The Future Mrs. Tevis

By ZONA FROST

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Patience leaned farther over the balustrade, and frankly listened. Not that she had ever intended to, but when one comes along unexpectedly and hears one's own name used freely and without warrant it is surely human nature to want to know what it is all about. Especially when matters have been at the high point of tension they had at the Quintards'.

Old Mme. Rossiter was calling with her married daughter Milly, and Milly was not in favor of Patience, or her position in the home of her wealthy aunt. She had her own younger sister to marry off, and the marriageable men in the little summer colony at Larchurst were reduced to the minimum. Archie Tevis was the first prize, and Patience had ignored him, with deliberate intent. Yet now she heard their names coupled in the gossip of old madame, who ruled like an autocrat over the other fluttering girls and women of the resort.

"Well, I'm in favor of it," she said flatly. "Archie's my nephew, and he needs balance and family ties, especially now, when his father is getting younger every day. Have you seen Tooker lately, Mrs. Quintard? He's fifty-four to my certain knowledge, and he looks about forty or younger. Been on the other side, all through the war, and it agreed with him. He's fit and handsome, and Archie can't hold a candle to him, I think. If I

Leaned Farther Over the Balustrade.

were a girl I'd make a straight play for the colonel."

"Is he back?" asked Mrs. Quintard, pleasantly, "I thought he was in Washington."

"Yes, he's opened up Everglades. Going to make a big stock farm of it, I believe. Crazy over the rural life after too much war. You tell Patience for me to overlook Archie and make Tooker fall in love with her. I'll help all I can."

And here Patience stole back upstairs, along the broad, cool corridor and out on the upper porch. Here she sat in full view from the road, with rose vines and honeysuckles around her, and just as attractive in her white linen smock as she could be, with its knots of black velvet ribbon here and there, and one perky bow, like a Chippewa maiden's tribal feather, pointing upward from her brown hair.

Archie and his father rode horseback slowly, while the colonel lectured.

"You're twenty, sir, and a cub. I've seen lads three years younger than you leading their men through hell, sir, and making good on it. You're afflicted with leisure and no definite aim in life, and now I hear you've had a serious love affair with Molly Quintard's niece. Who the devil is she?"

"There she is, dad," drawled Archie, provokingly, but with a twinkle in his eye, as he nodded his head toward Patience on the upper porch. No danger that she would take the trouble to lift her head and speak to him. He felt he was quite safe, and Colonel Tevis turned his handsome head toward destiny quite as fearlessly as he had ever looked in the face of danger.

Patience had seen them when they first rode down the hill road, but she had read her book deliberately until she felt the gaze of some one, not Archie, but a compelling gaze that forced her to meet it. And slowly she bowed her head as the two men raised their caps to her, but not before she had felt the color rise to her cheeks.

"Do you blame me, dad?" Archie asked daringly, as he noted his father's silence. "Pretty impressive girl, isn't she?"

"Use a different tone," ordered the colonel, with a smile of intuition. "If she'll have me, Arch, I'm going to cut you flat. She was abroad a year ago with the Leslie Dennis of Louisville. I met her in Paris at one of the Red Cross affairs, and if she's been at all decent to you, sir, I can tell you now it was on account of your father. She knows that she can be the future Mrs. Tevis whenever it pleases her to give me the least encouragement. She's the image of her Aunt Molly at her age, and I never loved any other girl but Molly."

"Why not marry Molly now and leave Patience to me," suggested Archie, savagely.

"Because you're idle and not fit for any girl to marry. Go to work and drop this social game here, Arch, and I'll give you a chance to win her from me. Meantime I give you warning."

The next two months Larchurst wondered and pondered just what Patience intended doing with the colonel. He had become her most devoted admirer, or, as Arch put it more neatly, "Dad's got the inside track." Archie had gone to work daily in the city. Doggedly he had taken up the challenge to make good, but evenings he shared Patience's society with the colonel, and when he grouched at his work his father would laugh and tell him to quit if he liked. He was winning, anyhow.

