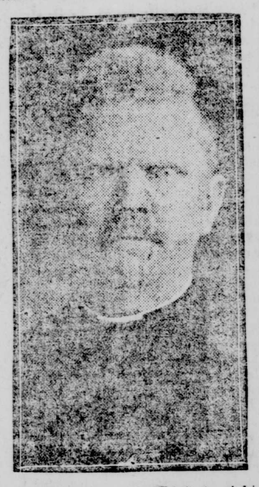
PROMINENT OFFICERS, GRAND LODGE, OF MARYLAND I. O. O. F.



These officers of the Grand Lodge of Maryland, I. O. O. F. are, with other officers of the lodge, working hard completing the plans for the Centennial Celebration and Sovereign Grand Lodge Convention in Baltimore, September 14 to 20, when, it is estimated more than 50,000 Odd Fellows will gather to celebrate the 100th Anniversary of the order, which was founded in Baltimore. From left to right the men above are Thomas C. McGuire, Baltimore, Grand Marshal; Saul Praeger, Hagerstown, Grand Warden, and Rev. Louis L. Williams, Pocomoke City, Grand Chaplain.

HAVE AN APPLE ON THE FAIR?

"An apple a day keeps the doctor away," runs the old proverb. Apples, other kinds of fruits, and vegetables, have all played a big part in keeping Old Man Hunger on the run these last four years. They have all been given a place in the premium list of the coming New Timonium Fair, Timonium, Md., Sept. 1 to 6, inclusive.

A Springtime Thaw

By ANNA REDFERN

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Big Bill Sheldon was decidedly not a Westerner. One could have guessed that fact by his air of reserve—a refined, courteous, but nevertheless clearly obvious I-am-sufficient-for-myself manner. The manner, however, was not of Bill's own choosing; rather was it a product of environment. Moreover, it was a source of deep grievance to him, for try as hard as he might he could not make friends, with a reserve as impenetrable as the Rock of Gibraltar rising between himself and every one he met. Even the glad spontaneity of a merry Western city, where friendliness was the rule, rather than the reverse, seemed not to melt the ice. How could his new-found acquaintances divine for themselves that within his six feet bulk of calm, blond nonchalance lay a desire for adventure as keen as that of some twelve-year-old devotee of Nick Carter; or that the wistful look showing forth every now and then from his deep gray eyes betokened only the strong desire that somewhere, sooner or later, some one would notice him and really like him in spite of himself. No wonder he moped; and no wonder Aunt Della stood at her wit's end to entertain him. She had fed him to the fattening point; she had introduced him in turn to every one she knew; she had waited on him more tenderly than his own mother would have done, and still he looked bored.

"I think, auntie," he said after the first week of agony, "that I shall have to be starting for home. Father can scarcely run the shop without me—much as I would like to stay," he added as a polite afterthought.

There was no doubt that Bill was homesick. And whether 6 feet 200 pounds suffers proportionately more than does 5 feet 100 pounds, even Bill had no heart to answer. Blue to the bottom of his No. 8 boots, he paced gloomily around Aunt Della's sunny, comfortable living room, impatiently bumping against knick-knacks and chairs. Fourteen times without stopping he paced. On the fifteenth round he stopped by the long French window with a jerk. He pulled aside the blue cretonne curtains, and drawing himself erect in the soft spring sunshine he drank in the pleasing sight through eyes and nose and mouth.

The morning was clear and fair and radiant; the clouds were blue and soft and fleecy; the lawns were lush and green with young grass; the trees were newly in leaf. But a fairer sight than all this caught and held his attention. In a neighboring yard, scarcely two rods away, there flashed a maiden back and forth with movements as graceful and dainty as those of some wood nymph.

With a few deft movements she drew up the sagging white-string net and fastened it taut across the tennis court. She tried out her balls and rackets with a bubbling, boylike exultancy, as if the tonic of springtime had found affinity with her feet. "Tough," gasped Bill, and "Tough!" "Oh, auntie, who's the young lady next door?"

Aunt Della carefully set her pie crust in the yellow mixing bowl, wiped her hands and came at her young nephew's excited call.

"That's no young lady," she corrected. "That is Irene Roberts. Why, I've known that child ever since she was born."

"How long is that, auntie?" Bob persisted.

