

A GOOD IMPULSE

By MILDRED WHITE.

"What a change, Edna, in two short years! Life then was one round of pleasure." "Oh, cheer up, Alice Clayton. Busy yourself with what's going on today and you'll find enough to do. Here I am puzzling myself to find a way to pay car fares, room rent, buy lunches and now a War Savings stamp each month, and all on a salary of \$10 a week."

The Claytons at one time had been among the wealthiest families in Seville. Of late fate had dealt harshly with them; mother and father had been victims of an auto accident and a sudden change in the stock market had left them with little more than the old homestead.

"I have it, Alice!" exclaimed Edna after a few thoughtful moments. "All that old jewelry we have in the bottom of our trunk I will take to the melting pot tomorrow. Guess I will at least get one War Savings stamp for all we have stored away, and that will be my stamp for June. Come along now and help me get it out. Oh, there's my little silver watch, nearly ten years old. I doubt if I used it a dozen times. How proud I was the night I first wore it."

Lunch hour next day was devoted to disposing of her treasures, and evening found her overjoyed with the results. "Oh, sis!" cried Edna; "Just look—two War Savings stamps! Isn't that great? I'm so happy I don't know what to do."

"Yes, Edna, it's fine," said Alice; "you're always so fortunate in all your undertakings."

"The little watch I gave to the Red Cross," continued Edna excitedly, "as they said it was too good for the melting pot."

An eventful month followed, and then came Edna's big vacation. "A fine chance to mend your old clothes," advised Alice as she was leaving for work Monday morning.

"Yes," said Edna as she curled herself up on the couch, buried in one of the latest novels.

Monday morning Fred Morse had been discharged from St. Vincent's hospital, and expected to sail for New York the following day. Two long weeks, the longest he had known in his whole life, had been spent in this hospital, the result of having been injured doing his bit. Together with four others, he had been chosen to give a course of lectures at Camp Upland, and the next day they were to start for the U. S. A.

"I'm completely lost without my wrist watch," said Fred to his nurse, Miss Synd.

"Perhaps I can get you one; it was only last night the president of our Red Cross branch announced the receipt of some watches, and if there are any left I will get one for you."

"There," said Miss Synd as she presented Fred with a watch that afternoon, her great brown eyes sparkling with joy, "the only one left." Fred thanked her sincerely and, opening the case, a small piece of paper dropped out, on which was written: "Contributed by Edna M. Clayton, Seville, Mass." Was he still unconscious, or was it really true? Yes, it surely was so, for there on the cover was the familiar monogram, "E. M. C."

For some time he sat dreaming. In fancy she was with him once again. He could hear her gayly chatting or humming a song as they paddled up river in his favorite canoe. And Edna, pink-cheeked and eyes of azure blue, with her fair golden curls resting in the gentle summer breeze, basking so comfortably among the cushions.

"Well," thought Fred, "my dear old sweetheart, I'll give you the surprise of your life when I land in New York."

The persistent ringing of the doorbell roused Edna from her reading. What! A letter from Fred Morse post-marked New York! Could it be possible? Quickly tearing open the envelope she read of his receiving the wrist watch and the slip of paper inside. "Will be home by Wednesday. Could we plan for a canoe ride Thursday evening? I will phone you Wednesday night."

Edna could hardly realize that Fred was really coming to see her again, as she had thought he had long since forgotten her. Anxiously she waited for the phone call, and with still greater anxiety for Thursday evening to come.

The great, beautiful moon cast its silvery light upon the old familiar river as Fred and Edna slowly paddled to their favorite "cozy corner." Sheltered by overhanging branches, Fred settled himself down beside Edna. Gently drawing her head to his shoulder, he whispered, "Will you be my own sweetheart forever, Edna? I will be here for a month, and how happy I would be to know that you were really mine before I return to camp. Say yes, dear, and don't keep me in suspense." Edna faintly murmured the desired "Yes," and as Fred brushed back her fair golden curls he kissed and kissed the rosy lips soon to be his very own.

"It seems all too good to be true," said Edna a few hours later as they paddled toward the boathouse. "Who ever dreamed of so much good luck coming from that melting-pot scheme?" "It was well for you," said Fred gazing at his wrist watch, "that you were rescued from that melting pot or I would not be the happy fellow I am tonight. And hereafter, Edna, I shall take the greatest pleasure in providing you with stamps to the fulfillment of your pledge, my own sweetheart, the dearest girl in this whole wide world."

MADE THE CHAIN COMPLETE

Physician in His Excitement Rather Gave Away Secret He Should Have Kept.

