

# Pictures of World Events for News Readers

In This Department Our Readers in Fulton County and Elsewhere May Journey Around the World With the Camera on the Trail of History Making Happenings.

## THE RUFFLED DRESS

By MILDRED WHITE.

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It all began by Miss Vandervort appealing to enter the physician's office where Celia was employed as secretary. At first the society young woman glanced carelessly at the little figure seated before the mahogany desk, then her glance changed to one of pleased recognition.

"Why, Celia!" she exclaimed, "Who would have expected to find you here?"

"The doctor's young secretary returned the greeting coldly.

"My friends of a more prosperous time have long ceased to 'expect' anything of me," she replied.

But Miss Vandervort responded frankly:

"That is unfair of you, dear; you yourself have been much to blame for the seeming neglect. After your father's death you disappeared completely. Even the adoring Frank Kimball was unable to obtain a clue to your whereabouts."

Celia's face flamed.

"There was no reason," she answered slowly, "why Mr. Kimball should have tried to locate me. Our conditions had changed. Steadily her clear, blue eyes looked into those of her former friend. "Father's investments had been unfortunate," said Celia. "I was left penniless, and was obliged to seek work." A tremulous smile curled her lip. "You know, Josephine, 'working girls' were not included in our circle."

"What nonsense!" Miss Vandervort promptly responded. "As if we should have forgotten you, Celia! To make restitution for your ungenerous suspicions you must come out and spend the week-end at 'The Gables.' I positively will take no refusal. Just the old chosen few will be there, and we shall all be so glad to have you."

Josephine's hand warmly clasped hers, while quick tears filled the secretary's eyes.

"I will come," she impulsively agreed. And when she adjusted her hat later, before the mirror, her cheeks were glowing with a new and delicious excitement. There was still more than an hour before the shops would close for the night, and she would have time to select a new frock.

Silk was out of the question; crepe also. Celia hopefully made her way across the department store show-room to a swinging rack where, beneath a sign printed "\$15.00," organdie gowns were displayed. Eagerly she swung the rack about. Various pinks, greens and blues were discarded, and then the little ruffled dress came into view. Of softest gray it was, blue ribbons quaintly woven among its frills. Celia sighed in admiration.

"Just the thing!" she confided to the saleswoman. "Have you my size?" Thoughtfully she considered. "I will have the dress charged," said Celia.

"The frock will be charged to your account, madame," she announced.

Celia smiled at her own reflection when arrayed for the week-end party, the effect was so visibly charming.

Frank Kimball was evidently not slow in recognizing this fact; neither had absence nor the determined aloofness of his one-time sweetheart changed his affection.

But Celia rode back alone in Josephine's carriage to the boarding house she called home, and there were tears on the ruffled dress that night as she folded it away. Then, after a dull, lonely month, when Frank Kimball's repeated telephone calls were discouraged, came an astounding bill from the great store that was his father's. Celia gasped at it in dismay, but instinctively realized its import. A terrible mistake had been made in the price of the quaint organdie dress and she was charged for fifty dollars.

Wearily she went to the saleswoman.

"So sorry you misunderstood," said that person. "Some one must have slipped the dress on the wrong rack. Mr. Woods!" she called sympathetically, and before Celia realized she was being escorted by that gentleman to the manager's office.

"It really is not remedial," Celia explained. "The dress has been worn." But the courteous Mr. Woods placed a chair for her in the manager's office.

When Celia looked up again Frank Kimball stood staring down upon her.

"You, Celia!" he exclaimed. "Great Scott! Woods has been telling me of your—your—"

"It is nothing," she answered firmly, and arose to go.

"I beg your pardon," Frank insisted. "The mistake is entirely our own. The frock should have been upon its own hanger. You will be charged fifteen dollars."

"I shall pay," Celia started out bravely—then her voice faltered—"fifty dollars," she added faintly. Then, in one quick, breathless moment she was swept from her feet straight into her lover's arms.

"In just as short a time as it takes to get it," said Mr. Frank Kimball, "we shall secure a license, and you and I will be married. I won't stand a chance of losing you again."

One Secure.

"There may be meat and egg and milk trusts, but there never could be a successful vegetable trust."

"Why not?"