But he watched the boy keenly, and saw that he was holding his own at the office game and had the makings of a good soldier in him, after all. The eighth week he found Patience alone on the upper porch. He was tired, after cinching two contracts for the firm that warranted a steady salary for himself and the surety of his place in the firm, but he had a determination about him that was new and his second proposal was far different from his first.

"I'm not a bit blind," he told her. "I know dad's in love with you, too, and that you can take either of us. I'm just the cub, I suppose; but, Patience, we're both young, and even if we do fight and disagree and have troubles, won't it be worth while to start life together and build?"

Patience smiled up at him from the porch hammock, swinging on long iron chains from the roof.

"Last time you said you could make your father hand you over enough for us to live on until he passed along," she said. "You've grown more the past two months than you ever did all your life before, Arch. I'm going to say yes."

"Who'll ever break the news to dad?" said Arch gloomily, after the most wonderful five minutes of his life. "I just can't tell him that he's lost you, dear."

"I will," said Patience laughing at him. "We arranged the whole thing in Paris, Arch, just to see if we couldn't make you a real husband."

TO RESTORE FAMOUS PARK

Bowling Green, With Its Ancient Fence, Will Again Become Showplace of New York.

Modern New York will probably better appreciate its Bowling Green fence, recovered and restored to view by the Broadway association, for the incidental publicity of the restoration. When the fence was new, Bowling Green was an important part of the town, and the New Yorkers of 1770 considered it well worth while to import the fence from England and pay £800 for it. One is reminded that, shortly before the fence was put up, the loyal citizens, grateful for the repeal of the Stamp act, had adorned Bowling Green with a leaden equestrian statue of George III. For a while fence and statue stood there together: then the Revolution came, and the "Liberty Boys" pulled the statue from its pedestal. The fence remained till 1914, minus the gilt crowns that the "Liberty Boys" had hammered off the tops of the fence posts, but the famous park, lost in the growing city, was gradually neglected. When the fence returns to it, the park will be replanted with shrubbery, and Bowling Green made as much as possible like its historic self. —Christian Science Monitor.

Insisted on Showing His Patriotism.

He was full of patriotism, was the elderly man walking up State street the other evening, and it is possible that an unprejudiced observer might have suspected that he had taken something else aboard during the hours just past. At any rate, he was most patriotic and the sight of a sturdy doughboy gladdened his wandering eyes. The boy was acting as convoy to two maidens fair and wasn't particularly anxious to be sorted out for hero decoration at that moment, but the elderly man was not to be denied. He took off his cap with a flourish worthy the days of chivalry; he loudly proclaimed his everlasting obligation and appreciation of the courageous soldiery that saved the world; he insisted on shaking hands, not once but thrice at least, with the young man whom he called "Th' saver of th' country"—and he looked at the girls as if he thought his patriotism, expressed and partially understood, entitled him to an introduction to them.

The doughboy made his escape as quickly as he could, blushing exceedingly. And as he went along he confided to the girls: "Gee, I wish I would have got overseas as easy as the old geezer got half seas over."—Hartford Courant.

JUST ONE GIRL RAN SMALLEST "Y" CANTEEN

The smallest Y. M. C. A. canteen in the world is a portable one, which Miss Florence Sullivan picks up every morning and carries to the Columbia Club in

FLORENCE SULLIVAN.

Plymouth, England. It is just a little basket, this miniature canteen, but it holds many of the things that a real life-size hut contains, sweets and tobacco, a spool of thread for those uniform buttons that keep pulling off, and a dozen other little comforts that are dear to the heart of a Yank.

The Sullivan smile that presides over the basket, however, is the most popular commodity at this canteen, and this ensign will bear testimony to its efficacy as a gloom-chaser.

"It's a Cinch"

CANNOT LOSE MONEY IF INVESTED WISELY

Funds Put Into War Savings Stamps Are Absolutely Safe and Yield Handsome Profit to Holder

Government securities afford the safest and most practical investment in the world. A War Savings Stamp is a promisory note for $5 if redeemed at maturity, or for the original cost of the stamp plus accrued interest if redeemed before maturity.

