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THIS is a day of necessity—not extravagance and Santa's gifts are consistent with the day. Not foolish trinkets and novelties but necessary articles like a sewing machine—a sewing machine which will enable you to cut your clothes bill in half.

We Will Allow You \$12.00 For Your Old Sewing Machine.

JOHN BARTLEY, Chestertown, Maryland.

THE Mutual Fire Insurance Co. OF KENT COUNTY SOLICITS YOUR INSURANCE!

ITS SAVING FUND FEATURE

During the past 8 years it has returned to its policy holders where policies have been cancelled \$34,684.00 In the same period it has increased its reserve over \$10,000.00 And its total assets \$50,000.00

Applications for Insurance can be made to James Brice, Chestertown; Chas. F. Jefferson, Chestertown; E. S. Valliant & Son, Church Hill; Ellsworth Bowers, Larches; G. E. Owens, Betterton; Joseph Downey, Rock Hall; J. A. Casey, Rock Hall; A. M. Kendall, Fairlee; E. W. Moffett, Millington; F. H. Ruth, Galena; W. J. Sparks, Crumpton; W. E. Thomas, Kent Island.

THOMAS W. ELIASON, President. EBEN F. PERKINS, Secretary

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has obtained from the Orphans' Court for Kent County letters Testamentary on the personal estate of MARTHA ELLA EMORY.

late of said county, deceased. All persons having claims against said deceased's estate are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the proper vouchers therefor, to the undersigned on or before the 18th day of October, 1918, otherwise they may by law be excluded from all benefit of said deceased's personal estate.

E. THOS. MASSEY, Executor. a30-4t.

STEVENS BROTHERS GRAIN, FRUIT AND PRODUCE COMMISSION MERCHANTS

226 S. Charles St., Cor. Camden St., Baltimore, Maryland. Grain Salesman—R. Nelson Stevens, J. W. E. Emory, Fruit and Produce Salesmen—A. B. Carey, John L. Corson, C. H. Norris, C. D. Biggs, Robert F. Simons. All under the personal supervision of R. Nelson Stevens.

DR. CHARLES RICHARD TWILLEY GRADUATE OF THE DENTAL SURGERY BALTIMORE COLLEGE Having enlarged and otherwise added to the convenience of my office on Main street, I am prepared to perform operations in Advanced Dentistry the most approved style.

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Men's work Shirts and Overalls of good values. These goods are steadily advancing in price, but we offer them to you this week at less than wholesale prices.

PERCALES AND GINGHAMS Some beautiful figures and stripes of first quality. Prices this week 25c yard.

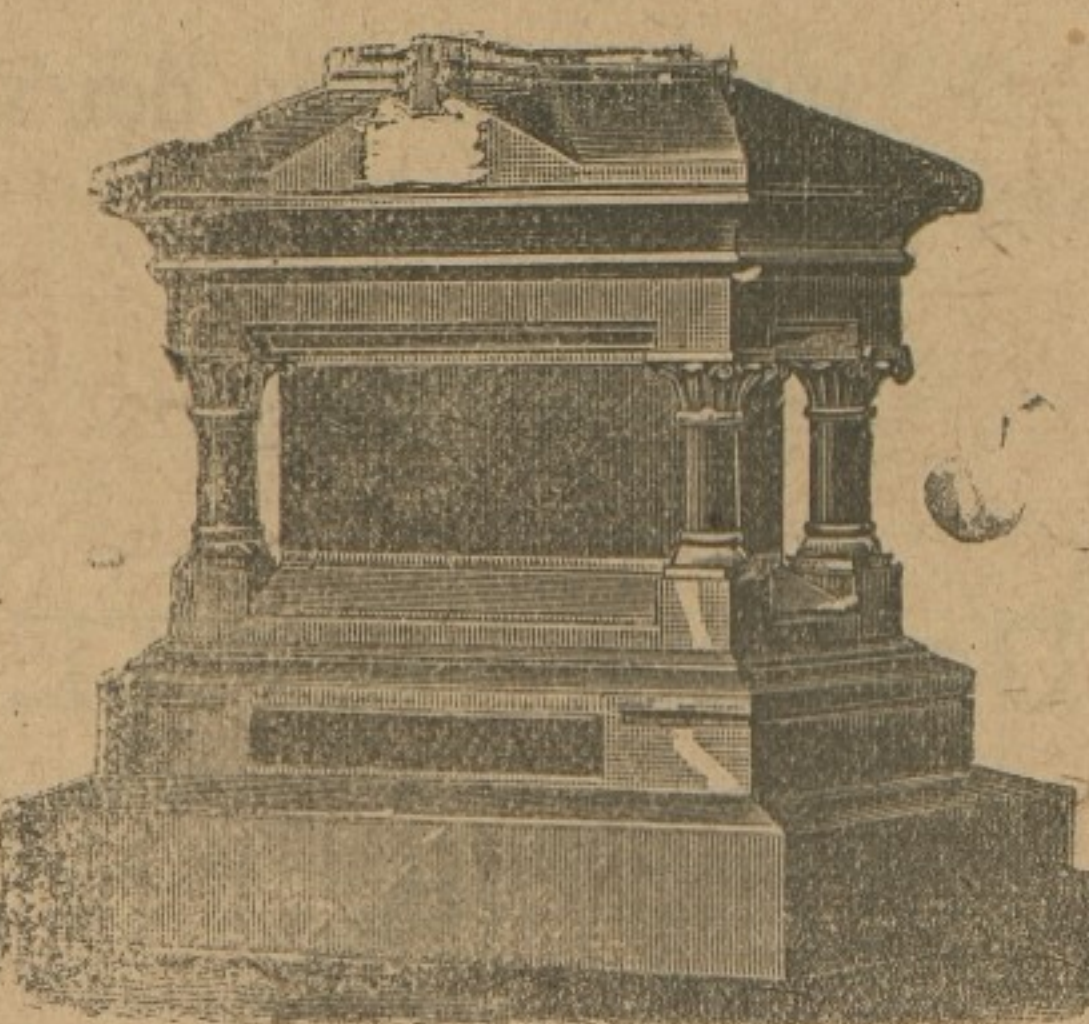
Men's, Women's and Children's Hosiery in black, white, tan, grey and palm beach colors, 15c to 50c pair.

