

LODGE & CLUB DIRECTORY

GROVE LODGE NO. 824, A. F. & A. M. Stated meetings, second and fourth Fridays at 8 o'clock p. m. at Masonic hall, Curtis and Main streets.

GROVE CHAPTER, NO. 230 R. A. M. - Stated meeting first Thursday of each month in Masonic hall at 8 o'clock p. m. Visiting Companions always welcome.

VESTA CHAPTER, No. 242, O. E. S. - Meets second and fourth Tuesdays of each month. Mrs. Minnie Olsen, Worthy Matron; W. F. Heints, Worthy Patron; Ona Lower, Sec.

MAPLE GROVE LODGE No. 629, K. of P. Meets first & third Wednesday nights in Zindt's hall. L. L. Chevalier, Ch.ancellor; H. F. Legenhansen, K. of R. & S.

NAPER POST, No. 468, G. A. R. - Meets the second Saturday, 2:30 p. m. of each month in G. A. R. hall. F. A. Rogers, Commander; George L. Hughes, Senior Commander; P. Leibusguth, J. Commander; E. W. Farrer, Officer of the day; R. W. Bond, Adjutant; George B. Heart, Quartermaster; W. J. Beidelman, Captain; George Strauley, Officer of the day.

DOWNERS GROVE HIVE Ladies of the Moose. Meets in Zindt's hall every 2nd and 4th Friday. Mrs. M. E. O'Neil, Commander; Mrs. Lillian Hanson, Record Keeper.

VICTORY COUNCIL, No. 110 Royal League - Meets 1st & 3rd Tuesdays in each month in Zindt's hall. C. V. Wolf, Archon; C. H. Staats, Sec.

DOWNERS GROVE LODGE No. 790, I. O. O. F. Meets every Monday evening at 8 o'clock in Masonic hall, corner Main and Curtis streets. Frank Story, N. G.; E. M. Brunson, Secretary.

MAPLE CAMP NO. 863 R. W. A. - Meets the 2nd Thursday of each month in Zindt's hall. W. H. Thomas, V. C.; R. O. Miller, Clerk.

DOWNERS GROVE CHAPTER, Daughters of the American Revolution - Held a monthly meeting on the third Tuesday of each month in the home of the members. Officers of the chapter are: Regent, Mrs. Verne Frankensfeld; Mrs. Lavara Hannum, Secretary.

ROYAL NEIGHBORS OF AMERICA - Honor Camp, No. 379, Meets the third Thursday evening of each month in Zindt's hall. Mrs. M. E. Clutter, Organist; Miss Agnes Venard, Recorder.

DOWNERS GROVE WOMANS CLUB - Meets every alternate Wednesday, beginning second Wednesday in October and closing last Wednesday in April. Mrs. T. F. Kelly, President; Miss Jessie Bryce, Secretary.

BOY SCOUTS OF AMERICA, Troop 1 meets Friday and Troop 2, Wednesday nights in the H. S. Gymnasium. Paul Prickett, Senior Patrol Leader, Scribe Troop 1. Raymond Wales Senior Patrol Leader, Scribe Troop 2.

HALLER'S REAL ESTATE BARGAINS

Office Phone 266-J Res. Phone 125-J Office above H. E. McAllister & Co's. Dry Goods Store Downers Grove, Ill.

FOR RENT 7-room house, water and gas, barn extra, large lot. Rent \$18.00.

6-room house, gas, water, good location. \$18.00.

6-room flat, with bath, near station. \$15.00.

7-room house with bath. \$18.00.

FOR SALE 7-room house, all modern and in best of condition, with two 50 ft. lots all assessments paid. Good neighborhood. Price \$4,300.00. About \$1,000.00 cash.

6-room modern bungalow with one acre land. Price \$4,800.00. Make offer, owner anxious to sell.

6-room part modern house with large barn and three 50 ft. lots. A real bargain for \$2,800.00.

7-room house with bath in fair condition on 50 ft. lot on paved street. All assessments are paid in full. Good location. Price \$2,300.00, easy terms.

6-room cottage with water, gas, bath, lot 54 X 142, 54 X 142 on paved street on one of the best streets in Downers Grove. All assessments have been paid in full, easy terms. Price \$2,100. A bargain.

2 acres with 7-room bungalow near station. Garage on main road. Price \$5,500.00.

9 acres with 7-room house, large barn, chicken house, all kinds of fruit, near village limits on main stone road. Price \$8,500.00.

