

Laura Relents

By IMES MACDONALD

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"Girls make me tired" announced young Mr. Stephen Cole to no one in particular and himself in general.

"A mile or so away, at exactly the same instant, Laura Lee sat before her dressing table and studied her charming person in the mirror.

It must have been two months later that Cole entered a subway train one afternoon and there discovered a pretty girl who smiled and nodded to him.

"Hospital - consciousness - lame?" murmured Laura Lee. "Tell me," she begged with stricken eyes, "what has happened to him?"

"Why, I thought you knew! The night he was over at our house he was run down by an automobile on the way home - after he left you, it must have been - and he wasn't found till early the next morning.

"I'm - I'm going over to the hospital right away," said Laura Lee with tight-set lips and streaming eyes.

A few moments later Mrs. Hampton watched Laura Lee bending over Stephen Cole. The flicker of a smile shone for an instant in his heavy-lidded eyes, and Laura Lee stooped and shamelessly kissed him long and lingeringly on the mouth.

"Surely you haven't forgotten me?" he smiled. "We met at the Hamptons, you know, and not long ago we talked a few minutes in the subway."

"I may have met you at the Hamptons - they are very dear friends of mine - but as for seeing you in the subway - I haven't ridden on the subway for at least six months," she said calmly, looking straight into his eyes.

"Why be either," she asked lightly with an indifferent lift of her brows, "when it's so much less arduous to remain acquaintances?"

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up for her rudeness of their last meeting, was decidedly cordial.

"Of course I know Stephen Cole," she remarked as they were being introduced. "We've met dozens of times - haven't we?" she smiled up at him.

"Please don't go yet," coaxed Laura Lee. "If you'll wait a little while you can walk home with me."

The red glow of her spirits suddenly died. His departure was faultlessly courteous but so decisively definite that he was gone before she could deny the thing that his words had implied.

Just why she cried that night Laura Lee herself could not have explained; but cry she did, and she moped around all the next day, half the time wailing between the telephone and her writing desk; but she neither phoned nor wrote Stephen Cole, and several days passed before she saw Mrs. Hampton again.

"And how is Stephen Cole?" she eventually asked, innocently.

"Oh, my dear - we're just so glad!" exclaimed Mrs. Hampton. "Harvey telephoned the hospital this morning, Stephen's regained consciousness and the doctor thinks his recovery is certain - but he's almost sure to be a little lame at first, poor boy."

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"I'm sorry," he murmured. "I had begun to wish for much more than that."

PEOPLE WHO ARE LEFT OUT OF THE ROLL CALL

Population of the United States Asked to Stand Up and Be Counted.

By GERALD STANLEY LEE

I had a friend once named Old Bill Spear, who was the curator and founder of the John Quincy Adams Memorial in Quincy, Mass. He conceived the idea of making the house into a memorial and, with his genius as a collector of old furniture, filled it with things to see.

People came from everywhere, and at twenty-five cents apiece they went about to see the things Bill had collected and hear Bill talk.

Bill felt very superior to most collectors. "Just collectors," Bill said, "collect anything."

Bill usually could see people up when they came in the door, but when he wasn't quite sure about people, and suspected he didn't want to bother with them very long, he used to take them to the attic to size them up quiet.

Some of the people who are proposing to go out into the streets Red Cross Christmas Roll Call Week and rather up every day to join the Red Cross, seem to think that the main thing that has to tell people about the Red Cross is that if they pay a dollar to belong they will belong to the Largest Collection of People Who Have Paid One Dollar in the World.

I feel a little superior to this at first and began thinking how I wouldn't do it. But when I began thinking about the biggest Collection of People in the World could do by just being the biggest and all wanting the same thing with a different one dollar, it became impressive.

Forty million people - all the grown-up people in this country - pick out three million men and say to the other million men they have picked out: "You go and die for us - you go and be a martyr for the world - that's our only prayer!"

It would be something if we could all live up to the whole forty million of people in a man. With our little pallid insides and our little brains in our heads from Maine to California Christmas Week and use our two dollar bills a year as balloons.

Who wants to be left out of this line by Christmas Eve?

For that matter it need not take so many children. What man who let himself be left out would feel safe in his own house with his own children climbing up into his lap believing in him - safe with his own baby pulling on his face, jabbing his small trustful fists in his eyes - let himself be left out?

On the roof of the Pavilion Bellevue, near St. Cloud, is a most interesting hospital for soldiers who have been "gassed." The Pavilion Bellevue is the former home of Isadora Duncan and is in charge of the American Red Cross.

Lieut. Wilfred H. Day of Niagara Falls, N. Y., is in charge of this hospital, which treats only those who have been gassed, and is the first hospital of its kind to be established. Lieutenant Day has visited every country that was in the war, except Bulgaria and Turkey, and has worked in each one.

Our obligation to our own soldiers and sailors and the privilege of ministering to the sick and wounded, of feeding the hungry, housing the homeless, and relieving the waste pines of our associates in the war, call the entire American people to the support of the Red Cross spirit now as never before.