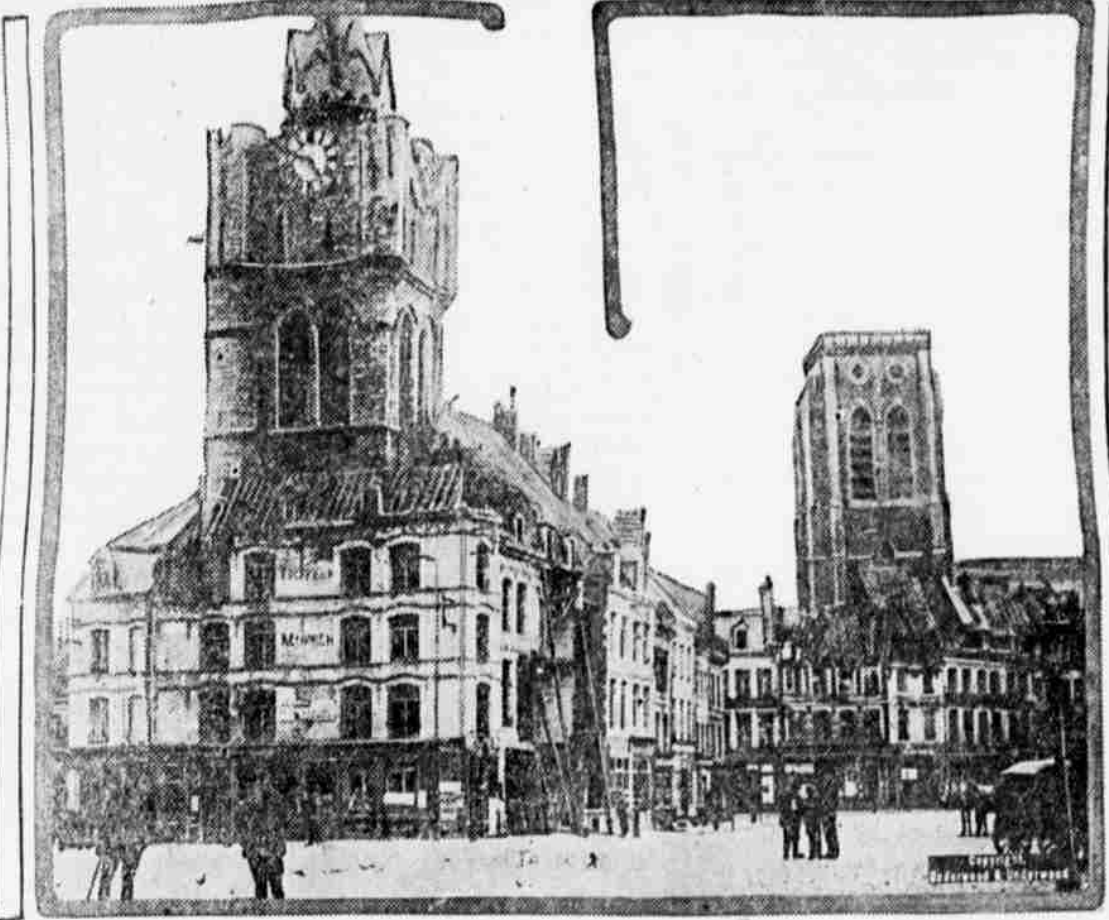
"Because there would be sure to be a leak in it somewhere."

Seems That Way.

Bacon—Conservation is the thing just now.

Egbert—Then I suppose the man who makes two blades of grass grow where only one grew before is in disgrace?

