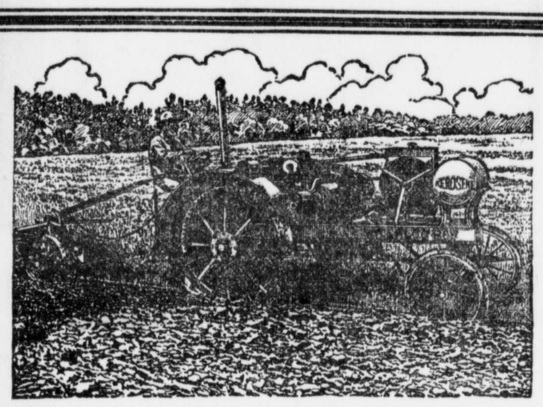
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CHANGE OF SCHEDULE
(Weather Permitting)

SASSAFRAS RIVER LINE
In effect June 22, 1919
MONDAYS
Leaves Fredericktown at 6.30 a. m., Betterton 7.45 a. m., Worton Manor 8.45 a. m.
Tuesdays and Saturdays leave Fredericktown at 6.00 p. m.; Betterton 7 p. m.

TUESDAYS AND SATURDAYS
Steamer will leave Baltimore 1.00 p. m. for all of the above landings.

PORT DEPOSIT AND HAVRE DE GRACE LINE
In effect July 9, 1919.
MONDAYS, WEDNESDAYS, THURSDAYS AND FRIDAYS
Steamer will leave Baltimore: Mondays 1.00 p. m., Wednesdays 9.30 a. m., Thursdays and Fridays at 2.45 p. m. for Betterton, Havre de Grace and Port Deposit.
TUESDAYS, THURSDAYS, FRIDAYS AND SATURDAYS
Steamer will leave Port Deposit at 6.30 a. m., Havre de Grace at 7.00 a. m. Betterton 8.15 a. m., Worton Manor (Thursday) at 9.00 a. m.

TOLCHESTER SCHEDULE
In effect June 8, 1919
Wednesdays, Thursdays, Saturdays and Sundays Louise leaves Tolchester at 11.50 a. m. and 7.30 p. m. Leaves Baltimore 9 a. m. and 2.30 p. m.
Mondays, Tuesdays and Fridays leaves Tolchester at 11 a. m., 4.10 a. m. and 8.50 p. m.
Leaves Baltimore at 8.45 a. m., 2.00 and 6.40 p. m
For further information apply to agents at different wharves, or
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THE EPOCHAL FOURTH
By W. Mack Reiche

The following article was received too late to be inserted before July 4th, but will be found interesting, even at this late date. The article follows:

Let the crackers crack and the rockets rock and rise sky-high, for today is the Fourth—THE Fourth—THE EPOCHAL FOURTH!

Could any day be more fitting for the acclamation of glad tidings of a glorious, triumphant victory? No! Then, as sunshine follows rain, so must smiles—miles upon miles of smiles—follow a vale of tears.

Today finds the wide world in a state of complete revolution—an anticipated sequence to the boldest and bloodiest battle that was ever fought, which is a stain of anguish, paralleled in all time's history by one other only—Christ's crucifixion!

On this, our national natal day, we stand with outstretched arms to welcome home again the boys who, each and every one of them, have added an heroic touch and a rare significance to every clause of the present-day Declaration of Independence.

These boys needed no sightless eyes, no bayonet-pierced babies or breastless women to convince them of their real duty, for duty is inherent. There wasn't a yellow Yankee among them. And they, like the man, woman or child who, to the limit, took up arms, the spade, the hammer, the nurse cap, the liberty bond, or what not, richly deserve every blest streak of good luck that is bound to accrue from having done that bit. Success MUST BE the ultimate goal of right and conscientious effort.

When the States first entered the war an American son of a once German gentleman was asked: "Do you mean to say that you are willing to fight against your father's fatherland?" And the son's answer was somewhat similar to that of John McCormick, when he took the Oath of Allegiance: "Will I? I should say I will—so help me God!"

