UNHAPPY YEARS ARE FORGIVEN

MARY saw the ambulance sweep up the tree-lined avenue to the the door where the orderlies waited. Looking down from her room in the nurses' building, she watched the figure on the stretcher with some faint remembrance of having seen before the face of the quiet man who was being tenderly carried in. Her telephone rang softly; the message was brief: "Emergency, Reynolds—Doctor Louis has the operation."

She went downstairs, thinking as she went that it was getting to be more and more her tall surgeon lover who was called upon for the critical operations in the head cases. "If I only could love him as he loves me," she thought.

As she stepped into the room where the still form lay, a nurse looked up. "Quick, Mary, it's a serious concussion." She started to aid the other nurse when she glanced at the white face. The hard floor seemed to sink beneath her and something within her cried out with anguish. She was looking into the face of Allan Lane; and in that look's space the past came before her—her hot accusations, his cold denials, refusal to explain—then the parting.

She bent to her task. As she removed the vest from the inside pocket a leather case fell at her feet. She picked it up, and as she did so it opened, and there she saw a picture of herself.

The meaning of it—there could be but one meaning; he loved her; had been loving her for the eight years that had come and gone, and now the fates had thrust him before her, dying.

Doctor Louis was passing. He looked at her with brown eyes that always seemed to be hungry when they were turned to her. She caught his arm.

"Arnold, you must save him—you must—you—" Then she remembered and shrank away. His eyes were suddenly keen and cold.

"You mean—is he the one I have seen you thinking of when I was thinking of you?"

She nodded. She heard his quick breath, and when she looked up was frightened by the stark coldness in his eyes. That very coldness sobered her sharply. Louis loved her with all the fire of his nature; would he in a mad moment dare to fail to do something that ought to be done, just to remove forever from her reach this old love that had come broken to her feet? It seemed hardly possible, yet—his eyes were hard.

In the little anteroom to the operation room she made her preparations, then went in to her duties. The still figure was wheeled quickly in: and the old, old struggle began—the battle of the living to keep the living.

The white-tiled, hushed room became for her a torture chamber in some wide corridor of hell. Her splendid training served her; she was able to work almost automatically. Her great fear passed; Louis was working as she had never seen him, with marvelous speed; and suddenly it dawned upon her that he was making his great sacrifice also as he labored with all the skill he possessed to save the life for her. The coldness that had been in his eyes was the coldness of men who summon their will to a great task and a still greater decision.

The bandages at last were woven about the crushed head and the quiet figure was wheeled out. Louis turned to her, his eyes dark with weariness and strain. "Mary, I am almost sorry, but I think he will live. He must have ceaseless care. I will have you assigned to his case."

There were hours of doubt and moments of intense question, when only the strong heart seemed to be faintly awake. Again and again she called Louis from his sleep; and again and again his ministrations rallied the quieting heart. At the end of one dark hour she turned to Doctor Louis. "Arnold, am I selfish?" she asked.

"Not if you love him as I love you," was his brief answer.

She caught his hand and drew it to her cheek impulsively. No other answer she had.

Then came the awakening. She had come into the room for her night watch and she spoke with the day nurse. Before she could answer there was a stirring in the bed, and a pain-wrenched voice asked over and over. "That voice? That voice? That voice?"

Mary motioned the nurse out, then knelt by the bedside. She knew that she must reach in through the faint bit of consciousness that the sound of her voice had aroused. She caught the seeking fingers and laid her cheek against the bandaged head and spoke softly: "It is I, Mary, who loves you. Sleep. I will be here when you awake."

She looked at the bandaged eyes. She knew that beneath their glassy stare if she could have seen them would have been a faint light of consciousness. Into that light of consciousness her words reached. There was a slow relaxation of the body, a change in the heavy breathing—he slept. She drew her head away, then bent and very lightly kissed his hot lips. The lost, unhappy years were forgotten. She knew the tide of sleep soon would bring him back—all hers.

Louise — This question of the length of skirts is getting to be very serious.

Manon—Yes, very serious. Now I must buy a longer coat, and I still have $95 to pay on my old one.

Minister—I am very glad to see you coming to church regularly Mrs. O'Malley.

Mrs. O'Malley—Oh, I'll be coming often now. I does it to spite me old man—he hates me going to church.

VARE DEFINITELY OUT

William S. Vare received scant consideration in the United States Senate when the time came to vote on Senator George W. Norris' resolution denying the Philadelphian the right to a seat. The vote was 58 to 22. The Senate, by its decision action in this case, no doubt influenced by the preponderance of public sentiment, emphatically stamped with its disproval the lavish use of money in trying to nominate and elect candidates for office.

The specific ground was that upwards of $700,000 had been spent at the Republican primaries in behalf of Vare's candidacy in the 1926 campaign in Pennsylvania. This amount was considered beyond all reason. Doubtless another large sum was spent at the election that followed in that year, in which Vare was declared the winner. It cost U. S. $200,000 to carry on the contest.

In also denying William B. Wilson, Mr. Vare's Democratic opponent, a seat in the Senate, the action occasioned no surprise. That was expected.

Mrs. Blabber — Have you learned how to drive the new car yet?

Mrs. Bumper—I though I had until I had a short conversation with a traffic cop this morning.

Julio—Dearest, could you be happy in my walk of life?

Romiet—What? Aren't you going to buy a car?

