ONE JUST AS PRETTY AS THE OTHER

The horse show is always the most popular department of any livestock show. Horses are such beautiful and intelligent animals that the public is always keenly interested in them. More horses are badly needed. Many horses will be exhibited for prizes at the New Timonium Fair, Timonium, Md., Sept. 1 to 6, inclusive.

BIG JOB TO FIND JOBS

KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS GET THOUSANDS.

Even Badly Disabled Men Are Quickly Placed by Earnest Workers—Veterans Paid to Find Work.

When James White, U. S. Marine, was operating a machine gun at Chateau Thierry, he did it with vigor and vim, as every good Marine always does everything with vigor and vim. Now, Jimmy White, instead of blazing away with a machine gun of war, is blazing away with a machine gun of peace—operating a high-speed mimeograph machine in a high-speed way, and with one arm.

Jimmy got his at Chateau Thierry—three pieces of shrapnel in his arm. It had to come off to save Jimmy's life. Nothing daunted, he let it part company with him. And he was blue, very blue, for a long time. Until, in the hospital, looking dolefully at the place where his arm used to be, Jimmy was accosted by a Knights of Columbus secretary, who told him to cheer up and figure on getting a nice, snappy job when he returned home.

Jimmy White was a cynic. He didn't believe nice, snappy jobs came to one-armed men. He thought he was through as a useful citizen. He was disillusioned once he struck home. The K. of C. lined him up with 99 other veterans, put them in automobiles and paid them $4 per day to scout for jobs for their comrades and themselves. Jimmy found a job the second day out—in a big advertising plant, operating the mimeograph—the busiest mimeograph in the world, Jimmy thinks.

This idea of the K. of C. of paid veteran job finders is resulting in six hundred jobs each day for demobilized soldiers and sailors, and the same figures, in proportion, holds good in hundreds of other cities. The Knights conduct more than 1,700 employment bureaus throughout the country. Results on a proportionate scale are being obtained throughout the country.

It was rather a bold idea which the Knights of Columbus put into effect when they recruited hundreds of young veterans of the war—soldiers, sailors and marines—and put them on the Knights of Columbus pay roll at the rate of $4 per day to find jobs for their comrades and incidentally for themselves.

While the Knights, through their secretaries and individual members of their organization, had already found hundreds of jobs for ex-service men, the same story of doing the right thing by the returned men was beginning to lose something of its punch. So Joseph C. Pelletier, K. of C. supreme advocate and a member of the K. of C. committee on war activities, hit upon the idea of letting the returned men present their own arguments to employers. The scheme was instantly adopted, and within a week Peter W. Collins, late government industrial expert, who is director of the K.-C. employment and reconstruction bureau, had enlisted the one hundred men he needed, and the drive was started against the out-of-work line by the same men who had helped smash the Hindenburg line.

Dividing the city into zones of manufacturing and commercial centers and splitting up the small, compact army of 100 into squads of ten, each squad headed by an experienced K.-C. worker, who coached the veterans in their manner of approach, the attack was made.

The men presented themselves in talking teams of two and three before employment managers in large offices and factory superintendents in large plants. In as few words as possible they presented the reasons why the men they represented should be given immediate employment. On the first day, with a record of 300 places visited, a total of 587 jobs were captured. All told, the Knights have placed over 35,000 veterans in good jobs all over the country. There are 37,230 Knights now organized to find jobs for veterans.

WAR QUICKENED SOLDIERS' WITS

Boys Have Learned Art of Concentration—Are Better Fitted for Life Work.

Old man Mars does something else besides sharpen plowshares into swords. He sharpens the wits of the men who have to handle the swords or whatever other articles are considered most appropriate for finishing off the enemy in rapid time.

Our men returning from the wars show all the marks of improved mentality—a quicker grasp of any task given to them and a keener ambition to be up and doing. All this has been generated by army discipline and experience at the front, where a man's wits were often his sole physical salvation.