"Well, now, let me see. It must be twenty years or thereabouts." Bob raised his eyebrows quizzically, but Aunt Della rattled on. "Yes, and just as you see her now she's always been—jumping, running, playing tennis, riding horseback. She's a regular tomboy."

To Aunt Della Irene was just the same madcap little girl that she had always known from childhood up. Not so to Bill! He stood by the window and watched his lively young neighbor's gyrations with distinct approval. "She is flame and action," he mused as her red-brown bobbed curls flashed in the sunshine. Altogether he approved of her—of her trim white flannel dress and high-cut russet boots, of her well-knit, graceful figure swaying in the sheer delight of motion, and her frank boyish activity. So much did he approve that the wistful look came back into his deep brown eyes, and the homesick feeling formed a hard lump and settled in his throat.

That she had no companion in her game seemed not to bother Irene at all. Back and forth she scintillated, her tennis ball now on one side of the net, now on the other.

Suddenly she threw down her ball and started toward Bill's point of observance. "Auntie Bascom," she called, "I'm coming in to see you."

Bill's experience of twenty-two years, did not include instruction in chain-lightning action. Of course, he wanted to meet the girl. For what else had he been planning during the last fifteen minutes but for this? However, this was sudden action. As Irene called he hastily drew back from the window and began measuring with his eyes the distance from his window to the kitchen where Aunt Della kept busily at work. In the open he could have covered it with three leaps, but here there was furniture to intervene. Too, Irene had seen him at her first glance. There seemed no graceful way of escape. So Bill threw back the long French window and stood bravely waiting for events to happen.

"Irene, this is my nephew, Bill Sheldon, from the East," called Auntie Bascom from the the other room.

Bill gravely acknowledged the introduction with a bow, striving meantime to down the rising reserve which was always intensified by a meeting with a stranger.

"I'm pleased to meet you." Irene's full-throated voice rang out pleasantly as she extended her firm white hand and raised her blue, blue eyes to his. She waited for no reserve to melt. In fact, she neither felt nor noticed any such thing.

"Do you play tennis?" she inquired, with a glance toward the racket in her hand.

Then Bill surprised himself. "Just try me," he answered, "when you finish your errand."

Auntie Bascom heaved a sigh of relief as they walked off together. "Irene'll keep him amused for a little while," she ejaculated, "although I know he won't approve of her romping ways."

Somehow there was not any more talk of going home, and somehow Bill began to take an interest in his visit. Never did Aunt Della attribute this change to the lively Irene, for there was always a crowd of young people together. Her enlightenment came suddenly and unintentionally.

Bill had gone away for the evening. The dishes had been carefully washed and dried. The soft evening breeze blew by the open door with a pulling force. Throwing a shawl about her shoulders, Aunt Della started across the garden path to her neighbor's, Mrs. Roberts, for a chat. It was a walk that she loved. The moonlight was soft and scented. Her thoughts turned fondly back to the time when she had not walked this path alone. Passing slowly along, she stopped for a moment by the summer house. Her attention was caught by a familiar voice:

"But, Irene, are you sure that you can put up with an old stupid like me?"

Then a tremulously happy voice replied:

"Oh, Bill, are you sure you will never call me a tomboy?"

Aunt Della wanted to pass quietly along, but her astonishment held her rooted to the spot. Bill sensing the presence of an outsider discovered her. He drew the gentle Irene out into the soft glamor of the moonlit night.

"You may kiss Irene, auntie," he generously offered in bold confidence. "You may have known her ever since she was a baby, but I shall even that up, for I expect to know and love her for the rest of her lifetime."

Ancient Timepieces.

During the reign of Edward I. the first genuine clock in England was placed in Westminster abbey. It must have been quite a wonder, and it remained alone in its glory for many years.

In the fourteenth century Peter Lightfoot, a monk of Glastonbury abbey, made a clock, which is now preserved in the British museum.

The veteran has been patched up a little, but it is still in fair order and marks time as well as ever (better, probably, for a pendulum has been added), notwithstanding its patriarchal age of five centuries.

Perhaps it did not mark time very well before it got its pendulum, for clocks until near the middle of the seventeenth century were by no means reliable as timekeepers.

Changing Jobs.

The president of an Indianapolis bank, who is far from being a Beau Brummel in his dress, was standing on the sidewalk in East Washington street near a tray of shoestrings, and a stylishly dressed woman approached him:

"Here's a dime; let me have one of your longest pairs of black shoestrings."

