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3,000 Dozen Eggs per Week

2,400 Lbs. Butter per Week

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—only spot on Puget Sound
where they grow)

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Convinced that We Are in Par-
adise

Steamer Daily

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Club for Further Information

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And then the tiniest one, ^{The 3 year old Walter} ~~the fairest~~ trotted wo^g behind with a heavy fire-engine trailer after in nothing did that little chap care for more, than these heavy, clumsy ~~tr~~ and there he was pulling it along to take ^{it} to Jane. The more going up the rear, would hardly keep from laughing and could see in this comical array, marching down the street. but she approved of the generous intent of the children and did not say a word to oppose them.

Christmas came and in Mrs. Aggers spare - bed room a little girl was sweetly sleeping in a brand - new baby crib. It was "Jane". Mr Aggers had succeeded in getting its mother to consent to their taking the child, but a legal adoption had not been entered into. There was no happier woman in the city ~~as~~ that Christmas morning than Mrs Aggers. Her whole life opened up anew, she bloomed up like a fresh flower. Happiness beamed ~~out~~ out of her eyes and when people

ran across his way and Frank, with his kind tender soul tried to turn aside, ran into the telephone - pole & was thrown against the stone - store. A few minutes later he was picked up & taken up to the nearest Hospital. He had badly smashed ^{broken} his foot & was generally in a serious condition after many days unconscious.

When the head nurse saw the name "Frank Bayster" on the register, she stopped for a second. "Frank Bayster" what did that name recall to her. In a minute she knew, the feebled boy who had been her "champion in those 'days of fairy-land. She hurried upstairs to his room, to see whether she could recognize him. There he lay, lifeless it seemed but still ^{there was} hope; the same feebled kindly face & the ^Kuckle still there in the corner of the nose. She could have shouted with joy, but she was well trained & had learned to suppress her feelings. She leaned over his pale face and the attending nurse thought she was ^{looking} for a sign of life from the unconscious form.

Days passed, dark, gloomy, hopeless days; but slowly life returned. Nothing had been left undone; but may be it was the ^{prayer} & the love of the head-nurse that called him back to life. No word of recognition was ever spoken between them. Frank seemed to

know, but no one spoke.

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Christmas came around again.

Frank could not be dismissed yet, so the older sister Helen came around & asked the head-nurses to help her put up a little Christmas-tree in Frank's room. They wanted to hang some little presents on the tree. On Christmas-eve Helen & her younger brother Walter came, loaded with big & little packages. Something for every-one in the hospital. Frank took great interest in this distribution and when all was over & his room was dark they brought in a tiny little-tree & hung on it their gifts. Late at-night a white-robed figure tip-toed in once more, leaned over the sleeping patient & before slipping out she hung a grayish-white shapeless thing on the little-tree.

When Frank woke up the next morning, his eyes fell at once upon the little tree & the first object he distinguished was this shapeless white-gray thing which had a tag on it from Jane "Read."

"Jane, Jane, he exclaimed, I felt it all this time." He rang the bell violently & asked for the head-nurse.

"Jane," he called out to her. I knew it all the time, I would find you again.

The nurse stood beside his bed & received his tender kisses. "Let me be your champion for life, Jane, please, I need you."