In their educational work among the men of the army and navy the Knights of Columbus are discovering remarkable aptitude on the part of the returned men to learn the technicalities of highly specialized trades. When the K. of C. installed a school of automechanics at Camp Dix, N. J., it was thought that one difficulty would be the length of time it would take for the men attending the school to become proficient auto-mechanics, as the time at their disposal was during the period they awaited demobilization.

Superintendent Hayes, in charge of the school, figured that a young man more than averagely brainy and diligent could make the course in six weeks. With a large class he discovered that not one man was what he had considered to be the average. They were all above the average. For within six weeks every man in the school was qualified to take a good paying job as an auto-mechanic.

Elsewhere the Knights teach carpentry, machine handling and business subjects. A large school in employment management is also conducted by the Knights. But everywhere the same report holds true, that the men returned from the wars have their wits made keen for self advancement. "Practically all these men," said a K. of C. supervisor, "will return to civil life with their wage earning capacity heightened. They have to thank military discipline a good deal for this."

"Catch the Dog!"

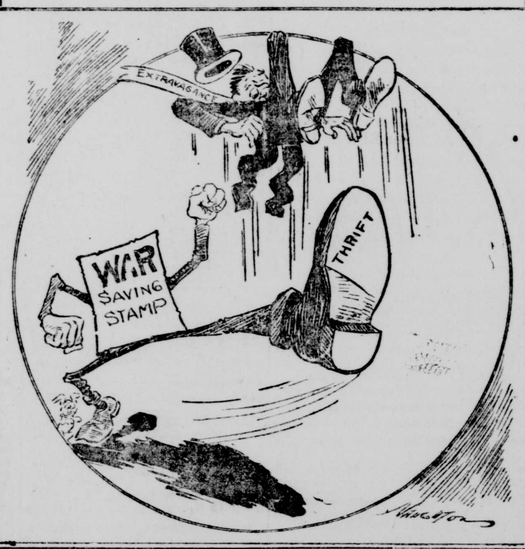
"Mrs. Howe was always thoughtful of animals. During the reign at 241 Beacon street of the little fox terrier Patch, it often fell to her lot to take him out to walk, and she felt this to be a grave responsibility.

"One day Patch ran away on Beacon street, and would not come when she called him. At this instant Doctor Holmes, passing, paused for a friendly greeting.

"'Mrs. Howe,' he said, 'I trust this fine morning—'

"'Catch the dog!' cried Mrs. Howe. One author flew one way, one the other; between them Patch was caught and brought in triumph home."—From the Life of Julia Ward Howe, by her daughters.

LET W. S. S. BE YOUR CHAMPION



BANKS TO SAFEGUARD BONDS AND STAMPS

Are Ready to Protect Securities of Small Investors Free or For Nominal Charge.

In buying Liberty Bonds, Victory Bonds, Thrift and War Savings Stamps the people of the United States have done more than perform a patriotic duty—they have invested in the soundest securities in the world, gold obligations of the United States of America.

But the safeguarding of these securities has become a problem for many folk. Only a few persons, relatively, have either a safe in the house or office, or a safe-deposit box in the vaults of the bank. Far too many patriotic citizens are keeping bonds and stamps about the house, in the bureau drawer, under the mattress, or on the shelf. And even if the treasure is thus hidden from thieves, there is the ever present danger of fire, and the loss of the money invested.

There may be no further call for the people at large to subscribe to huge bond issues, but the government needs the daily and weekly sums which come in from the sale of Thrift and War Savings Stamps for taxes must be kept down. The danger of loss has deterred some people from getting as many stamps as they might otherwise buy. Hence the problem will be a future question as well as a present one.

Steps have been taken, however, to meet this situation.

First, every bond or stamp certificate may be registered with the Treasury Department. Registration means that the owner's name and the number of his security have been "registered" by the government, and that nobody but himself can possibly get the money which the bond or stamp certificate calls for. Certificates may be registered through the nearest postoffice; bonds through the nearest bank.

