

GERMAN SHELLS BURSTING OVER FRENCH POSITION



This remarkable picture of bursting German shells was made just at the moment when they were falling on a farm in the Argonne district used by the French as a rendezvous. The shells were directed at the French soldiers, who are seen working. None of the French soldiers who were present while the rain of shells fell on them were hurt.

WAR'S TRAGEDY FOR THE NONCOMBATANT



One of the London Daily Mail's prize photographs, showing a family returned to their native village after a serious battle had been fought there, only to find their cottage in ruins.

CAME TO BORROW A BILLION FOR ALLIES



Representatives of England and France, who came to the United States for the purpose of negotiating a loan of a billion dollars for the allies, are shown in this illustration. J. P. Morgan (1), as financial agent of the British government, acted as host. The others are: (2) Sir Edward Holden of the London City and Midland bank; (3) Sir Henry Babbington Smith; (4) Lord Reading, lord chief justice of Great Britain and head of the commission; (5) Octave Homberg of the French foreign office; (6) Basil B. Blackett of the British treasury; (7) Ernest Mallet, regent of the Bank of France.

TAKING WOUNDED ABOARD



This photograph, taken at the Dardanelles, shows a British soldier, wounded in the arm, being lowered aboard a hospital launch in what is known as a "boson's chair," which is swung out by means of a crane.

Would Help Some.

It is a small English country town, and one of the members of the special war relief committee is also proprietor of a drapery "emporium." To him came for advice and assistance a poor woman who had just "heard the worst" about her man at the front. Would the separation allowance be paid still? Or would the war office make a special grant? "I can't say definitely what the war office will do in your particular case," was the judicious verdict. "But, personally, I shall be glad to—ah—to supply you with mourning from my establishment at a wholesale price."

USES FOR OBSOLETE GUNS

Have Been Turned Into Many Objects of Interest, Especially in England—Some Instances.

Many unutilized things are made of obsolete guns, and in England especially are to be found a number of objects of interest in this line, says the Marine Journal. The Victoria Cross, the highest honor in the British Empire, has always been made from the brass captured at the battle of Waterloo. Many things in the British Isles are named for Waterloo in consequence of the great victory that was won there over Napoleon on June 18, 1815, one in particular being the Waterloo bridge, the gas brackets on which were fashioned many years ago from cannon used at Waterloo. Another instance is the ornamental capital of the monument to Nelson, the hero of Trafalgar, which was made from old cannon, and an Alder shot down in an effort of Wellington and his charger Copenhagen, who was taken from the sea by the British.

Russian Barbers Act as Surgeons.

Russian barbers with about six weeks' medical training act with the czar's army in great numbers as full-fledged surgeons, according to reports of wounded German soldiers who have just returned from the front. These soldiers, many of whom bear evidence of improper amputations, also complain of poor sanitary conditions in Russian hospitals, but praise the Russian woman nurses as being kind and considerate.

Lavender Repels Mosquitoes.

Noted in this evening's issue a simpler and more effective repellent is oil of lavender, sprayed through an atomizer on parts exposed. This oil is more efficient than citronella, ammonia, camphor, tar and a hundred other "straws" that "skeeter" victims have clutched at. It has been found tried in New Jersey and not found wanting, so what more can one ask for?—(Letter to New York Globe).

Placy's Mother's Breakfast

Placy's mother's breakfast on one summer morning. "There were no women in that family," she said. "If there were a Placy, she would have made the breakfast. Men are so helpful."

"You know," said Mrs. Granger to her daughter Joan as they sat at the breakfast table one summer morning, "there were no women in that family. If there were a Placy, she would have made the breakfast. Men are so helpful."

Joan and her mother had for the first time been watching with interest the building of the new house. There had always been a vacant lot there. Mrs. Placy had when Mr. Placy bought the place had it was not until his children had finished their education that he had decided to build—to give up hotel life in the city for the security and quiet of the suburbs.

"Mr. Placy has a promising son," said Mrs. Granger. "They were talking about him at my bridge club yesterday. He has just finished his art in Paris and is on one of the big magazines now. They say he has a studio on the north side of the house with a skylight. I do wish we could see the house before they move in. Having no women in the family and no having no men makes it so difficult for us to see it later—especially the upstairs part." Mrs. Granger smiled mournfully.