It was only after America entered the great world conflict that the small wage earner in this country was afforded the opportunity of investing in government securities; of becoming co-partners with the government. That there are today more than 20,000,000 holders of government securities is a fact which speaks for itself.

When you buy a War Savings Stamp you are helping the government. To be able to make a loan to the government, even as small as the sum represented by a War Savings Stamp, is a proof of patriotism and also a practical manifestation of that spirit of national thrift and individual savings which has come to us as a permanent heritage from the war.

WEALTH OF NATION GROWING RAPIDLY

In Washington some of those experts, who are masters of figures and who have a mind attuned to statistics, frequently dig up queer things. One of this type has figured out that the total wealth of the United States is $300,000,000,000. Then he figures out the new wealth produced annually, which he terms "net income." This gets into dizzy figures, too. He estimates that last year the national wealth increased $18,000,000,000, which he admits is going faster than the normal. Another Washington official points out that one of the best ways to conserve this national income in wealth is for individuals to buy War Savings Stamps.

ONE SAFE PLACE FOR LIBERTY BONDS—THE BANK—PUT YOURS THERE

The Cumberland (Md.) Evening Times prints the following, which should be a reminder to all who are now keeping their Liberty Bonds or War Savings Stamps in boxes around the house or in broken tea pots or in mattresses:

Mrs. William B. Dever, wife of Fireman-Engineer Dever, Baltimore and Ohio railroad, of Rowlesburg, W. Va.; threw $1,650 worth of Liberty Bonds into the Cheat river, back of her home, by mistake, with rubbish she had cleaned from their home. The valuable bonds have not been recovered although a diligent search of the Cheat river bottom in that vicinity has been made.

W. B. Dever's great loss of bonds has a parallel. W. W. Wood, Baltimore and Ohio railroad engineer, lost $150 worth of Liberty Bonds from his pocket. They were a $100 and $50 issue. Engineer Wood intended to deposit the bonds in a local bank. They have not been located.

A laborer unloading a car of coal at Paw Paw, Saturday, found a $100 bond in the coal. It is thought to have dropped from the pocket of a car loader at the mines. The laborer reported the matter to the company's station agent at Paw Paw, it is said, with a view of returning it to its owner.

No More Insects or Plant Diseases.

Now that plant quarantine No. 37 of the Agricultural department is in effect, prohibiting the importation of plants without a permit, there will be no more garden insects or plant diseases. If there are it will the fault of the federal horticultural board, for no insects or diseases can enter now except with the permission of the board. Do not discard the sprayers and insecticides, however, as they will still be useful to combat the old and new troubles that are bound to appear.

VALUE OF SAVINGS BECOMES APPARENT

One of Great Lessons of War Is That of National and Individual Thrift, Now Rapidly Growing

Now that the new German government has accepted the inevitable, and has officially signed the peace terms dictated by the allies and the countries associated with them, the greatest and most disastrous war that ever scourged the world is ended.

For nearly five years the world has been topsy-turvy. The things that were needed yesterday are no longer required, and the activities of the great war establishments and munition plants are being diverted to the manufacture of implements of peace.

There must now be a readjustment. Governments that have thought in billions and spent money with a lavish hand, must retrench and think in millions and even smaller amounts, and must gain a new perspective.

Viewed in the retrospect the part played by America in the great world war is one of the most glorious chapters in history. And in the making of this brilliant history the plain American citizen played a stellar role. The mountains of munitions, the equipment for the millions of soldiers, the great ships that carried the men across the ocean, could not have been provided had not the common people of America provided the money.

Much of this money was obtained through the sale of Liberty Bonds and War Savings and Thrift Stamps. This great volume of money has not been wasted. First it brought permanent peace to the world, and now that real peace is here, every cent that was so invested will come back to those who aided their government, and it will come back with interest.

