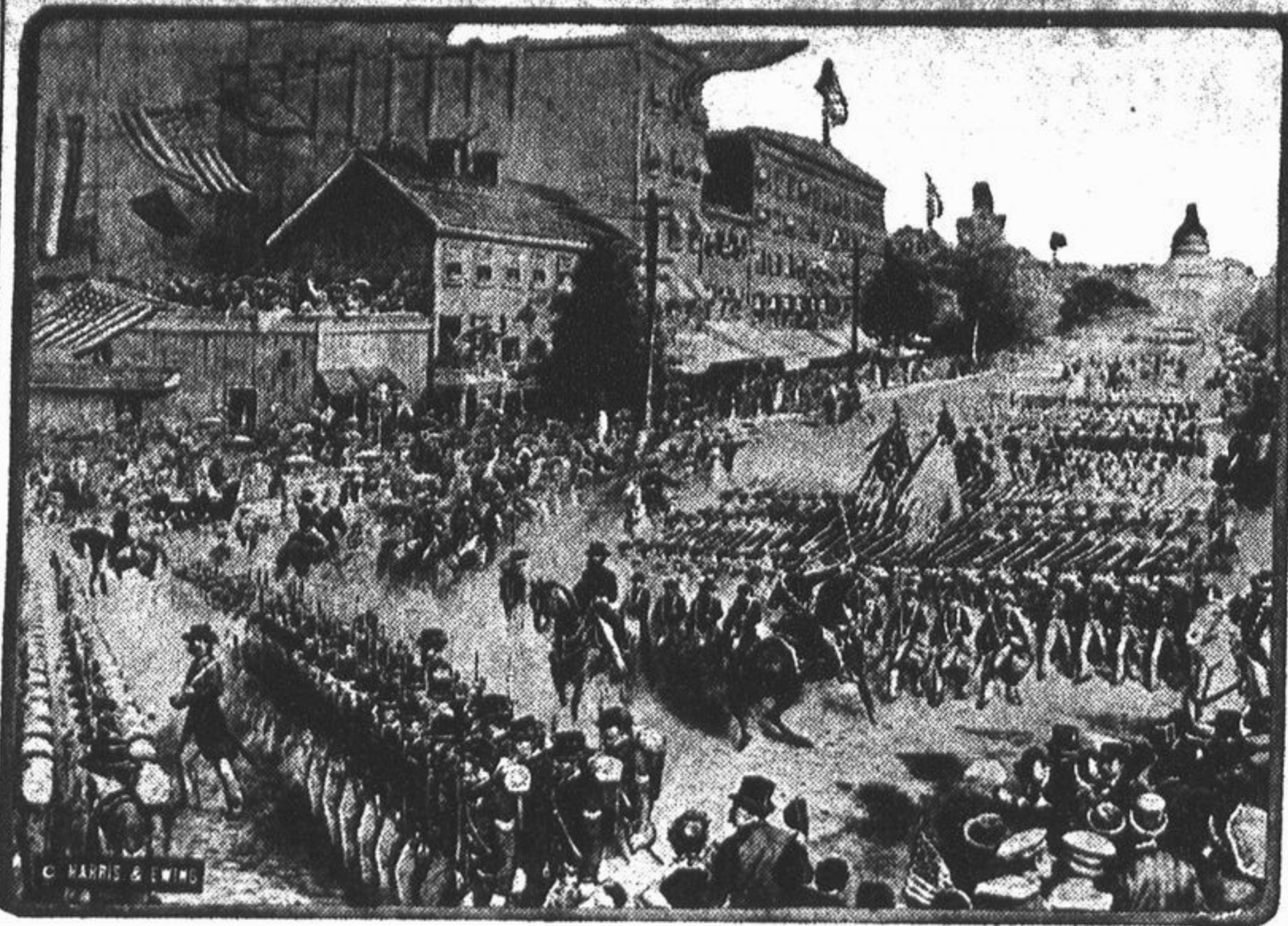


GRAND ARMY REVIEW FIFTY YEARS AGO



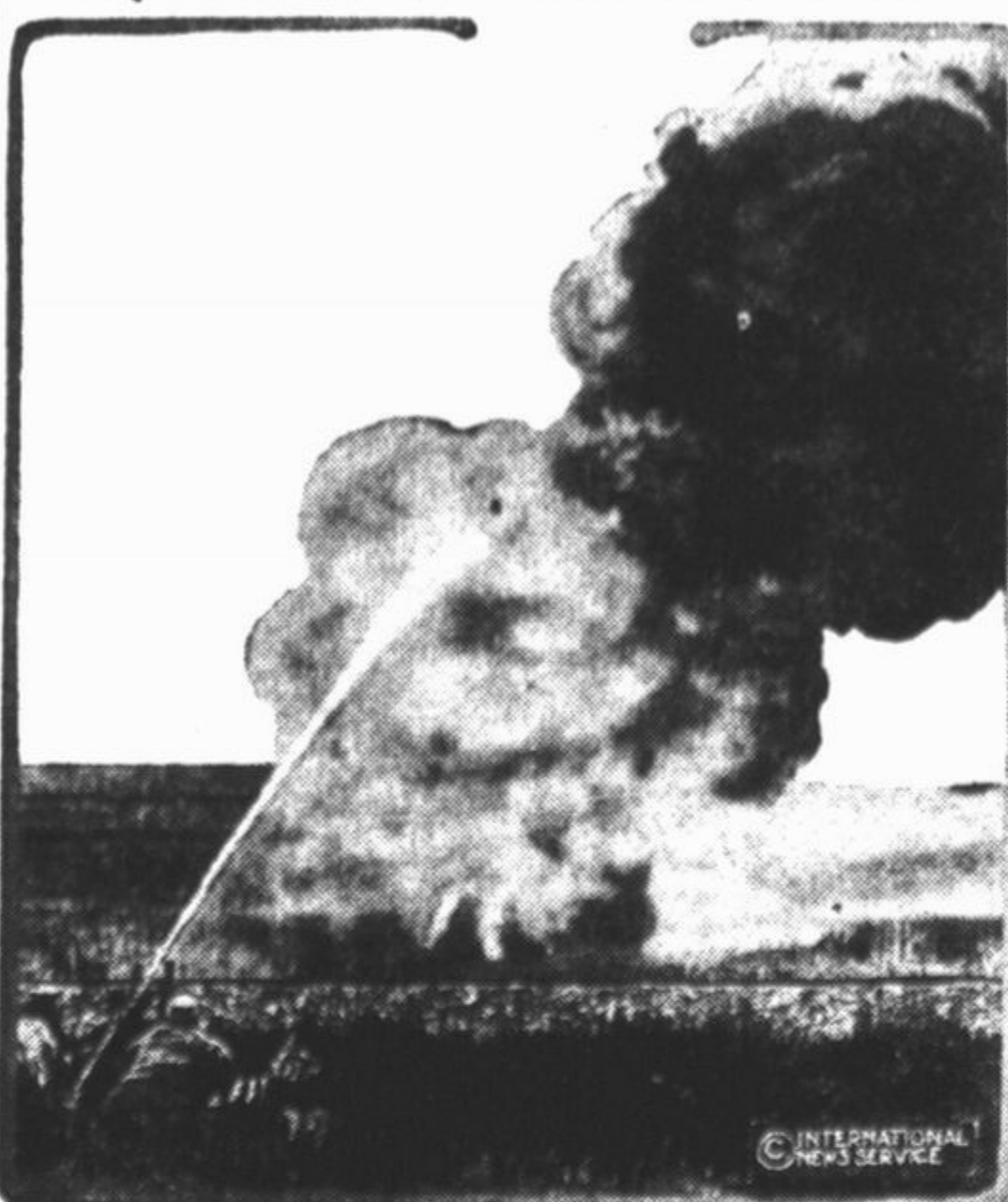
Reproduction of a contemporary drawing of the grand review of the Northern armies immediately after the Civil war, showing the troops passing along Pennsylvania avenue in Washington on the route of the parade of the Grand Army of the Republic fifty years later.

