

Thursday, August 28 FESTIVAL

Catholic Church Grounds, Mechanicsville
Dancing 9 p. m. Darroch's Band
COLORED FESTIVAL THURSDAY, SEPT. 4



Camels are sold every-
where in scientifically
sealed packages of 20
cigarettes or ten pack-
ages (200 cigarettes)
in a glassine-paper-
covered carton. We
strongly recommend
this carton for the
home or office supply
or when you travel!
R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.
Winston-Salem, N. C.

18c a package

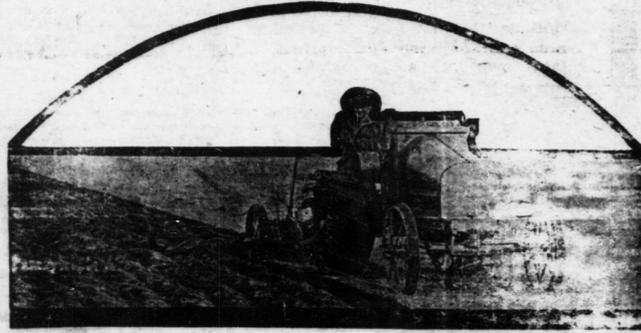
CAMELS are the most refreshing, satisfying cigarette you ever smoked! Put all your cigarette desires in a bunch, then buy some Camels, give them every taste-test and know for your own satisfaction that in quality, flavor, smoothness and in many other delightful ways Camels are in a class by themselves!

Camels are an expert blend of choice Turkish and choice domestic tobaccos. You'll not only prefer this blend to either kind of tobacco smoked straight, but you'll appreciate the remarkable full-bodied-mildness and smooth, refreshing flavor it provides! Camels are a cigarette revelation!

Camels win you in so many new ways! They not only permit you to smoke liberally without tiring your taste but leave no unpleasant cigarette aftertaste or unpleasant cigarette odor!

Compare Camels with any cigarette in the world at any price! You'll prefer Camel quality to premiums, coupons or gifts!

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IT'S the greatest little worker you ever saw. Does the hardest work—does it at less expense—and gets it done quicker. That's why the International 8-16 is so popular everywhere. 8 horsepower at the drawbar—16 horsepower at the belt pulley.

Plows, harvests, operates silo filler, thrasher, saws, etc., etc. Everywhere that you need power you can use the International 8-16.

Burns kerosene—splendid four cylinder engine—simple, durable throughout. A boy can operate it with ease.

Use it with an Oliver Plow

Put the economical power of the International to the best advantage by hitching it to an Oliver plow. That will mean that you get the best seed bed—that you raise bigger crops—that you make more money.

The Oliver buries all weeds and trash at the bottom of the furrow. You plow clear to the ends of the field. You will find that it lasts longer, requires less power to pull—and will stay on the job at all times.

Let us tell you more about this splendid working team.

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SPECIAL NOTICE

For \$1.00 we will send to any reader of this paper, a two-lb. box of our fresh home-made, hand-dipped assortments of chocolates, postage prepaid. No better chocolates made. Send us by mail \$1.00 for a trial box. PURITY CONFECTIONERY CO., 220 W. Mulberry St., Baltimore, Md. 5-22-19-1v.

For State's Attorney

I hereby announce my candidacy for the office of State's Attorney of St. Mary's County, subject to the decision of the Democratic primary. JOHN H. T. BRISCOE. 5-22-19.

Application for Oyster Ground

C. R. Lewis, Wynne, St. Mary's County. About 5 acres. Located in Smith's Creek, on the southern side thereof, beginning at Miller's Wharf, running thence easterly to the ground of F. V. Dunbar, extending out from shore to 6 ft. depth, as shown on published chart No. 24 and staked out by the applicant. Protests must be filed with the Clerk of the Circuit Court of St. Mary's County on or before Sept. 27, 1919. CONSERVATION COMMISSION OF MD. 8-7-19.