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TALL HAT STILL IN VOGUE

Headgear That Has Been Object of Ridicule for Many Years Manages to Retain Popularity.

For some 30 years the tall hat has been an object of ridicule with humorists. The war, it was thought, would cause its disappearance, but it has resisted all attacks.

There is considerable difference of opinion on the origin of the tall hat. The Encyclopedia Britannica unhesitatingly declares that the tall hat is "coextensive with civilization," and asserts that it was invented in Florence about 1760.

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LANGUAGE OF LOVERS



She - Oh is me? He - Oh's my little snow-white dove.

Lithuanians in America. The Lithuanians in Europe number about 3,000,000. Scattered through the Baltic provinces and in various other parts of the world, including the United States, there are another 1,500,000, making a total Lithuanian world population of some 4,500,000.

The 1,000,000 Lithuanians in this country are chiefly workers in the mines, factories and stock yards. They are known as among the most industrious and law-abiding of our foreigners.

Lithuanians will not form a part of the new Slavic legion, which is to include Poles, Russians and other Slavic peoples. They are not Slavs, but from a race apart, together with the Letts and Livonians. Their aim, according to their leaders, is "an independent Lithuania and a confederation of all the small countries along the Baltic peopled by their race."

Plucky. Soldiers as a rule are plucky fellows when wounded. This story is told of one.

Over the Top. Jim Royce, chairman of Vigo county's Liberty loan drives, was so emphatic in urging Vigo county to go over the top in every drive that he has frequently been known as "Over the Top Jim Royce."

Too Much Pay. A Swabber (Wales) worker took advantage of a short strike to go and see the doctor about some mysterious malady which was pursuing him.

Generous Humorist. "You say you are out of work, eh?" said the humorist, eyeing the tramp narrowly.

Qualified. Mrs. VanJoans - How did your son happen to join the navy? Mrs. DeSmith - Oh, he thought he knew so much about horses. You see, he found a buggy whip once when he was a boy.

The Scrap Book

OL' MAN TROUBLE.

Ol' Man Trouble comes a-peckin' 'round de hill. I says, "You'll never git me," but he says, "I guess I will."

Ol' Man Trouble kep' a-haighin' on my track. He got to callin' names an' tried to make me answer back.

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WERE NOT TAKING CHANCES. Citizens of Petunia Had a Reason for Avoiding Anything That Looked Like Trouble.

"What's the matter with the folks in this town, anyhow?" demanded old Lab Snuckles, drawing rein in front of the blacksmith shop in Petunia.

"No, I reckon not," replied the village chestnut, who stood beneath the blacksmith's spreading tree.

The D. S. M. is of Bronze. The Distinguished Service medal is of bronze, with the eagle in the middle, crowned with 13 stars.

Felt Pinch of War. Even far away Iceland felt the pinch of war. An increase in the necessities of necessities at Reykjavik, the principal city, last July amounted to 211 per cent when contrasted with their cost in July, 1914.

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ISLAM ART NOT PERMANENT

Most Beautiful Masterpieces Are Crumbling Because Constructed of Perishable Material.

The two capital cities of central Asia - have left mosques and tombs which for their grace, decorations and grandeur, are precious documents of the culture of a splendid epoch.

Unfortunately, the Moslems did not construct for permanency, in marble, like the Greeks. The enamel tiles of the facades are rapidly falling away, the walls of clay are disintegrating and the broken-roofs furnish any number of birds.

TRUTH ABOVE ALL THINGS. Incomparably the Best Business Asset That a Man or Firm Can Possess.

A successful merchant, when asked the question, "What is the best asset of a business house?" said: "The best asset a business house can possess is a reputation for absolute truth."

To the cynic advice of this quality may seem, perhaps, to call up shadows of George Washington at the period when "he couldn't tell a lie."

Attach to the medicine closet, with a string and pencil a small alphabetically arranged notebook.

Under the letter P, for instance, write the antidotes for the different poisons, for, although one may know them, when the baby swallows the wrong tablet knowledge is apt to desert one, but by the time the doctor arrives upon the scene it may be too late.

Under F writes "Fainting Spells" and what to do. "Cuts and Bruises" list under their proper letter and "Sunstroke," "Burns," and so on, through the list of accidents and sudden illnesses.

Wood, being a vegetable structure is liable to decay. But if properly "doped" with some preservation chemical it may be rendered almost decay proof - which, when the matter is brought down to date, means proof against devouring insects and detrital fire fungi.

On the Waccamaw river, in South Carolina, far back on a commanding eminence, with acres of rice land and pine forests stretching away on every hand, stands a notable relic of colonial and revolutionary days - "Prospect Hill," the venerable home of Benjamin Huger (pronounced U-gee), an American patriot of French-Huguenot ancestry.

It was here that the Marquis de Lafayette spent his first night in America, in 1777, landing on North Island at the mouth of Winyaw bay. He was met by the owner of "Prospect Hill," and was conveyed in a rowboat propelled by negro oarsmen in livery to his destination, where a grand reception was given in his honor.

The mansion was brilliantly lighted and adorned with flags, and noted guests from the country around were gathered to welcome the distinguished son of France.