 per annum.

NOT BEYOND ENEMY'S REACH

There Is Scarcely a Spot in a Belligerent Country That Cannot Be Attacked With Modern Equipment.

By far the greatest of revolutions was the industrial revolution—that broad change in human society which attended the supplanting of home production by machine factory production. Take any conspicuous detail in which the nineteenth century differs from the eighteenth, and you will probably find that it runs back finally to a mechanical invention. Throughout two-thirds of the century the condition of society was determined much more by the state of the mechanical arts than by politicians, warriors or teachers.

A distinguished economist now urges that this same factor—the state of the mechanical arts—is pushing war off the stage, and of itself necessitates a new relationship among leading nations by which peace may be assured.

Mechanical science has already vastly changed and will soon completely change the conditions of warfare. Inventions make war an unlimited liability in a new way, declares the Saturday Evening Post. Probably within five years it will be as practicable for an enemy to attack Chicago and Denver, or Berlin and Munich, as New York or Bremen. Already Englishmen have been killed on their own soil by an invading enemy for the first time since the Stuarts, and a German submarine has visited American ports. Already scarcely any spot in a belligerent country is beyond an enemy's reach. If there should be a war ten years hence between a power as ready as Germany was in 1914, and one as unready as the United States then was, the former could wreak incalculable destruction upon the latter within a month; no spot in it would be safe, and the cost of adequate preparation for war by competitive arming would lay an intolerable burden on the world.

The cost of playing the old game puts it out of the question. Development of the mechanical arts vetoes it. Only a few people in control of dynastic states and their entourage have any real motive for regretting the veto.

Children and the War.

Agnes Repplier says in the Woman's Home Companion: "We cannot afford to have young people feel that they have no part to play in the nation's heroic struggle, that they may go on amusing themselves in the old careless fashion, while men are dying for their safety. The rites and ceremonies of 'coming out' may well be omitted, or at least simplified. We have grown to attach a tremendous but wholly mythical importance to a girl's first season, to regard it as something sacred and inviolable, with which no cataclysm should be permitted to interfere, and for which no sacrifice is too great. It is not an uncommon thing to hear the death of a distinguished citizen regretted because it interferes with the coming out of an 18-year-old niece. If the war helps to moderate this point of view it will have done us one good turn. If a girl decides to take a hospital course instead of devoting her winter to gayety, she chooses wisely. Her health will be conserved, her heart and mind expanded."

Women in Trousers.

The question of whether women as the result of the war should wear trouserettes is being solved without holding conventions and without the aid of those who have heretofore made the fashions, says the Omaha World-Herald. In Vancouver, B. C., there was an enormous berry crop, cultivated and wild, and there was only enough labor in sight to gather one-third of it. Frantic with the thought of so much loss, the people appealed to the government. The first proposition was to ship in two or three thousand Chinese coolies. The women up there said that would result in two or three thousand more to feed and they made an appeal to the women and girls of the province. In a few days more than 2,000 were enlisted. The briars and brambles of the fruit field would make short work of skirts and the women all donned trousers. The army was drawn from all walks of life.

Conserving Niagara's Power.

Anyone that has seen an ice gorge on the Niagara river breaking up has a vivid reminder of titanic might let loose. Millions of tons of solid material are then driven onward by the cumulative impulse of the slightly impounded or checked waters. Plainly this is a peril that would have to be reckoned with by anyone building scattered power stations along the stretch of the gorge. The plants would face well nigh certain and complete destruction sooner or later. Of course the cheapest way to benefit by the river is to use as much of the water at the Falls as the two governments concerned will permit, and then, after the diverted flow has returned to the river below the cataract to employ the full volume of the tidal prism. That is what is contemplated in the erection of a dam at Foster's Flats.—Exchange.

Foresight.

"I'm taking lessons from a man who teaches people how to remember."

"Is he pretty good?"

"I guess so, but he doesn't seem to have much confidence in his methods."

"How is that?"

"I notice he makes his students pay him in advance, so there will be no chance for them to forget to do it after they finish."

"The Treatment You Finally Take!"

