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"How did you enjoy your visit to the Blithersbys?" "It was an ordeal." "How so?" "I had to sit through 1,000 feet of the baby."

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BELGIUM SKETCHES

A Piece of Tile

By Katharine Eggleston Roberts.

(Copyright, 1920, Western Newspaper Union)

"Is this where I used to live, grandmother?" The little girl stood in the middle of No Man's Land, surveying the torn ground and leafless trees.

"Yes, dear, right here where you are standing." The old woman slipped and slid over the uneven earth, peering now into one cavity, now into another, seeing always only small bits of broken bricks, and sometimes a rusted obus.

Louisa, a tall, broadly built woman, thrust her spade into the ground and silently began to dig.

"Grandmother," the child called from a little distance, "did father and mother live here, too?"

"Yes, Maria," Madame Verbeek turned to her daughter again. "If we don't find the money, what are we to do for Maria? If only her mother were here. We have nothing."

"And when Paul turned everything to silver and buried it before he left, he thought he put it in the safest place," Louisa straightened her aching back.

"Yes, and he thought he'd come for it himself. Somehow, he never seemed to realize that he might never come."

Louisa began to dig again. The old woman wandered off, looking, always looking, till she came to where Maria stooped and poked at something in the debris.

"It's just like the ones we saw on the way, isn't it, grandmother?" she asked after a horrified moment.

"You can't tell now, Marie. Come on away from it." She took the little

They trudged the long way back across the battle-riven land. Maria prattled of the tile she'd found. "I'll wash it nine and clean. The little girl has a dirty face. Auntie, do you s'pose she lived there in that piece of house?"

"Yes, yes, maybe she did," Louisa's thoughts were busy elsewhere. What to do? How to provide? Her mother was so old, the child so young. If only they had found her brother's money!

Twilight wrapped the fields in dreary gray before they reached the little railroad hut—a new-built siding where nobody lived. About her thin, bent shoulders Madame Verbeek pulled the shawl more tightly. She shivered



The Wrecked Home.

as the damp and chilly wind cut through her threadbare garments. Louisa put her arm within her mother's and they stood between Maria and the wind.

Back to Ypres, the puffing engine took them, and then they had another weary walk to where they lived out near the edge of town. One by one the clouds up in the sky faded and floated off and left the stars and moon to watch the drooping trio find their way.



Where Prosperous Belgians Used to Live.

one's hand, and together they tramped through the rank yellow water-grass, the tired old woman, who loquaciously remembered the town that had been leveled, powdered to nothing by the fire of the heavy guns; and the child, who gazed with scarce-believing stare when they told her this place had been her home.

"You told me father wouldn't ever come again. Do you think that mother will?"

"I don't know, dear, I don't know. The Germans took her—drove her off to work."

"When she comes, she'll be glad to see me, won't she?"

"Yes—when she comes." They stopped and looked across the barren waste. "What's that, grandmother, sticking in the ground? Oh, it's a tile!" She rubbed away the dirt.

"It was in the kitchen wall." They looked at it together.

"It's a pretty picture, isn't it? There are some trees, and there's a little girl, and I guess that must have been a woman and a house. It's broken."

"Yes, it's broken," Madame Verbeek watched the little girl examining the one thing left of home.

"Mother!" Louisa rested on her spade.

"You've found it!" She started eagerly. Louisa shook her head. "There's no use trying. We'll never find it in this upheaved place. Let's go away."

"But what are we to do?" "I do not know."

Maria saw them making ready to depart. She clasped the tile against her side and skipped across to where they stood. "I'm going to take it back with me, for mother; and when she comes, I'm going to give it to her."

Madame Verbeek sighed: "We ought not to let her plan so. Helene will never come."

"Mother and the girls insist on my wearing my oldest clothes every day and Sunday," said Mr. Cumrox.

"That's economy."

"I think it's diplomacy. If they can keep me looking shabby they know I won't have the nerve to show up at any of their parties."

In many cases the only difference between a 1919 and a 1920 New Year resolution is the date line.

A company is known by the man who dominates it.

"Gee-Whiz! How it Hurts—The Pain in My Foot!"

"Sometimes it is in my arm. Merciful Heaven, how my back hurts in the morning!" It's all due to an over-abundance of that poison called uric acid.

The kidneys are not able to get rid of it. Such conditions you can readily overcome, and prolong life by taking the advice of Dr. Pierce, which is "keep the kidneys in good order."

"Avoid too much meat, alcohol or tea. Drink plenty of pure water, preferably hot water, before meals, and drive the uric acid out of the system by taking Anuric."