The banker gave the woman his card and they laughed over the mistake.

The New Pied Piper

DON'T LET HIM LURE AWAY YOUR GOVERNMENT SECURITIES.

You remember how the Pied Piper of Hamlin Town played a siren tune on his pipe and lured the children away. The land is now full of Pied Pipers who are trying to induce people to sell their Liberty Bonds and War Savings Stamps. They are making "golden" promises; they are offering stock in concerns which they say will make you rich. Hold your government securities. Don't let the Pied Pipers make a laughing stock and a sucker out of you.

HE TELLS WHAT HE THINKS OF AMERICA

Syrian Says Now Is Time For Every Man To Prove Patriotism—Answer Found in War Savings Stamps.

It sometimes takes the new-comer to appreciate America. The native-born is often too close to the situation to realize what this country means to the world today. He is used to all that it offers, taking it as a matter of course, and frequently loses the vision in sordid detail; while the new-comer—but listen to what one of them had to say.

He is George E. Rihbany of the 1919 class of the Boston High School of Commerce and he came to this country from his native land, Syria, when he was 10 years old. In a four-minute speech on the value of War Savings Stamps, given at the school recently, he said in closing:

"Hate is not characteristic of the American people, but the Germans taught us unwillingly how to hate them. Now it is a sin not to hate the spirit the Hun showed and not to abolish it from the face of the earth. Of the latter we are positively sure, because the American passion for justice is a hundred times stronger than was the German passion for conquest.

"I never entertained the idea of becoming an orator and I am sure that I lack oratorical ability, but such qualifications are unnecessary on an occasion like this, because the only and best inducement to a true American is the call of his duty and government, and not even the best oration of the greatest speaker of all times.

"Whether we all realize it or not, we are now in the midst of a period which will be known to all the oppressed peoples of the world as the Americanization period. Now is the time for every one of us to prove whether he is a sham American or a genuine American."

The practice of thrift and the purchase of War Savings Stamps are just now good indications of the genuine American. They make for financial independence, freedom, prosperity and happiness.

UNCLE SAM'S MONEY BEST IN THE WORLD

Color Looks Good To Boys Coming Home After Seeing Only Foreign Currency for Months.

Just how good American money looks to a man away from home is illustrated by the story told by one of those boys who fought in France in the war for the preservation of civilization, and who afterwards saw service across the border in Germany.

Sergeant H. H. Coffee was attached to Company L. 354th Infantry, and for six months was at Trier, Germany, 30 miles from Luxemberg. Now he is back home.

"While we were in France," said Sergeant Coffee, "we were paid in French money. And afterward, when we were in Germany, we were paid in German money. The difference between the French and German money, as compared with United States money, is amazing. It is printed on white paper, and one gets an awful wad of it for comparatively a small quantity of American money.

"When we got this foreign stuff the boys were very liberal with it. They would gamble with it, would lend it and handle it very carelessly. But when we got to Brest on our way home, and that money was exchanged for real American money, all that liberality disappeared, and it was guarded zealously."

That is one of the lessons the war has taught. American money, any promise to pay on the part of Uncle Sam, is mighty valuable in the eyes of the world. That is why the Liberty Bonds found so ready a market, and that is why the War Savings Stamps look just as good as money. They are both evidences of indebtedness on Uncle Sam's part and his written promise to pay. There is no record yet that he ever failed to meet an obligation.

KEEP GRIP ON YOUR WAR SAVINGS STAMPS

Advertising Clubs Issue Warning To Protect the Public Against Ubiquitous Stock Swindlers.

Various ways for prospective investors to detect the unscrupulous stock promoters are contained in a bulletin recently issued by the National Vigilance Committee of the Associated Advertising Clubs of the World. The bulletin indicates several unmistakable signs of the "wild cat" stock peddlers which owners of War Savings Stamps and Liberty Bonds will do well to consider before exchanging their valuable securities for the offerings of northern stocks. The warning to prospective investors is as follows:

"So far as we have been able to ascertain not a single case has ever been reported where the promoters of a legitimate, worthy enterprise have offered to take Liberty Bonds in payment for the capital stock of a new company. We believe that the very offer to take Liberty Bonds should prompt the bond owner to consult a banker or legitimate broker as to the value of the stock that is offered in exchange for the bonds. The offer to exchange is an earmark which should serve as a warning.

