# One Day Only

## Saturday, July 16th

### Sale Starts Promptly at 9 A. M.

**No Goods laid aside, No Phone or C. O. D. Orders. Please Note—Only one 1c Article sold with each 79c or 99c Article, none sold seperate. We have a large supply of each item so none need be disappointed. Direct Factory Representative in Charge of Sale.**

**SEE WINDOW DISPLAY NOW!**

# Very Special Sale!

## All New Goods! – Just Arrived!







### SEE WHAT YOU BUY FOR 1c

| No. | Description | No. | Description | No. | Description |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1 | Fruit Juice or Water Glass | 8 | Paring Knife | 15 | Sugar Spoon |
| 2 | Table Knife | 9 | Lemon Juice Extractor | 16 | 8-in. Alum. Pie Plate |
| 3 | Table Fork | 10 | Tea Spoon | 17 | Glass Percolator Top |
| 4 | White Tea & Coffee Strainer | 11 | Set Measur. Spoons | 18 | Salt Shaker |
| 5 | Dish Mop | 12 | Cookie Cutter | 19 | Pepper Shaker |
| 6 | Vegetable Brush | 13 | Percolator Brush | 20 | Butter Knife |
| 7 | Table Spoon | 14 | 1-qt. Aluminum Sauce Pan | 21 | Percolator Handle |
| | | | | 22 | Napkin Ring |
| | | | | 23 | Bottle Brush |

### THESE BIG VALUES FOR ONLY 69c

| No. | Description | No. | Description | No. | Description |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 24 | 1½-qt. Aluminum Percolator | 29 | 5-pc. Brush Set | 34 | 3-qt. Alum. French Fryer |
| 25 | 10-qt. White Dish Pan | 30 | 4-pc. Canister Set | 35 | 9½-in. Oven Glass Deep Pie Plate |
| 26 | 7-pc. Crackled Glass Water Set | 31 | 4-qt. Aluminum Kettle | 36 | Set of 9 Silver Plated Tea Spoons |
| 27 | 1½-qt. Oven Glass Oval Baker | 32 | Set of 6 Crackled Glass Sherbets and Plates | 37 | Set of 6 Crackled Glass Stemmed Sherbets |
| 28 | 6-qt. Aluminum Preserving Kettle | 33 | 2-qt. White Coffee Pot | | |




### WHERE WILL YOU GET BARGAINS LIKE THESE FOR 99c?

| No. | Description | No. | Description | No. | Description | No. | Description |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 38 | 1-gallon Outing Jug | 45 | Electric Curling Iron | 53 | 1½-qt. Round Covered Oven Glass Casserole | 60 | 6-qt. Aluminum Kettle |
| 39 | 18-piece Crackled Glass Set (6 of each size) | 46 | 8-qt. Aluminum Preserving Kettle | 54 | 5-qt. Aluminum Tea Kettle | 61 | Junior Scooter |
| 40 | 2-qt. Aluminum Percolator (with flame guard and spread plate) | 47 | 7-piece Crackled Glass Iced Tea Set | 55 | 4-qt. Aluminum Strainer Sauce Pan | 62 | Two 9⅝-inch Oven Glass Pie Plates |
| 41 | 11½-in. Aluminum Roaster | 48 | 3-piece Cutlery Set | 56 | 3-piece Green Glass Console Set | 63 | 6-qt. Aluminum Sauce Pot |
| 42 | 17-qt. White Dish Pan | 49 | 12-qt. White Water Pail | 57 | 1½-qt. Aluminum Double Boiler | 64 | 10-inch Heavy Aluminum Fry Pan |
| 43 | White Bread Box | 50 | 1¼-qt. Aluminum Teaball Pot | 58 | White Infant Bath Tub | 65 | Oval Oven Glass Baker, 10⅛x8⅛ in. |
| 44 | Family Scale | 51 | Dustless Mop—12-inch Head | 59 | 1-pt. Vacuum Bottle | 66 | 14-qt. White Handled Dish Pan |
| | | 52 | Set "Whippit" and "Skimit" | | | 67 | Two Oven Glass Bread Pans, 9⅛ x5⅛ inches. |

**WE AIM TO MAKE THIS THE GREATEST SALE THIS STORE EVER HELD!!**

# NOLAND

CHESTERTOWN, . . MARYLAND.


## ON THE INSTALLMENT PLAN

(© by D. J. Walsh.)

