Kent News.

VOL. 76. CHESTERTOWN, MD., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1914. NO 37

THE WAR TAX

The war tax, which went into effect on Tuesday, December 1, 1914, requires that the maker of each note shall place a stamp thereon in the ratio of 2 cents for each $100 or fraction thereof. The stamp to be cancelled by the maker's initials and date on face of same. Stamps can be bought at the Chestertown or Galena offices of the Chestertown Bank of Maryland. Checks do not require stamp.

We pay 4 per cent on Savings Deposits

The Chestertown Bank of Maryland

WM. W. BECK, President.
SAMUEL VANNORT, Vice-President.
ALLAN A. HARRIS, Cashier.
F. E. MADDOX, Assistant Cashier.

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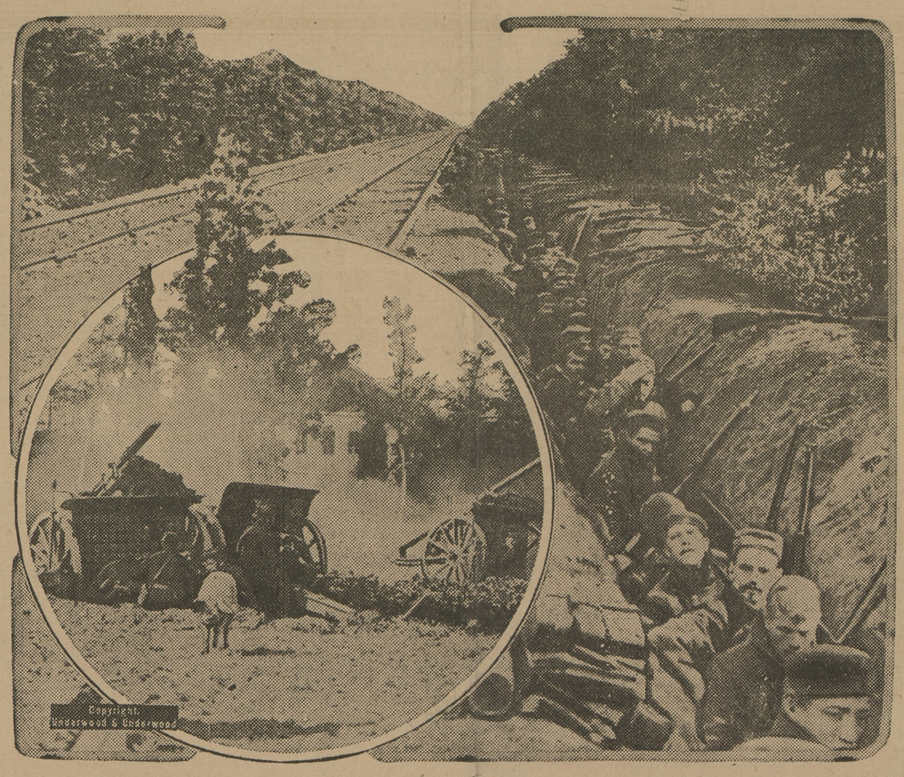
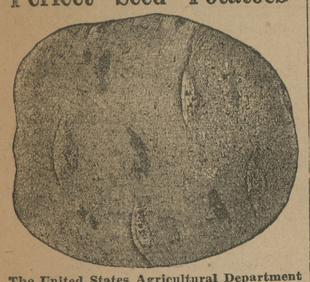
SCENES AT THE BATTLE OF HOFSTADE



Belgian soldiers in the deep trenches along the railway from which they repulsed the Germans at the battle of Hofstade. At the left are shown some of the big Belgian field guns which checked the advance of the kaiser's troops in the same conflict.

BOLGIANO'S Perfect Seed Potatoes



The United States Agricultural Department places their Tag of Inspection and Approval on every sack of SEED POTATOES Purchased From J. BOLGIANO & SON.

CERTIFICATE OF QUALITY.