READY TO REPULSE INVADING MEXICANS



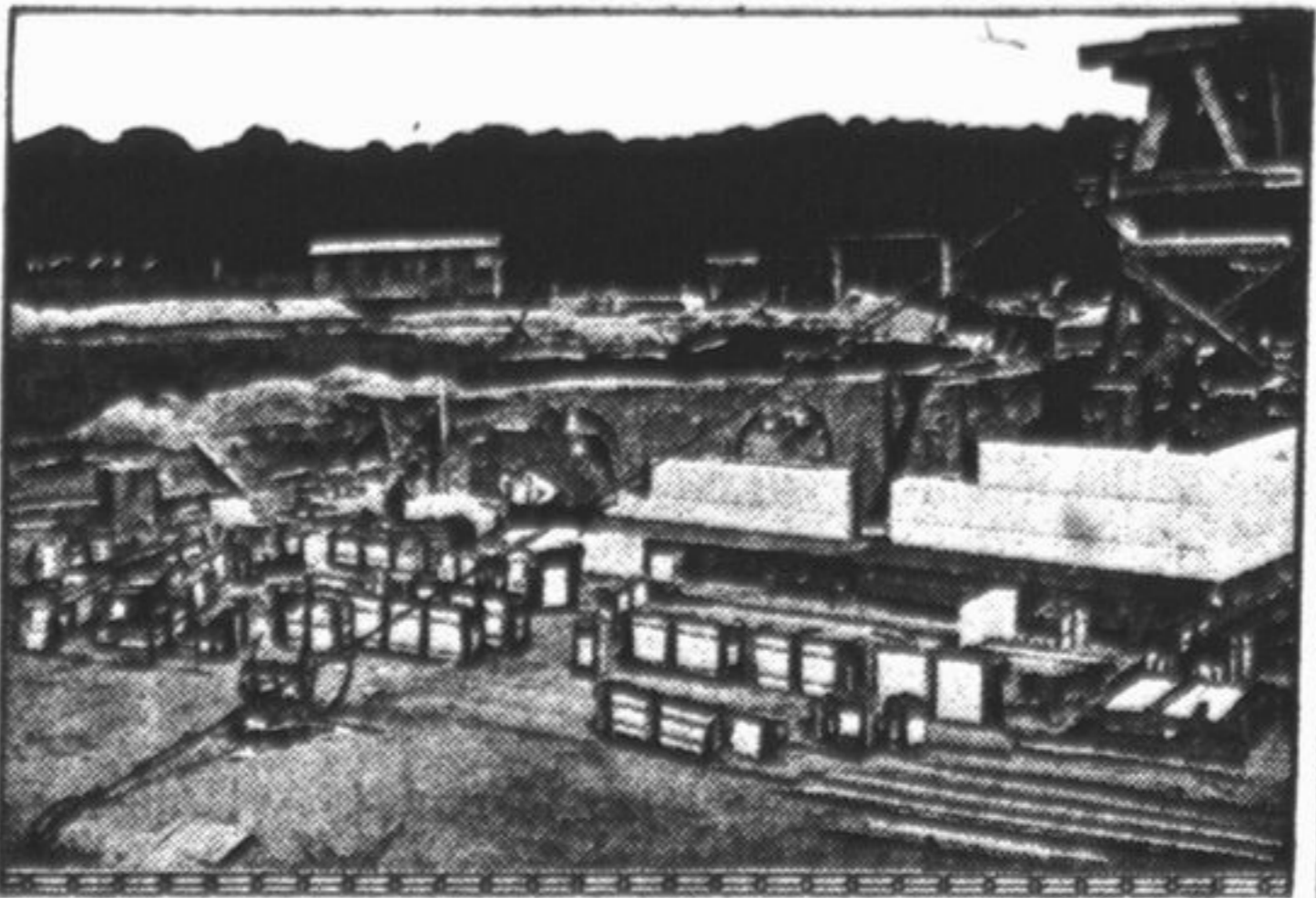
Detachment of United States artillery patrolling the country along the Rio Grande to prevent raids by Mexican bandits. The artillery is occasionally swung into position on the river banks so that the Mexicans can see the big guns.

LIQUID FIRE AS USED IN THE WAR



This photograph, taken recently "somewhere in France," shows how the French have taken a lesson from the Germans and have adopted the frightful liquid fire as a weapon of defense.

HURRYING THE ARLINGTON MEMORIAL



Work on the Arlington memorial at Washington has been rushed so that President Wilson could lay the corner stone on Friday, October 1.

BLAME CONDITION OF MIND

John Bunyan a Man Whom Fate Had Singled Out as a Confirmed Hypochondriac.

In the autobiography entitled, "Grace Abounding Unto the Chief of Sinners," is contained the most vivid picture extant of a hypochondriac. It is a record of the feelings of "God's poor servant, John Bunyan," as the author styles himself. The state of his unhappiness, from boyhood up to his imprisonment in Bedford jail, is explanatory of many passages in his pretentious work, the "Pilgrim's Progress," which did not harmonize with the psychical experiences of normally constituted Christians.