ONION SETS Only a few left, yellow, 15c qt., white 30c qt.

SEED POTATOES Irish Cobbler, this week price 7c sack.

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Subscription to the Transcript 90 per annum.



Contributed by Frank Godwin.

The Maker of Bandages Red Cross Workers Solve in One Minute the Mystery of the Stony Hearted Mrs. Britt.

By MAXIMILIAN FOSTER Of the Vigilantes.

A diamond is not the hardest thing in the world. A diamond will cut glass and bore through case hardened, tempered chrome steel, but glass and steel—the diamond itself too—are soft compared to some things. The hardest thing in the world is a hard woman. Mrs. Britt was such a woman.

I have seen hard women in my time, but never one who was harder. She smiled seldom, and when she smiled it was like the glitter of ice. She spoke infrequently, and when she spoke her speech was the tinkle of hail on slate roofing. She did not look as if she had ever wept in her life.

Every morning Mrs. Britt appeared at the Red Cross auxiliary in upper Broadway. She was the first to arrive in the morning, the last to leave at night. No one knew much about her, though. She was not the sort that makes confidences. But that she was a worker—a hard worker—no one would dispute. Efficiency, as you'd suppose, was a trait of Mrs. Britt's.

Are Efficient Women Hard? Efficiency—dreadful word! How often hard women are efficient! How often efficient women are hard! She was both, Mrs. Britt. The moment she came in at the door she had her hat and jacket off. The next instant she was at her place, her mouth set, grim, austere and hard—hard at work. Probably she did her work only from a sense of duty. Hard women always profess that trait. Duty, duty! But, then, few women are as hard as Mrs. Britt.

In contrast to her was Mrs. Farlow. She was soft and womanly and gentle—the exact opposite. She was not very efficient, of course, though she tried. Day after day Mrs. Britt sat at the work table, her mouth quivering, smiling wistfully, the tears starting in her eyes. The bandages that came from her were often soiled and rumpled, poorly sewn, too, by her poor little trembling fingers. It was a wonder she could even see to sew at all. Again and again what she turned in had to be thrown away.

But no one reprimanded her. No one even let fall a hint that she was more of a burden than a help. The hearts of all those women ached with womanly pity for the poor, stricken mother. Once in awhile, though, in her corner at the back of the room Mrs. Britt would turn around and throw a glance at her. The glance was as hard as rocks—harder, in fact.

Mrs. Farlow had a son in the Rainbow division. The son was the oldest of her four children, and until he went away the little mother had been the fairest woman in the world. Now any day he might be ordered off to France.

His picture was in the locket she wore. Every half hour she would stop her work to look at it. Sometimes, her face wistful, she would show it to the other workers, voicing the anguish that with every waking breath she drew swang hollowly in her mother's heart. One afternoon Mrs. Farlow's oldest daughter came hurrying in. Her face was white. She had just learned that the Rainbow division had been ordered overseas.