This is to certify that I have had charge of all the Seed Potatoes grown for J. Bolgiano & Son, during this growing season. I have been with them since April 15th; looked after the selecting of their seed and the treating of the same, have also had charge of the spraying during the growing season. There was nothing planted but the very best selected seed, and nothing has been left undone to have them right. The crop is now being harvested, and the results of my work are most satisfactory. We are harvesting one of the largest crops ever grown in Aroostock County, Maine, and of the finest quality, free from any disease and true to name. I spent some time in Washington, D. C., with the Horticultural Board before coming here and their ideas of producing FIRST CLASS SEED have been carried out to the letter for J. Bolgiano & Son.

(Signed) G. R. BISBY,
Plant Pathologist,
Sept. 19, 1914. *Presque Isle, Maine.*

WE WILL BOOK YOUR ORDER NOW FOR BOLGIANO'S PERFECT SEED POTATOES. SHIPMENT AT ANY TIME YOU SAY.

VARIETIES.

Irish Cobblers	Extra Early XX Rose
Enolas	Ensign Bagley
Norcross	White Rose
Gold Coin	Early Round Six Weeks
Snow	Early Long Six Weeks
Houlton Early Rose	Henderson Bovee
Red Bliss	Sir Walter Raleigh
Trust Buster	Green Mountains
Plucky Baltimore	Rural New Yorkers
Gray's Mortgage Lifter	White Elephants
Bolgiano's Prosperity	Empire State
Pride of the South	Early Fortune
Early Ohios	State of Maine
White Bliss	Early Harvest
Thoroughbreds	Carmon No. 3
Crown Jewels	Burbank Seedling
Early New Queens	Puritan or Polaris
Early Northers	Dakota Rose
Clark's No. 1	American Giants
Beauty of Hebron	Dew Drops
Spalding's No. 4	

BOLGIANO'S ADVANCE 1915 PRICE LIST NOW READY.

For Farmers, Market Gardeners and Truckers—Write for your copy at once—Later prices will be much higher. If your Local Merchant cannot supply you with Bolgiano's Perfect Seed Potatoes—write us direct and we will tell you where you can secure them.

J. Bolgiano & Son
Almost 100 Years Established Trade
BALTIMORE, MD.

A. W. CARMINE
CHESTERTOWN, MD.
PHONE 67.

Toys Toys Toys

Don't buy your Toys until you have seen our display. We have them bought and in the house for the past 60 days. Owing to the war we were compelled to buy extra early to get the right prices and first selections,

Blankets & Comforts

Why pay ⅓ more for Blankets and Comforts somewhere else when you can save it here. We have them here—seeing is believing.

Corsets Corsets

Why is it we do such a business in Bon Ton and Royal Worcester Corsets is because every lady that buys a pair tells some one else then we have two satisfied customers.

Percales, Etc.

A full and complete line of Percales, Ginghams, Outings and Flannels. Come in and look at them.

Hosiery & Underwear

The best line of Hosiery for Children and Ladies in town and our Underwear can't be beat.

Groceries

Our stock is complete in every detail and always give you just a little bit better than you are now getting.

We want your business because it will pay you to deal here.

Dr. Merritt Brice
MILLINGTON, MD.

Will practice in Millington section and will make obstetrics a specialty. feb1 oct7

Automobile Owners

We have a complete Steam Vulcanizing Plant and have in our employ an experienced tire repair man and can give you good work and quick service at reasonable prices.

Bring us your defective cases and tubes and we will put them in good order. We have a large stock of new tires at the old prices. Come in and save money.

J. H. Sides

Central Garage, Chestertown, Md

FOR SALE.

A DEARBORN, good as new, rigged for hauling tomatoes. Apply to WALTER T. PIPPIN, Chestertown, Md.

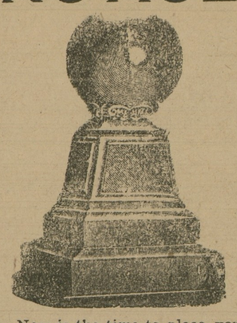
Are you talking of buying any of the following useful articles?