This can be obtained at almost any drug store.

Send a bottle of water to the chemist at Dr. Pierce's Invalids' Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y., and you will receive free medical advice as to whether the kidneys are affected.

When your kidneys get sluggish and clog, you suffer from backache, sick-headache, dizzy spells, or twinges and pains of lumbago, rheumatism or gout; or sleep is disturbed two or three times a night, take heed, before too late.

Get Anuric (anti-uric-acid), for it will put new life into your kidneys and your entire system. Ask your nearest druggist for it or send Dr. Pierce ten cents for trial package.

"Where have you been?" "Not where I would have gone, but let the past lie still. I came back home as quickly as they let me free.

But home was gone, and then I looked for you. Last night some people over there in Poelcapelle, you know the Neefs—they used to live near us—told me you were here."

"Then you were home before us?" "Yes, I was home; I found the money Paul had—"

"You found the money!" both the women gasped.

"Oh, I found the money, the box lay in full view upon the ground; I found the money, but I didn't find my family nor my home—a broken piece of tile was all I found."

"I found one, too. I saved it just for you," Maria ran to get it from the cupboard. "Look, your piece fits with mine. It makes the picture—a woman and a little girl. That's you and me. One corner's gone, though, yet."

"A man stood there before a house," her mother said.



GET some today. You're going to call Lucky Strikes just right. Because Lucky Strike cigarettes give you the good, wholesome flavor of toasted Burley tobacco.

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It's toasted

Deep Laid Plot.

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SIMPLE MATTER TO DIAGNOSE

Collar Salesman's Ailment Would Probably Yield to Treatment of the Right Kind.

The collar salesman leaned his linen-like face over the counter at me and whispered, "I'm getting collaritis."

"What's that?" I asked, twisting a number fifteen choker around my sixteen neck.

"A disease peculiar to collar salesmen only. After one has sold these linen and flannel circles for any length of time he begins to think, walk and dream in circles and spirals."

"Mentally, I can never arrive at any conclusion. I start to think from a thought which always seems to me to be a bone collar button, and I invariably arrive at the point where I began."

"When I take a walk I catch myself describing circles which seem to be made of collars. The streets, the houses, the stars seem at times to be a merry-go-round made up of linen objects."

"At night I dream of mounting vast circles up the sky made up of millions of collars, at the top of which is a giant collar box."

"Young man," I said, "your brain needs laundering."—Cartoons Magazine.

MUCH EXPLANATION IN ORDER

Young Wife Had to Be Satisfied as to the Identity of Husband's "Alma."

A husband newly wed, and also a graduate of the University of Southern California, went to attend a banquet on the campus with a few of his college mates. He omitted telephoning his wife.

When friend husband did arrive home his wife was almost ready to break off diplomatic relations.

"Where in the world have you been?" was her menacing question.

"Why, dearie, I have been out enjoying the evening with my dear Alma Mater."

"What?" ejaculated his wife, jumping to her feet. "Alma who?" Then tears.

It took the errant head of the family just two hours and twenty-five minutes to convince his heart-broken helpmate that Alma Mater was not an alluring vampire.—Los Angeles Times.

So Considerate.

The traffic was at its height, and there were the usual piles of passengers' baggage on the platform. In the usual way the porters were banging it about, while the owners mournfully looked on.

Suddenly the station-master appeared, and, approaching one of the most vigorous baggage-smashing porters, shouted in stern tones: "Here! What do you mean by throwing those trunks about like that?"

The passengers pinched themselves to make sure that they were not dreaming, but they returned to earth when the official added: "Can't you see you're making big dents in the concrete platform?"

Naturally. "The poet sang to his love, 'Drink to me only with thine eyes,'"

"She must have had liquid eyes."

After-War Coffee.

People old enough to remember the Civil War are able to recall the fact that after the close of that conflict it was difficult and often impossible to obtain coffee.

Various substitutes were used, such as parched rye, but one that was commonly utilized in Washington and many other cities was sweet potatoes. The latter were first roasted and allowed to burn somewhat on the outside. Then they were washed in water and boiled. The water was thus transformed into coffee, by no means so unpalatable as might be imagined.

Sugar in those days cost 25 cents a pound. But the sweet potato coffee required no sugar, and so was an economical drink.

Different Times.

"You don't see any editorials today on the subject of whether we are drifting."

"No; whether we are skidding is the proposition now."

Physical courage can be bought cheap, but moral courage is un-purchasable at any price.

Sioux City Directory

"Hub of the Northwest."

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