OLD DR. THEEL'S

1719 Spring Garden St. PHILA., PA.

1865 50yrs 1915

Only one guarantees you results in a week not secured elsewhere in a year. Especially LOST VITALITY, IMPOTENCY, YOUTHFUL ERRORS, VARICOCELE (no cutting), Epilepsy (Fits), Infections over for life in 10 days! Skin, Bladder & Kidney Diseases. Most remarkable results in "BLOOD POISON" for over 40 years (no deadly after-effects from Mercury or Arsenic). Worst cases solicited. After all new and old methods fail, my own original method after 30 years' study and experience remains the "last hope" of Many Discouraged Sufferers. Thousands Testify. Before Taking Treatment | After Taking Treatment | Request for Reasons. DON'T SPECULATE WITH HEALTH!—Take a "treatment" you have heard of all your life. Get Book "Truth." It's the only dependable guide for Ailing Men. Testimonials & advice, all free. Avoid cheap treatment, it's worthless. Hours: 9-4, 6-9, Sun. 9-2. Success by Mail. Nearly 200,000 restored in 50 years practice

I GOT CURED! Ad. Secretary says under oath: OLD DR. THEEL'S German Treatment cured me after I used mercurial & other drugs, also latest 606 (Salvarsan) treatment that nearly killed me. Old Dr. Theel's Treatment took me to Dr. Theel's Palace, cured him from the worst kind of Specific Blood Poison, General Weakness & Loss of 52 years ago. Sufferers from Special & Chronic ailments, Drains, Lost Vigor, Broken-down & Unhappiness, Robbed & Fleeced, like I was, send for Old Dr. Theel's new book. A revelation to suffering Young & Old, Men & Women.

FATE'S HANDY MAN

By JUNE GALEAU.

Marjorie found her mother sewing placidly in her own sitting room and laid the case before her.

"My dear child," soothed Mrs. Bissel, "it is one of those things you must leave to fate. Your father is a very obstinate man. If he dislikes the Everetts, why he won't consider that perhaps Paul is different from his objectionable relatives. Somehow, some day, Jacob will change his mind, but we cannot force him. I learned that twenty years ago."

"It is so ridiculous for father to object," complained Marjorie, "for Paul is—is—well, you know that no sane person could object to Paul as a son-in-law!"

Mrs. Bissel pulled the flushed face down on her shoulder and kissed the quivering lips.

"Take my advice, honey," she murmured. "Leave the matter to fate—and Paul Everett. He's got grit enough to win you in spite of Jacob Bissel, and that is a compliment, Marjorie."

Paul Everett received his dismissal at the Bissel front door and went back to his apartment and telephoned to Marjorie.

"I'll find a way out, sweetheart!" he promised. "He'll beg me to come around and see him—believe me!"

Two days later Jacob Bissel lounged in the retiring room of his favorite club and talked to his old crony, Peter Laidlaw.

Peter was talking about the splendid country mansion he was building down on Long island and he invited Jacob Bissel to drive down there.

"Not another one just like it in the world," boasted Laidlaw as they motored down to Bluffton the next day. "Everett, my architect, is a corker—won't touch a job that doesn't appeal to him—a regular genius."

"Everett, did you say?" demanded Bissel sharply.

"Yes, old Tad Everett's boy—smart little rascal, too. Wanted to pick his own college and worked his way through, by Jove! Born architect and has made such a success of it that he can pick his own customers, too. Wouldn't make a set of plans for you, Jacob, if he took a notion not to!"

"Pooh!" sneered Jacob Bissel.

"Bet you!" retorted Peter Laidlaw, and so a wager was made and recorded

"I was going to build on my property down here, anyway," remarked Bissel.

"Good—I want you for a neighbor."

One morning Jacob Bissel picked up his telephone receiver and called a number.

Paul Everett's pleasant voice responded.

"This is Jacob Bissel," said the magnate rather pompously; "I wish to consult you concerning the plans for my new country house at Bluffton."

Whereupon Mr. Bissel was referred to Everett's secretary, who advised the irate gentleman to call at the offices of Everett & Co. at 4:30 that afternoon.

Exactly at 4:35 Mr. Bissel panted into the handsome offices of the young architect and was informed by a polite secretary that Mr. Everett had just left for the day.

"I had an appointment with him at 4:30," protested Mr. Bissel.

"It is 4:35, sir; Mr. Everett never waits for anyone."

"The—young puppy!" chortled Mr. Bissel as he fumed away.

But the next day he made another appointment and kept it, and found Paul Everett a most exasperating young man to deal with.

And in the end, for no essential reason, Paul refused to consider accepting Bissel's patronage.

"A most unbusinesslike proceeding!" roared Jacob Bissel, as he stamped up and down his office. "I'll never build that house until he makes those plans!"

So he wrote a curt note and asked Paul to call at his office the next morning, and when Paul came, cool and imperturbable, he still declined to accept Mr. Bissel's business.

"I am not accustomed to being turned down, Mr. Everett," raged Jacob Bissel. "Is it a matter of money?"

Paul shook his handsome head.

"It's rather a personal feeling," he said with engaging frankness. "You see, my uncle used to know you, Mr. Bissel, and he never liked you—had some old business grudge, in fact. Don't you think that's excuse enough for declining your business?"