Golden Sun F. P. Heater.
Grand Domestic F. P. Heater.
Excelsior F. P Heater.
Excelsior Cook Stoves.
Laurel Magic Range.
King Beaver Range.
Rupert Double Heater.
New Illuminator Double Heater.
Belair Double Heater.
Lorin, Round Oak or the Superior Steel Range.
Lap Robes, Stable and Lap Blankets.
B. L. Guns, Loaded Shells and Revolvers.
Table and Pocket Cutlery.
Nickel-plated Copperware
Disk Agateware, etc

GIVE US A CALL.

Lofland & Culp
Successors to J. K. Aldridge & Co.
CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND

NOTICE



Now is the time to place your order for Cemetery Work for the Spring and Summer delivery. If you want to saxe money the Chestertown Marble and Granite Works is the place to deal.

Stewart's Iron Fences, Settees and Reservoir, Flower Vases of all descriptions sold here.

J. W. KIRBY
Phone 276. CHESTERTOWN, MD

FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE.

HIGH GRADE PIANO for sale on easy terms or will exchange for a building lot, smal house and lot, or small farm.

FARMS WANTED—We can sell your farm We have several buyers for cheap farms, town properties, building lot propositions and timber lands. If you want to sell list with us, write or call for terms and description blanks. If you want to buy anywhere in the U. S. we can find you what you want. Our list will be sent upon request.

TRUITT REALTY CO., Md
sep27-y Salisbury,

DR. BULL'S COUGH SYRUP IS THE best medicine for pulmonary troubes. One bottle will prove its excellence. 25c.

IMPORTANT!

War Revenue Law

On and after December 1, 1914, all promissory notes and all renewals of same will require two (2) cents for each hundred dollars or fractional part thereof; BUT NO STAMPS WILL BE REQUIRED ON CHECKS.

The law provides that when adhesive stamps are used for denoting this tax the person affixing them shall write or stamp thereon his initials and the date.

Stamps may be purchased at this bank on and after December 1, 1914.

THE KENT COUNTY SAVINGS BANK
CHESTERTOWN, MD.

OFFICERS

M. A. TOULSON, PRESIDENT.
FRED. G. USILTON, VICE-PRESIDENT.
WILLIAM F. RUSSELL, CASHIER.

DIRECTORS

MILBOURN A. TOULSON, FRED. G. USILTON, JEFF. D. BACCHUS, JOHN D. URIE, JAMES H. BAKER, PHILIP G. WILMER, LEWIN W. WICKES, JAMES A. CASEY, JAMES E. HURLOCK, CHARLES H. SMITH, HOWARD TURNER, WILLIAM F. RUSSELL

The Next Series of Stock in the **Kent Building and Loan Co.** will begin Jan. 1st, 1915

Prepare to take out shares in this Company and thus derive the best investment for your money that you can obtain. Our experience and the present condition of the company is such that you will have a safe investment and one that will gratify you when your shares mature. Further information given by the officers.

Meets at Court House Monday Evening, 7.30 to 8.30

"THE OLD RELIABLE"
PLANTEN'S C & C OR BLACK CAPSULES
TRADE MARK
REMEDY FOR MEN.
AT YOUR DRUGGIST.

Headquarters for **Paint and Paper**

I AM LOCATED in my new STORE and PAINT HOUSE, Cross St., Chestertown, where we would be pleased to submit prices, show samples and estimate on papering your house.

A LARGE LINE OF WALL PAPER

Be sure you 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 sole agents for this district, and are always ready to show you sample cards and quote prices

We Paper Your Room For $3.00 and Upward

and guarantee satisfaction or no money If you want your Pictures Framed, call and see our selections of mountings before going elsewhere. They are the finest in town.

WM. L. FOWLER,
Cross Street,
CHESTERTOWN, MD.

"Kent News" $1 per year.