"Another earmark of the faker is his attitude when it is proposed to postpone action pending an investigation. He will usually sneer at the thought of consulting a banker or broker of standing, suggesting that, of course, they would not recommend the stock because they have stocks of their own to sell.

"In such a case the prospective investor might be sensible enough to remember that it is the one who casts reflections upon business men of standing who is likely to be the fly-by-night salesman, and that the banker has been in the community many years and will no doubt continue in business for many more. He might reason that an established firm would figure that it could not afford to deceive. Yet there are thousands of people who allow themselves to be hoodwinked because they believe such fairy stories."

HAND GRENADE BANKS WILL SOON BE READY

Children Are Urged to Begin Saving Money At Once So That They Will Not Lose Any Time.

Some 250,000 hand grenade banks will be ready for distribution in the Fifth Federal Reserve District by August 20, according to a statement issued at the War Loan Organization of this district.

Every one of these hand grenades was manufactured to carry destruction to the Huns, and now, with percussion cap and explosive removed, they are to serve in the campaign for thrift. Made into penny-slot banks, they will be lent, one to each child under seventeen years old who calls at a bank. Then, if enough money to purchase one or more War Savings Stamps is saved in a specified time, the hand grenade becomes the property of the child.

There has been some delay in Washington in getting the grenades ready for distribution, due to the large number that had to be prepared for their new capacity, but it is now assured that they will shortly be ready.

Every child who would like a real souvenir of the great war can get it by calling at the bank as soon after August 20 as possible, for there will probably be more than 250,000 children in the district who will want the grenades, and the supply is necessarily limited.

Meanwhile, the children are urged to begin saving at once so that they may have a "running start" when the grenade banks are delivered. The sooner enough money is saved to buy a War Savings Stamp the sooner the hand grenade belongs to the child, and the sooner the child begins to save the sooner the desired end will be reached.

Coin Thrift into Thrift Stamps.

Murderer's Oversight.

Perhaps the smallest creature that ever unrolled the curtain from before an unsuspected murder was that which convicted the murderer of Mr. and Mrs. Newtown in 1898. A stationmaster sold a ticket at a small station and received a silver coin dated 1826, rather oddly marked. He put the coin in his pocket and placed another in the till, and that afternoon showed it to some of his friends. A man recognized it immediately as one that Newtown had kept for some time as a pocketpiece and lucky coin, and this was the first hint gained by the detectives as to where they should look for the murderer, who was subsequently apprehended and convicted. It was a minute trifle, this handing over a coin, but it brought the murderer to the just punishment which his crime deserved. Had he chanced on any other piece of money in his pocket—and it was afterwards known that he had a pocketful of money—he would in all probability have remained undiscovered.—London Mail.

Time To Say Good-Bye

There is no more gracious way of terminating a telephone conversation than with "Good-bye." It is a simple expression indicating that the call is ended, and it prevents confusion in hanging up the receiver.

Sometimes the operator is blamed for a supposed cut-off when one of the talkers hangs up without taking the trouble to say the usual final word. We heartily recommend "Good-bye."

THE CHESAPEAKE & POTOMAC TELEPHONE COMPANY

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NEW-WORLD KNIGHTS STRONG PEACE ARMY

K-C Growth Forms Effective Barrier to Bolshevism and Other Evils.

One of the reasons why the Knights of Columbus were able to render such valuable service to the men in the uniform of the United States army, navy and marines was that back of the K. of C. and the public support they received was a thriving fraternal organization, growing rapidly in all parts of the North American continent. William J. McGinley of New York, Supreme Secretary of the K. of C., in his annual report to the Supreme Convention of the K. of C., shows that the Knights have had a magnificent organization

WILLIAM J. McGINLEY, K. of C. Secretary, Who Plays Leading Role in Great Peace Work.

with which to put into effect their various movements for the benefit of the nation's defenders.

The K. of C. membership is now well on the way to the 600,000 mark, and by the end of the year, at the present rate of growth, it is estimated the Knights will number approximately one million.

More than 120,000 new members were added to the K. of C. in the past twelve months. A feature of this wonderful growth of the organization has been the steady increase in membership from the ranks of the U. S. Army and Navy. The K. of C. made it a rigid rule that no attempt be made on the part of their war workers to in any way recruit members among the millions of army and navy men entertained and served by the Knights. But thousands of service men have sought to join the organization.