In this connection attention is especially directed to the Slough of Despond, the man in the iron cage, the description of Doubting Castle, Mrs. Diligencia and Giant Despair. Bunyan says in words which usually break into poetic rhythm: "I beheld the condition of dog and toad and counted the estate of everything that God had made far better than this dreadful state of mind." No normal individual ever felt like that; but to the hypochondriac, alone in creation, no past, no future, can be so bad as the present.—Dr. Howard D. King in New York Medical Journal.

TYPICAL TEXAS RANGER



This is one of the Texas Rangers who have been so active in combating the Mexican bandits that have been making raids across the border.

Yankee Ingenuity

An American inventor has contrived an aluminum framework which, on being fastened over a bolt of cloth, shows the effect of a finished suit of clothes. The wire frame carries outlines of arms, lapels, collar, etc., and moulds the cloth to the proper shape without injuring it in the least. The frame may readily be detached and tried on another piece of cloth until the customer's fancy is suited.

Timed. "I found out about Jinks' hurry to get off; there was a woman in the case."

"You don't say so?" "I saw his wife's picture in his watch."

His Object. "Do you want to cash the check?" asked the polite bank cashier to the man rushing up. "No, I don't," cried the man. "I want to get ahead of a swindler and check the cash."

Snakes are said to be so short sighted that they are unable to see more than a quarter of their own length.

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DOWNERS GROVE WOMAN'S CLUB. Meets every Wednesday in October. Meeting second Wednesday in October. Held at 1130 S. Laramie St. in April. Mrs. H. P. Jones, President; Mrs. L. H. Hester, Corresponding Secretary.

VICTORY COUNCIL, No. 116. Royal Leagues—Meets first and third Tuesday in each month in Morris hall, Glen E. Chester, Archon; George Stalger, Sec'y.

DOWNERS GROVE CHAPTER, Daughters of the American Revolution. Hold a monthly meeting on the third Tuesday of each month in the home of the members. Officers of the chapter are: Regent, Mrs. E. H. De Groot; Mrs. R. W. Babcock, Secretary.

MAPLE GROVE LODGE No. 529, K. of P. Meets first and third Wednesday nights in Morris hall, W. E. Chester, Archon; George Stalger, Sec'y.

DOWNERS GROVE H. I. V. E. Ladies of the American Revolution. Meets in Morris hall every second and fourth Friday. Mrs. C. H. Staats, Commandant; Mrs. W. C. A. H. Hester, Hannum, Record Keeper.

MAPLE CAMP NO. 85, M. V. Meets the second Thursday of each month in Morris hall, W. E. Chester, Archon; George Stalger, Sec'y.

NAPER POST, No. 48, G. A. R. Meets the second Saturday, 2:30 p. m., of each month in G. A. R. hall, Captain T. R. Rogers, Commandant; F. A. Rogers, Senior Vice-Commandant; Geo. T. Hughes, Junior Vice-Commandant; E. W. Farrar, Officer of the Day; R. W. Bond, Adjutant; Geo. H. Hearty, Quartermaster.

GROVE LODGE NO. 84, A. F. & A. M.—Stated meetings, second and fourth Thursdays of each month at 8 o'clock p. m., at Masonic hall, Currier and Main streets. R. C. Schindler, Sec'y; T. H. Shesser, Worshipful Master.

GROVE CHAPTER, No. 29, E. A. M.—Stated meeting first Thursday of each month in Morris hall, at 8 o'clock p. m. Visiting companions always welcome. John Healy, Secretary; Gilbert Austin, E. H. P.

VESTA CHAPTER, No. 52, O. E. S.—Meeting second and fourth Tuesdays of each month. Laura Healy, Worthy Matron; Walter Chesman, Worthy Patron; Una Lovell, Secretary.

DOWNERS GROVE LODGE, No. 29, I. O. O. F.—Meets every Monday evening at 8 o'clock in Masonic hall, corner Main and Currier streets. Geo. Schindler, N. G.; W. H. Heidelein, Secretary.

ROYAL NEIGHBORS OF AMERICA—Downers Grove, No. 392. Meets the third Thursday evening of each month in Morris hall, Mrs. J. M. Burns, President; Mrs. L. P. Naramore, Secretary.

