

LUCK VERSUS SENSE

By HAROLD CARTER.

"You are an American. Do tell me something about yourself!" said Miss Edith Derry to John Trumble, as they sat side by side in the conservatory of Mrs. Langford's London house.

They had danced three times together—three times in succession, and the girl seemed to have forgotten all about her other partners. As for John—he had made no other engagements since his hostess introduced him to Miss Edith an hour before.

John looked out into the big saloon, where five hundred guests were chatting, lounging, or swaying to the strains of the Gypsy band.

"What shall I tell you, Miss Derry?" John asked.

"Everything!" answered the girl vivaciously. "How you came here. How you know Mrs. Langford. I love to hear real stories of life."

"If I told you, you would think I was romancing," said the young man.

"Try me!" answered the girl promptly.

"I came to England," said John Trumble, "from Massachusetts."

"I thought you came from America," said the girl.

"Massachusetts is in America," John explained patiently. "Two years ago I had two thousand dollars and an idea. The idea was for the improvement of guns—big guns—to prevent the rifling from wearing out and destroying the guns' usefulness. I worked out my idea and saw that it was worth a fortune."

"It is one thing to know your idea is worth a fortune and another to convince a government. I couldn't convince my government because it was working out a similar idea of its own. So I came to England and tried to convince your government. Well—I haven't convinced it yet."

"What a shame!" murmured the girl, watching the young man closely.

"They sent me from pillar to post. The chief of the ordnance department seemed to be a Mr. Langford—our host. He put me off and put me off. If I could have seen him I know he would have bought the gun. But he wouldn't see me. I came to understand, after several weeks, that he had no intention of seeing me. Maybe he was too busy, or maybe he couldn't be bothered. Anyway, I gave up hope of seeing Mr. Langford. Do you know him?"

"Slightly," answered the girl.

"Am I to go on? Good! Well, yesterday I paid my landlady my last

dollar in the world. I have just my ticket back to Boston—that is near Massachusetts, you know. It is a third-class ticket. I shall arrive in Boston seven days from tomorrow morning, without a penny to my name, and with the knowledge that I have the secret of revolutionizing artillery, which nobody will look at."

"But how did you come here?" inquired the girl.

"I was coming to that," said John. "This evening being my last in London, I thought I would take a stroll through the fashionable quarters and imagine that I had sold the gun and had a check for a hundred thousand pounds in my pocket. I had on my evening clothes, to heighten the illusion. Passing a house with an awning over the steps, I asked a friendly policeman what was happening. He told me that Mr. Langford was giving a ball."

"Is that the Mr. Langford of the war office?" inquired.

He told me that it was. And then a humorous idea came to me. I had tried to see Mr. Langford for a number of weeks and had spent a good deal of board money in the process. Why shouldn't I go into Mr. Langford's house—

"This is most interesting!" exclaimed the girl. "I know what you are going to say. Why shouldn't you board this lion in his lair and demand that he see your gun?"

John shook his head. "No, I don't take advantage of men in that way," he answered. "I thought that I would let Mr. Langford bestow a good dinner on me and an evening's gaiety. So I entered. The butler announced my name to Mrs. Langford. She did not know me, but she thought she had invited me, for she gave me the most charming smile. And—I have had supper."

"What a shame!" murmured the girl.

"Why?" inquired John.

"Because I haven't," she said frankly.

"But I am quite capable of eating another," admitted John. "You see, during the past week my fare has been somewhat—well, depleted."

The girl promptly rose. John offered her his arm. At that moment she seemed to him the sweetest and most willful, charming girl in the world.

"Do you mind my saying something?" he inquired, as they sat together at a little table in the supper-room.

"Is this another confession?" inquired the girl, looking at him archly.

"In a measure—yes," he answered.

"Since I have been here tonight I have discovered an additional reason for regretting that Mr. Langford so obstinately refused to give me an opportunity of showing him the model of my gun."

"Meaning?" the girl inquired; but the look in the young man's eyes answered her. She laughed and blushed, and then, to cover her confusion, raised her glass of champagne to her lips and sipped at it.

"Suppose he sees your gun?" she inquired.

"Then I don't see how he can help buying it, if he has brains in his head instead of wheels," John answered.

"But he won't—unless he sends me a letter by special messenger before ten o'clock tomorrow morning, or recalls me by wireless from midocean, or by flying machine."

"But if either of these events could happen?" the girl persisted.

"Then," answered John, gravely, "I should ask permission to call on you."

"What would you do?"

"I?" answered the girl. "Why, I should say that I should be delighted to have you meet mother."

"Only your mother?"

"Well, perhaps myself," she admitted.

"Where would this be?"

"At number 15 Edgemere gardens," said Miss Derry. "Are you making a note of it on your cuff? Why, you told me it couldn't happen."

"Ah, but the day of miracles may come again," said John. "I devoutly wish it would," he added under his breath.

The girl looked at him, and her manner suddenly changed. She burst into a peal of rippling laughter and rose from the table.