"I do not!" flared Mr. Bissel, growing red around his ears.

"Then—?" suggested Everett delicately.

"Then—" repeated Jacob Bissel. "Well, young man, it's no use—I may as well give in and tell you to come around and see me tonight at my house."

"About Marjorie?" asked Paul.

"About Marjorie," conceded Marjorie's father.

"Then, Mr. Bissel," said Paul practically, "suppose we go over the plans for your new house, eh? I think we can make Peter Laidlaw's mansion look like a chicken coop."

"Now you're talking," said his future father-in-law.

Marjorie and her mother credited the whole affair to a kindly fate, but Paul only laughed.

"Fate's all right—only you've got to get out and hustle her along," he said. "And in this instance fate's righthand man was Peter Laidlaw!"

(Copydight, 1915, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Insurance

Best Companies,

LOWEST

Current Rates.

James G. Beck.

FAREWELL TO 1917 AND BEST WISHES TO ALL FOR 1918.

Start the new year right by going to B. S. Sutton & Son for your merchandise. The old reliable firm that treats everybody honest and square by giving them the best of goods at lowest cash prices. January and February are clearance sales. All remaining winter goods must go, to make room for spring stock. Our loss is your gain; come look the goods over and get prices on them.

B. S. SUTTON & SON,

BLACK'S, MARYLAND.

Still Pond Marble Works.

THE ONLY REASONABLE PRICED MARBLE DEALER IN KENT COUNTY

Marble and Granite of All Kinds

OUR WORK WILL SET UP and we do not have to reset.

Let us give you an estimate on any work before purchasing elsewhere. Large stock on hand.

Marble work cleaned and reset.

Lettering done in cemeteries and work guaranteed to give satisfaction.

WM. H. KRUSEN, - - Still Pond, Md.

THE

Mutual Fire Insurance Co.

OF KENT COUNTY

SOLICITS YOUR INSURANCE!

ITS SAVING FUND FEATURE

an unusual one in insurance companies.

During the past 8 years it has returned to its policy holders where policies have been cancelled.....$34,684.00

In the same period it has increased its reserve over.....$10,000.00

And its Total Assets.....$50,000.00

Applications for Insrance can be made to

James Brice, Chestertown;
Chas. F. Jefferson, Chestertown;
E. S. Valliant & Son, Church Hil
Ellsworth Bowers, Lynch's;
G. E. Owens, Betterton;
Joseph Downey, Rock Hall;
J. A. Casey, Rock Hall;
A. M. Kendall, Fairlee;
R. W. Moffett, Millington;
F. H. Ruth, Galena;
W. J. Sparks, Crumpton;
J. E Thomas, Kent Island.

THOMAS W. ELIASON, President.

EBEN F. PERKINS, Secretary

NOW IS THE TIME TO

Paper and Paint

Your House

BE sure and get the BEST WORKMEN and the BEST MATERIAL. Don't waste good money on bad material. Masury's Paints are the best on the market. We are the sole agents for is district, and are always ready to show you mple card and quote prices!

We Will Paper Your Room for $3 and upwards,

and guarantee satisfaction or no money.

YOU WANT YOUR PICTURES FRAMED

all and see our selections of Moulding before going elsewhere. They are the finest in town. We an be found at the old stand, opposite Burk's hoe Shop, on Cross street.

Yours for Business.

W. L. FOWLER.

DR. CHARLES RICHARD TWILLEY.

GRADUATE OF THE BALTIMORE COLLEGE OF DENTAL SURGERY

L. A. PENNINGTON & CO.

Kennedyville, Md.

DEALERS IN

All KINDS of LUMBER

—AND—

Building Materials,

INCLUDING

Mill Work, Fencing Material, Siding, Flooring, Shingles, Roofing Felt of all kinds, Galvanized Iron Roofing, Lime, Hair and Cement, Putty, Glass, Builders' Hardware, Farm Gates always on hand.

Give us a call.

L. A. PENNINGTON & CO.

ROCHESTER RADIATORS

Put up free when bought of us.

DOLLARS BACK —FOR— CENTS SPENT

WHEN YOU USE

White Foot Oil

For any kind of Sore or Skin Trouble. Read the Lable on the Can.

Prices—25c., 50c and $1.50.

WHITE FOOT REMEDY CO.,

CENTREVILLE, MARYLAND.

Dr. H. C. HUGHES, Dentist.

Local anaesthetics usedin extracting. Crown and Bridge Work. Special attention given to children's teeth.

OLD TRANSCRIPT BUILDING

CHESTERTOWN, Maryland.

Subscription to the Transcript $1.00 per annum.

©Maryland State Archives, msa_sc6000_34_1-0024