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There was a nervous tension throughout the community. An eager comparing of notes in regard to "off" years. A heated discussion of probabilities among the weatherwise. During all this trying time of waiting and watching, Digby was very silent. "What's the truth behind Letitia's angry words that cut to the quick? When he married he had expected a different future for himself than the one he had been able to realize. He had hoped, though, that other things would be banked on then and that he would be able to lay out the woman he loved with the same amount of brightness of heart and the same amount of their daily life. But the woman he loved with the same amount of brightness of heart and the same amount of their daily life. But the woman he loved with the same amount of brightness of heart and the same amount of their daily life.

And more and more shall grow the more they know of the man who was so good to her. The smoldering pots were put in readiness. An extra supply of crude oil laid in. A dozen times a night Digby was up, his head out the window. Then with the unexpectedness of the long expected the blow came. In an hour's time the mercury dropped ten degrees. And the sun was still shining a pale, sickly shine. "A killing frost tonight," was the bulletin of warning read in dumb silence throughout that fruit-growing world. But it was a brave world. No thought of supinely giving up until driven to the last ditch. War had been declared. That was all. The fight was on. In the darkness of night and the death grapple Digby's garden of golden beauty and promise was suddenly transformed into a hell of ghoully ugliness lurid with leaping flames, belching forth black clouds of smoky smoke. His face a dull, blank white, a hunted look in his eyes, hour after hour, the master of the garden worked like a demon possessed—and knew that all his labor, all his expense, was in vain. At last, just as the mocking brightness of dawn was flushing the darkness of the eastern sky, Digby, leaving the fire in charge of his hired man, staggered back to the house and, stealing in like a thief in the night, dropped exhausted upon the living room floor. At the sound of the stealthily opening front door, Letitia, who had spent sleepless hours lying dressed on the foot of the bed, sprang eagerly up and lighted her candle. Then suddenly a strange, sickening sensation went through her entire being. Something—someone had fallen. She ran into the hall, and, holding out her candle, peered into the black depths below. "Digby!" she tried to call out, but her throat closed and she could not articulate. She had no recollection of going down the stairs, but an instant later she found herself in the living room, her shaking candle held over the unconscious form at her feet. The pale light from the candle accentuated the white haggardness of her husband's face, the black smudges of soot that gave it a weird uncanniness. "Digby!" she cried, frantically shaking him by the arm. "Digby!" There was an answering tremor in the crumpled body. A stir of movement. Slow lifting of the heavy eyelids. A deep-drawn sigh. She set down the candle and ran for water—a glass of wine. Kneeling by his side, she gently forced her arm under his shoulders, raising him into a sitting posture, his head pillowed against her breast. "Another failure, Letitia," he faltered at last. "All—our oranges—are gone." "What difference does it make about the old oranges!" she cried joyously, tears streaming her cheeks. "What difference about anything, so we still have each other! Oh, Digby you gave me such a fright! I thought you were dead!" "Letitia, do you mean that?" "Yes, I mean that—and a great many other things that wouldn't be pleasant for you to hear!" And flushing down the magazine whose pages she had been cutting Letitia took flight in a tempest of anger and tears. One day followed another, and strongly enough the world went on as though nothing had happened. But to Digby the sweetness had suddenly gone out of the meadow lark's liquid music. No longer was there warmth and color and beauty in the cloudless sky, in the deepening gold of the oranges on his trees. And in the house, while Letitia talked to him as usual, perhaps a little more than usual, while Pink still perched on his knee, Tom discussed football with the same enthusiasm, and Mildred dined and coqueted in her womanly way, there was a deep grief fixed between the old happiness and the present haunting sense of discouragement and failure. Digby had other worries besides the oranges with his wife. A high wind blowing and buffeting through the orchard had kept him on tenterhooks for twenty-four hours and left him anxious. Few oranges had fallen. They were too heavy, had too firm a grip upon the tree. But the wind had stripped off leaves, broken some of the weaker branches. Left here, there, everywhere, patches of fruit exposed to frost should a cold snap set in. And it was an unusual year in southern California. The rainfall below the average. The weather unseasonable, changeable, so that no one knew what to expect next. There was a nervous tension throughout the community. An eager comparing of notes in regard to "off" years. A heated discussion of probabilities among the weatherwise. During all this trying time of waiting and watching, Digby was very silent. "What's the truth behind Letitia's angry words that cut to the quick? When he married he had expected a different future for himself than the one he had been able to realize. 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