"111" cigarettes



They are GOOD! 10¢

Buy this Cigarette and Save Money

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has obtained from the Orphans' Court for Kent County letters of administration on the personal estate of

CHARLES E. FAULKNER,

late of said county, deceased. All persons having claims against said deceased's estate are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the proper vouchers thereof, to the undersigned on or before the 22nd day of January, 1923, otherwise they may by law be excluded from all benefit of said deceased's personal estate.

All persons indebted to this estate must settle at once.

Given under my hand this 18th day of July, 1922.

J. HARRY JARVIS,
Administrator.

j22-4t.

ORDER NISI

In the Orphans' Court for Kent County, Md.

Ordered this 18th day of July, 1922, that the sale of the real estate made and reported by Benjamin Comegys Emory, Trustee, under and by virtue of power and authority contained in the will of William N. Emory, deceased, and by an order passed in this Court be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary be shown on or before the 25th day of September, next; provided a copy of this order be inserted in some weekly newspaper, published and printed in said Kent County, at least once a week for four successive weeks before the 21st day of August, next.

The Report states the amount of sales to be $14,750.00.

EDWARD A. SCOTT,
J. HENRY THOMPSON,
W. K. HUDSON,
Judges Orphans' Court.

True Copy, Test:
S. J. CALDWELL,
Register of Wills.

DR. J. EARLE GILFILLAN
Veterinary Physician
and Surgeon
Galena, Md.

STAM'S DRUG STORE

THE PRESCRIPTION STORE.

Squibb's Pure Spices.

Kold Pak Jar Rubbers.

The Best in Face Powder and Talcums.

Whitman's Candy.

Ice Cream and Soda Water.

THE STAM DRUG CO

TWO VALUABLE DWELLINGS IN STILL POND AT PRIVATE SALE.

The dwelling which Mrs. Margaret G. Harris occupied at the time of her death will be sold at private sale. The price of same is $4000.

The other dwelling adjoining the lands of Mrs. Elizabeth Jervis and occupied by Mr. Moore will be sold for $1600.

Terms will be made liberal. The houses can be inspected by any one interested in them applying to any of the heirs near Still Pond, or to

HOPE H. BARROLL, Trustee,
a15-m Chestertown, Maryland.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has obtained from the Orphans Court for Kent County letters of administration on the personal estate of

JAMES W. POORE,

late of said county, deceased. All persons having claims against said deceased's estate are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the proper vouchers thereof, to the undersigned on or before the first day of January, 1923, otherwise they may by law be excluded from all benefit of said deceased's personal estate.

All persons indebted to this estate must settle at once.

Given under my hand this 27th day of June, 1922.

WM. T. JONES,
july 1-4t. Administrator.

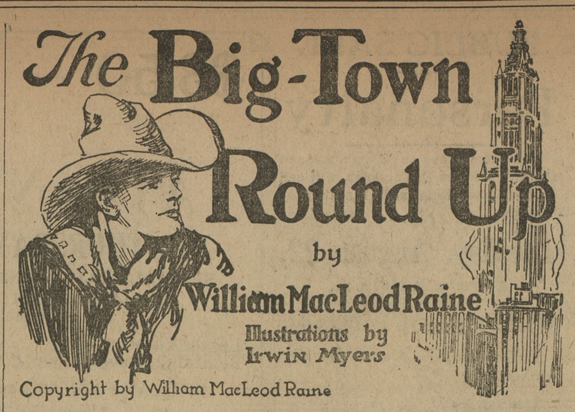
—The Transcript, $1.50 per year, in advance.

The Big-Town Round Up

by

William MacLeod Raine

Illustrations by Irwin Myers



Copyright by William MacLeod Raine

SYNOPSIS

FOREWORD.—Motoring through Arizona, a party of easterners, father and daughter and a male companion, stop to witness a cattle round up. The girl leaves the car and is attacked by a wild steer. A masterpiece of riding on the part of one of the cowboys saves her life.

CHAPTER I.—Clay Lindsay, range-rider on an Arizona ranch, announces his intention to visit the "big town," New York.

CHAPTER II.—On the train Lindsay becomes interested in a young woman, Kitty Mason, on her way to New York to become a motion-picture actress. She is marked as fair prey by a fellow traveler, Jerry Durand, gang politician and ex-prize fighter. Perceiving his intention, Lindsay provokes a quarrel and throws Durand from the train.

