

Engines and Cutters for Silo Filling

We are agents for and carry in stock the Papec Pneumatic Ensilage Cutter

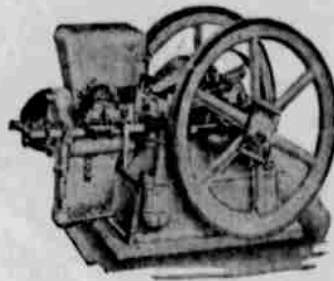
guaranteed to throw and blow ensilage to the top of any silo. Guaranteed also to elevate more ensilage with the same power than any other blower cutter. It is also guaranteed against defects and any part found defective will be replaced. Over 20,000 silo owners have found the Papec a highly profitable investment.

It's easy to set up or take down

The feed table does not have to be removed or propped up. It is ready for business as soon as the pipe is set up.

More Associated Engines

are sold today than any other kind. They combine reasonableness of price with superior quality to a remarkable degree. Nine sizes



from the Johnny Boy, with one and a half horse power to the Eighteen Mule Team engine with eighteen horse power. Every Associated engine is guaranteed to develop its full rated horse power and do its work in a satisfactory manner when operated according to printed instructions and given ordinary care and attention.

See our stock of up-to-date Furniture, Rugs, Linoleums, etc.

WINEGAR & LORENCE, Monmouth

placed on a hospital ship which every medical officer in our army ought to have a chance to inspect. Nothing ingenuitly could contrive for convenience and comfort was missing. Patients were sent below decks in elevators and then placed in swinging cradles which hung level no matter what the ship's motion might be. As soon as I had been made comfortable in my particular cradle I was given a box



People Stand in Crowds, the Men With Hats Off, While Ambulances Pass.

which had engraved upon it: "Presented with the compliments of the Union Castle line. May you have a speedy and good recovery." The box contained cigarettes, tobacco and a pipe.

When the ship docked at Southampton, after a run of eight hours across channel, each patient was asked what part of the British Isles he would like to be taken to for the period of his convalescence. I requested to be taken to London, where, I thought, there was the best chance of my seeing Americans who might know me. Say, I sure made a good guess! I didn't know many Americans, but I didn't need to know them. They found me and made themselves acquainted. They brought things, and then they went out to get more they had forgotten to bring the first trip. The second day, after I had been installed on a cot in the King George hospital, in London, I sent 1,500 cigarettes back to the boys of our battalion in France out of my surplus stock. If I had undertaken to eat and drink and smoke all the things that were brought to me by Americans just because I was an American I'd be back in that hospital now only getting fairly started on the job. It's

some country when you need it.

Wounded Get Great Welcome.

The wounded soldier getting back to England doesn't have a chance to imagine that his services are not appreciated. The welcome he receives begins at the railroad station. All traffic is stopped by the bobbies to give the ambulances a clear way leaving the station. The people stand in crowds, the men with their hats off, while the ambulances pass. Women rush out and throw flowers to the wounded men. Sometimes there is a cheer, but usually only silence and words of sympathy.

The King George hospital was built to be a government printing office and was nearing completion when the war broke out. It has been made a paradise for convalescent men. The bareness and the sick suggestion and characteristic smell, so to speak, of the



"I thank you," he said, "for myself and my people for your services."

average hospital are unknown here. There are soft lights and comfortable beds and pretty women going about as visitors. The stage beauties and comedians come to entertain us. The food is delicious, and the chief thought of every one seems to be to show the inmates what a comfortable and cheery thing it is to be ill among a lot of real friends. I was there from December until February, and my recollections of the stay are so pleasant that sometimes I wish I was back.

On the Friday before Christmas

there was a concert in our ward. Among the artists who entertained us were Fay Compton, Gertrude Elliott (sister of Maxine Elliott), George Roble and other stars of the London stage. After our protracted stay in the trenches and our long absence from all the civilized forms of amusement the affair seemed to us the most wonderful show ever given. And in some ways it was. For instance, in the most entertaining of dramatic exhibitions did you ever see the lady artists go around and reward enthusiastic applause with kisses? Well, that's what we got. And I am proud to say that it was Miss Compton who conferred this honor upon me.

At about 3 o'clock on that afternoon, when we were all having a good time, one of the orderlies threw open the door of the ward and announced in a loud voice that his majesty the king was coming in. We could not have been more surprised if some one had thrown in a Mills bomb. Almost immediately the king walked in, accompanied by a number of aids. They were all in service uniforms, the king having little in the style of his uniform to distinguish him from the others. He walked around, presenting each patient with a copy of "Queen Mary's Gift Book," an artistic little volume, with pictures and short stories by the most famous of English artists and writers. When he neared my bed he turned to one of the nurses and inquired:

"Is this the one?"