This war that is now happily ended has taught the people the value of saving. They went into the saving game as much through patriotism as anything else. But now that they are reaping the returns, and see that what they did with a patriotic motive is a real foundation for future fortune they have gained a new confidence in their country, and they will continue to buy the securities the Treasury Department offers, and will make the country many-fold more prosperous than it would have been had not the war instilled the lesson that will prove invaluable in future years.

PAYING OFF THAT MORTGAGE

Theodore Roosevelt said: "Thrift is merely the use of hard common sense in the spending of money." Paying off the mortgage on the installment plan by buying War Savings Stamps is one of the uses of this hard common sense.

Not only does this plan offer a practical way of saving small amounts of money, but small amounts may be earning interest as soon as they are set aside toward the collecting of the larger sum. This interest in turn materially helps to reduce the 6 per cent interest rate commonly charged on mortgages.

When the mortgage comes due it may either be paid off in whole, or in part and renewed, the method of saving through War Savings Stamps being employed until the principal is liquidated.

"May the vast future not have to lament that you neglected it." Buy Thrift Stamps and War Savings Stamps.

Is the glue on the back of War Savings Stamps flavored with peppermint or wintergreen? Buy one and find out.

Economy in Iodine.

Instead of throwing away the hundreds of gauze and cotton "mops" used in the surgical ward of a great army hospital, they are now treated in an apparatus, shown in Popular Mechanics Magazine, in order to recover the iodine in them. Alcohol evaporates and condenses in the cooled upper tube, then falls back through the mops, carrying the iodine down with it in the bottom of the flask in the form of a tincture. The mops are saved, too, by subsequent washing and sterilizing.

NO SWIVEL CHAIR FOR FORD'S SON

STAYED AT HOME DURING WAR TO HELP IN PLANT—REFUSED TO TAKE UNIFORM.

FATHER WAS RESPONSIBLE

Declares He Told Edsel That War Work in Factory Needed Him—Would Not Accept Safety First Commission.

Mt. Clemens, Mich.—Henry Ford, during the last hour of his seven days on the witness stand, took occasion to claim full reponsibility for his son, Edsel Ford's, claim for exemption from the selective draft. "He wanted to enlist," said Mr. Ford, "but I told him that he could do more good where he was. He was offered several commissions which would have permitted him to wear a uniform and stay right in the factory, but he wouldn't accept them."

Having made their decision, it was shown, both Mr. Ford and his son refused to camouflage it behind a swivel chair commission carrying boots and spurs.

This subject, the introduction of which has been awaited ever since the trial opened, did not develop along the lines which had been generally expected. Mr. Ford's inclination to shoulder full responsibility, his statement that his son was absolutely essential to the war work being done in the factory and his revelation of the fact that Edsel Ford turned down several offers of a commission, disarmed criticism. The charges, spread during a political campaign, and recently repeated on the floor of the United States senate, to the effect that the young president of the Ford Motor company had shirked his duty were so fully refuted that Tribune counsel did not pursue the point.

It was the first time that a full explanation of the facts in connection with Edsel Ford's war work has been made public and it was easily the feature of the eleventh week of the trial.

Henry Ford spent seven days on the witness stand and of this time he gave less than two hours to his own lawyers. As long as counsel for The Tribune was hammering him Mr. Ford sat quietly in the witness chair answering the constant fire of questions with great patience. But the instant his own lawyers took him in hand his attitude changed. He became self-conscious and diffident. He would not accept the efforts of his counsel to provide him with an opportunity to reveal the full extent of his patriotic work during the war, his humanitarian views, or his advanced ideas of the relations which should exist between capital and labor.

"It is all in the records," said Mr. Ford. "I have told it all here once." He avoided, with care, anything that verged on boasting. He would not even describe the extent of the war work which his factories did and when record breaking performances in the production of munitions was mentioned he declared, "we did all we could, let it go at that. I want to forget about it. I feel just as the soldiers feel. I don't want to talk about my war work."