"Well, you certainly have gratified my wish to hear a story," she said, taking his arm. He led her back into the ballroom. "And so this is good-by," she asked.

"Good-by," said John, bowing and left her.

He went home and paced wretchedly up and down his little room. He had not exaggerated when he told Miss Derry he was penniless. He had spent four months in England, and they had been thrown away. Now he must go back to America and begin his life anew.

He had not thought it possible that he, a man of nearly thirty years, could fall in love at first sight. But he loved this girl, and he knew that, deep down beneath the flippancy of her manner, there was a nature to be awakened by love. If only he had succeeded! He knew that wealth would be his, and with it the chance that every man demands by right—to woo the girl he loves.

He went to bed and slept fitfully, awaking in the cold light of a foggy November morning. For the moment the events of the past night seemed like a dream. Then his eyes fell upon a little pink ball program, and he remembered his folly.

What was it but folly to have loved when he could never see the girl again?

He dressed and, having breakfasted in his room, packed his things. In half an hour he must take a cab drive through the fog to the railroad station. He would never see London again, or what had made the gray old city suddenly dear to him.

Suddenly the door-bell pealed, and, a few moments later, a messenger boy stood before him, holding out a letter. John tore open the envelope.

"Dear Mr. Trumble," he read, "You said that you must have a flying machine or a message by special delivery before ten o'clock this morning if you were to see Mr. Langford. Well, I spoke to Mr. Langford about you last night, and he says he is very sorry for the delay, but he has been intending to see you for several days past. He says if you will postpone your journey he will see you at the war office on Wednesday next at eleven o'clock and give you a model of a full trial."

"You see, he is my uncle, and I live with him when I am not at 15 Edgemere Gardens."

"EDITH DERRY."
(Copyright, 1915, by W. G. Chapman.)

Slinging Bullets.

In the ancient times bullets were not shot out of rifles, but from slings, which were very dangerous weapons in the hands of skilled warriors.

Acorn-shaped bullets of lead have been found in the ancient Roman fort at Ambleside, near Windermere. Hitherto the sling-bullets have only been found on one other Romano-British site, the hill site of Birrensalk in Dumfriesshire.

In his "Report on the Exploitation of the Roman Fort at Ambleside," Professor Haverfield refers to the lake district in Roman times as "a tangled chaos of hills in which wild hillmen defied Rome and Roman ways," and to the Roman fort in Birrensalk as "a strategic point on a distant frontier."

MORE MELODY FROM ROSSINI

Hitherto Unpublished Works of Great Composer Are to Be Given to the World.

A hymn to Napoleon III and a fanfare called "The Crown of Italy" have been discovered among the unpublished compositions of Rossini, it is said, on the authority of an article quoted from the Guide Musical in the Musical Leader, which continues: When he died, in 1868, there were found among his papers no fewer than 154 instrumental pieces and songs that had not been printed. His widow was willing to sell them at once, but she demanded such a large sum that they were left on her hands. Five years later they were sold, but only four of them given to the public. The manuscripts are bound in sixteen volumes; among them are seventy-four numbers for the voice, an "album of nothings" for piano, a group of twelve pieces for children, and four, entitled, "Hors-d'œuvre" (radishes, anchovies, cucumbers and butter), which seems to indicate that the composer of "The Barber of Seville" anticipated one of the latest phases of program music. There is a "Hygienic Prelude" and a set of waltzes with the following titles: "Anti-dance Waltz," "Mourning Waltz," "Valse Torturee," "Halt-ing Waltz," "Boudoir Waltz."

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"What do you admire most at the seaside?"

"The working of the tide. It hasn't broken down once since we have been here."

ELECTRIC WATER HEATER.

A very compact little electric stove has been put on the market, which is particularly adapted for heating a tumbler or glassful of water in a very short space of time. The heating element is in the form of a cylinder, slightly under an inch in diameter and about 4½ inches long, which is provided with a metal cap arranged to fit over the mouth of the glass. This serves to retain the heat and also keep out dust and dirt. The switch in the cover controls the current. The heating element generates sufficient heat to bring a glass of water to a boil in a minute and a half. The device consumes 450 watts.

HARD TO DO SOMETIMES.

"In the old days every gentleman was supposed to go to bed drunk."

"To a certain extent I guess that was true."

"The age of efficiency has put a stop to such conduct."

"Yes. Nowadays, no matter how full a gentleman gets, he has to sit up late and pretend he's sober."

A WHOLE FAMILY.

"What are you doing there with the paper and scissors, Elsie?"

"Making a pig, mamma."

"A pig! You're making a litter."

REMINISCENCES.

"Stay to dinner, old man; such as it is—"

"Don't make excuses, Blinks; I've dined at your house before."

THE NATURAL COURSE.

"Jack says he is going to raise the wind."

"Well, what then?"

"Then, of course, he'll blow it in."

PARADOXICAL SIGNS.

"Why did you think she was near-ing a decision?"

"Because she had such a far-off look in her eyes."

INHARMONIOUS.

Knick—Are the Browns out of tune with each other?