2 1/2 acres with 6-room house, hot water heat, city gas, barn chicken house, all kinds of fruit near village limits. Price \$4,000.00, easy terms.

A new 6-room stucco house now being built, with cement basement, laundry, furnace heat, electric light, bath, all hard wood floors, sleeping porch, in fact up to date in every way, on lot 50 X 142. Large shade trees, best of neighborhood, paved street. Price \$4,500.00, easy terms.

5-room bungalow with hot water heat, electric light, fireplace, all up to date on paved street, all assessments paid. Price \$3,300.00. A bargain.

4-room house with large barn on lot about 115 X 300, on paved street near station. A bargain for \$4,000.00.

1 1/2 acres land with 6-room house, barn and garage, near village limits. Price \$2,900.00.

2 acres with 7-room house, cement basement, chicken house, 2 blocks from village limits. This property is in the best of condition. Price \$4,800.

50 ft. lot on paved street. Price \$500. Make me an offer.

7-room bungalow, all modern, on paved street, lot 50 X 142, good location. Owner anxious to sell. Price \$3,600.00.

10 acres with 7-room house, furnace and city gas, barn and chicken house, fruit trees, located on one of the main automobile roads near village limits. Price \$8,000.00.

3-50 ft. lots just outside of the village limits with 8 year old fruit trees. A bargain for \$600.00. Make me an offer.

If you do not find the property you are looking for in this list, call up 266-J, as I have a number of others that might interest you. Office, 33 South Main st. Phone 266-J.

WANT A FARM AUCTIONEER? Write, phone or call on A. W. FOSTER Downers Grove, Ill.

The Graduate Auctioneer Now booking dates. Best Service - Reasonable Terms Phone 140-R-2

Don't Exaggerate. The girl who stretches every statement she makes out of all resemblance to the actual facts of the case may imagine she is strengthening what she is trying to say. But that is a mistake.

People who listen to an exaggerated statement invariably discount it, and usually more than it deserves, and in addition they feel a distrust of anything which has to be so overemphasized. Every exaggerated statement is weakened in proportion as it is exaggerated.—Grit.

LETTERS FROM DOWNERS GROVE SOLDIER BOYS

(continued from page 4)

home for Easter dinner as I see I cannot be there for Christmas or New Years.

Well, we signed the pay roll this afternoon so the town of Augusta will get a little money so they can live, and that is the reason they are keeping us here. If this camp is taken away the rats won't have any home as they live with us in tents now. Then the town will have to support them. Some of the boys that came to camp the same time I did are still in the hospital, but are getting better now. One of the boys was discharged from the hospital the other day and he felt pretty jolly about it. He thought he was discharged from the army so he took the train and went home, but he was not home long when he got a telegram to return. He was from New York.

Well, I have not much more news so I will close wishing you all a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. Yours as ever, Edward Eichhorst.

AWFUL STILLNESS WHEN THE GUNS CEASED FIRING

Ballard Miles, of the 108th Field Signal Battalion, now in Alsace-Lorraine, with the army of occupation writes of happenings in his unit after the armistice was signed. The following letter from him was received by George O. Hughes.

France, November 19th, 1918. Dear George:

To begin with, I want you to excuse all errors and mistakes which you are going to find, but I am writing this almost in the dark, and can't see a thing which is going on the paper. Think you will be able to make it out alright.

As you no doubt know, the business is over now with the exception of the shouting, and that is well under way. I read in the Overseas edition about the big doings in Chicago on the morning the armistice was signed, and it surprised me that we didn't feel more elated over here. Things went along much the same as usual. Of course the guns stopped firing at 11:00 a. m. the 11th and an awful stillness set in which was almost as bad as the fighting itself, but the fellows didn't raise Cain or do any parading or anything like that. Occasionally some goof let up a yell, and then the rest of the fellows would look at him and sort of think he went off his nut or something. I used to imagine how I would feel when the business was called off, and I imagined it surely would be a day of revelry, but I did not feel so darn happy after all. This human nature stuff is a funny thing.

Now the fellows are beginning to wake up to the fact that the war is actually over and that they will be going back to America some day in the next few years, and that they are not going to hear any more of Jerry's shells come sizzling over; and tonight there is a bunch of fellows who have "promoted" some Very lights, and they are certainly giving a Fourth of July celebration. The whole sky is lit up. And two-thirds of them are full of Vin Blanc whooping and yelling like a bunch of Indians. Sure would like to know how soon they intend to send us home.