And so say we all now. Curses plague the soul of the father or the father's father who could feel shame of his offspirng's defense of universal peace and freedom. Nations become kin by the mere touch of human kindness, not by the inhalation of clouds of greenish-yellowish gases.

You may think you can (but you couldn't in a century) picture to yourself the keen touch of disappointment that pinched the sensibility of this same son, when—having successfully passed the overseas' service examination, his commission at his finger's tips—he was turned down because of inability to locate his father's naturalization papers, the father having passed away here in the land of his adoption. This defeat must indeed have prove acutely bitter, since it totally estranged him, his food and his slumber for at least a fortnight. But did it absorb his ardor for war-work? Not by any means. Civilian pursuits were dropped like molten lead; and, from that day until this he has been engaged in war activities at Edgewood Arsenal, the plant which has mothered the U. S. not only into the Arsenal of the Allies, but also the Arsenal of the World.

Marylanders, especially, know full well the brief and amazing history of Edgewood Arsenal, the place where English officers and chemical experts "came to teach but stayed to learn." They know how it sprang, phenomenally, from a colossal mud-hole into the most gigantic gas plant in the universe; and how its various stupifying and malignant fumes were manufactured and tanked even more efficaciously than those of the enemy, the originators who revelled in such atrocious barbaric innovations.

No man ever spoke a saner truism than did Major-General Sibert when he said that poisonous gases have no peace use.

If neutral concerning gas propensities, just consult a non-gas-masked colored gent as to whether or not bombs bursting in air are any worse than mustard oil, phosgene or chlorine seeking the surface of the soil? When these chemicals do begin to propagate, you may wager your last "jit" that Mr. Coon, no matter how snoozy-woozy, begins to see red. And whether nature-clad or in uniform, he loses no time looking around for the old kit bag in which to pack up his troubles. It's simply:

"Gawd, yuh comes uh whiff! Number tens, if you's got one streak o' lightning lef' in yo' heels, jis turn on de switch an' lan' me back in Alleybam!"

In the presence of these venom odors no time is waisted pondering o'er the nincompoopness of a "noncom" or a "lieuy"—the usual topic of conversation.

Eternal vigilance and efficiency should, and generally is, the password around a National Arsenal.

From the commanding officer of the post to the poorest buck private, from the loftiest civilian to the lowest laberer, there was not a slacker, a dodger, or a clock-watcher on the job at the arsenal. Every man was resolute. And, as Colonel Walker says, "every man knew how to keep its secrets and maintain its efficiency." From the moment a man was admitted by the sentinel until the hour of his exit, funeral signs and symbols stared him in the face.

'Tis true there were no electrified barbed-wire entanglements to circumvent his movements, but there were huge possibilities of instantaneous combustion, the life-extinguishing gases scent-lading the atmosphere for miles beyond the confines of the reservation. Neither were there any barrages of hell-fire shot and shell from machine gun nests to rain upon him, yet there was ever that imminent shadow of some fool act, the consummation of which would have hurled Baltimore and her environs into Kingdom come. But each man at Edgewood was a warrior! And each man at Edgewood took a warrior's chance! He won!

The boys from the trenches may bear their wounds and, perchance, regain normality; but the gas-burnt boys of Edgewood will carry their scars to their graves—those of them who haven't already gone on that "long, long trail."

Of course we all couldn't go across; and while the victory wreaths should and must go to those boys—and girls—who did, yet it needs must be that some should stay at home. For how could those double-barreled doughboys hammer imperialism out of the scuttling Huns unless sustained by munition and ammunition from homeland across the pond?

And no one knew better than Mr. Left Back himself that every militant article and device imaginable must be speed! that every seed must be sown manufactured at home at top-notch double quick! that every brain must keep a-whirl with concoction! and every muscle taut unto snappiness!

Our achievements Over Here may not have been as conspicuous or as spectacular as those of the boys Over There, but were necessarily and truly as venturesome and as violent. Distinguished service Over There was recognized and rewarded by elaborate decorations of medals and stripes. The only adornments ever received for service at Edgewood were disfigurements—body or facial gas scars. While the pretty poppies of Flanders' Fields form a pall of petals for the "lost" of Over There, there is but one token of the "lost" in the fields of Edgewood, and that the one word above the sod "Unknown." Only this, and nothing more.