Opportunity for Young Women

Training School, Casualty Hospital, Washington, D. C., has been recently reorganized and desires applications from young women wishing to become nurses. Satisfactory completion of three years' course covering lectures and practical instruction entitles applicant to diploma of graduate nurse; also privilege of taking District Board which, in training nurses, receives compensation with room, board and laundry. Apply to SUPERINTENDENT OF NURSES. 8-7-19.

A Quiet, Bloodless Struggle Against Waste and All Extravagance

BY MEMBER OF CENTRAL COMMITTEE, AMERICAN RED CROSS



Peace has its patriots as well as war. Peacetime patriotism at present means carrying on for our country a quiet, bloodless struggle against waste and all kinds of extravagance. It means saving first and spending afterwards.

The typical American will be quick to see that "there is a lot" for his own personal good in the thrift idea. He knows that every material possession in life, every kind of training, and almost every kind of advancement takes money. As a janitor, who by steady industry and economy had acquired a substantial bank account, said to me the other day: "Money might not be everything in life, but when my wife was desperately ill and it took about six hundred dollars to pay for doctors and nurses to save her life, it was a mighty comfortable thing to have, I can tell you." There are many men I know who would have had to go into debt under that sudden financial strain.

While saving for a rainy day is indeed necessary to comfort, saving for a sunny opportunity is a much more joyous proposition. And the government has devised an exceedingly easy and fascinating way of doing this through Thrift stamps and War Savings stamps. For the young student who yearns for a college education, for the business man or woman who looks forward to a real vacation some day, for the couple who are planning to beautify the home, for the millions of individuals who hope to do this or that when some extra money is available, there are many ways of converting small change, which formerly slipped out of sight, into 25-cent Thrift stamps, which in turn are convertible into War Savings stamps paying 4 per cent interest compounded quarterly.

The consistent investment of small sums that are never missed from the pocketbook roll up into an amazing total. For instance \$1 per week invested at the interest paid on War Savings stamps for 25 years gives the investor a capital of \$9,227.28. And once the thrift habit is established opportunities are easily found for the investment of sums additional to the scheduled savings. This is the philosophy of the "Save first—spend afterward" slogan.

All the foregoing seems to relate only to personal gain, but it ties up definitely with the nation's welfare. The pooling of the hundreds of millions of dollars which we can profitably invest in government securities (of which the tax-exempt War Savings stamp is the best-paying) releases just that many hundred million dollars to the speeding up of industry and production.

Furthermore the growth of thrift as a national habit will inevitably tend to the better husbanding of our natural resources, the reckless waste of which has been one of the most shameful chapters of our history.

These greatly increased potentialities in the production of the necessities and conservation of resources cannot but tend to a broader and sounder prosperity. By each one doing his bit for sensible economy there will result such an accumulation and development of resources as to keep the United States far and away the most prosperous and leading nation of the world.

Peacetime patriotism calls for every American to put his shoulder to the great wheel of national success. In place of war's "They shall not pass," the slogan of peace is, "Save first—spend afterward."

Mabel V. Boardman.

POINTS ON HOUSING POULTRY IN WINTER

Aim to Prevent Drafts Which May Cause Colds in Flock.

Cloth Used for Curtains in Front should Be Thin Enough to Permit a Slow Circulation of Air—Hens Can Stand Cold.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

The back and sides of the poultry house should be absolutely tight in order to prevent drafts which may cause colds in the flock.

The front of the house should be so tight that the sun will shine well back into the interior during the winter. Burlap, unbleached muslin, or light-weight duck cloth may be used for curtains in the front. This cloth should be thin enough to allow a slow circulation of air without a draft. This is impossible if too heavy a grade of duck cloth is used or if the cloth is oiled or painted.

If the curtain is not attended to, however, current-front houses may be less satisfactory than the open-front type even in northern latitudes.

A large amount of glass in the front of the house makes it warm during the day but cold at night, as glass radiates heat very rapidly. Some glass, however, is helpful in providing light when the curtains are closed. Some ventilation should be given in a poultry house even on the coldest night.