CHAPTER III.—On his first day in New York Lindsay is splashed with water by a janitor. That individual the range-rider punishes summarily and leaves tied to a fire hydrant. A young woman who sees the occurrence invites Clay into her house and hides him from the police.

CHAPTER IV.—Clay's "rescuer" introduces herself as Beatrice Whitford. Lindsay meets her father, Colin Whitford, and is invited to visit them again. He meets Kitty Mason by accident. She has been disappointed in her stage aspirations, and to support herself is selling cigarettes in a cabaret. Clay visits her there.

CHAPTER V.—Kitty is insulted by a customer. Clay punishes the annoyer. After a lively mixup Lindsay escapes. Outside, he is attacked by Jerry Durand and a companion and beaten insensible.

CHAPTER VI.—Lindsay's acquaintance with Beatrice Whitford ripens. Through her he is introduced into "society." His "side partner" on the Arizona ranch, Johnnie Green, comes to the "big town."

CHAPTER VII.—The two take an apartment together, Johnnie securing employment at the Whitford's as "handy man." An advertisement signed "Kitty M." conveys the information that she is in trouble and implores Lindsay to come to a certain house where she is imprisoned. Clay is dubious as to its authenticity, but finally decides to go. He makes his way into what he supposes is the right house and finds himself in a young woman's bedroom.

A Late Evening Call.

A young woman in an open-neck nightgown sat up in bed, a cascade of black hair fallen over her white shoulders. Eyes like jet beads were fastened on him. In them he read indignation struggling with fear.

"Say, what are you anyhow—a moll buzzer? If you're a porch-climber out for the props you've sure come to the wrong dump. I got nothin' but bum rocks."

This was Greek to Clay. He did not know that she had asked him if he were a man who robs women, and that she had told him he could get no diamonds there since hers were false.

The Arizonan guessed at once that he was not in the room mentioned in the letter. He slipped his revolver back into its place between shirt and trousers.

"Is this house number 121?" he asked.

"No, it's 123. What of it?"

"It's the wrong house. I'm ce'tainly one chump."

The black eyes lit with sardonic mockery. "Say, do I look like one of them born-every-minute kind?" she asked easily. "Go ahead and spring that old one on me about how you got tanked at the club and come in at the window on account o' your wife havin' a temper somethin' fierce."

"No, I—I was lookin' for some one else. I'm awful sorry I scared you. I'd eat dirt if it would do any good, but it won't. I'm just a plumb idiet. I reckon I'll be pushin' on my reins." He turned toward the window.

"Stop right there where you're at," she ordered sharply. "Take a step to that window and I'll holler for a harness bull like a Bowery bride gettin' a wallopin' from friend husband. I gotta have an explanation. And who told you I was scared? Forget that stuff. Take it from Annie that she ain't the kind that scares."

"I came to see some one else, but I got in the wrong house," he explained again lamely.

"That's twice I heard both them interestin' facts. Who is this goil you was comin' through a window to see in the middle o' the night. And what's that gat for if it ain't to croak some other guy? You oughtta be ashamed of yourself for not pullin' a better wheeze than that on me."

Clay blushed. In spite of the slangy impudence that dropped from the pretty red lips the girl was slim and looked virginal.

"You're 'way off. I wasn't callin' on her to—" He stuck hopelessly.

"Whadya know about that?" she came back with obvious sarcasm. "You soitainly give me a pain. I'll say you weren't callin' to arrange no Sunday school picnic. Listen. Look at that wall a minute, will you?"

When he turned again at her order she was sitting on the side of the bed wrapped in a kimono, her feet in bedroom slippers. He saw now that she was a slender-limbed slip of a girl. The lean forearm, which showed bare to the elbow when she raised it to draw the kimono closer round her, told Clay that she was none too well nourished.

It occurred to him that she might give him information of value. He told her the story of Kitty Mason. He could see by the girl's eyes that she had jumped to the conclusion that he was in love with Kitty. He did not attempt to disturb that conviction. It might enlist her sympathy.

Annie Millikan had never seen a man like this before, so clean and straight and good to look at. From childhood she had been brought up on the fringe of that underworld the atmosphere of which is miasmic. She was impressed in spite of herself.