So, in the silent thought of those who fell in the trenches, let us keep vigil lest we forget the lonely "Unknown" who lie asleep beneath our very eyes. A kindly thought for them implies no wish whatsoever to minimize the valor or heroism of their stalwart copatriots of Over There, nor to wrest from them any prized laurels. We simply wish them to know that we, the Left Backs, backed them to the utmost!

Right here in the heart of Maryland, our native sons—browned and khakied—have returned with the old familiar words upon their lips:

"'Maryland, my Mother State, to thee I kneel.' You have gone way over your quota in both men and money; your efforts have enthused us with daring deeds; and it is these things which lend action to the highest of ideal thought: 'Sacrifice and not acquisition is this day the measure of a man's success.'"

Marylanders, like those of every sister state, have learned to think in millions where they once thought in mites. Baltimore alone has furnished more than 3,000,000,000 leaded shrapnel balls—3 each for every minute of time elapsed in 1919 years. Now isn't freedom from such giant proportions as these and other war figures represent enough to suggest a tumble over the top of everyday monotony for the sake of hailing this festive Fourth with a hilarious whoop?

Enthusiasm generates celebration; therefore we'll celebrate—but not necessarily by getting "lit up." However, we might "illumine" with a little patriotic cheer loud enough to transmit an "S. O. L." message of consolation to "Him of the Flaming Sword." Of course this message bears no restrictions as to the "All-Highest's interpretation thereof; yet, if "Save our Lives" seems too indelicate for his aesthetic taste, he has our heartiest consent to translate it any other way (and, we must admit, there is a better way) most applicable to "His Royal Highness." Anyway, let us hope that he will not be near so startled as when first introduced to "the mightiest of the offensive weapons"—those British tanks.

It is no secret that the senior partner of "Me-und-Gott" has always relished foreign recognition; so if there isn't enough of that item ingrediating our message to satisfy his ambition, he is more than welcome to apply the advice of his One Model Man—Napoleon: "Get someone to crucify you; rise from the dead on the third day; then everybody will recognize you."

We Yankees, Your Imperial Majesty, have long since recognized you; therefore, in parting, wish to assure you that auf wiedersehen doesn't half express what we feel toward you and those who caddied for you.

Why, Bill, old Boy, if your slightest act were expurgated to the Nth degree, it would still constitute a casus belli! Der Tog itself has already lapsed into darkest midnight! You yourself are doomed to the demnition bow-wows!—and may your junior partner have mercy upon your soul!

"Kultur," your withered arm has proven too short. Never again will you cause the Fleur-de-Lis to droop, nor hearts to bleed at sounds of the cries of Normandy, for Joan of Arc has heard the call and it was her answer to that call which inspired Marshal Foch—"the Gray Man of Christ"—to lead her France, over your "hosts of dark oppression," on to victory!

That victory, shining here today as clear as the azure skies and uniforms of France, is the cause of this Independence Day jubilation.

To you and France, Joan, we echo and re-echo your own greetings to us—"Vivi nos amis!" (long live our friends).

America never has known and never will know this day's counterpart. It is the effect of a passed cause, the cause of a hereafter effect. Visual blessings of divine authorization alone stamps it "epochal." So we'll happify the event by hoisting aloft the combined colors of the Allied Nations.

Up they go! To be lowered—Never!

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WELCOME

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call and examine our shop-made Wagons and DEARBORNS. Also ourline of

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Y, Agent
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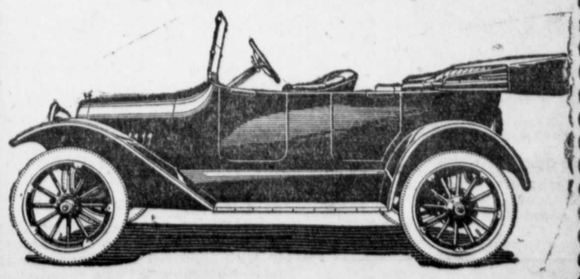
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