

TWO VICTIMS OF GREAT WAR

Permanently Crippled Boy and Woolly Pup Seem Out of Place in Ward of Hospital.

The following little cameo of life in the British hospital at Furnes appears in a report of Sir Frederick to the Red Cross society:

In the main ward—a fine hall—is a little boy in a bed very much too big for him. He is a refugee from Ypres. In one of the many attacks upon the unfortunate place his foot was smashed by a shell, and, as a result, the leg has had to be amputated. He is doing well. What has happened to his parents is not known. He is probably alone in the world. In a basket on the floor by the child's bed is another refugee from Ypres—a puppy of very indefinite breed. He was probably thrown by some compassionate soul into a cart which was flying in haste from the burning town. He is little more than a round woolly ball—woolly by reason of his extreme youth, and round as the result of persistent over-rationing.

It is a curious picture; the white-washed refectory full of gravely wounded men, some still groaning with pain, some nearing death, with high upon the wall, a kindly statue of the Virgin looking down upon the scene, and, in the center of the room near the stove, the ridiculous puppy and the one-legged boy.

SUGGESTED SLUMBER



"I see you pass a tin plate in your church now."
"Yes, sah. We used to pass a silk hat, sah, but it was too suggestive to the sleepy members, sah."
"What was suggestive about it?"
"De nap, sah."

BUT THEY DO?

Mrs. Bacon—I see it is stated that the average length of life rose from 21½ years in the sixteenth century to 40½ years in the nineteenth century.

Mr. Bacon—I suppose the latter time is when the women began telling the truth about their ages.

THE MAN FOR THE PLACE.

"This American diplomat is accused of having promoted prize fights early in his career."

"Well, what of it? Wasn't he sent to a tropical country where the fighting is almost continuous?"

THE LAST ONE.

"Miss Seresum says that she is engaged to marry one man in a million."

"Before he proposed she was afraid that one man in a million did not exist."

HIS FORTE.

Madge—Why do you prefer Wagner?

Marjorie—Because he composes about the only kind of music one can hear above the conversation.—Judge.

STARTS OUT WITH LUNCHEON.

Stacies—Which breakfast food do you prefer?

Gayboy—I haven't any preference. I am never up in time for breakfast.

PROVING THE CONTRARY.

"These frivolous society women never indulge in self-reflection."

"Oh, don't they? What are vanity bags for?"

SUCCESS.

"Did Smith break his wife's heart by his gambling?"

"Not much he broke his wife's heart! He broke the bank."

ITS PLACE.

"Are they going to move that marble image again?"

"No; I believe they are going to leave it in statu quo."

HONEYMOON HOUSE

By GEORGE MUNSON.

"Of what use is my success now," sighed Robert Loring, "when Elsie cannot enjoy it with me?"

At thirty-two years of age Loring had suddenly become well known as an architect. It was his work on the Municipal building, a subsidiary part of which had unexpectedly fallen to him to design, owing to the death of the original architect, which had brought him fame. And now he had been commissioned to build a half-million dollar house for John Merivale, an elderly banker, known as the richest, most eccentric and most kind-hearted man in the state.

Loring had known Merivale slightly when he was a boy, but no doubt the banker had long ago forgotten him. He had had a hard life. Born in luxury, he had been cast into poverty on the untimely death of his father. At twenty-two he had married Elsie Fotheringall, reputed the prettiest girl in Baltimore society. Then came the crash and years of bitter poverty, culminating in their separation. Elsie had taken her maiden name again, and for six years he had not seen her. Their quarrels had been due to his poverty. Elsie, accustomed to every luxury, could not understand living on \$15 a week. She had no idea of the struggles a young professional man must undergo. She thought Robert idle. And he had been too proud to go to her when his income began to mount, first to two thousand a year, then to three thousand—now to eight thousand dollars!

He sighed, for he still loved Elsie, and made his way down to old Merivale's office. The same pride which had led him to shun all his acquaintances now forbade him to remind the banker of his former acquaintance with him. And evidently Merivale had not the least remembrance of him.

"I am going to build myself a mansion in my old age," he chuckled, "and I have seen your work on the Municipal building. It is splendid, sir. And



"I Know You Have Loved Each Other."

