

Kent News

SATURDAY, JULY 6, 1929

\$75,000 LAUREL FIRE

Seventeen fire engines from fourteen different towns in Delaware and Maryland fought the fire at the plant of the Marvel Package Company at Laurel, Del., on Thursday night which did damage estimated at about \$75,000. The loss was fairly well covered by insurance.

The large storage house of the plant where the blaze started was destroyed with the contents but the firemen kept the flames from spreading to other parts of the plant. There was stored in the building burned 150 carloads of fruit and vegetable packages ready for shipment. A large load of lumber recently brought from North Carolina which had been unloaded was also burned.

The building destroyed was part of what is known as the North Laurel plant. The company has two large plants there and is one of the largest basket and package manufacturers in the country. A. W. Robinson is president of the company.

Fortunately none of the machinery was damaged as the fire did not reach that building. This enables the company to go ahead with operations as usual and work will be rushed for weeks to catch up with orders. The storage house is to be rebuilt as soon as possible according to officials of the company.

1st Film Star—I hear you're married again, Betty. Whom did you marry this time?
2nd Film Star—Oh, whom (opening purse), I believe I've got his card somewhere.

Wifin—Don't you think that travel broadens one's mind?
Poof—Yes. You should take a trip around the world.

Jubb—What does that young boy of yours do?
Pegrew—He's a girl scout.
Jubb—You mean a boy scout.
Pegrew—No, he's always out scouting for girls.

The Alden orchestra was going full blast. "What's the name of that selection," asked Gleason.
"Silk Stockings," by Arthur Foote," replied Miss Seymour.

"I thought so," replied Gleason—"It's got so many runs in it and every once in a while I hear the boys say 'damn!'"

Wasey—You said your wife wouldn't be happy until you also had a three-car garage, and now that you have one I suppose she is.

Kudner—No, the neighbors now have an airplane hangar in their back yard.

Bob—Do you believe in the hereafter?

Babe—Why—a—yes.
Bob—Well, how about a little necking? That's what I'm here after.

Thin Children NEED Scott's Emulsion

Baltimore - Tolchester FERRY

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

Schedule Effective June 8, 1929 (Subject to change without notice.)

Steamer Leaves Baltimore
Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Fridays, Steamer Express 8:30 a. m., Steamer Annapolis 11:30 a. m., Steamer Express 2:00 p. m., Steamer Express 6:45 p. m.

Wednesdays and Saturdays, Steamer Express 8:30 a. m., Steamer Annapolis 11:30 a. m., Steamer Express 2:00 p. m.

Sundays, Steamer Express 8:30 a. m., Steamer Express 2:00 p. m., Steamer Leaves Tolchester

Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Fridays, Steamer Annapolis 8:00 a. m., Steamer Express 10:45 a. m., Steamer Express 4:15 p. m., Steamer Annapolis 7:30 p. m., Steamer Express 8:50 p. m.

Wednesdays, Steamer Annapolis 8 a. m., Steamer Express 10:45 a. m., Steamer Annapolis 4:15 p. m., Steamer Express 7:30 p. m.

Thursdays, Steamer Annapolis 8:00 a. m., Steamer Express 10:45 a. m., Steamer Express 7:30 p. m.

Sundays, Steamer Express 10:45 a. m., Steamer Annapolis 3:00 p. m., Steamer Express and Annapolis at 7:30 p. m.

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The Truth of It

By KATE EDMONDS

"I DON'T see how any sane man could have done such a thing," scolded Mrs. Bixby, rocking vigorously back and forth. "To rob the bank he was working for, hide the money, and then come back to work the next morning!"

"But Maria," protested her sister, Mrs. Sleight, "they are not sure that he did do it—why, Jim Baker is as honest as the day is long, I just feel it. He couldn't do such a thing!"

"You say that because he is engaged to your Edna," said Mrs. Bixby, sagely.
"I am surprised that you don't know Jim well enough to say the same thing, Maria. He was mighty good to your Billy last winter—first he saved him from drowning on the ice pond, and afterwards used to lend him books and send him games when he had the pneumonia! Jim Baker was everybody's friend—and they will find out that he doesn't know a thing about the robbery!"

"Who did it, then," asked Mrs. Bixby in a subdued tone. "You don't for a moment suspect that Ben Winn had anything to do with it, and his father the president of the bank!"

"And the meanest old skinflint in town," blashed Mrs. Sleight, rising to go. "Do, please, Maria, try to get a better angle on this matter and say a good word for Jim whenever you can."

"How is Edna taking it?" inquired Mrs. Bixby.
"Of course she is heartbroken that Jim should have the trouble, but certainly she believes in him, as all of his true friends do." And with this last shot, Mrs. Sleight went down the village street to her own pleasant home.

When she drew near the gate, she saw her daughter Edna standing there talking to Ben Winn, son of the bank president. She did not care for Winn, and she wondered how Edna endured him now. He grinned cheerfully at Mrs. Sleight, then took his departure and the mother and daughter returned to the house. When the door closed on them Edna faced her mother excitedly. "I am so glad that you came home, mother. Do you know, I suspect that Ben knows something about that robbery?"

"I wouldn't be surprised," said Mrs. Sleight dryly. "What makes you think so?"
"He talks so much about it—and this morning he made me mad and I just told him that, if the truth was known, the detective would be barking up another tree!"

"What did he say?"
"He turned terribly red and then he got so white that I was sure."
"I saw one of the detectives in the graveyard when I came by," remarked Mrs. Sleight. "He was sitting on the steps of the Sears vault, smoking a cigarette."

"That is curious," said the girl musingly. "I was telling Ben that I had just heard that Jeremiah Sears had died suddenly in Ohio."

"I wonder why the detective was sitting on the steps there right at the Sears vault? Mother, I am going to take some flowers over to our plat right away—I'll go the back way—I want to speak to the detective!"

As the girl ran into the garden she plucked an armful of flowers, tossed the garden shears on the porch and took the back path through the orchard, where by crossing two other orchards she could reach the cemetery. She walked up a path that brought her to the Sears vault. On the steps of the vault sat a small man who had been pointed out as a detective.

"I don't suppose you would tell me why you are watching that vault," she said with a faint smile as the man lifted his hat.

"I don't know that there's any law against a citizen sitting in a graveyard thinking of his sins," grinned the man in a friendly way.

"I am not merely curious," said the girl flushing prettily, "but I happen to be engaged to James Baker, who has been arrested, and of course I am terribly anxious."

"It rained hard the night the bank was robbed," said the detective. "The ground was soft and the rubber boots the robber wore made impressions in the soil. Here they are, in front of you. They stop at this vault. Why?"

Edna's eyes flashed. "Because the thief dropped the package of notes through the rusty grating in the door of the vault! When the sexton opens the vault to prepare it for Mr. Sears' interment, he should find something!"

The detective jumped up and ran toward the sexton who was working at a nearby plot. Then the sexton went toward his office and presently returned swinging a bunch of keys. Just then Edna glanced toward the wide gates, and saw Ben Winn standing there as if paralyzed, staring at the two men. When she looked again he had vanished.

The vault door swung open and there on the dusty, sand-strewn floor lay a package wrapped in a black rubber cloth. The detective slipped on a pair of gloves and lifted the package carefully. "I guess fingerprints will tell the truth of it."

And when an hour after he telephoned to Edna Sleight, it was to inform her that the fingerprints were those of Ben Winn who had escaped, and that they had found the muddy rubber boots in Ben's closet at home. "Your young man will soon be free, Miss Sleight," he said.

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