### VIEW IN BETHUNE, ONE OBJECTIVE OF GERMAN DRIVE



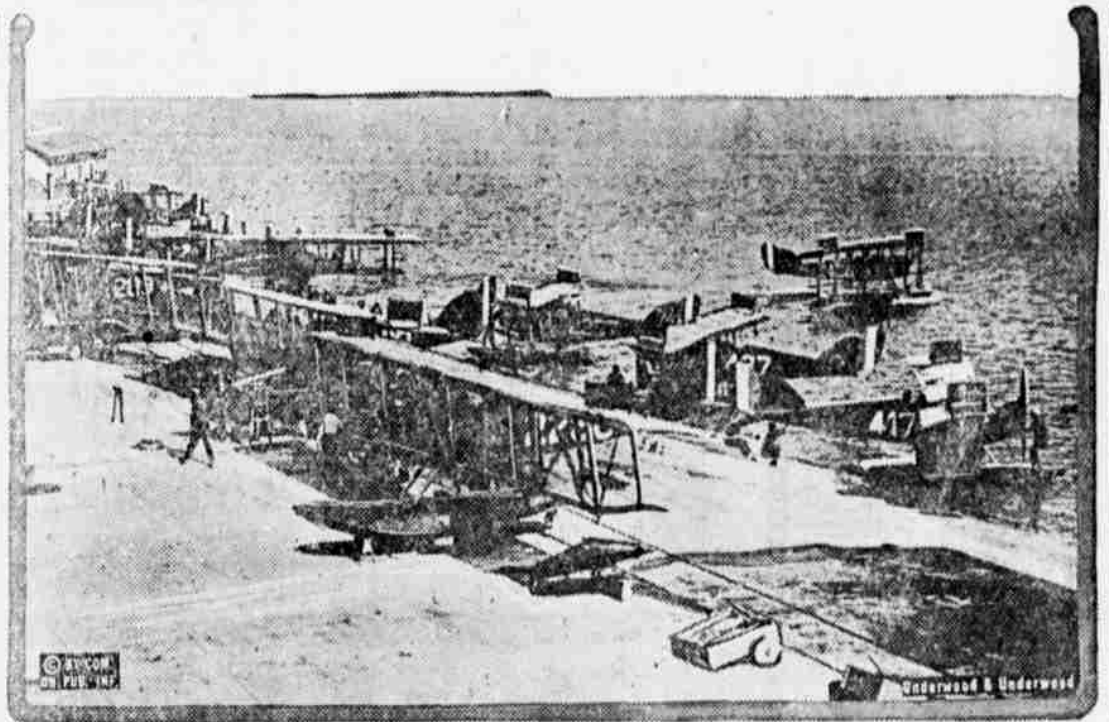
The important city of Bethune has been one of the objectives of the Germans in their drive in Flanders and the British have held stubbornly to the towns that guarded it. This photograph shows the square of Bethune, the buildings being damaged by gunfire.

### AMERICAN TROOPS PASSING THROUGH LONDON ON WAY TO FRONT



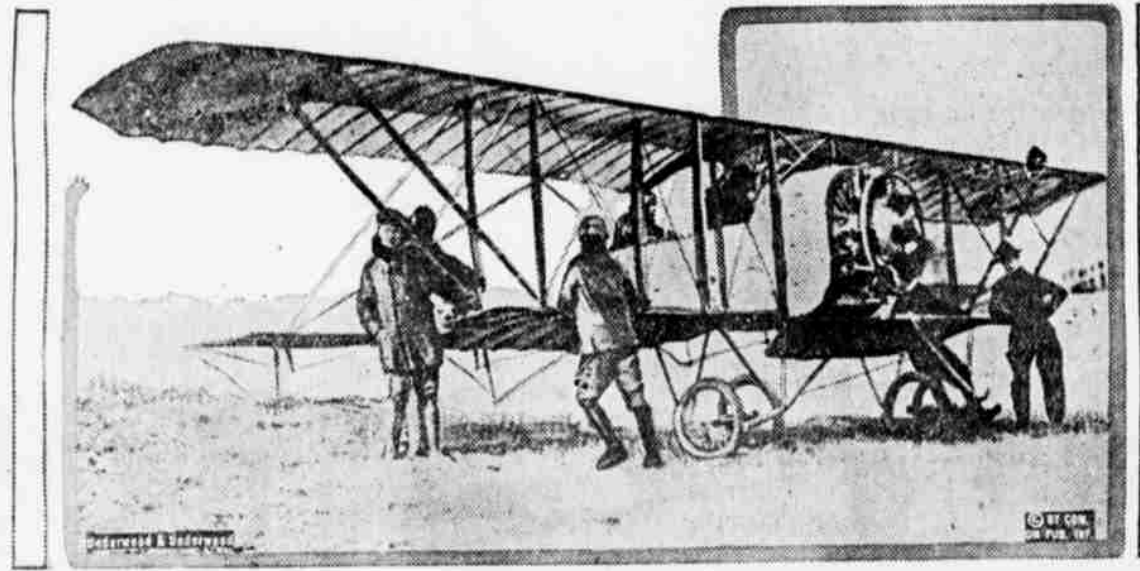
It is a common sight nowadays to see the brawny and hardened veterans of American training camps passing through London on their way to the French front. Many of our units are landed at an English port, and the men are given a hike through England to stretch their legs after the long sea voyage. The photograph shows the system of pack carrying adopted by our troops on the march.

### NUCLEUS OF AMERICA'S GREAT FLEET OF SEAPLANES



The nucleus of the big fleet of seaplanes that Uncle Sam is going to have is shown here. At this aviation station 15 planes are shown arriving or on the beach.

### FIRST PLANE USED IN FRANCE BY AMERICAN ARMY AVIATORS



This photograph, taken on an aviation field somewhere in France, shows the first airplane used in France by aviators of the American navy.