The nurse nodded. He came and sat at the side of the bed and shook hands with me. He asked as to what part of the United States I had come from, how I had got my wounds and what the nature of them were, how I was getting along and what I particularly wished done for me. I answered his questions and said that everything I could possibly wish for had already been done for me.

Thanked by King and Decorated For Bravery.

"I thank you," he said, "for myself and my people for your services. Our gratitude cannot be great enough toward men who have served as you have."

He spoke in a very low voice and with no assumption of royal dignity. There was nothing in the least thrilling about the incident, but there was much apparent sincerity in the few words.

After he had gone one of the nurses asked me what he had said.

"Oh," I said, "George asked me what I thought about the way the war was being conducted, and I said I'd drop in and talk it over with him as soon as

I was well enough to be up."

There happened one of the great disappointments of my life. She didn't see the joke. She was English. She gasped and glared at me, and I think she went out and reported that I was delicious again.

Really, I wasn't much impressed by the English king. He seemed a pleas-

ant, tired little man with a great burden to bear and not much of an idea about how to bear it. He struck me as an individual who would conscientiously do his best in any situation, but would never do or say anything with the slightest suspicion of a punch to it. A few days after his visit to the hospital I saw in the Official London Gazette that I had been awarded the distinguished conduct medal. Official letters from the Canadian headquarters amplified this information, and a notice from the British war office informed me that the medal awaited me there. I was told the king knew that the medal had been awarded to me when he spoke to me in the hospital. Despite glowing reports in the Kentucky press he didn't pin it on me. Probably he didn't have it with him, or perhaps he didn't consider it good form to hang a D. C. M. on a suit of striped presentation pajamas with a prevailing tone of baby blue.

While I was in the King George hospital I witnessed one of the most wonderful examples of courage and pluck I have ever seen. A young Scot only nineteen years old, McAuley by name, had had the greater part of his face blown away. The surgeons had patched him up in some fashion, but he was horribly disfigured. He was the brightest, merriest man in the ward, always joking and never depressed. His own terrible misfortune was merely the topic for humorous comment with him. He seemed to get positive amusement out of the fact that the surgeons were always sending for him to do something more with his face. One day he was going into the operating room and a fellow patient asked him what the new operation was to be.

"Oh," he said, "I'm going to have a cabbage put on in place of a head. It'll grow better than the one I have now."

Once in a fortnight he would manage to get leave to absent himself from the hospital for an hour or two. He never came back alone. It took a couple of men to bring him in. On the next morning he would say:

"Well, it was my birthday. A man must have a few drinks on his birthday."

I was discharged from the hospital in the middle of February and sent to a comfortable place at Hastings, Sussex, where I lived until my furlough

papers came through. I had a fine time in London at the theaters and clubs pending my departure for home. When my furlough had arrived I went to Buxton, Derbyshire, where the Canadian discharge depot was located, and was provided with transportation to Montreal. I came back to America on the Canadian Pacific Royal Mail steamer Metagama, and the trip was without incident of any sort. We lay for a time in the Mersey, awaiting word that our convoy was ready to see us out of the danger zone, and a destroyer escorted us 400 miles on our way.

I was informed before my departure that a commission as lieutenant in the Canadian forces awaited my return from furlough, and I had every intention of going back to accept it, but since I got to America things have happened. Now it's the army of Uncle Sam for mine. I've written these stories to show what we are up against. It's going to be a tough game and a bloody one and a sorrowful one for many, but it's up to us to save the issue where it's mostly right on one side and all wrong on the other—and I'm glad we're in. I'm not willing to quit soldiering now, but I will be when we get through with this. Because when we finish up with all this there won't be any necessity for soldiering. The world will be free of war for a long, long time, and a God's mercy that.

THE END.

The State of Westsylvania.

The "province and government of Westsylvania" was a proposal made by the settlers in the southwest of Pennsylvania and the adjacent territory for the creation of a new state. It originated in connection with the troubles between Virginia and Pennsylvania, and the scheme was brought forward early in July, 1776. A description of the proposed government defines the bounds as "beginning at the eastern branch of the Ohio opposite the mouth of the Scioto and running thence in a direct line to the Owassoto pass, thence to the top of the Allegheny mountains, thence with the top of the said mountains to the northern limits of the purchase made from the Indians in 1768 at the treaty of Fort Stanwix, thence with the said limits to the Allegheny or Ohio river and then down the said river as purchased from the said Indians at the aforesaid treaty of Fort Stanwix at the beginning." A call for a convention to organize the government was issued, but a memorial of the Virginia committee of West Augusta county to the lower house of assembly led to the abandonment of the plan.—Philadelphia Press.