And the second method for safeguarding has been provided by the banks themselves. Every bank—national bank or savings bank—and every trust company has, of course, ample and secure vaults. For the man who does not feel that he can afford to rent a safe deposit box to keep Liberty Bonds and War Savings Stamps in, many of the banks and trust companies have announced their willingness to keep these securities for him in their own vaults.

WAR SAVINGS STAMPS MADE HOME POSSIBLE

Man Who Suddenly Found Himself Without Roof Over Head Was Able to Buy Property.

This true story tells how War Savings Stamps built a sure protection around one Washington war worker and his family.

Early in the war savings campaign he began a small systematic investment in Thrift Stamps, which ultimately grew until he had an investment of $100. He says he acquired his stamps without depriving himself or family. The investment "just grew" out of incidental savings.

Presently this incidental money became scarce. The war worker and his family felt the burden of the wartime high cost of living, and the anxiety and expense of extraordinary illness of the two children. Then another blow fell. He awoke one morning to find that he had no place to live.

His residence had been sold and he and his family were asked to vacate. He could find no houses for rent within his means, and was confronted with the necessity of leaving the city or buying a home for his family. He could not buy without making a substantial initial payment, and ready funds were seemingly beyond reach.

Then he thought of his War Savings Stamps. He remembered they were redeemable on ten days' notice, with accrued interest. With the proceeds of these stamps and such small sums as he could gather he made first payment on a new home in the suburbs.

Recently he refused to sell it for $1,200 more than the purchase price. This man is a War Savings Stamp enthusiast—and he is on the straight road to financial independence.

Start your mind going along saving lines and then watch it travel. Buy W. S. S. regularly.

SUCCESSFUL DOLLARS ARE THOSE WORKING

Invested in War Savings Stamps They Never Fail to Yield You Handsome Profit.

It is the dollar that goes to work that is the successful dollar. The idle dollar is a failure. The successful dollar brings back another dollar with it. It makes itself a dollar and something—two dollars and something—a whole family of dollars.

But the careless dollar goes off somewhere and is never seen again.

A Texas man the other day lost a life-time's savings—$786. His dollars had gone off in the pockets of two fake stock promoters. He had not taught his dollars to keep good company.

Hundreds of years ago a man to whom a handful of money had been trusted buried it all in a napkin. He got no increase—he did not even keep what he had.

The dollar that succeeds is energetic—and careful. War Savings Stamps do more than save your dollars. They put them to work at compound interest. And they never fail. Your government guarantees every one of them.

A man once bought Manhattan Island for $24. He had the $24. Buy War Savings Stamps and be ready.

Provide a silver lining for the coming cloud. War Savings Stamps will do it.

Pull together to produce more, to eliminate waste, to save and to invest in W. S. S.

Keep your money at work for you. Re-invest your Liberty Bond interest in W. S. S.

REMEMBER THE ANT

Save and have!

Remember the story of the ant and the grasshopper? The ant worked and saved. The end of each day found him with a little more added to what he had the day before. The grasshopper danced and sang and fiddled his time away. Winter came; the ant had plenty. The grasshopper had nothing; he had not saved. He went to the ant and asked for help. Said the ant: "While I worked, you fooled your time away. You can dance now for all I care."

Are you an ant-person or a grasshopper - person? Some time are you going to have to ask for help and will someone tell you to dance; or will you be independent?

If you save now, you'll have later on. Let the end of every week find more Thrift Stamps on your card. At the end of every month be able to show more War Savings Stamps pasted on your certificate. Lend your money to the government at 4 per cent interest, compounded quarterly, and see it grow.

Take stock of yourself! What are you worth? Will next New Year's Day find you worth more or less? Which will you be; an ant or a grasshopper?

New Plastic Material.