GWEN BRYANT entered the kitchen and set her heavy basket down upon the table. It was overflowing with needed groceries. All the way home she had been counting up the money she had spent and the money she had saved by going down to Grand street to trade. People who lived on Magnolia avenue did not patronize the stalls and stores on Grand street and most assuredly they did not carry a basket. They ordered over the telephone. She had done the same until—

She sat down and counted out her change. She had saved exactly 27 cents. And she had had to walk a mile and a half, to say nothing of carrying fifteen pounds of stuff home in the basket. Her arms were ready to drop off. Besides, she had seen Mrs. Elmore peeping. Mrs. Elmore would think that something had happened whereby the young Bryants were suddenly forced to economize. It was only that she needed a little money for something that she could not let Arthur know about just yet—something that she had wanted dreadfully a long time.

A set of the world's best authors in ten volumes bound in green. This was what Gwen had taken a venture on. She could not resist so much good literature at such an apparently safe and sane price. And buying them on the installment plan seemed such an easy way to pay for them. She need not let Arthur know, for he would be quite sure to object, and she could save every penny for them without infringing on their plans for accumulating—like going down to Grand street for the groceries. She had already squeezed enough money out of her allowance for housekeeping and personal expenses to pay two installments and was beginning to hoard for a third. Meanwhile the wonderful books were safely hidden away in the bottom of her trunk in the storeroom and the key turned upon them. Not until they were entirely hers would she bring them forth. By that time the long, cold evenings would be setting in and Arthur, she knew, would be as glad of their entertainment as she herself would be.

A step overhead startled her. Somebody was in the house! Now who in the world? Pale with consternation she was getting to her feet when her husband bounced into the room.

"Ah! You're back," he said.

"What are you doing home at this hour?" demanded Gwen. "You gave me an awful scare. I thought it was a burglar."

"Brave child!" Arthur scoffed smilingly. "There isn't anything to do at the office so I strolled home to see what you were up to. If I hadn't had my key I couldn't have got in. Where you been?"

"Grocerying."

"What's the matter with the telephone? I thought you always ordered."

Gwen flushed.

"I like to look things over," she said stiffly.

Arthur lifted the basket.

"This weighs something," he said. He looked at her curiously. "What's the idea?"

Gwen was saved the embarrassment by noticing that he was wearing an old suit that had been hung away as beyond respectability.

"Why you've got your old blue suit on!" she exclaimed.

Arthur grinned guiltily.

"Yep, I had it cleaned and pressed. Doesn't look so worse, eh? Might as well get a little more wear out of it and save my new suit. Well, darling, I must hurry back. There's probably something for me to do by this time.

He was gone, but he had left a trail of suspicion behind him.

"Now that was queer," Gwen thought. "Arthur never came home at ten o'clock before. And he said I could have that suit for the Salvation Army. Now unknown to me he has had it cleaned and pressed and is wearing it. What is he up to?"

When a young married woman starts on such a theme as that there is no end.

At lunch Gwen quizzed Arthur in a roundabout way, but only found out enough to confirm her suspicions that he was doing something he would not tell her about. At dinner she was still further nettled by his careless refusal to take her to a play, suggesting a cheap "movie" instead.

Next day she fretted her soul out wondering about him. And this continued until the third morning when it was time for him to fill up the budget box.

The budget box was a great triumph in its way. Gwen had made it herself, with its small cells plainly marked with housekeeping, church, etc. One cell was for Arthur's personal expenses and he never quite used up the amount.

This time, however, he had used it up. Moreover, he didn't put the stated sum into the cell.

"Guess I'll just keep this by me," he said. "Say, Gwen, do you mind if I cut the housekeeping $1? You ought to manage."

"Cut housekeeping $1!" Gwen stared aghast. Why, she needed every cent for her third installment. But what could she say without giving herself away? She let him put the amount minus $1 into the box.

And now she knew that her husband was deceiving her about something. When he had gone she wept terribly—wept until her head seemed like to split.

She was wearily making salad for lunch when he landed into the house by way of the living room. She heard him fussing about before he sought her.

"Hello," he cried. "You sick?"

"Headache," returned the heavy-eyed Gwen.

He seized her in his arms.

"Darling, come into the living room, I've got something to show you that will cure your headache."

Triumphantly he led her into the next room. On the couch was a long row of green volumes—ten to be exact.

"World's best authors!" cried Arthur exultantly. "I bought them on the installment plan—paid the last dollar today. I've been keeping them at the office till I had them settled for—I didn't dare bring them home till they were."

Gwen, suddenly limp with tears and laughter, sank on her knees beside the sturdy green volumes. She was on the eve of confession. But first she must gather the precious elucidating books into her arms and hug them.

### *Crude Water Heaters Used by Old Romans*

Even so generally used and useful a thing as hot water in generous quantities is a development of very modern times. For thousands of years primitive, laborious methods were the only means for having hot water. This condition was but little improved up to less than a generation ago.