STATES WORRY OVER BILLBOARD

Practically all the states now prohibit signboards on the highway right of ways, writes Horace M. Albright in "The Saturday Evening Post," but admit their inability to control the direction of nuisance of nuisance structures on private property adjacent, where all the damage to the scenery is done.

Massachusetts, the only state having an adequate law for the control of billboards, is hopeless involved in legal controversy.

South Dakota has enacted a law against signs so conspicuous that they distract the attention of drivers from the roadway ahead. Idaho has been buying otherwise useless property merely for the opportunity of removing signboards from the wilderness Florida, New Hampshire and Minnesota are obtaining the signboard nuisance by means of publicity.

Nevada received much publicity recently by tearing down great many signs erected on the highway right of ways. It is an interesting commentary on the changing times that there is on the statute books of Nevada in old law making it a misdemeanor for anyone to remove a sign containing directions or distance, no matter where the sign may be erected. Signs once meant life or death to the traveler in the deserts of the West.

The device of pointing mileage and directions and signs was used by a billboard erector of that state to save his signs from destruction.

DEL. FERTILIZER MEN MEET

The eleven member companies were well represented at the annual meeting of the Peninsula Fertilizer Association held Monday at the Wicomico Hotel, L. W. Culver, of Seaford, Del., was elected president.

Other officers elected were: Vice-president, D. B. Ford, Chestertown; secretary, Warner W. Price, Smyrna, Del.; treasurer, D. Frank Fooks, Snow Hill, Md.

The association whose membership is composed of fertilizer manufacturers of the Delaware, Maryland and Virginia Peninsula, was urged to adopt standard formulae for fertilization of specific crops.

These formulae were reported after tests at the association's experimental farm for several years.

It is recommended that the Peninsula Fertilizer Manufacturers advocate a 2-8-10 mixture for corn throughout the Eastern Shore with a higher ammonia content wherever necessary. It was believed that a standardized corn fertilizer would be of material aid. It was also suggested that the association work toward a standard tomato fertilizer and a 4-8-10 mixture was suggested.

Experimental fertilizer work with tomatoes, grapes, and other produce on the shore with relation to canning was explained by Mr. Cobb who had prepared a pamphlet to be distributed to members of the association.

Due to the Prevailing High Money Marke

It was necessary that the last issue of Federal Land Bank bonds should bear a higher rate of interest than issues immediately preceding.

Therefore the FEDERAL LAND BANK hereby gives notice that on and after May 1, and until further notice, all loans made by the Kent and Queen Anne's National Farm Loan Association shall bear interest at the rate of 5¼ per cent per annum instead of 5 per cent as heretofore.

Come in and let me explain the provisions of a FEDERAL FARM LOAN TO YOU.

THOS. D. BOWERS, Sect Treas.
CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND
Residence Phone 125; Office Phones 63J.

TRIPLETS ADDED TO FAMILY

Mr. and Mrs. George D. Rhodes, of St. Helens, a suburb, today were presented with triplets, all boys, weighing six pounds each.

Mrs. Rhodes already was the mother of twins, 18 months old, triplets 6, years old and four children who arrived unaccompanied. Eleven of the twelve children are living.

Mrs. Rhodes, who is 34, was married in 1915. Her husband is a railroad engineer.

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Cheese Servers
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Pastry Knives
Paper Cutters

$5.00 to $10.00
Vanity Cases
Fountain Pens
Pocket Knives
Bill Clips
Jam Jar & Spoon
Steak Carvers
Card Trays
Bon Bon Dishes

$10.00 to $15.00
Cigarette Cases
Pair Candlesticks
Leather Wallets
Sugar Baskets
Bread Trays
Pipes
Pocket Flasks
Pepper Cruets
Salt Stands and Spoons

$15.00 to $25.00
Mesh Bags
Sugar & Cream Set
Sandwich Plates
Roast Carvers
Butter Dishes
Folding Clocks
Salad Bowls
Fruit Dishes
Mantel Clocks

DIAMONDS AND PEARLS WATCHES AND CLOCKS

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Send for our new Silverware Catalogue
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Conquerors of the POLE

Illustration reproduced from Sir Ernest Shackleton's Book "South"

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Eighteen hours of the most difficult and hazardous flying ever undertaken . . .

But not a miss in their motors.

Climbing desperately up the slopes of glaciers—tossed by gusts of winds from mountains of ice . . . up-up-up 11,500 feet to the frozen polar plateau.

But not a miss in a motor.

"It was an awful looking place . . . a wicked place for an airplane to be."

Motor failure meant . . . better not think about it.

VEEDOL Motor Oil and TYDOL Aviation Gasoline brought them safely through.

The Byrd Expedition also took a supply of *Hi-test* TYDOL to the Antarctic.

What more convincing evidence for car owners that *Hi-test* TYDOL, Tide Water's great, green, motor car gasoline, and VEEDOL Motor Oil are the ideal combination for winter!

Hi-test TYDOL gives instant starting and quick acceleration. These are the qualities of a high-test gas.

Before the South Pole Flight we radioed: "How are *Hi-test* TYDOL and VEEDOL Motor Oil performing?" Back came this reply from Little America:

"*Hi-test* TYDOL starts immediately, even down here. VEEDOL Motor Oil also giving splendid results."

Fill up your tank with *Hi-test* TYDOL. Drain and refill your crankcase with VEEDOL, and be . . . "Ready to Go at 10° Below."

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