A new plastic material that can be put to many uses in the arts is made by melting glue or gelatin on a water-bath at a temperature slightly below the boiling point of water. When the glue is liquid a decoction of hop flowers in dilute oxalic acid is added, and the impurities are allowed to settle. The liquid is then poured into carefully leveled shallow molds, and allowed to dry in the air, forming thin plates. It can be dyed any color desired, after which it is treated in a bath consisting of a mixture of formaldehyde, alcohol, tannic acid, glycerine and water. This hardens the glue, renders it insoluble in water, yet leaves it quite plastic.

Developing a Theorist.

"Jud Tunkins says he's a scientific farmer."

"Yep," returned Farmer Corntossel. "Jud has got so scientific he'd rather put in all his time attendin' lectures than run a cultivator."

An April Fool's Paradise

By EDITH MORGAN WILLETT

(Copyright)

Mr. Bud Bennington was responsible for it. So, naturally, was the first of April—our ancient feast day sacred to the observance of practical jokes.

It must be explained just here that Bud was a born joker, having a sense of humor which might truly be called "saving," from the fact that he invariably practiced it at other people's expense. On this particular morning, for instance, literally no pains had been spared.

The day was still young, the hour being 8 a. m., but already in order to celebrate it properly old Miss Skipworth, a fellow boarder, had been operated upon with most satisfactory results.

Miss Skipworth hated traveling and had a cat-like horror of rain. And it was a rainy morning. She had also been overheard referring to Bud as "an empty-headed young idler." Therefore an imperative telegram from her lawyer had just arrived, summoning her to New York on "urgent busines." And even as the author of it sat by his cozy sitting-room fire, he could hear from the next room the sounds of excited feminine bustle, and a shrill voice issuing unintelligible directions.

From time to time other tones chimed in, too, at which Bud looked a little pensive; for that second voice belonged to Miss Skipworth's niece and his own best girl—the sole reason, in fact, why he at twenty-one, with a fortune and an automobile, was wasting both at a suburban family hotel instead of disporting them at Newport or at Palm Beach.

The thought of Phylys Folsom, on this especial morning, however, was not entirely welcome, as it reminded Bennington of some one else in the house, and he became suddenly, irritably conscious of noises coming from the veranda underneath his room.

"There's that Pomeroy now!" he mused disgustedly. "Tramping about and mooning up at her window, as usual. Oh, the unutterable fool! Just because Phylys is kind enough to notice him occasionally, when I'm not 'round, he has the brass to fall in love with her! Or rather"—satirically—"he hasn't the brass, with only a miserable law business to depend upon."

Mr. Bennington stretched himself luxuriously in his silk-lined dressing-gown and continued his reflection.

"I suppose the truth is, Phylys is sorry for Pomeroy. . . . Well, who wouldn't be? . . . What a life! Every day hard at work in the city—grinding away half the night over his law-books! Gee! I wonder what the poor devil would do if some one left him a fortune—or a fake fortune! Jimminy crickets! How's that for an April fool?"

Pulling a piece of paper toward him, he selected a pen with care and began to write:

New York, April 1.

My Dear Sir:

I have just deposited to your credit at the Fifth Avenue bank of this city the sum of $2,500, the amount, with interest at 6 per cent, of a loan made to me by your father ten years ago. I regret very much that I was unable to repay it during his lifetime, but am only just in condition to discharge an obligation which has laid very heavily on my mind.

Believe me, with sincere regards,

Very truly yours,

Douglas Wallace.

Pursing his lips thoughtfully, he now proceeded to forge a check, and then, cramming the letter with its enclosure into a business envelope, turned the latter over in order to write on its back in tiny letters two meaningful words appropriate to the season.

"Perhaps he'll see them when he doesn't find the money at the bank," Bennington surmised, with a grim chuckle, "and then won't he be ripping!"

He was still hard at work five minutes later when a knock at the door made him start guiltily. But it was only one of the numerous "Buttons" in the house, bearing a steaming, smoking, breakfast-tray. Bennington hailed both jubilantly. "Got a job for you, Sam," he announced. Now listen, my boy."