Knack—Yes; there's a lack of domestic harmony.—Judge.

Maurice Costello

Famous Moving Picture Actor, says:

"The great thing about Tuxedo is the fact that it gives full fragrance and flavor together with extreme mildness. I find Tuxedo not only the height of pipe enjoyment but a distinct benefit because it gives just the proper degree of relaxation. Tuxedo is undoubtedly an exceptional tobacco."

Maurice Costello

"As Popular As The Movies"—TUXEDO

Tuxedo answers every smoke desire—every little palate craving, every longing for the one Perfect Pipe and Cigarette tobacco. No matter when or how you smoke Tuxedo it sends right into your heart a glimmer of Gladsome Sunshine. And you can just about hear the honeybees buzz in the far-off gardens.

Tuxedo

The Perfect Tobacco for Pipe and Cigarette



Sings into your system a song of keen delight. It spreads real happiness and cheer because it's smokable, lovable, all day, all night—no matter how the weather fits. Tuxedo's flavor is so enticingly mild and delicately fragrant it will not irritate the most sensitive throat.

Simply the choicest mild leaves of grand old Kentucky Burley—ripe, rich, fragrant and mellow—made into delicious tobacco that smokes as smooth as cream. That's Tuxedo.

YOU CAN BUY TUXEDO EVERYWHERE

Convenient, glassine wrapped, moisture-proof pouch . . . 5c
Famous Green Tin with gold lettering, curved to fit pocket . . . 10c
In Tin Humidors 40c and 80c In Glass Humidors 50c and 90c

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

Women Praise This Remedy.

For the relief of various forms of female weakness there are certain standard remedies that are prescribed by the leading physicians everywhere.

These remedies are combined scientifically in



Cramp Bark Compound

which is used with the greatest satisfaction by weak, nervous run-down women. You, yourself, if you are a woman, probably know that there is no better prescription than this, for such troubles—

Cramp bark, 40 grs., Black haw 40 grs., Blue cohosh, 20 grs., Black cohosh, 20 grs., Cascara, 10 grs., Hyoscyamus, 4 grs. in each ounce.

Anyone who knows can tell you that this is a splendid formula, but the best evidence we have is the praise of the women who have used it. They tell us that it has done them great good, and they recommend it to their friends.

The makers know it is good and that is why they print the above formula on the label.

Try Penstar Cramp Bark Compound and learn how good a woman's remedy can be. One dollar buys a large bottle.

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

Miss Ethel Misenhelter of Joplin arrived Friday for a visit here with her aunt, Mrs. Mary Misenhelter.

Miss Blanche Fulkerson of Kansas City arrived Friday evening for a visit here with relatives.

Miss Martha McFadin went to Kansas City Friday evening for a visit.

Warrensburg Normal School.

The Summer Term at the Warrensburg State Normal School begins Tuesday, June first, and continues ten weeks.

The fire that destroyed four buildings Saturday, March 6th, DID NOT TOUCH THE NORMAL SCHOOL. All classes resumed work Monday, March 8th. More than 700 students in attendance and not one left on account of the fire.

All departments are well housed and well organized. The summer housing will fully meet the needs of everyone.

The text-books will be furnished in the usual way. The reference library is well restored. Science Laboratories fully equipped for all summer classes. Equipment of Industrial Arts, Fine Arts and Home Economics Departments not destroyed.

The spirit of "Old Normal Number 2" lives yet. The high standard of work will be maintained. The school is preparing for an attendance equal to or greater than last year.

Write for special Bulletin. Address,

THE REGISTRAR,
Warrensburg, Mo.

Miss Elizabeth O'Hare went to Kansas City Monday morning to spend the day.

T. A. Walker spent Sunday in Higginsville.

We Certainly Do Love Work.

We are prepared to do better work and more of it than ever. Why half mix your concrete the old way? Let us mix your concrete the up-to-date way. We have the best mixer on the market. Your concrete does not cost you as much as it did the old way. Yet it is a hundred per cent better, because when we mix it, it's mixed. That's all. JOHN I. ASHURST.

Audley Groves returned to his home in Kansas City Monday after a visit here with his mother, Mrs. D. P. Groves.

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

WEST BOUND
623 leaves Lex. at 8:35 a. m.
623 arrives at Kansas City at 10:35 a. m.
621 leaves Lex. at 6:10 p. m.
621 arrives at Kansas City at 8:15 p. m.

EAST BOUND
622 leaves Lex. at 9:01 a. m.
624 leaves Lex. at 6:35 p. m.

RIVER ROUTE
631 leaves Lex. at 8:20 a. m.
632 arrives at Lex. at 6:40 p. m.

LOCAL FREIGHT
691 arrives at Lex. at 5:20 a. m.
692 leaves Lex. at 6:25 a. m.

Before the "Stroll" 2 in 1
Gives the best shine Does it easiest
The F. J. Bailey Co., Ltd., Buffalo, N. Y., Sole Mfg. Cos.

2 IN 1

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BLACK WHITE TAN ALL DEALERS 10¢