Advertise in the NEWS.

Caleb's Conversion

By HAZEL OSWALD

IT WAS Christmas eve, and Caleb Churton, the money-lender, sat in his great dining room, surrounded by all that makes for luxurious living.

"So Jack preferred his artist's work to this," he mused, chuckling contemptuously while he half spoke the words.

Ten years before, his elder brother had told their father that he was not cut out for a Shylock, that he preferred to get a living by pleasanter means than his fellow beings' flesh and blood, and had gone out into the world cursed by the father and laughed at by his brother.

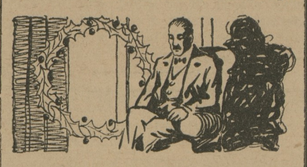
It was three years later—and 12 months after he had announced his marriage to a fellow artist's daughter—that old Churton died, leaving all the business to Caleb, and not mentioning Jack Churton by so much as a single word in his will.

To do him justice, Caleb had rebelled against this as much as he could, but he had found out that his brother was able to keep his head above water, and, after offering him a share—only to be indignantly refused—Caleb applied himself to the task of doubling his father's wealth.

All these things went through his brain as he sat by his fire. Of a sudden a thought struck him.

"I will go and parade my wealth before them—will make the wife bitterly envious and Jack sorry that he ever refused me!"

With this amiable intention he rose, ordered his automobile to be brought



out, and was soon whirling toward Jack's home.

Suddenly the auto stopped, and he got out, telling the chauffeur to return in an hour, not longer.

"If I am finished before, I can spend the time somehow," he thought.

Up the steps of the great apartment he went until he came to a door labeled 42. Then he knocked, and getting no answer, entered very quietly, finding the door not locked.

He looked round the tiny hall, and then stepped into the first room.

"Are you Santa Claus?"

The timid little query stopped him in his wanderings, and he looked down to his feet to see a sunny-haired, blue-eyed little mite gravely regarding him.

"But no, you can't be Santa Claus, for he's ever so old, and has got a white beard and a long coat, and a big bag full of toys, and comes down the chimney, and doesn't come till after I've gone to bed, and—and—"

She paused in her list of details for want of breath, and, the first time for many years, Churton laughed heartily.

"You queer little mite," he said, "I'm not Santy. Who are you,"

"I'm Gladys Churton, and I'm not queer. I'm very well, thank you."

"So you are Gladys," he said. "Where are your father and mother"

"They've gone out to buy some things for me, and they told me to be ever so good. They will be back soon."

Churton looked around him. It was so pleasant, so happy, evidently, and the home he had left seemed to lack a great deal. He sighed.

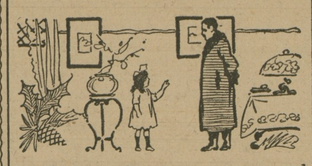
"What's the matter, strange man?"

"Nothing, dear."

"But there must be something. I always go like that when I want a doll, and mamma won't buy it for me, Is your little girl naughty?"

"I haven't got a little girl."

"Poor strange man!" with a clouding of her sunny face. Then, sudden-



ly, "look out, here come mamma and dad! Let's hide."

"All right, dear, tell me where."

Hastily she drew him behind a curtain, and followed.

"Where's my girlie?" in a clear, happy voice.

The mite ran out and struggled in her mother's arms.

"You don't know who else is here," she said importantly. "There's a strange man, and—poor dear!—he hasn't got a little girl, and he isn't happy."

She ran back to the curtain and dragged out a somewhat dusty, shamefaced individual.

"I came to see you—felt a bit lonely— Hang it all! Jack, I want a taste of home life, and escape from the eternal accounts. No," as the clear, blue eyes of the baby were fixed on him, "that's a lie. I came here to show off my wealth, and to make you envious; but your little ray of sunshine here took the conceit out of me. Hang it, man, take me in, for pity's sake, and let me be human this Christmas-tide. The money can go. I must stay here."