### BURNED HAND IN BANDAGES



The president's first public appearance since he burned his left hand on the red-hot exhaust pipe of the tank "Britannia" was at the funeral of Don Santiago Aldunate, ambassador from Chile. The president is accompanied by Mrs. Wilson.

### Good Word for the Mule.

"A mule," says one army officer, in singing Maud's praises, "is most emphatically not the low-down, ornery animal that she is commonly supposed to be. As far as strength, sure-footedness and staying power are concerned, there is no comparison between her and a horse."

"I have never seen a mule rattled. And let me tell you, their ears are not big for nothing. They hear the least little sound and are not backward in lifting their voices and telling you about it. They are indispensable in trench warfare."

### Hoover Not Popular With Her.

Helen was fond of the being on cake. A cake was brought to the table without the customary icing and Helen was much disappointed and wanted to know why the loved icing was missing. Her mother told her that we were helping Mr. Hoover by using less sugar. The little maid was silent for a few moments, then said, "I wish God hadn't made Mr. Hoover."

### Didn't Want That One.

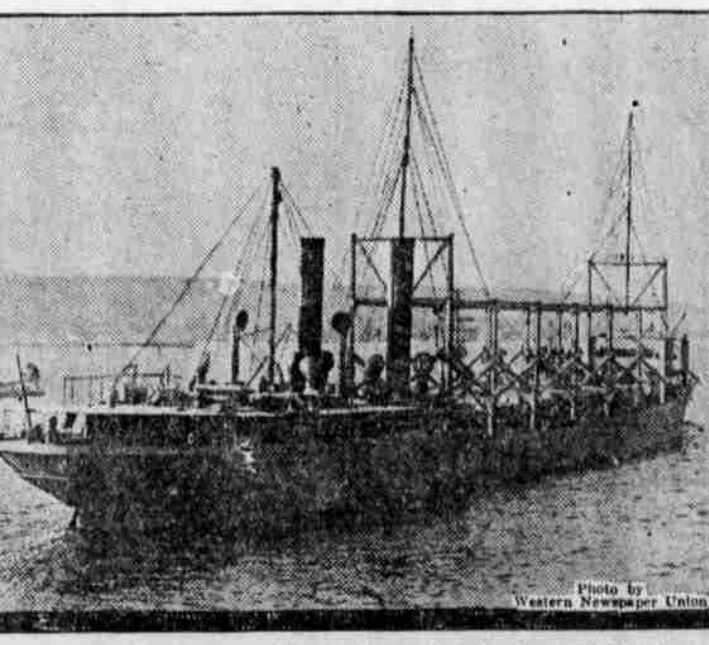
"Central, have you got my call?" Buzz, buzz. He took down the receiver and listened. "Where have you been, you brute?" "Ring off, please," responded the gentleman gently. "Thank goodness, I have the wrong number."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

### BAILLEUL, CENTER OF FIERCE FIGHTING



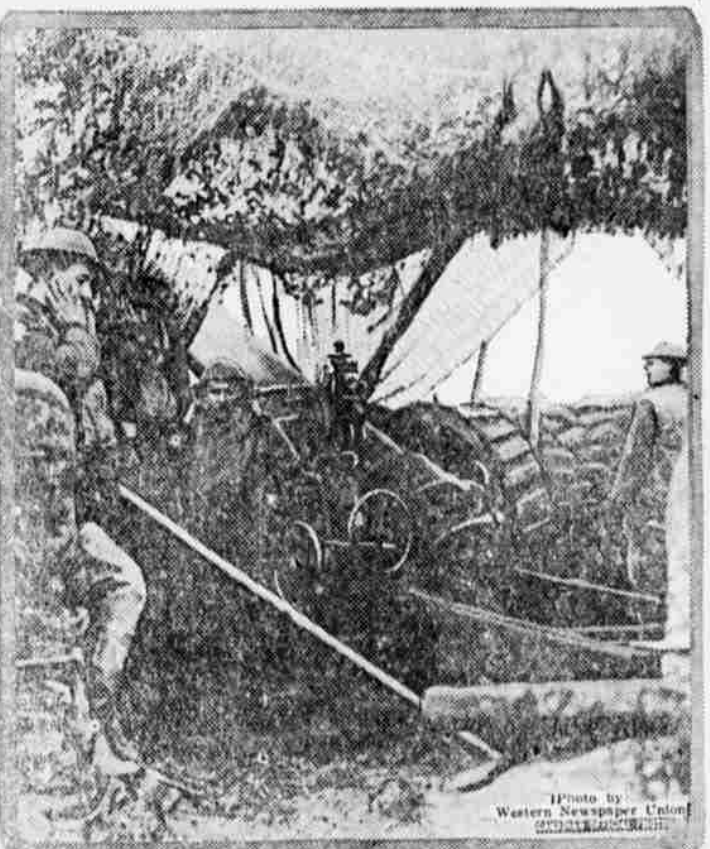
Bailleul, one of the important strategic points on the Flanders front, was taken by the Germans after a bloody fight and thereafter was the center of desperate struggle. The principal street and the church are here shown.