The first water heater known dates back some 2,000 years. This was the "ahenum" of the Romans, a crude bronze kettle with a handle for swinging over an open fire. The "focolus," an apparently later device, was a metal container into which hot stones were put to heat the water surrounding them. This seems to have been the best water heater the early Romans were able to devise.

During the Elizabethan age in England the people were notoriously unwashed. Perhaps it was because the teakettle was their only source of hot water supply. In 1809, when gas for fuel and light became a public utility, the desire and need for hot water became easier to fill. With the development of the gas stove, hot water began to flow more freely.

### *Boo!*

She had been turning over every article the weary salesman had placed before her on the counter, but nothing seemed to be exactly the thing she wanted.

"I am afraid there's nothing here to suit," she decided at last, and then, in a burst of confidence, whispered: "You see, tomorrow is my husband's birthday and I wanted to surprise him."

The weary man behind the counter gave her a scathing look.

"Well," he suggested in icy tones, "why not hide behind the armchair and yell 'Boo' at him?"

### *Blissful Beginning*

Owing to the absence through illness of the woman who taught the senior girls' Bible class, the young assistant minister was asked to undertake the duties for the day.

He consented, but before beginning he said, smilingly:

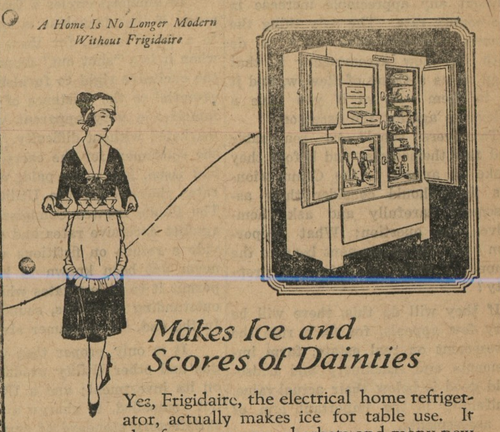
"Now, girls, I want to conduct your class just as your teacher does, so you might tell me what she does first."

A short pause, then the answer from a pert miss of sixteen: "Well, she always kisses us all round!"

### *Mahomet's Career Short*

Mahomet became a prophet and an international figure after he was forty years old, and finished his epoch-making career in 23 years. At the age of forty he began to get the "visions" which gave him the precepts for the Koran and commanded him to preach them to the world. "There is only one God, and Mahomet is his prophet" is the keynote he gave to the religion he founded—a religion whose adherents today number more than 220,000,000.


*A Home Is No Longer Modern Without Frigidaire*



## *Makes Ice and Scores of Dainties*

Yes, Frigidaire, the electrical home refrigerator, actually makes ice for table use. It also freezes creams, sherbets and many new desserts.

In the cold dry atmosphere of the food compartment vegetables, meat and dairy products can be kept for a surprisingly long time in perfect condition.

Frigidaire is a product of General Motors Corporation and is thoroughly dependable.

Visit our store and let us explain how Frigidaire operates. Upon request, we will mail you an attractive booklet that will give you all the details.

Priced as low as $195.

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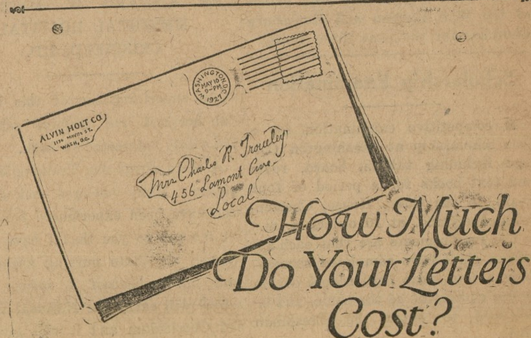
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GENERAL MOTORS

**Frigidaire**

CLEAN DRY ELECTRICAL REFRIGERATION

ANYWHERE TO ANYWHERE—BY LONG DISTANCE




## *How Much Do Your Letters Cost?*

A LARGE concern, thinking that the average cost of their letters was about five or six cents, recently undertook a thorough investigation of the cost of their correspondence. They made the discovery that each letter represented an actual outlay of forty cents. This was comprised of the salaries of their stenographers, the cost of stationery and a pro-rate of the general expense of office maintenance.

They also determined that the average salary of the officers who dictated letters was $75.00 per week. Twenty minutes of this time, devoted to a carefully worded letter, was worth about 62c.

Added to the initial outlay, this was $1.02 per letter.

*Their officials are now advised that on important business, it is worth while to bring personality into play, by face-to-face conversation over Long Distance. Less important business is still carried on by letter.*

*Number Please?*

BELL SYSTEM

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