"Say, why don't you go into the movies and be one of these here screen



"Say, Why Don't You Go Into the Movies and Be One of These Here Screen Ideals?"

ideals? You'd knock 'em dead," she advised flippantly, crossing her bare ankles.

Clay laughed. He liked the insolent little twist to her mouth. She made one strong appeal to him. This bit of a girl, so slim that he could break her in his hands, was game to the core. He recognized it as a quality of kinship.

"How do you know the girl ain't a badger-worker? You wantta go slow when you tackle Jerry Durand. I can tell you one thing. He's in this business up to the neck. I seen his shadow, Gorilla Dave, comin' outa the house next door twice today."

"Seen anything of the girl?"

"Nope. But she may be there. Honest, you're up against a tough game. Why don't you lay down on it?" she asked, her frank eyes searching his. "You soitainly will if you've got good sense."

"Im goin' through."

Her black eyes warmed. "Say, I'll bet you're some guy when you get started. Hop to it and I hope you get Jerry good. Say, listen! I got a hunch mebbe it's a bum steer, but you can't be sure till you try it. Why don't you get in through the roof instead o' the window?"

"Can I get in that way?"

"Surest think you know—if the trap-door ain't latched. Say, stick around outside my room half a sec, will you?"

The cattleman waited in the darkness of the passage. If his enemies were trying to ambush him in the house next door the girl's plan might save him. He would have a chance at least to get them unexpectedly in the rear.

It could have been scarcely more than two minutes later that the young woman joined him. They padded softly along the corridor till they came to a flight of stairs running up. The girl led the way, taking the treads without noise in her stockinged feet. Clay followed with the utmost caution.

She took him toward the rear to a ladder which ended at a dormer half-door leading to the roof. Clay fumbled with his fingers, found a hook, unfastened it, and pushed open the trap. He looked up into a starlit night and a moment later stepped out upon the roof. Presently the slim figure of the girl stood beside him.

They moved across to a low wall, climbed it and came to the dormer door of the next house. Clay knelt and lifted it an inch or two very slowly. He lowered it again and rose.

"I'm a heap obliged to you, Miss," he said in a low voice. "You're a game little gentleman."

She nodded. "My name is Annie Millikan."

"Mine is Clay Lindsay. I want to come and thank you proper some day."

"I take tickets at Heath's Palace of Wonders two blocks down," she whispered. "Look out for yourself. Don't let 'em get you. Give 'em a chance, and that gang would croak you sure. You will be careful, won't you?"

"I never threw down on myself yet."

The girl's flippancy broke out again. "Say, lemme know when the weddin' is and I'll send you a salad bowl," she flashed at him saucily as he turned to go.

Clay was already busy with the door.

Darkness engulfed him as he closed the trapdoor overhead. His exploring feet found each tread of the ladder with the utmost caution. Near the foot of it he stopped to listen for any sound that might serve to guide him. None came. The passage was as noiseless as it was dark.

Again he had that sense of cold finger-tips making a keyboard of his spine. But he trod down the panic and set his will to carry on. He crept forward along the passage. Every step or two he stopped to listen, nerves keyed to an acute tension.

A flight of stairs brought him to what he knew must be the second floor. To him there floated a murmur of sounds. He soft-footed it closer, reached the door, and dropped noiselessly to a knee. A key was in the lock on the outside. With infinite precaution against rattling he turned it, slid it out, and dropped it in his coat pocket. His eye fastened to the opening.

Three men were sitting round a table. They were making a bluff at playing cards, but their attention was focused on a door that evidently led into another room. Two automatic revolvers were on the table close to the hands of their owners. A blackjack lay in front of the third man. Clay recognized him as Gorilla Dave. The other two were strangers to him.

Something evil in the watchfulness of the three chilled momentarily his veins. These fellows were the gunmen of New York he had read about—paid assassins whose business it was to frame innocent men for the penitentiary or kill them in cold blood. They were of the underworld, without conscience and without honor.

A soft step sounded in the corridor behind the man at the keyhole. He had not time to crawl away nor even to rise before a man stumbled against him.

