

The Flowers Made From Waste

By LEETE STONE

There were five children in the family younger than Amarita. Tonio and Luigi sold newspapers; Nikola, eighteen, was shipping clerk for an importer, and, counting his overtime, earned a fair wage. That left Angelina and the bambino.

Angelina's back had been crooked since her fall from the fire escape. She couldn't play with the other children.

Amarita was skilled in the art of taking bits of pink cambric, green muslin, and delicate wires, and from them fashioning a beautiful rose. Her earnings were good, like Nikola's; but when there are six mouths, not counting a mother's, it calls for calculation to keep the cupboard well stocked with macaroni, and milk for the bambino; not to mention rent and clothes. But then, Amarita was a clever calculator.

When hot weather came, Amarita of the flower factory knew that pale Angelina needed the breath of real green country. But there seemed no way to manage it. The doctor's bills for the days Angelina's back hurt were usually high.

As a sorry substitute for fields of clover Amarita decided to bring her small crippled sister some factory flowers to look at.

Her problem lay in collecting enough waste bits of material from the factory floor, and from the big baskets where spoiled pieces and cuttings were thrown, to make Angelina's flowers. So Amarita went earlier every morning to the factory and stayed later because she couldn't take time during pay hours to work on her surprise for Angelina.

Amarita had to be very careful that Cesare, the handsome young foreman with the flashing, merry eyes, did not see her salvaging her scraps. He might not understand. His joy was hers whenever Cesare looked at her because his eyes seemed to say beautiful things.

Snatched moments here and there finally bore fruit in a marvelous little wreath of uncutting flowers that grew fantastically under Amarita's artful touch.

Sedulously Amarita took pains to hide the wreath from Giulia Caldo's eyes. Giulia worked at her table, had quarreled with her brother Nikola and was all bitterness and Sicilian hate. And Giulia had seen Cesare look at Amarita with his soul in his eyes.

At last the wreath was finished and needed only an inch of wire to fasten its ends securely. Amarita was so intent on accomplishing this last touch that she didn't see Cesare, the foreman, stride quickly to her table in answer to the beckoning hand of Giulia, she of the wicked tongue.

Giulia's dark head bent close to Cesare with a whisper.

"She steals materials," she nodded toward Amarita, who had just tied the wire which wadded the wreath, and slipped the token in the pocket of her apron. "Ask her to show you what is in her pocket," the jealous girl added.

Cesare's face grew dark. Stock pilfering was a serious offense.

"What have you in your pocket?" he said, stepping behind Amarita's back.

"It's nothing," she gasped, "only something I—that is—I've made it all outside regular hours, made it of waste cuttings and spoiled goods. A little wreath—not really flowers—just a toy for my little sister. She's sick. She's never seen real flowers growing. Truly—I made it all in spare . . ." Amarita winked back the tears. Giulia must not see her cry.

"Let me see it!" Cesare's voice was soft now, and in his eyes dwelt understanding.

He looked long at the little wreath of riotous colors. Some girls in the shop uttered still Cesare regarded the wreath quizzically as it lay in his palm.

"You did this all yourself? Out of waste material?"

"Every bit of it. I know it's foolish—not like flowers that grow; but Angelina won't know the difference."

"Go on working," said Cesare, "and I will return with this later."

Cesare stepped out of the shop and into the private office of the owner of the factory. He laid the strange looking wreath on the top of the mahogany desk, under the eyes of the stern chief who sat there.

"What do you think of that, sir?"

"Hmm! Modest! Queer but attractive!" Then, more enthusiastically, "by Jove, I'll sell! I believe it's a hit for this season's hats. Where did you get it? Who designed it?"

Cesare smiled. He told the tale of Amarita—of a surreptitious task of love done with bits of waste.

"Waste!" cried the chief. "Where's that girl? Raise her wage at once and have her teach the others how to make these. We've got the novelty of the season! Get busy!"

That night as Amarita turned the factory corner on her way home Cesare, who had been waiting, stepped forth with all the savoir-faire of a Latin cavalier and took her arm. Walking, he spoke to Amarita of the dreams that lived in his eyes when he looked at her.

Soon there was a wedding. Angelina went to the country and looked at real flowers that grew and played in sunny fields of clover.

Judicial Error
Judge—"Bailiff, tell that man he must remove his hat in court." Bailiff—"But, sir, that man is a woman."
—Pst, Constantinople.

Gets the Job
In every town there's one man who can "introduce the speaker of the evening" with polished grace and he is usually got to do it.

Hair on Man's Head
The hair on a man's head, if left uncut, rarely grows more than 12 inches, according to one expert.

KENT CHILDREN TO BE EXAMINED

The State Department of Health for Maryland through Dr. R. G. Beachley, Deputy State Health Officer for Kent and Queen Anne's counties is making preparations to give a thorough physical examination to all the white and colored children in Kent county that will be old enough to enter the first grade in the public schools of the county next fall. (Any child that will be six years of age before February 1, 1920, is included in this group.) Younger children

also will be examined if taken to the clinics scheduled below. There is nothing compulsory about these examinations but any parent who is really interested in the health of his child will not let anything keep him from taking advantage of this service offered by the State. There will not be any charge whatever for these examinations. They are made by competent physicians, paid by the State, for the purpose of helping parents to discover any physical defects that their children might have and to learn of existing defects in time to have them corrected, if possible, before the child enters school. Below is a schedule in which the

dates and hours for the examinations are shown:
Saturday, May 25, for white children, 9 a. m. to 12 m., Chestertown Elementary School. 2 p. m. to 4 p. m., for colored children, Chestertown colored school.
Monday, May 27, 9 a. m. to 12 m., for white children, Rock Hall Elementary School. 1 p. m. to 2 p. m., for colored children, Sharptown School.
Tuesday, May 28, 9 a. m. to 10.30 a. m., for white children, Kenneyville School. 10.30 a. m. to 12 m., Betterton School. For colored children, 1 p. m. to 2 p. m., Coleman's Corner School; 2 p. m. to 3 p. m., Still Pond School; 3 p. m. to 4 p. m.,

Fountain School.
Wednesday, May 29, 9 a. m. to 10 a. m., Galea School; 10 a. m. to 11 a. m., Massey School; 11 a. m. to 12 p. m., Millington School. 1 p. m. to 3 p. m., for colored children, Millington School.
It may be more convenient for some parents to take their children to centers other than those to which their school districts have been assigned in the above schedule. It will be perfectly alright for them to do so.
If impossible conditions prevent any parents from taking their children to one of the centers for examination it is hoped those parents will ask some kind neighbor or friend to

take their children for them. Let's be fair to the children and see that every one has a thorough physical examination at this time no matter how healthy they may appear to us.

KENT COUNTY BOARD OF EDUCATION.
FLAX

Several farmers of Kent county have decided to plant an acre each of flax this year, as a trial, both for productivity and profit. John Chambers, of Centreville, writes that he has about 20 bushels of the seed for sale, and now is the time to plant it. His recommendation is that the ground be thoroughly pulverized, the

seed put on at the rate of 85 pounds per acre, and harrowed in. He says they put 400 pounds of 5-8-5 on, and the whole thing is put in the same as wheat. There is no cultivation, and if the crop be planted early, sometime within the next ten days, there will be fewer weeds to bother. Information regarding the securing of the seed, and any other necessary information, may be obtained from either the Chamber of Commerce or Harry F. Jefferson, Chestertown. Mr. Chambers will buy all of the flax raised in this county, and has 20 bushels of seed for sale. Secretary Agricultural Committee, Chamber of Commerce.

"They're springing up like mushrooms!"



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