I want you to do something equally good for me, because"—he paused—"I am going to marry again, and it is for my bride, Miss Fotheringall."

Loring could hardly repress the cry that trembled on his lips. There was only one Miss Fotheringall.

He sat in a daze during the remainder of the interview. It was evident that Merivale knew nothing about the divorce. But how was that possible? Perhaps he had not associated him with the name of Elsie's former husband.

Then, could he afford to refuse the offer? On the regular commission basis it meant a sum of \$25,000. And, apart from the money, there was the certainty that the work would bring him numerous commissions from personal friends of Merivale and others.

When Loring left the office he had accepted the commission. He heard the banker's words ringing in his ears. "I'm not going to hamper you with any instructions, my boy. Just build the house as if it was your own, and as if it was for your own honeymoon."

Loring decided that the chances of his meeting Elsie again were very slight. Undoubtedly, long before the foundations had begun to be dug Merivale would have mentioned his name to his future bride. But the ghastly irony of the situation mocked him. It was certainly a dreadful situation.

And because of its biting irony he set to work to build just such a house as he and Elsie had often planned, in the days when he looked forward to the success which had now arrived. The time came at last when he had the contractor at work.

"I don't want to see it until it's finished," said Merivale to him. "Never mind worrying about my opinions, young man. Just you get busy and build a house that's weather proof and has some stairs in it, and a kitchen and parlor, and I'll let you do it in your own way."

A little more than a year after the plans had been completed the house was ready. Not ready for occupation, but ready without the plumbing and other "fixings." And then Loring told

Merivale, and asked him to come and see it.

"You've finished it just in time, because we are to be married next month," answered the banker. "And what do you think, Mr. Loring? I haven't told my future wife a word about it! My! Won't she be pleased with it?"

He looked critically at the photograph which Loring had just handed him.

"It's a dandy honeymoon house," he said. "Now, Mr. Loring, I can't make a definite engagement to go out and look at it, but I'll call you up when I have a morning to spare and arrange to meet you there."

It was some five days later that Loring received his telephone call. Merivale was to motor out to the suburb and meet Loring, and he would take him back in his machine.

Loring found that the banker had not arrived when he reached the place. As he stood looking at the house the bitter thought would intrude itself upon his mind that it would have made just the place for Elsie and himself. He had been thinking of her a good deal lately.

Then it was that he saw her.

She came round the house, and for the first time in all those years they stood face to face. He gasped. It was the same Elsie, but more womanly, more matronly, and with a look of maturity upon the beautiful face.

"Robert!" she cried.

"Elsie!"
And in that instant all the past was forgotten, and they stood clasped in each other's arms. Merivale was as completely forgotten as though he had never existed, never come into their lives.

It was not for several minutes that they remembered. And Robert, releasing her, looked into her face in doubt and terror.

"You are to be—married again!" he whispered.

"I hate him, Robert."

Robert Loring's eyes suddenly perceived the banker standing in the doorway of the new house. There was a look on his face that startled Loring. It was the expression of a man who was amazed!

He came down the wide steps briskly and planted himself in front of them.

"So you've made up again, have you, young people?" he asked, laughing as though it were the greatest joke in the world. "Then I win my bet."

"Your bet!" cried Loring.

"Yes. I bet myself a new hat against this house that it would come about. You see, young people," he explained, "I knew that you loved each other. Mr. Loring, when, after several years of wooing, Miss Fotheringall agreed to become the wife of an old man, I was the proudest old man in the world. But I realized, though she did not know it, that she still loved the friend I had made when I was a younger man and you were a boy. I hadn't forgotten you, Bobby, though you seemed to have forgotten me. And so—well, I laid a little plot, and, as I've lost my bet, the house is for your second honeymoon."
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EXCELLENT WALL STREET TIP

Purchaser of Securities Should Not Fall to Keep an Eye on Earnings.

I have noticed during a quarter of a century's observations, that when all the financial writers are proclaiming the merits of a particular stock, and, at the same time insiders, who are supposed to know all about it, are pointing out its good points, increasing earnings, etc., somebody stands waiting to sell. "Jasper" writes in Leslie's. I have also noticed that, when a stock advances, day by day or week by week, without anything being said in explanation, or without any effort being made to attract attention to it, there must be something "worth while" going on, especially if transactions in that stock be large. Perhaps some of my observant readers have noticed the same peculiarities of the stock market.