Clay had one big advantage over his opponent. He had been given an instant of warning. His right arm went up around the neck of his foe and tightened there. His left hand turned the doorknob. Next moment the two men crashed into the room together, the Westerner rising to his feet as they came, with the body of the other lying across his back from hip to shoulder.

Gorilla Dave leaped to his feet. The other two gunmen, caught at disadvantage a few feet from the table, dived for their automatics. They were too late. Clay swung his body downward from the waist with a quick, strong jerk. The man on his back shot heels over head as though he had been hurled from a catapult, crashed face up on the table, and dragged it over with him in his forward plunge to the wall.

Before any one else could move or speak, Lindsay's gun was out.

"Easy now." His voice was a gentle drawl that carried a menace. "Lemme be boss of the rodeo a while. No, Gorilla, I wouldn't play with that club if I was you. I'm sure h—l-a-mile on this gunstuff. Drop it!" The last two words came sharp and crisp, for the big thug had telegraphed an unintentional warning of his purpose to dive at the man behind the thirty-eight.

Gorilla Dave's fingers opened and the blackjack dropped from his hand to the floor.

"For the love o' Mike, who is this guy?" demanded one of the other men.

"I'm the fifth member of our little party," explained Clay.

"Wot t'ell do youse mean? And what's the big idea in most killin' the chief?"

The man who had been flung across the table turned over and groaned. Clay would have known that face among a thousand. It belonged to Jerry Durand.

"I came in at the wrong door and without announcin' myself," said the cattleman, almost lazily, the unhurried indolence of his manner not shaken. "You see I wanted to be on time so as not to keep you waitin'. I'm Clay Lindsay."

The more talkative of the gunmen from the East side flashed one look at the two automatics lying on the floor beside the overturned table. They might as well have been in Brazil for all the good they were to him.

"Move over to the other side of the room, Gorilla, and join yore two friends," suggested the master of ceremonies. "And don't make any mistake. If you do you won't have time to be sorry for it. I'll ce'tainly shoot to kill."

The big-shouldered thug shuffled over. Clay stepped sideways, watching the three gunmen every foot of the way, kicked the automatics into the open, and took possession of them. He felt safer with the revolvers in his coat pocket, for they had been within reach of Durand, and that member of the party was showing signs of a return to active interest in the proceedings.

"When I get you right I'll croak you. By G—d, I will," swore the gang leader savagely, nursing his battered head. "No big stiff from the bushes can run anything over on me."

"I believe you," retorted Clay easily. "That is, I believe you're tellin' me yore intentions straight. There's no news in that to write home about. But you'd better make that if instead of when. This is three cracks you've had at me and I'm still a right healthy rube."

"Don't bank on fool luck any more. I'll get you sure," cried Durand sourly.

The gorge of the Arizonan rose. "Mebbeso. You're a dirty dog, Jerry Durand. From the beginning you were a rotten fighter—in the ring and out of it. You and yore strong-arm men! Do you think I'm afraid of you because you surround yoreself with dips and yeggmen and hopnuts, all scum of the gutter and filth of the earth? Where I come from men fight clean and out in the open. They'd stomp you out like a rattlesnake."

He whipped open the door, stepped out, closed it, and took the key from his pocket. A moment, and he had turned the lock.

From within there came a rush that shook the panels. Clay was already busy searching for Kitty. He tore open door after door, calling her loudly by name. Even in the darkness he could see that the rooms were empty of furniture.

To Be Continued

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has obtained from the Orphans' Court for Kent County letters testamentary on the personal estate of

M. MARION MALCOLM,

late of said county, deceased. All persons having claims against said deceased's estate are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the proper vouchers thereof, to the undersigned on or before the 13th day of December, 1922, otherwise they may by law be excluded from all benefit of said deceased's personal estate.

All persons indebted to this estate must settle at once.

Given under my hand this 13th day of June, 1922.

NELLIE ALLEN MALCOLM,
july15-4t. Executrix

CHESTERTOWN PROOF

Should Convince Every Chestertown Reader

The frank statement of a neighbor, telling the merits of a remedy,
Bids you pause and believe.
The same endorsement
By some stranger far away
Commands no belief at all.

Here's a Chestertown case. Ask your neighbor.

A Chestertown citizen testifies.
Read and be convinced.