The finances of the Knights of Columbus, Secretary McGinley's report shows, are in an exceptionally flourishing condition. The present assets of the K. of C., exclusive, of course, of the special war funds, are over $8,500,000. The influenza epidemic cost the Knights the past year in payments to beneficiaries of insurance members $1,149,000. The total death benefits paid during the year amounted to $2,175,694.98, making a total of $13,123,646.76 since the beginning of the order. The total insurance in force this year in the K. of C. amounts to $161,353,565.33.

There were 5,676 deaths in the organization during the year, of which 3,150 were members who had insurance in the order. Despite this, however, there was a gross increase in membership of 121,891. Over 81,000 associate members joined the Knights during the year. Every insurance commissioner has pronounced the K. of C. an exceptionally strong organization.

The Knights, with this vast increase in membership, are turning their energies toward solving the problems of peace after having met with conspicuous success in aiding the nation during the war. The full membership of the Knights is pledged to fight Bolshevism and all expressions of extreme radicalism. The Knights will also carry an offensive warfare against economic disorders by putting into effect a nation-wide educational program—an immense chain of free night schools. The 2,000 K-C councils that are serving as employment bureaus for returned fighting men will form the K-C supplementary school units.

NATIONAL EDUCATION CAMPAIGN PLANNED.

Leading educators of the United States are conferring in New York this week upon the plan of the Knights of Columbus to inaugurate a nation-wide program of educational work which will be one of the chief features of the great peace task of the organization. The courses proposed are for the 600,000 members of the Knights of Columbus and others not members of the organization who wish to take advantage of the free instruction. A system of night schools will be devised that will extend from the Atlantic to the Pacific. The aim will be to teach practical citizenship and to give young men executive, technical or cultural training that will make their citizenship more effective.

The K. of C. committee in charge of the work includes Supreme Knight James A. Flaherty of Philadelphia, Supreme Secretary William J. McGinley of New York and Supreme Advocate Joseph C. Pelletier of Boston.

LITTLE USE MADE OF RIVERS

Great Waterways of United States Seem to Visiting Europeans to Be Neglected.

A Chinaman who travels in the United States is certain to remark; "What grand rivers, but how lonely!" By utilizing their rivers 400,000,000 Chinese have managed to get along without railroads, a feat incomprehensible in occidental countries. A visitor from continental Europe would say: "Your rivers of the Mississippi valley are unequaled as a gift of nature. But where is the commerce? Where the permanently deepened channels, united with correspondingly deep canals for heavy freight, like those connecting the Rhine, Danube, Rhone, Loire and others?" Our only answer could be that we have as yet scarcely made a beginning with our splendid streams in the most productive valley on earth, says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. Yet with remarkable energy, promptness and success we constructed the great canal between the Pacific and Atlantic oceans, paying the entire cost ourselves and opening it on equal terms to all nations. One reason for the backwardness with our majestic rivers and their many navigable tributaries is that we have never taken up the subject with due seriousness and decisive purpose. We have been dismayed when told that the problem involved hundreds of millions in money. But since 1914, including the next fiscal year, congress has appropriated $47,000,000,000. The word "impossible" should not be reserved for use against a profitable investment like improved waterways.

Necessity knows no law. A vast emergency presented itself that demanded the expenditure of the $47,000,000,000 in five years. One of the first problems in the national emergency was transportation. The railroads, of course, were pushed so hard that the government felt compelled to take them in hand. Adequate waterways would have been of enormous advantage, but the big rivers heard little sound save their own dashing.

"We can't afford to improve the rivers," was the old view. The obvious truth is that we can't afford not to improve them.

The Parlor Bolshevik.

A parlor bolshevik at a tea in Greenwich village shrilled:

"Our army of occupation is tyrannical and unjust. All the other political parties are permitted to hold meetings and canvass for votes, but the Spartacists are rigorously forbidden to push their cause in any way."

"Quite right, too," said Novelist Theodore Dreiser.

"Why?" shrieked the parlor bolshevik. "Why is it right to squelch the Spartacist movement in this manner?"

"Because," said Novelist Dreiser, "the Spartacists are putting too much ruction in reconstruction."

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