Mrs. Farlow rose, her face tragic. One glance she gave about her, then she collapsed, sinking to the floor. In her fall she overturned a huge pile of antiseptic gauze just torn into squares for Triangulars No. 13. The room instantly was in confusion. Instantly every one sprang to the mother's aid—that is, every one but Mrs. Britt. She rose and rescued the bandages under foot. Then, her face hard as nails, grimly Mrs. Britt went back to her work. When Mrs. Farlow, still stricken, was led away to her car outside the drab figure in the corner was plugging away as mechanically and methodically as ever. The one glance she threw over her shoulder at the weeping woman was almost contemptuous.

A hard woman, Mrs. Britt; a heartless one, too, it was agreed. For days nothing was seen at the auxiliary of Mrs. Farlow. It was understood that in her grief and apprehension she was ill in bed. Then one afternoon, pallid and quivering, she came in at the door. She smiled wistfully when the others gathered about her. "Let me work," she appealed plaintively. "Work may help me not to think."

Her Bandages Worthless. She took a bandage and tried to sew. She made poor work of it, however. Then her head sank on her little trembling fingers. The bandage slipped from her hands. "I can't—oh, I can't!" she wept.

Once more she was led away. The same thing happened three or four days later. A week later the mother wandered in again. By now the first of the troops were in the trenches, and her pale, transparent face was like a wraith's. She took a bandage; she tried to sew, and for a third time Mrs. Farlow gave in.

"Oh, my boy, my boy!" she wailed. The next instant a face was thrust into hers. The face was Mrs. Britt's, and the hard, bony visage was quivering with ill concealed anger and contempt. "Sit down! Stop it!" said Mrs. Britt. With one hand she thrust Mrs.

Farlow back on her chair; with the other she thrust at her the half finished bandage. Her tone as grim as her face, she spoke, and again the sound of it was like hail pattering on slate. "You're not thinking of your son," she said. "You're just thinking of yourself!"

There was a murmur of remonstrance. Mrs. Britt heard it, and she flashed a look about her. But when she spoke again it was to Mrs. Farlow she spoke. "Think of your son."

"You're not the only mother in this war," she said. "If you thought a little more about them and a little less about yourself, you'd be doing something. You'd be helping your son, for one thing!"

"Why, what do you mean?" gasped Mrs. Farlow. Mrs. Britt smiled another adamant, icy smile.

"Your son wouldn't die for want of care. Any one of those bandages I've seen you ruin might save his life. Any one of them might save the life of some other mother's son!" Mrs. Farlow shrank as if she had been struck. She'd never thought of it that way before.

The silence, the grim reserve, which had cloaked Mrs. Britt seemed for a moment to quit her. "I have no son," she said, her flinty voice biting out the words. "I had one, but he died at Guantanamo. It was in the Spanish war," snapped Mrs. Britt, "and there were no bandages—nothing. That's why he died. That's why I'm here now. It's to keep other women—mothers—from becoming the sort of woman I am." A harsh, brittle laugh escaped her. "Oh, I know what you think of me. I've heard what you said. Well," said Mrs. Britt, "my son wouldn't have died like that maybe if I hadn't sat around sniffing and snuffling, never doing a thing."

Then, her lips drawn into a bony smile, she glanced about her once more and stalked back to her place in the corner. That night Mrs. Farlow rose from her place at the bandage table and sought the table at the back. For the first time that day Mrs. Farlow had managed to create half a dozen bandages, none of which had to be thrown away. Timidly she held out a hand to the drab, dingy figure in the corner. "I—I've done better today," she said timidly.

Mrs. Britt looked up at her. Out of the corner of one glassy eye something welled, then fell, running slowly down her cheek. "He was only twenty. He was all I had," said Mrs. Britt.

Hackett's Gape Cure

Kills the Worm as well as the Germ. Makes Poultry Raising both Profitable and Pleasant. Your money returned if not satisfied. It is almost infallible.

Hackett's Gape Cure, 35c., postpaid. Hackett's Louse Powder, 35c., postpaid. HACKETT'S GAPE CURE CO., Dept. S. a6-3m. H'boro, Md.

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From the GREAT WINTER EGG MACHINE, the Beautiful GOLDEN BUFF ROCKS. I have the best strain of layers this year I have ever produced. Pullets lay at 6 months old, and their color is rich and even. \$1.00 per setting of 15 eggs from free range birds. \$5.00 per 100.

ALSO THOROUGHBRED WHITE PEKIN DUCK EGGS at \$1.00 per setting; \$5.00 per 100. Apply to

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What is CASTORIA Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. For more than thirty years it has been in constant use for the relief of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic and Diarrhoea; allaying Feverishness arising therefrom, and by regulating the Stomach and Bowels, aids the assimilation of Food; giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

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