It is usually best secured by leaving a small window open or having muslin curtains in the front of the house. If the house is shut up tightly without any muslin curtains in the front, there is a tendency for moisture to collect in the house and condense on the rafters and other woodwork on frosty mornings. It is not necessary to close the muslin curtains in the front of the house except in very cold or stormy weather.

GET FULL VALUE IN CLOTHES

Many Discarded Garments May Be Made Wearable by Sponging, Cleaning and Pressing.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Sponging, cleaning and pressing will make wearable many a garment now discarded as too shabby, suggest the extension workers of the department of agriculture. It is not a bad idea to estimate just how much money value there is in an extra month's wear of a suit, coat or dress.

The following points, if followed, will help to extend the length of wear of dresses and other garments: Sponging with hot vinegar will make the "shiny part" of any garment less noticeable.

Steaming a velvet hat which has lost its freshness over the tea kettle will greatly improve its appearance.

Fresh collars and cuffs of white or contrasting color will give suit or dress a new appearance.

When not in use hang suitable garments, well brushed, in out-of-the-way places.

Cotton covers put over the garments on hangers will preserve the freshness of waists, dresses and coats worn only occasionally.

Wear practicable wash aprons while at work.

Secure buttons, fastenings, etc., on ready-made garments before wearing.

UTILITY SHOW-RING TYPE

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

The old-time, so-called "yed-in-the-wool" fancier was interested primarily in producing birds of high exhibition quality and too frequently had no concern in their ability to produce. This fact has led the breeders of standard-bred poultry to see that if they are to take advantage of all possible profitable outlets for their stock they must pay more attention to productiveness. There is a happy medium between the high-quality show-ring type and the productive egg-yielding type. Breeders of exhibition birds, as well as poultry raisers in the business for eggs and meat, should strive for this utility show-ring type.

PODERMOTES

Poor feeding kills many chicks.

Give no feed for two days after hatching.

Leg weakness results from lack of bone-making food.

Turkeys, geese and ducks should be more generally raised.

It is evident that the old days when pullets were cheap have passed.

The day of the scrub rooster in the farm flock has just about passed.

Don't forget to open the windows of the poultry house in mild weather to let in plenty of fresh air.

Geese soil the water that the chickens drink, and dirty water, whether soiled by hogs or geese, will put chickens out of condition.

ALL AROUND THE HOUSE

Red pepper should be used with great moderation.

Watch the custards—if they are cooked too long they will be watery.

Add salt to starch water and it will prevent the starch from freezing out.

Pictures should be hung at the height of the eye of the average person.

When the heels of the overshoes wear out cut them in the shape of a sandal.

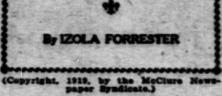
It is best to roast or pan chicken with the breast down. It will be more juicy.

Add a tablespoonful of vinegar to the water when cooking corn on the cob. This whitens the corn and makes it tender.

To have fish firm it should be cooked in salted water. A little vinegar diluted with this will impart a delicious flavor to the fish.

Irving, Five

By IZOLA FORRESTER



(Copyright, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

She was new to St. Mary's or she never would have asked to be placed in Irving, Five. Every nurse dodged duty there. Just the instant you opened the door, the uprising wailing clamor smote your ears, and if you had a ghost of an excuse, you fled then and there.

But Winona never "batted an eye-lash," as Naylor said later to the laboratory doctor. Naylor was on duty daytimes, and when he entered the ward, just for the fraction of a minute, the wailing turned into a shrill cry of welcome.

After the tired lids had closed and, not counting the two "coolers" for pneumonias, but it's a great old place if you can stand it." He looked at the new nurse critically. She was dark-haired, blue-eyed, vital-looking and smiling.

"I'm not a bit afraid," she told him, "and I love kiddies, especially sick ones."

So she had stayed on, and Anthony grew to look upon her as something necessary to the ward, like the flood of sunshine that poured down through the high south windows, or the flowers sent in every day from Mrs. Addington Gray's greenhouses out on Long Island.