It is perfectly natural that when one wants to sell his goods he must extol their merits and that if he wants to buy a property he should go about it quietly, and if he has knowledge of its merits should say as little as possible about them until he has completed the purchase. The same motives and principles that move men to buy and sell commodities of any kind inspire men and movements in Wall street.

For this reason I have advised my readers who wish to be successful in speculating, not to take tips so freely given by those who have their own purposes to serve, but to note with care the operations of the market and news that has bearing on the values of securities. I do not mean by this the rumors that financial writers and tipsters give out, but the real news found in official reports of declining or increasing earnings and the statements required by law, to be made and sworn to.

Microbes That Eat Rubber.
If your automobile tires or your rubber boots don't wear so well as they should, it may be because microbes are eating them. When perfectly dry commercial rubber is not capable of furnishing nutriment to any form of microbe, but when sufficiently moist it is frequently attacked by certain bacteria or molds which feed on the albuminoids, resins and sugars it contains. The red, yellow, brown and black spots which often appear on rubber are able to assimilate the hydrocarbon of rubber and by so doing destroy its value.

MAN'S ACTS ALWAYS HIS OWN

Idle to Claim That One Is Compelled by Others to Do or Be Anything.

Don't fool yourself with the idea that you are compelled to do or be anything. You are not doing things because you are compelled to, but because you choose to. Because there is one line of reasoning within yourself that keeps you choosing to do them. You never lift your hand unless you choose to. You never get out of bed in the morning except as you choose to. You could lie down on the bed this moment and never move hand or foot again if you choose to, and your friends, or your town, or somebody, or something, would take care of you.

Quit fooling yourself by laying the blame for your condition, or your feelings, or your thoughts or actions on to somebody else. Trace everything back to its root in your own choice. Ask yourself why you choose to do what you do, and keep asking until you know the truth.

Lay the blame for everything on your own choice; review the conditions and make the right choice for every step, and you will very quickly find yourself walking the straight and narrow path that is infinite peace and freedom. You will find your prayers rising to the Infinite and their answers lifting cheerfully in your own heart.—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

"YES, GUILTY, MY FRIEND"

How a London Paper, by Shrewd Trick, Saved Itself From a Beat by the Times.

The newspaper special, although always the cutest of the cute, is sometimes "scored off" by a colleague. For instance, Sir W. H. Russell, represented the Times at O'Connell's trial in Dublin.

In those days the telegraph was not, says the London Chronicle, and as his paper wanted to go one better than the Morning Herald, its great rival, Russell hurried back to London by special boat and train immediately the verdict was pronounced. As he got out of the cab in Printing House square a man in shirt sleeves, apparently a printer, came up and exclaimed: "So glad to see you safe over, sir. So they have found him guilty?" "Yes, guilty, my friend," replied Russell.

The Morning Herald came out with the news of the bare fact as well as the Times. The shirt-sleeved man was a smart representative of the rival paper.

CORRESPONDENT HONORED.

Mention of iron crosses recalls the fact that one of the few civilians ever decorated with the iron cross was the late Archibald Forbes, the war correspondent, who received it for his work in the Franco-German war, in which he represented the Daily News. It is almost needless to add, says the Pall Mall Gazette, that iron crosses were not scattered promiscuously in those days, and that to get one was regarded as a high honor.

DIFFERENCES IN ORGIES.

"Pa, what's an orgy?"
"It depends on the state of one's purse, my son. With some people it's a double order of spaghetti and a bottle of beer."

MENTAL FEAT.

"Girls and photographers have one paradoxical quality in common."

"What is that?"
"Both can give a positive negative."

HIS CHOICE.

"There is one sign of an early fall which never fails."

"What is that?"
"A banana peel on the pavement."

PLAIN FACT.

First Diplomat—These airship fleets are very expensive.

Second Ditto—Yes, they come high, but we must have them.

IT ONLY SLEEPS AT HOME.

Townley (visiting the country)—And so you keep a dog?