### COLLIER CYCLOPS, STRANGELY MISSING



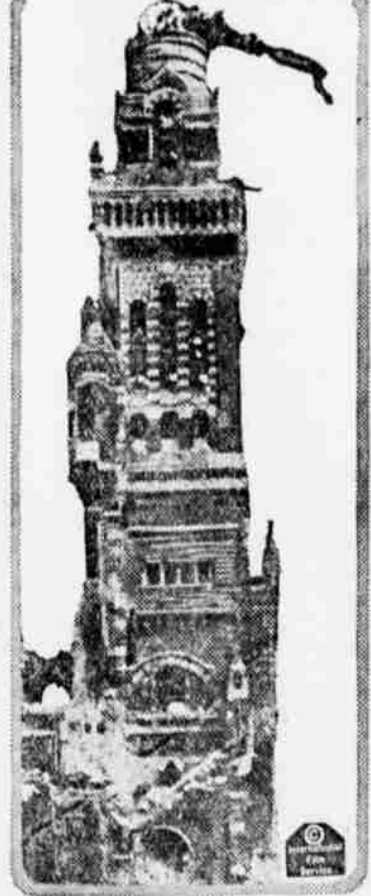
This is the United States collier Cyclops which has been missing for many weeks. The vessel, one of the finest of her class, was on the way north with a cargo of manganese from Brazil and carried 201 men.

### BIG BRITISH HOWITZER IN ACTION



This photograph shows a British howitzer, hidden by camouflage, in action against the Huns. The gun crew are covering their ears to avoid the deafening effect of the explosion.

### LEANING VIRGIN SHOT DOWN



The leaning Virgin at the top of the Albert cathedral, now behind the German lines, was shot down by German artillery. The figure had been overhanging the street since 1914, when the city was shelled by the Germans. There was a widespread superstition that when the Virgin fell peace would be declared.

### Making It Easier.

"Do you have mentless days at your house?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Meekton. "Everybody except the dog."

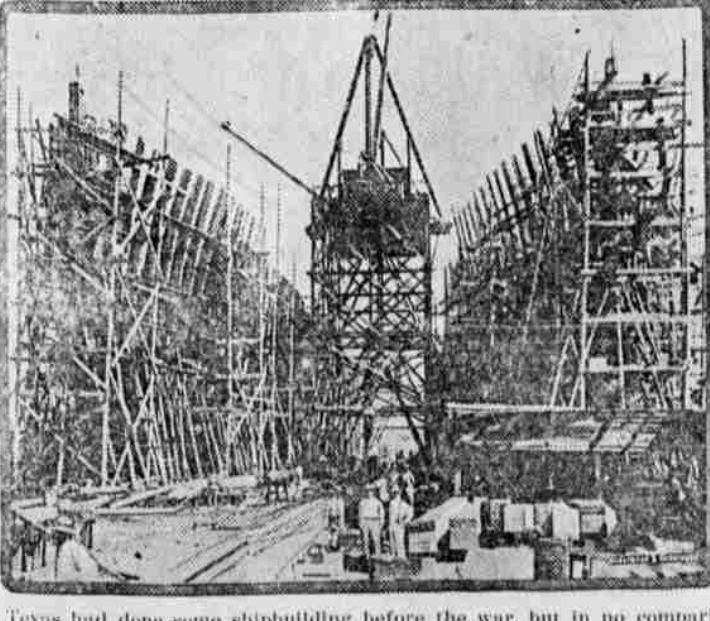
"Why the exception?"

"Well, Henrietta is right complimentary about it. She says my superior intelligence enables me to be philosophical about a situation which would grieve Fido because he couldn't understand it."

### He Knew.

As an introduction to a valentine song that C. E. Park, supervisor of music in the Rushville schools, was going to teach to first-grade pupils, he asked them: "What day is tomorrow?" He expected the reply to be "Valentine day," but a small voice piped from the back of the room: "Mentless day."—Indianapolis News.

### RUSHING WORK ON MERCHANT VESSELS



Texas had done some shipbuilding before the war, but in no comparison with what is being done now. Many of the biggest wooden ships ever built are being launched there. This photograph shows two huge wooden vessels on the ways at a Texas shipyard.