"But I suppose you can manage so that young Mr. Placy will call," she went on. "It would be only natural— if he was a good boy and not too spoiled by his years in Paris it would be rather nice. You could have him in your evening bridge club. I don't believe anyone else would know him first and you being neighbors—I suppose he is very continental and foreign, which I think is rather better than the rough and tumble American manners. I do wish they would get in. The house is done and all that is needed is to have the lawn fixed up and they could come out from the city. It is so hard to get workmen to do anything."

Joan had not heard the last part of her mother's breakfast monologue. She was thinking in an aimless way of young Placy and wondering what conventional manners would be like at these meals.

"I suppose they will always have a business to do everything," Mrs. Granger went on. "You must be careful, Joan, not to let them see you working in our garden patch too much. They will really think we can't afford to have things done."

Joan was watching the future home of the Placys from over the top of her coffee cup. "There is a workman out there now," she said. "He is straightening things up. Poor thing, to have to work on a holiday."

Joan watched the young man in a white shirt. He was carrying a bundle of boards that lay on the front lawn to the back of the place and was apparently getting the lawn ready for mowing. His khaki shirt was open at the throat and he had on a pair of blue overalls and occasionally he wiped his sunburned face.

"That thing," murmured Joan, "to have to work in this broiling sun."

Joan went about the house, doing various pieces of work that would keep her on the side toward the new house, with her mind still preoccupied with the continental Mr. Placy. Sometimes she would look out occasionally to see how the work was progressing and wondered whether the Placys would be able to move in next week. At twelve o'clock Joan saw the workman lay down his spade with which he had been leveling the front lawn. He produced a box of lunch that he had brought with him and retired to the coolness of the shade of the trees behind the house for his luncheon meal. Joan watched him from a window.

Joan hurried to the kitchen and with deft fingers prepared a cooling drink of lemon and grapefruit. "Poor thing," she thought. "Perhaps if I give him a cool drink like this he won't be tempted to go off to a saloon. He is so young and decent looking."

"Then Joan got a thick glass that usually sat on the table and put the cooling beverage with ice that she had put in it into a paper pitcher. Then with two parties she had the cool drink just made she hurried to the back yard to the house that grew between the lots.

She slipped her hands to attract the workman's attention and he turned to his feet and ran toward her. He smiled gratefully at the sound of the kn.

"I thought you looked very hot," she said. "It is too hot to have to work on a holiday." Joan said this in her conventional manner, that combined perfect cordiality and yet in subtle sarcasm.

"There wasn't anyone else to do it," replied the workman. "Besides, it isn't hard work."

"You remember with the work you are accustomed to," said Joan, and the workman first looked surprised and then smiled knowingly.

"You don't know how much I appreciate this," he said, taking the pitcher and glass and sipping. "I will bring them back as soon as I am through."

Joan told the workman that she would be in the garden picking flowers and that when he was finished she would bring them to him. He smiled and took the pitcher and glass and went on through the gate toward the house.

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Dr. F. LeBlanc Physician and Surgeon Office and residence 21 North Forest Avenue, Downers Grove, Illinois. Office Hours: 9 to 10 a. m., 1 to 3 p. m., 6 to 8 p. m. Telephone 52

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To Reach Home People Advertise in The Reporter Wife's Ingratitude. "All my efforts to be useful around home come to naught," wailed an Atchison man. "The other day I entered my head to do the family washing. But because I put tea towels in the washing machine with white clothes, and later put colored clothes with white clothes, and still later washed dishes with water I took from the washing machine after the washing was done, my wife ordered me to leave the premises."—Kansas City Star. Religion and Business. Unctuous Stranger (who has been asked to lead in prayer)—Oh, Lord! I do dread moment arrives when I am to say, "Oh, death! what is thy sting? Oh, grave! what is thy victory?" And, oh, Lord, if I am any present here tonight, I am not prepared to die, please show, we beseech thee, around to some, let me see American flag held, as I am stopping in an unusual way of an Atchison man.