

## Rhymes of the Orders

### THE ODDFELLOWS.

**I**F by its fruits you know a tree .  
(The safest way, as you'll agree),  
Then we must all pronounce as good  
Oddfellowship, which long has stood  
In the fair garden of mankind,  
As fine a tree as you will find.  
Oddfellows—so they're quaintly named—  
Though needing not to be ashamed,  
And aptly named, for they are Odd  
In working not for self, but God ;  
In thinking of a brother's pain,  
Instead of their own private gain ;  
In proving it more blest to give  
To help another than receive ;  
In thinking upon those in need,  
And ministering in kindly deed ;  
In cringing not to rank or wealth,  
And doing their good deeds by stealth ;  
These "oddities" are what has given  
The name—but they are also "even,"  
If by the word we mean the pair  
Of qualities that fit and square  
In human character and form  
The Man and Brother, true and warm.  
Though ancient, still the Order grows,  
And must as long as heart-blood flows ;  
For sterling merit must have way,  
And in the long run wins the day,  
That's why the Souvenir Range has grown  
In favor, as more widely known ;  
Its praises no one needs to bellow,  
'Mongst ranges 'tis a real Odd-fellow ;  
Alone, unique, no need for strife—  
Sold everywhere—one lasts for life.