Attorney General Gregory tells this quaint story of a prominent financier and a well-known physician:

The money juggler called at the office of his family physician one morning and told him with much concern that his only son was suffering from diphtheria. The doctor was solicitous but assured the financier that with the care given in the hospital to which the boy had been taken he would pull through nicely. "Of course," said the medico, "no one is safe when that terrible disease is around."

"But," said the father, "the boy confessed to me that he is sure he caught the disease from the parlor maid whom he had kissed."

"Well, young people are certainly very thoughtless," mused the doctor, "I'm sorry to hear that your son has been so indiscreet."

"Yes, of course, doctor," said the financier, nervously, "but don't you see, to be frank with you—I have kissed the girl. Do you think I, too, will have the disease?"

"Why, yes," said the doctor. "You are probably already infected. In fact, that would be the very next thing to expect."

"Oh, that's awful," gasped the financier, "and I kiss my own dear wife every morning and evening, so she, too—"

"Good heavens!" cried the physician, jumping up excitedly, "then I, too, will have it!"—Illustrated Sunday Magazine.

NOT MARK OF DISRESPECT

Omission of "Mr." Before Name of President Is Thoroughly Sanctioned by Good Usage.

A Kansas City teacher asks the Star whether it is really in good taste to refer to the president in a headline or elsewhere as "Wilson." Ought it not always be "Mr. Wilson" or "President Wilson?" she asks. It has jarred on her in reading the news to pupils to find the president's name used without a handle.

Hard and fast rules in matters of good taste are difficult to establish. In general the title is appropriately used with the president's name; in general, but not always. The omission of the title is not disrespectful; on the contrary, the more distinguished the man, the more the omission of the title is sanctioned by good usage. We speak of Webster, Calhoun, Lincoln, Gladstone habitually without the "Mr." So with living men. Isn't it more often "Edison" than "Mr. Edison," "Bergson" than "M. Bergson," "Kipling" than "Mr. Kipling," "Lloyd George" than "Mr. Lloyd George," "Poincare" than "M. Poincare," "Kerensky" than "Mr. Kerensky?"

When reference is made to a well-known man by his name without title or even initials, there is an implied compliment. The implication is that there is only one Lloyd George, only one Clemenceau, only one Wilson. Whether the title is used or not depends largely on what seems to be the requirements of the occasion.—Kansas City Times.

One Day Too Late.

The average Oklahoman is more interested in oil royalties than in current events. Recently a locally well-known Indian came into Ardmore to cash his quarterly check, and on being approached for a Red Cross contribution, asked:

"What for, Red Cross?"

Red Cross work was briefly explained, and the Indian came back with another query, "What war?"

"Why, the war with the Germans," was the answer. "Didn't you know America is at war with the Germans?" "No," replied the Indian. "How long?"

The situation was explained at length, and after studying over the matter, the Indian said:

"Too bad! Know um yesterday, could help heap. Two Germans by my place, hauling well-rig. Could kill 'em easy."—Everybody's Magazine.

Entire Town on Auction Block.

Any man whose ambition is to own a whole town will have an opportunity to satisfy his desire.

By direction of Lord Stalbridge, the owner, the entire town of Shaftsbury, England, will be put on the auction block, including private houses, banks, postoffices, stores, offices, hotels and three saloons. The town is in a picturesque part of Derbyshire, perched on a hill in the midst of rolling farm country. The nearest railway station is three miles distant, at Semley.

Sales of great estates are frequent in these days, when taxes are eating up profits and many of the younger generation of the nobility are losing their lives on the battlefields. This is the first sale of an entire town which has been arranged.

Historic Signals.

Our books on naval history which give, in terms of flags, Nelson's signal at Trafalgar, will have to be brought up to date to include in Morse dots and dashes, the immortal "St. George for England" of Zeebrugge. Our Japanese allies will be the first to note the fine watchword for Togo, an intense admirer of Nelson, employed a variant of the Trafalgar signal in the great sea battle with Russia. Said he in his report: "I ran up this signal for all the ships in sight: 'The fate of the empire depends upon this event; every man is expected to do his utmost.'"—London Chronicle.



It costs us 24 billion to keep him equipped and only 170 million to keep him smiling. Let's do it.

The War Is Over, But Our Boys Are Not Home

They still need the services of all the soldier-helping societies and associations that are now in existence, and some of them they will need more than ever.

The expense has not stopped. This is no time to slack on the job. We must raise money, and continue to raise money, until our boys are all back home.

President Wilson urges all to do their duty.

Dr. John R. Mott urges all to do their duty.

Your conscience should be the most insistent urger of all—because you know you ought not to shirk any part of a loyal citizen's responsibility.

This week---all week---make payment at your bank or to your local chairman.

Do your duty---the boys have done their's.

United War Work Campaign Committee