Wheeling around, he dropped his voice in a few whispered directions. There was the clink of coin followed by the gleam of African teeth, and a fervent "T'ank ye, sah. Trus' me, sah!"

Gazing anxiously at the dining-room door, Bennington saw it open suddenly.

"Dear me!" cried a familiar high-pitched voice. "Here's the trap already! Phylys, dear, just get my bag; hurry.

"Ah, there's Pomeroy!"

He glanced down at a tall young man putting on his hat in the hall, and then drew back, with an irresistible chuckle, as the form of Sam appeared solemnly in the doorway holding out an envelope, with these portentous words, "Special-deliberate lettah, sah!"

Pomeroy took it. So far, so good!

There was the crisp rending of paper, followed by silence.

At last some one looked in through the front door, a girlish figure in a white duck suit. "I hope you haven't any bad news, Mr. Pomeroy?" asked a voice that made Bennington start consciously.

Pomeroy started too. "No, indeed, Miss Phylys," he stammered; "but I—I don't think I'll go to town today. You see——"

Bennington was completing a lengthy toilet an hour later, when something—a mysterious, prophetic something—made him glance out of his front window, through which the April sun was now shining effulgently. Its beams lay in golden shafts over the shaven lawn, and across it, from the direction of the hotel, could be seen strolling leisurely a man and a girl! There was no mistaking them. Pomeroy had stolen a march on Bennington, or—what was worse—a walk with Phylys.

The rest of the morning seemed interminable to Bennington. It had cleared off beautifully, after all, with a turquoise sky above, and under foot a hard earthiness that positively cried for motoring. But Bennington's machine stood neglected in the garage, while its owner tramped moodily up and down the hotel piazza smoking frequent cigars and wondering when that couple would return. They had not come back by luncheon, which meal Bud devoured hastily, stationing himself immediately afterward in his first front window, where with an impatience which turned gradually into positive alarm, he sat scanning the drive as the minutes rolled by.

What had happened? What could have become of them?

At 3 o'clock a distant whistle proclaimed the New York train, and some minutes later the hotel 'bus drew up in front of the door, depositing Miss Skipworth, not to mention her umbrella, waterproof, valise, and sundry parcels.

"Such a nice day as I've had!" she announced cheerfully to a little group assembled on the hotel piazza. "Whom should I meet as I got out at the Grand Central station but my old friends, the Allertons, just in town for the day! We lunched together at the Waldorf and had a delightful talk. But, what do you think? Mr. Selfridge and his partner were both out of town and the office closed! Isn't it the most extraordinary thing about that telegram?"

"She's had a lovely time, however, thanks to it," thought Bennington, rather sadly. Somehow, although his jokes were brilliantly successful, they had not turned out quite to his satisfaction.

Grimly he watched a certain pair come into sight at last along the drive, the girl swinging her hat, while the youth ambled beside her with a jauntiness that struck Bennington as positively asinine. Listening anxiously he heard them come into the house, and a moment later steps ascended the stairs and stopped at Bennington's door.

"May I come in?" inquired a masculine voice. And without waiting for permission Pomeroy entered the room—a beaming, glorified, altogether incomprehensible Pomeroy.

"Hello!" he said, grinning idiotically, "haven't seen you before today."

Here, quite unnecessarily, he strode across and shook Bennington warmly by the hand. "Well, old boy——"

The reserved, diffident Pomeroy calling any one "old boy!"

"Fork out your congratulations—every one of 'em. She accepted me. I tell you, man, Phylys has accepted me!"

What else he said in his exuberant frenzy the stricken Bennington could not quite take in. There was a good deal about Miss Folsom's angelic characteristics, Pomeroy's own incredible good fortune, and then a confidential outpouring on the subject of an unexpected couple of thousand that had drifted in that morning—the very capital he had "wanted for so long in order to get into Green & Waldrop's real estate office."

"And, do you know, Bud," Pomeroy volunteered huskily, as he at length verged toward the door, "if it hadn't been for that blessed money coming, I don't believe I'd ever have had the courage to propose. It just made everything possible."