When Churton's man came back, he was told that the master would not be home for some days.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

Simpson's Christmas

By KENNETH RAND

"FOOLS!" said Mr. Simpson. "Idiots!" he added. "Even if they are my own relatives!" he supplemented with a dogged shake of his partially bald head.

The souvenir postal card which called forth his opprobrious language had just arrived.

"Look at this, will you?" He turned the card over in his fingers,.

"'Peace on earth, good will to men!'" Mr. Simpson read the inscription. Then he turned it over.

"'We want you with us day after tomorrow for a good, old-fashioned family reunion around the festal Christmas board!'" he read in three lines of handwriting on the other side of the card.

"There you are!" he exclaimed wrathfully. "There you are, doggone it!"

He waved the card violently around in the air at arm's length as he continued muttering.

"They send you one of these paper doilies from a madhouse dining room," went on Mr. Simpson to the listening walls of the room of which he was the only occupant—"with 'Peace on earth, good-will to men' on one side, and on the other an invitation to take a six-hour trip out into the slushy country for a rotten meal with a gang of people who drive me crazy at the thought of being related to, every time I see 'em."

"Here I am," he said, regretfully shaking his head over his hard lot in life, "here I am, planning that I'll be comfortable for at least one Christmas, anyway. Family away in Florida for the winter; me here all alone, to do just as I like—and now along comes this—this summons to spend a day being miserable!"

Suddenly Mr. Simpson sat up straight in his chair.

"By jerry!" he ejaculated suddenly. "By jerry—what's to hinder me from being the martyr in the cause? What's to prevent me from putting an end to this dad-dinged practice—huh?

"Suppose I don't go to this Christmas reunion? Suppose I stay home here and enjoy my day of peace on earth in the way I want to? What will happen?

"Why, next year there won't be a single, solitary soul of my relations that will get together in an affair of this kind. I'll have pointed the way—I'll be the example they've been waiting to follow away from custom—and, by jerry, I'll bet you the thing will spread, too!

"And I'll be responsible for it!" added Mr. Simpson joyously—"if I

stay away, just this once, from this Christmas party I've been invited to!

"And think of the good I'm doing to other people, too!" he added. "How grateful the public will be to me for pointing out the way to their own release from this idiotic custom of sacrificing themselves!

"Why, I shouldn't wonder if there would be a statue erected to me as the first man who stayed away from a family reunion at this holiday! I can see it now, labeled: 'The People's Santa Claus—He Gave Us What We Wanted Most for Christmas!'"

And so, in pleasant reflection upon the perfection of his plan as he had carried it out, Mr. Simpson's thoughts ran until Christmas morning.

It was Mr. Simpson's idea to eat his Christmas dinner, ordered in from a nearby restaurant, in the solitude of his own home, bare as it was of his family.

At one o'clock the waiter brought in the heavy tray. Mr. Simpson superintended the arrangement of its contents on the table in the dining room.

And it was just one-fifteen, as he stood rubbing his hands at the prospect of eating alone on Christmas for the first time in his life—when the doorbell rang.

"Doggone it!" burst out Mr. Simpson. "What's that?"

For a moment he decided not to open the door. Then he changed his mind and went downstairs, two at a time. It might be some bad news from his absent family.

He threw open the portal—and staggered back into the hall.

And after him trooped a gayly shouting and laughing party of sixteen—Mr. Simpson's relatives!

"We came to eat our Christmas dinner here!" cried one of his aunts.

"You poor man—we knew you'd be all alone!" gushed a first cousin.

"We didn't want you to eat your Christmas dinner all by yourself," chortled another female relation, "so we brought ours here in baskets to eat with you!"

Mr. Simpson looked over the crowd still streaming into his front hall. His lips pursed tightly as he led the way to the dining room.

But all he said, unintelligibly to his unexpected guests, was:

"Well, I guess they won't put up that statue of me as Santa Claus this year!"

(Copyright, The Frank A. Munsey Co.)

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

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