The witness did, however, after being pressed, explain that his son had bought out the minority stockholders of the Ford Motor company because these interests had insisted on Mr. Ford squeezing the last dollar out of the public, the government, the workers and the product. He wanted to cut loose from his associates, he said, so that he could carry out his ideas of the distribution of profits to employees through increased wages and to the public through lower prices. It was either buy or sell and Mr. Ford had considered selling and organizing a new company. His son, however took up the task of buying out the minority stockholders and succeeded, despite the general belief in the financial world that this stock could not be purchased.

One of the most interesting developments of Mr. Ford's testimony came out when it was testified that the only legislation he has ever sought was that for the protection of birds. Other men of millions, it was shown, keep lobbyists in the national and state capitol to urge and work for special privileges, but the one favor that Mr. Ford has ever asked from the lawmakers had nothing to do with his own interests. It was a curious bit of testimony and left a deep impression on the audience in the court chamber.

The subject was a result of questions concerning Mr. Ford's list of friends. He named Thomas Edison and John Burroughs, the naturalist, as his best friends outside of his immediate associates.

Litigation in which Mr. Ford has been interested was another subject of interest. It was shown that when the automobile business was in the first years of its growth all manufacturers of motor cars were compelled to pay tribute to what was known as the Selden patent on internal combustion engines. Mr. Ford fought this patent for seven years and won and by his victory freed the entire industry from its shackles and made possible the wonderful growth which has marked the last few years.

Before and After.

They were both suffragists—one very pretty and young and the other much older. The older one voiced her views very emphatically for the younger one's benefit. "I think it's very impractical for women to get married before they are thirty-five," she said.

The young suffragist retorted instantly, "Yes, and I think it's very impossible for them to get married after they are thirty-five."

Trouble On The Line?

Occasions arise, in keeping up telephone service, that are impossible to foresee. Hail-storms and lightning, and even sudden changes of temperature cause difficulties in maintaining the service.

When your telephone is out of order, report it immediately and then please exercise a little patience while we are hunting down the trouble. Telephone troubles always have our lively attention.

THE CHESAPEAKE & POTOMAC TELEPHONE COMPANY

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MARY HAD NOT FORGOTTEN

Movie Actress Tells Why She Long Has Had Grudge Against Robert Hilliard.

Robert Hilliard, actor, and best-dressed man in New York theatrical circles, was introduced to Mary Pickford recently. As they shook hands he smiled and said:

"My dear Miss Pickford, I have wanted to meet you for a long time. This is a pleasure, I assure you."

"Thank you, Mr. Hilliard," replied the movie actress, "but I must say your memory for faces isn't very good."

"Why?" he asked.

"Some twenty years ago, when you were playing in 'The Littlest Girl,' in Toronto, you needed a child to be the girl. My mother offered my services. I was little Gladys Smith then. You looked me over and told me to go home and wash my hands."

"No, no!" replied the horrified Hilliard. "I couldn't have said that."

"But you did," persisted Miss Pickford; "but I told you my hands weren't dirty—they were chapped. You finally gave me the job, but I took a dislike to you just the same."

"You did! Why?"

"Because," concluded Miss Pickford, "you made me go home and wash my hands, anyway, and I detested soap and water in those days."

"Well, I declare!" said Mr. Hilliard, as he arranged his boutonnaire.—Rehoboth Herald.

BIG MEN OF STATE AIDING ODD FELLOWS

State And City Co-operating To Make Centennial And Convention Big Success.

Some of the biggest and most prominent men in Maryland are working hard to make the Centennial Celebration and Sovereign Grand Lodge, I. O. O. F. Convention in Baltimore, September 14 to 20, a big success.

Headed by Col. Jacob W. Hook, these prominent Marylanders—members of the State and City Co-operation Committee—include Hon. William F. Broening, Baltimore's mayor; Congressman J. Charles Linthicum, Attorney General Albert W. Ritchie; Judge Walter I. Dawkins; Judge Frank I. Duncan; State's Attorney Harry W. Nice; James W. Chapman, Jr., president of the Baltimore School Board; Thomas B. Marshall and Thomas G. Young.