Timmie found out more about her than any one, possibly because he was her favorite out of all the children who came and went in the little white beds of the long ward. Timmie was not a temporary case. He was a chronic, and only the interest of Dr. Naylor.



She Hung Up and Looked Out of the Window.

for kept him there on observation instead of sending him away to one of the "incurables," as the patients called them.

Timmie would lump up and down her ward with his spine brace bending him far back, and would make "very child, who could laugh, wave back to him when he swung a little flag around his head and sang: There's the sound of marching feet, Coming down our village street, And I know my Billie Boy is almost home."

When the pain grew worse after a treatment, Winona would take him up in her arms and pet him, and it was at these specially private times that they exchanged confidences. Timmie said he was awfully homesick because everybody else had folks come to see him and he never had a soul. It seemed there wasn't anyone to come.

"I ain't a home case, I'm from the Orphans," he said confidentially. Then Winona told him not to worry. She was an orphan, too, and one reason why she had taken up nursing was because she didn't have any one who belonged to her, either, up at the big city on the lakes.

"We'll have to belong to each other, I guess," she said tenderly, and Timmie's arms tightened their grip around her neck as he agreed.

He told Dr. Naylor about it later when he was having an examination, and the doctor had glanced sharply down to the desk where she stood taking orders from the head nurse. And just then there came the daily load of flowers into the ward, and Timmie's brows drew together.

Why didn't Mrs. Gray ever come herself to see them? he asked. Flowers couldn't talk, could they? And Dr. Naylor explained with a little smile around his keen gray eyes that Mrs. Addington Gray was very busy, that she lived a long way from New York, and that he thought it very kind of her to send the flowers in every day.

"Did you tell her to send them?" asked Timmie with sudden suspicion, and the doctor acknowledged that he had, just when Winona came up with Timmie's two little glasses of medicine and caught the last fragment of their conversation.

Another bit of news Timmie told helped her to understand why the young house doctor was so beloved. Irving, Five, was named for his mother, Mary Elizabeth Irving, and had been endowed by her. They were awfully rich folks, Timmie added comfortably, but he never held that against the doctor.

"He's just real folks, like us," he added, and Winona smiled a bit wistfully. Two months at St. Mary's had brought a strange new joy into her life, and she hardly dared think that Tony Naylor was responsible for it. There came a day when all unexpectedly Irving, Five, had visitors, Mrs. Naylor and Mrs. Gray. Timmie coaxed Ella Kusick, a tall, thin girl of fourteen, to lift him up so he could peek down at the street and see the big dark blue limousine they had come in. And Mrs. Gray turned out to be very young and pretty, the ward agreed as she walked slowly up and down with Dr. Naylor.

"Will he marry her?" asked Timmie bluntly, when Mrs. Naylor bent over his chair. Twice he had been taken out in the blue car with the doctor for a week end at his mother's home, and he felt he was a family

friend. But Mrs. Naylor only smiled and patted his curly head in a way he hated, and he was left in a state of indecision.

It was the next week that the specialist operated on him. They did not tell Timmie it was going to happen, but he guessed it from Winona's tenderness, and when he came out from under the anesthetic he called for her first. It was at night and she was off duty, but Doctor Naylor sat beside him still, watching every change and pulse beat. And there in the darkened ward he heard Timmie's broken voice pleading for Winona.

"She's all alone like me, and no father or mother or anyone, and I don't want you to marry that Mrs. Gray. I want you to marry my nurse."

"How do you know she'd have me, Timmie?" Tony asked in a low tone. And Timmie, fearless under the gray cloud that was folding around him, told him he knew because Miss Burton said she liked him best. "We both said we liked you better than anybody else in the ward."

After the tired lids had closed and Timmie was sleeping safely, Tony rose and looked at his watch. It was 8:15. He went downstairs to the telephone booth, where no one could hear him, and called up the nurses' registry club, where he knew Winona lived. She was in. He smiled at the surprise in her tone when she answered him. Yes, he said, Timmie was all right; doing fine. Didn't she think it would be a good idea to take him out to Edgewood about a month? And would she care to go with him?