Subbubs—Well, we about keep our next door neighbor's.

THE NATURAL WAY.

"Go slow on that gossip you're retailing."

"Can't on this story; it's an automobile scandal."

Duofold Beds

New Patterns, Massive frame of Solid Oak, upholstered in Chase Leather or Spanish Leather—A beautiful Divan by day, a comfortable Bed at night. Let us show you.

LEXINGTON FURNITURE COMPANY
817 MAIN ST.

WE LIKE TO HAVE PEOPLE SAY
Can you clean, press and repair my suit in a hurry?

Emergency
Calls
Please Us

We can and give you service that's worth while. Even in haste we are painstaking and thorough.

Call us anytime we'll answer

WILCOXON CLEANING & DYEING.
PHONE 676

BUY YOUR ELECTRIC FAN NOW

Don't let the hot days catch you unprepared. Insure cool comfort in advance. Last year, many who delayed too long, were unable to obtain Electric Fans.

A LARGE STOCK HERE

For your convenience, we carry in stock at this store, a complete line of all styles and sizes of Electric Fan Motors. Surely, every electrically lighted home, store and office should enjoy this refreshing comfort; cost is small.

5% DISCOUNT ALLOWED DURING
THE MONTH OF MAY

MISSOURI GAS & ELECTRIC SERVICE
COMPANY

Take a Tip— Keep Off the Wrong Track.

By MOSS.



SOME advertisements GO OFF like a bunch of FIRECRACKERS. Others are as STALD as a QUAKERMEETING.

Each is PROPER if it attracts the RIGHT kind of attention.

A national bank would not write the same style of ad. used for a bargain sale at a dry goods store.

But, whatever the style adopted, it must serve the primary purpose of advertising. It must ATTRACT ATTENTION and PERSUADE or CONVINCING the reader.

Even in a RELIABLE and PAYING advertising medium, such as this paper undoubtedly is, an ad. must HIT THE NAIL on the head properly or lose half its EFFECTIVENESS.

Big department stores employ expensive window dressers and high salaried advertising men. You perhaps have to dress your own window and write your own ads. We can't help you to do the FORMER, but we can the LATTER.

TALK IT OVER WITH US.

The Ox-Blood Royal Red Strain of S. C. R. I. Reds and the Golden Buff Orpington eggs. \$1.00 setting—none better. Come and see for yourself. Fine blooming plants and cut flowers. Design work a specialty.

Eggleston's Green House.

Auto raiders, ramps and fenders repaired by an expert from Cleveland, Ohio. Also tin work, spouting, guttering and ice boxes repaired. All work guaranteed strictly first class. Call the Lexington Plumbing Co. Phone 412, 318½ Broadway.

Rex Auto Livery.

Four passenger to Kansas City and return \$8.00. Return same day at 6 o'clock.

Pearly Teeth.

Go through the European cities and you will see a great many signs "Dr. So-and-So, American dentists are the best and most skilful in the world—and they do say it is because the American people have the worst teeth in the world.

Not so very flattering is it? But never mind. With the best dental skill at our command, and dentifrices of the right sort that will all come out right.

We keep everything for the hygiene of the mouth—tooth brushes, tooth powders, pastes, and washes, mouth washes, dental floss.

We specially recommend

Penstar
ALGOLIN

Perla-Denta Tooth Paste because it has the right cleansing and polishing ingredients, pleasantly flavored, and it certainly justifies its name which signifies "pearly teeth."

There are a number of good tooth pastes. We are not prejudiced—just as soon sell you one as another—but why not try our advice once and see if Penstar isn't a little nicer than your favorite kind? If it is, you certainly want it.

Perla-Denta Tooth Powder is just the right sort too—the most particular people use paste and powder both, alternately.

The Penstar Store.
Westerman & Rankin, 1022 Main Street. Phone 95.

POSTED.

I hereby notify the public that I have rented the David Groves farm, and owing to the fact that marauders recently dynamited the fish pond and ruthlessly destroyed thousands of fish, I will prosecute to the fullest extent of the law anyone trespassing on said farm.

M. C. McFADIN.

Mrs. F. A. Hofer and little daughter, Helen, went to Kansas City Sunday evening for a several days' visit.