They are leaving nothing undone which will provide for the comfort and entertainment of the 50,000 persons expected to attend the big event.

Some idea of the responsibility which involves on them can be seen when it was learned that notables from Australia, Denmark, and other foreign countries, will be present during the big week. It is the intention of the committee that when these visitors return to their native lands they will carry back with them the very best impressions of the United States and particularly of Maryland. Therefore not only must Baltimore be dressed in its best clothes, but there must be a host of Marylanders on hand to extend the state's hospitality to the foreign Odd Fellows as well as to the thousands from other states.

There are 16,409 Odd Fellows in Maryland, of which number 9,000 are members of lodges outside of Baltimore and 7,409 are members of Baltimore lodges.

A Monster Parade.

One of the big events of the Centennial Celebration and Grand Sovereign Lodge Convention, I. O. O. F., at Baltimore, September 14 to 20, will be the parade of the Patriarchs Militant and other members of the order. There will be 8,000 swords in line, 25 bands of music and more than 10,000 civilians. Every band in Baltimore has been engaged for the parade, besides the bands to be brought by visiting lodges.

ODD FELLOWS PLANS FOR CENTENNIAL GROW

All Armories, The Biggest Theatre And Many Halls Are Reserved For The Sessions.

On such a vast scale will be the Centennial Celebration of the Odd Fellows at Baltimore during the week beginning September 15 that every state armory, the largest theatre in the city and many smaller places of meeting have been reserved for the business sessions and work of the week and thousands of private homes have been booked by the Housing Committee.

So well has the work of the various committees been done so far that while at least 50,000 visitors are expected there will be ample accommodations in pleasant home surroundings for all of them.

Besides the I. O. O. F. Temple, the Lyric Theatre, the big Fourth and Fifth regiment armories, the Broadway Market Hall, the Richmond Market Armory and smaller halls have been reserved for the work of the large degree teams and the Patriarchs Militant.

Among the events scheduled for the week is the parade in which 8,000 swords will be in line. There will be 12,000 other persons in the parade and 25 bands of music. Orphans from the Odd Fellows' orphanages in Pennsylvania and Kentucky will also march. Other big events will be:

The Grand Decoration of Chivalry, the highest degree in the order; the initiation of a large class of candidates by one of the most efficient Degree Teams in the country, and numerous other business and social meetings, in which all members will be represented, including the Rebekah Lodges which will play an important part in the program.

Heathenism in Lithuania.

It is maintained that in certain parts of Lithuania, in isolated corners and secretly, the old rites of the heathen cult are observed even today. Almost every piece of furniture is beautifully ornate. The wood carving of the peasants is of marvelous delicacy and the gift they have for colors has already been remarked by the whole artistic world. In the long winter months such works are carried out by each member of the family, and reputations spread there as rapidly as elsewhere. The ability and the industry of the Lithuanians fathered the following proverb: "A Lithuanian goes into the forest leading his horse and returns from there with the horse harnessed to a carriage."

Had Long Sitting at Whist.

The curious fascination cards possess for their devotees is illustrated by the following story of Lord Granville, at the time England's ambassador to France: One afternoon, when he was about to return to Paris, he repaired to Graham's to have a farewell game of whist, ordering his carriage to be at the door at 4. When it arrived he was much too deep in the game to be disturbed. At 10 o'clock he sent out word that he was not ready and that the horses had better be changed. Six hours later the same message was sent out, and twice more the waiting horses were changed before he consented to leave the table, after losing £10,000.

Face Unpleasant Tasks.

A man harnesses himself when he does the thing he does not want to do. It's easy for a fellow to be happy when he is pleased with himself and his job. But often the job is hard to work. Sometimes it's disagreeable. Left to ourselves we would let the job slide. The weak man will not force himself to do anything he does not want to do. He thinks he's a free lance and that he shows his independence by refusing to do what he does not like. The very opposite is the fact. That man is biggest and best who does the thing he does not want to do the best it can be done.

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