"But I couldn't leave the ward," said Winona. "I'd love to, but—"

Tony's voice was low and just a bit confused. Unusual conditions and special needs, he urged, coming over for you in the car. Take anybody you want with us. I want to run out home. It isn't late. Just take about half an hour to make it. I want to tell you something."

It would have to wait until morning, she told him. And even Timmie would have approved of the charge his doctor made in the face of defeat. Then he would be over at once, and tell her there. But it was too late for her to see anybody. She was tired and going to bed right away.

"Then I'll tell you here," said Tony insistently. "I've promised Timmie we'll be married as soon as he can walk."

"But he's an incurable. How could you?" she said softly.

"He'll be walking in a month," said Tony, happily. "That means August, Winona. I hate to talk over a house phone, dear, but this won't keep—"

"You'd better come over here and finish," said Winona, laughing anxiously. She hung up and looked out of the window. Up the street were the lights of St. Mary's, and in the fifth floor corner those of Irving, Five. She closed her eyes thankfully. Up there both Timmie and she had found "real folks" of their own.

Explaining Dreams.

A London physician, seeking not only the welfare of children, but support for the modern theory which seeks to account for dreams has made written records of dreams of over 5,000 school children between the ages of eight and sixteen years and finds that they support the belief that a dream is merely the expression of some desire, but changed in expression by one's subconsciousness in order that it may not awaken the sleeper. Frequently subconsciousness itself is caught napping and the sleeper awakens in a fright and says that he has suffered from a nightmare.

A Fair Inference.

"The cave man wanted something to eat and a leopard skin to wear." "Well?" "These secured I don't see what he did to put in his time." "Judging from these stage exhibits he puts in all his spare time practicing classic dances."—Kansas City Journal.

"Died today, S. Wallen, first mate"

So it was scrawled in the log of the bark Upolo—the last entry in the book—when the craft was picked up in the Java sea with not a living soul aboard, all victims of the dreaded yellow fever. Therefore it was but natural for anyone who might state that he was one Wallen, former mate of this ill-fated ship, to be looked upon with suspicion.

The Impostor

is a story that takes you to the far East where a young American marked for death pits himself against the native cunning of a dusky-skinned former governor of a group of islands off the coast of India. Yes, there is a girl in the story whose love overcomes her doubt.

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40 acres, waterfront, quick buyer, \$3900.

900 acres; waterfront, \$11,000.

38 1-2 acres, waterfront, \$4500.

88 acres, waterfront, \$6500.

313 acres, inland; good farm, \$7500

23 acres, inland; good farm, fine buildings, \$3000.

280 acres, colonial brick waterfront \$13,500.

103 acres, very rich, new buildings, \$12,000.

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180 acres, no improvements, \$2000.

260 acres, improvements, \$7000.

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Howard & Freeman

Business Changes Hands

E. Cleve Tension, for several years with the F. O. Morgan Department Store, and E. Clem Tension, proprietor of the Hotel St. Mary's barber shop, have purchased the business conducted by Morris Levin, at Morganzona. A full stock of general merchandise will be carried and a new and complete line of dry goods.

The new proprietors respectfully solicit a share of your patronage.

Did You Get Notice?

Isn't It Nice To be Turned Out Doors at Another's Whim?

Do you ever think of the wife and kiddies who may some day be told to move and no place to MOVE TO?

Own Your Own Home. You Can. I'll Tell You How! I have at present for sale at right price and easy terms:

—Small farm, 65 acres, two sets of buildings.

—One and one-half acres on Breton's Bay.

—Seven acres and 5-room house near Compton.

—200 acres on St. Mary's River; good house; private creek; large barn. —Small house and lot near Leonardtown.

—Also Island in Potomac River. Why not be another Robinson Crusoe? LET ME KNOW YOUR WANTS IF IT IS NOT ON MY LIST, I CAN GET IT FOR YOU.

List Your Property With Me—Large or Small, I Can Sell It

Geo. Y. McCully

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T. A. Ridgell

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