Well, I suppose it is not necessary for me to tell you how sorry I am (not) that the war is over. I have seen just as many shells and bombs as I care to see, the worst of it being that you never see these aforesaid things, and that the most you do is hear until you possibly feel. The kind that Jerry sends us where I have been are never seen. They move too fast, believe me. The most damnable thing that Jerry has is the 3-inch High Explosive Shell, nicknamed "whizz-bang" because the sound of the gun is heard after the shell has passed. If it hits you, you never hear it. All it is, is a zzzzt - - Bang, and then the boom of the gun. Belongs to the family of high velocity shells.

Some of the big stuff he used to shoot at us could be heard coming most of the way. You could hear the gun fire and in a second z - z - z - Z - Z - ZZ - ZZ - Blooey. Holy mackerel, how the stuff would fly! We would all look for the dugouts when that stuff began to come over. And the bombs are particular hell. I'd take the shells anyway in preference, for you know they are coming, but when there is a squad of Jerry planes droning around overhead, and the searchlights trying to find them—I mean to say it puts the "bloody wind up you" waiting for that bomb to drop. And where? Say, that is always the question, for although the squadron may

be half a mile away they sound as though they are directly overhead, and the beggar will circle round and round looking for his target, with the Archie falling a mile short. And the fellows will cuss, "Why the 'ell don't one of our planes go up after the blankety-blank son of a blank?" Sherman was all wrong. War isn't 'ell, its two of 'em.

Did they tell you that I came thru England on my way to France? Landed at Liverpool, and the low red brick houses hidden in the dark green foliage of the small trees, and the reflection of the sun-set on the windows, the steel-tower light house, and the river boats taking the crowds home from work, is about all I remember. And I won't forget it soon, either, for it is as pretty a sight as I ever saw. We anchored in the river on the night of June 7th and landed on the morning of the 8th. Entrained early that morning, and landed at Dover in the afternoon, passing through London, Rugby, and other towns I have heard of many times before. England is sure some country.

Well, George, hope to hear from you sometime soon. Take care of yourself.

Sincerely, Ballard (Miles).

WARREN WELLS WRITES "DAD" ON FATHERS' DAY

Sunday, November 24th, 1918. Allerey, France.

My own dear Dad: This is "Your Day" Dad and while sitting in a restaurant in Chalons sur Saone I'm going to drop you just a few lines.

Been working hard around the office of the hospital the past two weeks. Got paid a few days ago and so I had to have a pass today to see this town. Came down this morning on the train and have to catch another one back at 5:30 p. m.

Seems good to be able to tell you where we are and where we have been without having it censored.

However, I am not going to tell you all I know because that would spoil the tales I am saving to tell you when I get back home. However, you undoubtedly know by now that we went thru most of the big drive this fall between the Meuse and the Argonne and during the latter part of October we moved to the south of Verdun about 30 kilos. That was where the Company was when I left and I have not heard from them since. Been expecting some mail as I wrote Bob Elliot asking him to forward it to me. I do not think I shall see the Co. again in France as there are many rumors afloat that the entire hospital at Allerey sur Soane where I am is to move most anyday to a seaport and then to the U. S. However, that is hardly to be expected yet for a while as there are still many things to be settled before we can hope to be ready to start back home.

In the meantime I have had my dinner, seen Chalons and returned to Camp. Sorry I did not get to finish this yesterday but I started it anyway so I hope I am forgiven.

After we had finished our meal yesterday we met a lad on the street who could speak pretty fair English as he had studied it at school for a year. He was French, of course, and fifteen years old. He showed us around town for awhile and then took us to his home. His folks were not wealthy but they had a modest little apartment on the third floor. Very kind and hospitable people tho and of course, they brought out some sweet light wine and also wanted to make us some coffee. Thru the boy we managed to get along nicely with them and when we finally had to leave to catch our train back they wanted us to come and see them again whenever we could get down there. 'Twas my first experience in a French home and I really enjoyed it greatly. These French people are very fond of American tobacco which, of course, they cannot buy and can get only thru the soldiers. So I promised to bring some to them when I came down the next time.

Chalons is a town of about 35,000 and is the first large French town I have been in except those which were deserted. It was funny not to see the streets crowded with auto, and very few horse or donkey carts. Sunday afternoon every one in town was out on the main boulevard promenading in his best clothes. There were also a great many Yank soldiers in the crowd and it was funny to see the fellows walking along trying to make friends with the French M'sselles. