GRAHAM, N. C., THURSDAY, JULY 20, 1916

Baptist—N. Main St.—Jas. W. Rose, Pastor.
Preaching services every first and Third Sundays at 11.00 a. m. and 7.30 p. m.
Sunday School every Sunday at 9.45 a. m.—C. B. Irwin, Superintendent.

GRAHAM CHURCH DIRECTORY.

Graham Christian Church—N. Main Street—Rev. J. F. Truitt. Preaching services every. Sec-ond and Fourth Sundays, at 11,00

a. m. Sunday School every Sunday at 10,00 a. m.—E. L. Henderson, Super-intendent.

New Providence Christian Church
—North Main Street, near Depot—
Rev. J. G. Truitt, Pastor. Preaching every Second and Fourth Sunday nights at 8.00 o'clock.
Sunday School every Sunday at
9.45 a. m.—J. A. Bayliff, Superintendent.
Christian Endeavor Prayer Meeting every Thursday night at 7.45.
o'clock.

- to Friends-North of Graham Pub-ic School-J .Robert Parker, Pas-

lic School—J .Robert Parker, Pas-tor.

Preaching every Sunday at 11 a,
m, and at 7.30 p. m.

Sunday School every Sunday at
10.00 a. m.—James Crisco, Superin-

Methodist Episcopal, South—cor. Iain and Maple St., H. E. Myers Main and Maple St., H. E. Myers Pastor. Preaching every Sunday at 11.00 a. m. and at 7.30 p. m. a. m. and at 7.30 p. m.
Sunday School every Sunday at 9.45 a. m.—W. B. Green, Supt.

Methodist Protestant—College St., West of Graham Public School, Rev. O. B. Williams, Pastor. Preaching every First, Third and Fourth Sundays at 11.00 a. m. and every First, Third, Fourth and Fifth Sundays at 7.00 p. m. Sunday School every Sunday at 9.45 a. m.—J. S. Cook, Supt.

Presbyterian—Wst Elm Street—Rev. T. M. McConnell, pastor.
Sunday School every Sunday at 9.45 a. m.—Lynn B. Williamson, Superintendent

Presbyterian (Travora Chapel)-J. W. Clegg, pastor.
Preaching every Second and
Fourth Sundays at 7.30 p. m.
Sunday School every Sunday at
2.30 p. m.—J. Harvey White, Superintendent.

Oneida—Sunday School every Sunday at 2.30 p. m.—J. V. Pome-roy, Superintendent.

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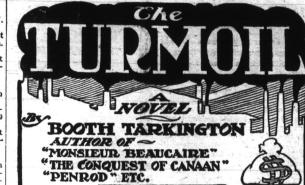
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SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I—Sheridan's attempt make a business man of his son Bibbs starting him in the machine shop ends Bibbs going to a sanitarium, a nervo wreck.

CHAPTER II—On his return Bibbs met at the station by his sister Edith. CHAPTER III—He finds himself an in-considerable and unconsidered figure in the "New House" of the Sheridans. He sees Mary Vertrees looking at him from a summer house next door.

CHAPTER V.

· It was a brave and lustrous banquet; and a noisy one, too, because there was and a holy one, too, occause there was an orchestra among some plants at one end of the long dining room, and after a preliminary stiffness the guests were impelled to converse—necessarily at the tops of their voices. The whole company of fifty sat at a great oblong table, a continent of damask and lace, with shores of crystal and silver running up to spreading groves of orchids and lilies and white roses—an inhabited continent, evidently, for there were three marvelous, gleaming build-ings; one in the center and one at each end, white miracles wrought by some inspired craftsman in sculptural icing. They were models in miniature, and they represented the Sheridan build-ing, the Sheridan apartments, and the pump works. Nearly all the guests recognized them without having to be told what they were, and pronounced the likenesses superb.

The arrangement of the table was

visibly baronial. At the head sat the great Thane, with the flower of his family and of the guests about him; then on each side came the neighbors of the. "old" house, grading down to vassals and retainers—superintendents, cashiers, heads of departments, and the like—at the foot, where the Thane's lady took her place as a consolation for the less important. Here, too, among the thralls and bondmen, sat Bibbs Sheridan, a meek Banquo, wondering how anybody could look at him and

Nevertheless, there was a vast, continuous eating and the talk went on with the eating, incessantly. It rose over the throbbing of the orchestra and the clatter and clinking of silver and china and glass, and there was a mighty babble

mighty babble.

And through the interstices of this clamoring Bibbs could hear the continual booming of his father's heavy voice, and once he caught the sentence, "Yes, young lady, that's just what did it for me, and that's just what did it for me, and that's just what did it for me, and that's just what ill do it for my boys—they got to make two for my boys-they got to make two blades o' grass grow where one grew before!" It was his familiar flo

Vertrees.

It was a great night for Sheridanthe very crest of his wave. His big, smooth, red face grew more and more radiant with good will and with the simplest, happiest, most boyish vanity. He was the picture of health, of good

heer, and of power on a holiday.

He dominated the table, shouting jocular questions and railleries at everyone. His idea was that when people were having a good time they were noisy; and his own additions to ole were having a good time they the hubbub increased his pleasure, also because we're next-door neighbors the wrong wearer. and, of course, met the warmest enattable, and it's dull times ahead for "I said Miss Vertrees seems to be and, of course, met the warmest encouragement from his guests. He kept both of us if we don't get along."

Rescoe was a literal young man, all his feet, or pounding on the table with his fist, and sometimes with spoon or knife upon his plate or a glass, with

would bellow down-the length of the table to his wife, while the musicians were in the midst of the "Toreador" song, perhaps. "Ask that fellow if they don't know "Nancy Lee'!" And when the leader would shake his head www. "Yes—we're neighbors," he awkwardly. "I live across the significant the state of t apologetically in answer to an obedient shriek from Mrs. Sheridan, the "Torea dor" continuing vehemently, Sheridan would roar half-remembered fragment

of "Nancy Lee," naturally mingling some Bizet with the air of that uxorious tribute.
No external bubbling contributed t this effervescence: the Sheridan's table had never borne wine, and, more be cause of timidity about it than convic tion, it bore none now. And certainly no wine could have inspired more turbulent good spirits in the host. Not even Bibbs was an alloy in this night's happiness, for, as Mrs. Sheridan had said, he had "plans for Bibbs"—plans which were going to straighten out

pounded the table and boom ses of old songs, and then, for getting these, would renew his friend ly railleries, or perhaps, turning to Mary Vertrees, who sat near him, round the corner of the table at his right, he would become autobiograph Gentlemen less naive than he had naid her that tribute, for she was a girl who inspired the autobiographical impulse in every man who met her-it

needed but the sight of her.

The dinner seemed, somehow, to center about Mary Vertrees and the jocund host as a play centers about its hero and heroine; they were the rublcund bor's king and the starry princess of this spectacle—they paid court to each other, and everybody paid court to them. Down near the sugar pump works, speculation and admiration, "Wonder who that lady is—makin' such a hit "Am I blushing?" she said. "Are out of with the old man." "Must be some you sure?" And with that she gave helress." "Helress? Golly, I guess I him ample opportunity to make sure, sleeve!

COPYRIGHT 1915 BY HARPER & BROTHERS. ould stand it to marry rich, then!" Edith and Sibyl were radiant; at first they had watched Miss Vertrees with an almost haggard anxiety, won-dering what disastrous effect Sheri-dan's pastoral gayeties—and other things—would have upon her, but she eemed delighted with everything, and with him most of all. She treated him laughing at him almost violently when he bragged—probably his first experi-ence of that kind in his life. It en-

> As he proclaimed to the table, she had "a way with her." She had, in-deed, as Roscoe Sheridan, upon her right, discovered just after the feast began. Since his marriage three years before, no lady had bestowed upon him



His Echoes of Old Songs.

protracted a full view of brillian

"I hope you're very susceptible, Mr. Sheridan!"
Honest Roscoe was taken aback, and, "Why?" was all he managed to

say.
She repeated the look deliberately, equal to his own, by his sister across the table. No one, reflected Edith, could imagine Mary Vertrees the sort of girl who would "really flirt" with

married. "Because!" said Mary Vertrees, re-plying to Roscoe's monosyllable. "And also because we're next-door neighbors at table, and it's dull times ahead for starting pretty strong with Jim," restarting pretty strong with Jim," restocks and bonds, and he had been brought up to believe that when a man married he "married and settled down." out permitting these side-products to interfere with the real business of eating and shouting.

"Tell 'em to play 'Nancy' Lee'!" he would have been troubled if Sibyl had ever told Lamhorn she hoped he was

awkwardly. "I live across the street." "Why, no!" she exclaimed, and seemed startled. "Your mother told me this afternoon that you lived at home." Slowly a deep color came into

"No." he said: "my wife and I lived with the old folks the first year, but that's all. Edith and Jim live with them, of course."
"I—I see," she said, the deep color

still deepening as she turned from him and saw, written upon a card before the gentleman at her left, the name, "Mr. James Sheridan, Jr." And from that moment Roscoe had little enough cause for wondering what he ought to reply to her disturbing coquetries.

Mr. James Sheridan had been anxiously waiting for the dazzling visito to "get through with old Hoscoe" and give a bachelor a chance. "Old Ros-coe" was the younger, but he had always been the steady wheel-horse of the family. As their father habitually boasted, both brothers were "capable, hard-working young business men." Physically neither was of the height breadth or depth of the father. Both wore young business men's mustaches and either could have sat for the tailor shop lithographs of young business me wearing "rich suitings in dark mix-

Jim, approving warmly of his neighbor's profile, perceived her access of color, which increased his approba-tion. "What's that old Roscoe saying to you, Miss Vertrees?" he asked.
These young married men are mighty forward nowadays, but you musn't let

'em make you blush."
"Am I blushing?" she said. "Are

repeating with interest the look wasted upon Roscoe. "I think you must be mistaken," she continued. "I think it's your brother who is blushing. I've thrown him into confusion." "How?"

She laughed, and then, leaning to his as she could make it, under cover of the uproar, "By trying to begin with him a courtship I meant for you!"

This might well be a style new to Jim; and it was. He supposed it a nonsensical form of badinage, and yet it took his breath. He realized that he wished what she said to be the literal truth, and he was instantly snared by

that realization.

"By George!" he said. "I guess you're the kind of girl that can say anything—yes, and get away with it,

that he could not tell whether she was laughing at him or at herself or at the nonsense she was talking; and she said:

"But you see I don't care whether I get away with it or not. I wish you'd tell me frankly if you think I've got a chance to get away with you?"

chance to get away with you?"

"More like if you've got a chance to get away from me!" Jim was inspired to reply. "Not one in the world, especially after beginning by making fun in her own room, which was directly over the "front hall." There, book in the employed the time in her

"you're a funny girl!"

"So long as you turn out to be any-

"Yes," he said, plaintively, not wholly lacking intuition, "I can see and yet they had talked it over, day you're the sort of girl that would laugh after day, from the very hour when

the question at once, considering the

the question at once, considering the mistake I made with your brother."

Jim was dazed. She seemed to be playing a little game of mockery and nonsense with him, but he had nonsense with him, but he had glimpses of a flashing danger in it; he was but too sensible of being 'out-classed, and had somewhere a consciousness that he could never quite know this giddy and alluring lady, no matter how long it pleased her to play with him. But he mightily wanted her while they were still dancing. know this giddy and alluring lady, no matter how long it pleased her to play with him. But he mightly wanted her to keep on playing with him.

"Put what question?" he said, breath-live seems of the delicate of the least seems of the least se

clinking of the key in the lock, and then, with the opening of the door and of my family," she returned, speaking slowly and with a cross-examiner's severity. If think it would be well for me to know at once whether you are already walking out with any young lady or not. Mr. Sheridan, think room. "Yes." she said, before Mrs.

well! Are you spoken for?"
"Not yet," he gasped. "Are you?"
"No!" she cried, and with that they
both laughed again; and the pastime proceeded, increasing both in its gayety chair forward, sat beside her mother

and in its gravity.

Öbserving its continuance, Mr. Robert Lamborn, opposite, turned from a
lively conversation with Edith and relively conversation with Edith and remarked covertly to Sibyl that Miss Ver- Mrs. Vertrees had expressed a hop trees was "starting rather picturesque-ly with Jim." And he added, languid-ly, "Do you suppose she would?"

For the moment Sibyl gave no sign of having heard him, but seemed interested in the clasp of a long "rope" of pearls, a loop of which she was allowmarried men—she was obviously the "opposite of all that." Edith defined her as "thoroughbred," a "nice giri," lowing with her eyes the twinkle of and the look given to Roscoe was astounding. Roscoe's wife saw it, too, and she was another whom it puzzled—though not because its recipient was married. with too sumptuous accessories, and jeweled head-dresses are dangerous they may emphasize the wrongness of

"I heard you." There was a latent-discontent always somewhere in her eyes, no matter what she threw upon the surface to cover it, and just now she did not care to cover it; she looked sullen. "Starting any stronger than you did with Edith?" she inquired.

"Oh, keep the peace!" he said, cross-ly. "That's off, of course."
"You haven't been making her see it to her for—"
"For heaven's sake," he began,

"keep the peace!"
"Well, what have you just been do Sh!" he said. "Listen to your fa-

ther-in-law." Sheridan was booming and braying ouder than ever, the orchestra having begun to play "The Rosary," to his

"I count them over, la-la-tum-teedum," he roared, beating the measures with his fork. "Each hour a pearl, each pearl tee-dum-tum-dum-- What's the matter of all you folks? Why'n't you sing? Miss Vertrees, I bet a thousand dollars you sing! Why'n't—"

"Mr. Sheridan," she said, turning cheerfully from the ardent Jim, 'you don't know what you interrupted! Your son isn't used to my rough ways, and my soldier's wooing frightens him but I think he was about to say some-

more delighted with her than ever. "By gosh! if I was his age—or a widower right now—"
"Oh, wait!" cried Mary. "If they'd
only make less noise! I want Mrs.
Sheridan to hear."

"She'd say the same," he shouted.
"She'd tell me I was mighty slow if I couldn't get ahead o' Jim. Why, when I was his age-

"You must listen to your father," Mary interrupted, turning to Jim, who had grown red again. "He's going to tell us how, when he was your age, he made those two blades of grass grow out of a teacup—and you could see for yourself he didn't get them out of his

At that Sheridan pounded the table till it jumped. "Look here, young lady!" he roared. "Some o' these days I'm either goin' to slap you-or I'm goin'

Edith looked aghast; she was afraid this was indeed "too awful," but Mary Vertrees burst into ringing laughter. "Both!" she cried. "Both! The on to make me forget the other!"

"But which-" he began, and then "But which—" he began, and then bruddenly gave forth such istentorian trumpetings of mirth that for once the whole table stopped to listen... "Jim," he roared, "if you don't propose to that girl tonight I'll send you back to the machine shop with Bibbs!"
And Bibbs—down among the retain

ers by the sugar pump works, and watching Mary Vertrees as a ragged boy in the street might watch a rich She laughed again—in her way, so He heard—and he knew what his fa that he could not tell whether she was

CHAPTER VI.

Mrs. Vertrees "sat up" for her daughter, Mr. Vertrees having retired after a restless evening, not much soothed by

of me like that."

"I mightn't be so much in fun as you think," she said, regarding him with sudden gravity.

"Well," said Jim, in simple honesty, "Roules of many call."

There, book in hand, she employed the time in her own reminiscences, though it was her belief that she was reading Madame de Remusat's.

Her thoughts went backward into you're a funny girl!"

Her gravity continued an instant her life and into her husband's; and onger. "I may not turn out to be the deeper into the past they went, the brighter the pictures they brought her

could have borne to hear put in words you're the sort of girl that would laugh after day, from the very nour when the minute you see a man really means anything!"

""Taugh!" she cried, gayly. "Why, it might be a matter of life and death! become an antique—their youth was of but if you want tragedy, I'd better put the innocent old days, so dead! of "breeding" and "gentility," and no

clinking of the key in the lock, and

The dear closed, and she rushed upstairs, bringing with her a breath of cold and bracing air into her mother's

and, drawing an old red-velvet rocking

"Mamma!" Mary exclaimed, when



"Why Don't You-Ask Me?" that she had enjoyed the evening and had not caught cold, "Why don't you

ask me?" This inquiry obviously made her mother uncomfortable. "I don't—faltered. "Ask you what, Mary?" "How I got along and what he's

"Mary!"
"Ob, it isn't distressing!" said Mary.
"And I got along so fast—" She broke
off to laugh; continuing then, "But
that's the way I went at it, of course. We are in a hurry, aren't we?

"My dear, I don't know what to-" "What to make of anything!" Mary finished for her. "So that's all right! Now I'll tell you all about it. It was "No, no!" Mrs. Vertrees protested. "I think the orchids alone would have lasted us a couple of months. There they were, before me, but I couldn't steal 'em and sell 'em, and so—well, so I did what I could!" couldn't she? One man as well as an-

She leaned back and laughed reassuringly to her troubled mother. eemed to be a success—what I could," he said, clasping her hands behind her neck and stirring the rocker to mo tion as a rhythmic accompaniment to tion as a rhythmic accompaniment to her narrative. "The girl Edith and her sister-in-law. Mrs. Roscoe Sheridan, were too anxious about the effect of things on me. The father's worth a bushel of both of them, if he knew it. He's what he is. I like him." She reflectively, communication of the communication of continuing. "Edith's 'interested' in that Lamhorn boy; he's good-looking and not stupid,

but I think he's-" She interrupted herself with a cheery outcry: "Oh, I mustn't be calling him names! If nerseif with a cheery outcry: "Oh, "Did he speak of it?" Mrs. Vertre he's trying to make Edith like him I asked, apprehensively. ought to respect him as a colleague." |
"I don't understand a thing you're
talking about," Mrs. Vertrees com-

"All the better! Well, he's a bad lot, that Lamhorn boy; everybody's always known that, but the Sheridans don't know the everybodies that know. He sat between Edith and Mrs. Roscoe time we went-dressed in ballgowns; bound to show their clothes and jewels omewhere! She flatters the father. and so did I for that matter-but no

"That's what flattered him. After dinner he made the whole regiment of us follow him all over the house, while he lectured like a guide on the Palatine. He gave dimensions and costs, and the whole b'ilin' of 'em listened as if they thought he intended to make that Bay of Naples panorama in the He made us look at all the plumbing-bathrooms and everywhere else-and then he made us look at the Bay of Naples. He said it was a hundred and eleven feet long, but I think it's more. And he led us all into the ready-made library to see a poem Edith had taken a prize with at school. They'd had it printed in gold letters and framed in mother-of-pearl. But the poem itself was rather simple and wistful and nice—he read it to us, though Edith tried to stop him. She was modest about it, and said she'd never written anything else. And then, after a while, Mrs. Roscoe Sheridan asked me to come across the street to her house with them—her husband and

Mrs. Vertrees was shocked. "Jim!"

she exclaimed. "Mary, please—"
"Of course," said Mary. "I'll make it as easy for you as I can, mamma.

Mr. James Sheridan, Jr. We went over
there, and Mrs. Rosen evaluated that there, and Mrs. Roscoe explained that 'the men were dying for a drink,' though I noticed that Mr. Lanshorn was the only one near death's door on that account. Edith and Mrs. Roscoe said they knew I'd been bored at the dinner. They were objectionably apolo-getic about it, and they seemed to think now we were going to have a

"But, Mary," her mother began, "is—is—" And she seemed unable to —is—" And she seemed unable to complete the question.
"Never mind, mamma, I'll say it. Is

Mr. James Sheridan, Jr., stupid? I'm sure he's not at all stupid about busi-ness. Otherwise— Oh, what right have I to be calling people 'stupid' because they're not exactly my kind? On the big dinner table they had enormous icing models of the Sheridan building—"
"Oh no!" Mrs. Vertrees cried. "Sure-

"Yes, and two other things of that kind—I don't know what. But, after all, I wondered if they were so bad.

none of its anxiety and she shook her head gravely. "My dear, dear child," salient in that region.

The crown prince's army made vio

"Say as much of it as you can, mamma," said Mary, encouragingle of

trees began, timidly, "seems to have the air of— It is as if you were seek-"Oh, I see! You mean I sound as if I were trying to force myself to like is predicted.

him."
"Not exactly, Mary. That wasn't quite what I meant," said Mrs. Ver-trees, speaking direct untruth with per-fect unconsciousness. "But you said German crown

"And as Mr. James Sherldan was

both the mother and the daughter understood. Mary felt it better to make the understanding definite.

"Well," she asked, gravely, "is there-anything else I can do? You and papa anything else I can do? You and papa don't want me to do anything that distresses me, and so, as this is the only thing to be done, it seems it's up to me not to let it distress me. That's all there is about it, isn't it?"

"But nothing must distress you!" the mother cried.

"That's what I say!" said Mary, cheerfully. "And so it doesn't. It's all right." She rose and took her closk over her arm, as if to go to her own room. But on the way to the door she stopped, and stood leaning against the foot of the bed, contemplating a threadbare rug at her feet. "Mother, you've told me a thousand times that it doesn't really matter whom a girl marries."

never said such a-" "No, not in words; I mean what you meant. It's true isn't it that marriage really is not a bed of roses, but a field of battle? To get right down to it, a girl could fight it out with anybody,

pleading eyes to her daughter-eyes that begged to be spared. "It sounds -almost reckless!"

Mary caught the appeal, came to her, and kissed her gayly. "Never fret, dear! I'm not likely to do anything I don't want to—I've always been too-thorough-going a little pig."

She gave her mother a final kiss and went gayly all the way to the door this time, pausing for her postscript with her hand on the knob. "Oh, the one that caught me looking in the window, sive on July 1 in the Fricourt-Mametz 25 cents.

TENNIFER OF THE PARTY OF THE PA

mamma, the youngest one-

"No. He didn't speak at all, that I saw, to anyone. I didn't meet him. But he isn't insane, I'm sure; or if he is, he has long intervals when he's not. Mr. James Sheridan mentioned that he lived at home when he was well enough'; and it may be he's only an in-He looks dreadfully ill, but valid. family"-she laughed a little ruefully -"he might be interesting to talk to sometimes, when there was too much stocks and bonds. I didn't see him aft

with him," said Mrs. Vertrees. "They'd have introduced him if there weren't. sending him back to a machine shop of some sort; 'glanced at him just then and he was pathetic-looking enough before that, but the most tragic change came over him. He seemed just to die, right there at the table!"

"Mr. Sheridan must be very unfeel ing."
"No," said Mary, thoughtfully, "I don't think he is; but he might be un comprehending, and certainly he's the looking at that poor boy just then! I'm afraid I'll keep remembering—"

"I wouldn't." Mrs. Vertrees smiled faintly, and in her smile there was the remotest ghost of a genteel roguishness. "I'd keep my mind on pleasanter

Mary laughed and nodded. "Yes, indeed! Plenty pleasant enough, and probably, if all were known, too good even for me!" And when she had gone Mrs. Ver trees drew a long breath, as if a bur-den were off her mind, and, smiling,

began to undress in a gentle reverle TO BE CONTINUED

TUESDAY.

The British lines north of the Somme, northern Ffance, are gradually being brought up to a level with those of the French further south. London 'good time' to make up for it. But I hadn't been bored at the dinner, I'd been amused; and the 'good-time' at: work of crushing in the German salient Mrs. Roscoe's was horribly, horribly ent extending from Thiepval on the north to Montauban on the south. This north to Montauban on the south. This has been further acclerated by the taking of several lines of German trenches in Mametz wood seuthwest of Montauban. The entire village of Montauban is now in the possession of the British while the greater portion of the Mametz wood is in their hands

the official statement asserts.

The main Russian army in Volhynie reported twenty-three miles from Kovel. The retreating Austro-Ger mans have fired the forests in this

WEDNESDAY. The Germans, heavily reinforced, delivered strong attacks against the Well, then, mamma, I managed not to British on the Somme front in north Well, then, mamma, I mainged not to Fritish on the Somme front in north-feel superior to Mr. James Sheridan, Jr., because he didn't see anything out of place in the Sheridan building in sugar."

Mrs. Vertrees' expression had lost are reported, however, to be slowly

I'm afraid—"
"Bay as much of it as you can, mamma," said Mary, encouragingly. "I can get it, if you'll just give me one keyword."
"Everything you say," Mrs. Vertrees began, timidly, "seems to have the air of— It is as if you were seek.

The Russians are advancing on the

that—that you found the latter part of the evening at young Mrs. Sheridan's unentertaining—"

The part of the form of the moment on the Meuse battleground. Heavy Massthe Meuse battleground Heavy Mass es of German Infantry have beer thrown against the French in this new

"And as Mr. James Sheridan was there, and I saw more of him than at dinner, and had a horribly stupid time in spite of thate you think I—" And then it was Mary who left the deduction unfinished.

Mrs. Vertrees nodded; and though both the mother and the daughter unpoints on the British front, but there is the points on the British front, but there is the points on the British front, but there is the points on the British front, but there is the points on the British front, but there is the points on the British front, but there is the points on the British front, but there is the points of the poin was no change in the situation accord

ing to the London war office.

The Russians have resumed their Caucasus offensive and taken Mamakhatum, twenty-five miles west of Eze-

rum.

FRIDAY.

Renewing their great offensive in northern France, the British broke into the German second line in the Somme region along a four mile front. The villages of Longueva'. Bazentine-legisters want to be so considered, was followed to be an extracted by the constant of the was not a Republican and did not want to be so considered, was followed. me region along a four mile front. The villages of Longueva'. Bazenthe-le-Grand and Bazentine-le-Petit, as well as most of Ovillers were unofficially reported captured, as were the Trones wood and a gain of ground east of was going to vote the Republican

wood and a gain of ground east of Containmakon.

In the Verdun resion the Germans have so far not followed up their hombardment of the Fort Souville re-gion by further botantry assaults. Heavy artillery fire is being continu-ed. North of the Abme attempted German attacks were stopped by French machine sun fire French machine gun fire. The Germans along the Stokhod are

being reinforced from the west front

of Mamakhatum in their renewed Caucasus offensive.

The British continue to deepen the

big dent in the German lines eral Sir Douglas Haig's forces con tinued the attack. The Germans at one point have been pushed back to their third line of defence. This marks a British advance of four miles from the original German lines as they

and Freckles

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sector. London reports the taking of more than 2000 Germans within the past twenty-four hours, the total since

excess of 10,000. The French are busy at Verdun, where they have repulsed an attack near Avocourt redoubt, on the extreme left, while their artillery is actively replying to bombardments by the replying to bombardments by the crown prince's guns on the east bank of the Meuse. At Apremont, attempted German attacks were broken up.

The Russian advance toward Kovel is still halted by desperate German resistance on the Stokhod.

SUNDAY.

SUNDAY.
Under a blanket-of fog the Germans
the region of the Somme buried in the region of the Somme huried violent attacks against La Malsonette and the viliage of Blaches, recently captured by the French, and took those positions by surprise. The French, however, immediately launched a vigorous counter attack and recaptured both places. Near Oulches, north of the river Alsne, the French stormed the German trenches, and northeast of Verdun they made considerable progress to the west and south of Fleury.

Fleury.
At a terrific cost the Germans plerced the Russian lines near Barano-vichi, only to be hurled back by the furlous counter attacks the Russians immediately launched, a nd in which the men who had swept through the first line defences were beaten down and made prisoners.

WITH PERSHING'S MEN



Washington Party Dies. The Washington party state com

The Washington party state committee in Harrisburg, Pa., voted not to organize. This action was a motion by William Flinn and was taken after a tumultuous de.ate of two hours in which Flinn was hotly assailed and charges of using the steam roller were made. The vote was 23 to 21 and ends the Washington party organization. The plan is to replace it by a progressive league which will be for Highes, but

resolution endorsing Hughes as fol

"Resolved that the Washington party of Pennsylvania concurs in the action of the Progressive national comby mittee and endorse Charles E. Hughes for president of the United States.

The judge to whom a woman had applied for a divorce looked sternly at the applicant and addressed her thus: "You say you want a divorce because

vour married life is one long series of "No, your honor," said the applicant, "but you ought to see my hus New York Times.

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