Enoch Pleasanton, W. High st., says: "I was in a bad condition with kidney complaint and my back gave out and ached so I couldn't get around. There was no let up to the constant aching and every move I made caused me to suffer. My kidneys were disordered and very irregular in action. Doan's Kidney Pills soon brought relief from the distressing ailments. My back is now well and strong and my kidneys don't trouble me. I give the credit to Doan's and advise anyone having kidney trouble to try them.

Price 60c at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mr. Pleasanton had. Foster-Milburn

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(For all crops)

Large stock in our warehouses at Betterton, for immediate use. No delay. Wagons loaded as soon as they arrive.

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Just received a carload of Southern Cypress, which includes Fencing, Gate Slats, Siding, Rab. Boards, Dressed Lumber, etc. If you want Cypress we have it.

Our store opens at 7 a. m. and closes at 8 p. m.

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Betterton, Md.

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ALUMINUM PERCOLATOR COFFEE POTS.
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CARVING KNIVES & FORKS.
POCKET & TABLE CUTLERY.
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WOOD & COAL HEATERS.
GUNS AND AMMUNITION.
In fact, you can find an abundant supply of articles usually carried in a hardware store.
ALSO CIGARS & TOBACCO.

The Graham & Thomas Hardware Company
Parks Bldg.,
CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND.

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INSURES PROPERTY AGAINST FIRE AND LIGHTNING

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Heavy China Matting Rug, 9x12, for $4.00.
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Eggs wanted at Baltimore's highest quotation in trade.

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WESTMINSTER, MD.

ALBERT NORMAN WARD, D. D., LL. D., President.

For Young Men and Young Women in Separate Departments

ADMISSION.—Graduates from approved four-year High Schools admitted without conditions. Fifteen units required.

Fifty-sixth Year Begins September 18, 1922.

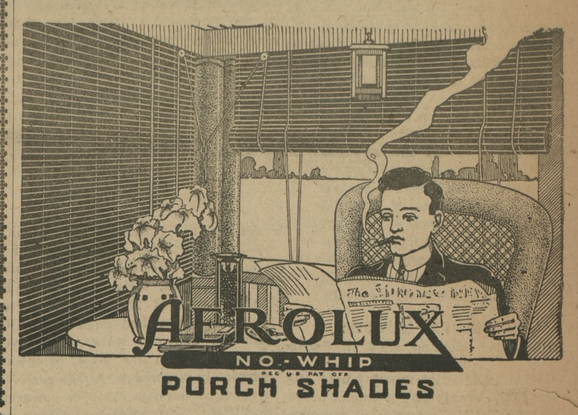
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LOCATION UNEXCELLED.—1000 feet above the sea in the highlands of Maryland. Pure air, pure water, charming scenery. One hour's run from Baltimore, two from Washington.

EQUIPMENT complete. Thirty acre campus; sixty acre college farm; modern buildings; comfortable living accommodations; laboratories; library of 15,000 volumes; gymnasium; power and heating plant. New athletic field, costing $50,000, ready for the coming season. New dormitory, costing $150,000, to be completed by September 1st.

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Prospectus for 1922-23 on application.



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A sizzling, blistering summer's day—pedestrians passing with wilted collars and torrid dispositions—the folks next door chasing the elusive, shady portion of their open porch—and you as cool as the proverbial cucumber behind your AEROLUX Shades.

Are you missing it! Is your porch too hot for rest—too public for comfort? AEROLUX will convert it into the coolest, airiest, most comfortable room in the home.

On such a porch mother can relax from the cares of a summer household. Baby is always ready for the refreshing daily nap—no need to coax, for the porch is airy and secluded. It's an ideal place for sister to entertain. And dad—it's his favorite location! He claims the most comfortable corner the very first day—and is secluded enough so that he can slip off his shoes without being arrested.

JOHN BARTEY

CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND.

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TO PREVENT IT

RIGHT NOW—while your feet are yet good and healthy—why not wear shoes that will keep them well? We know the correct shoe for your foot and fit you carefully. Little Pains and Aches do not necessarily indicate weak arches, but are often warning, that unless your feet are properly fitted, future troubles will be the penalty.

Our prices are usually lower and our shoes wear longer.

We have a large selection of all makes and can fit all feet.

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The Transcript $1.50 per annum.

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