Oddly enough, it was these last words that settled Pomeroy's fate, up to that time hanging on the balance of his listener's distracted mind.

For a moment after the door closed on his happy, unconscious victim, Bennington stood struggling fiercely with the resolution that was gaining possession of him.

Then, squaring his shoulders determinedly, "Yes," he said, between his teeth. "It's the only thing to do now—the only thing, for a gentleman to do."

And, seating himself at his writing desk, Pomeroy's involuntary benefactor, with a few strokes of the pen, converted an April Fool's Paradise into a tangible bank account.

When People Wait

Waiting is one of the most profitless things in the world, and waiting at the telephone is almost like sitting still with your eyes closed — the time seems so much longer.

To busy people a short wait seems magnified and correspondingly unprofitable. You can help to lessen such waits for those who call you by answering your telephone promptly, and at the same time protect yourself against lost calls — for the other person often "hangs up."

THE CHESAPEAKE & POTOMAC TELEPHONE COMPANY

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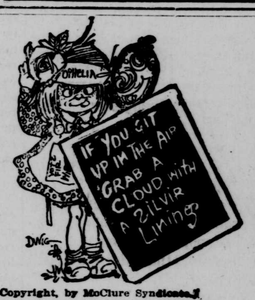

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FOR BEAUTY, NOT PLUMBING

French Chateau Owner Had Americans Remove Modern Improvements They Had Installed.

In our anxiety to get results in France we were often tactless from a French point of view. This cause of irritation was exaggerated by our general ignorance of the language. I wonder if the American schools, after this, will teach us speaking French instead of the book French they taught in my generation?

And we ran into certain French peculiarities which we found it hard to understand. For example, early in our war a fine old chateau near Bordeaux was leased for a headquarters. By the terms of the lease we were to leave everything exactly as we found it. The chateau in its four or five hundred years of existence had never known sanitary plumbing; the owners bathed in wash basins or rubber tubs. Expecting to stay a long time we installed, by permission, drains, bathtubs, toilets, a water-heating system.

When, last January, we ended the lease and moved out the officer who conducted the business offered to leave the plumbing where it was, since its removal would cost as much as it was worth. The French owner refused. We had to take out our plumbing. What he wanted from that chateau was not sanitation, but venerable beauty, and the sense that he dwelt in the same identical home as his ancestor of the tenth generation back.

The American finds it hard to understand such a point of view; and he is a bit brusque in expressing his opinion thereon.—Will Irwin in the Saturday Evening Post.

FLYERS TO HUNT OUTLAWS

Cotton Plantations Planted in Defiance of Authority Seen Easily From the Air.

The department of agriculture has adapted the airplane to its needs, and plans to have a large fleet of machines to serve the farmer, lumberman and orchardist during the next six months, according to an announcement from Washington recently, says the San Francisco Chronicle. The machines will be used to find forest fires, map out forest and other surveys and to act as detectives to find outlaw cotton planters in Texas, Arizona and southern California.

Lieutenant Compere at Ellington a year ago investigated the cotton situation. Owing to danger of an invasion of pink bollworm from Mexico it was necessary to create restricted safety zones where no cotton could be grown. Certain outlaw planters in land surrounded by heavy forests have defied the government and planted in these districts, which are difficult to find. The young Californian took a camera with him, cruised over the forests at a 7,000-foot altitude, and snapped seven outlaw fields. The fields were destroyed. Compere has been released from service and will soon return to California to organize the agricultural aviation scout work on this coast.

Chilean Nitrates Needed.

In spite of the prophets of disaster, the war did not ruin the Chilean nitrate industry; instead, military needs created an unprecedented demand. Now that this has ceased, the Chilean pessimists are once again predicting ruin, but El Industrial of Antofagasta says there will now be a greater demand than ever for fertilizer, and that artificial nitrates have failed even to rival the natural product of Chile.

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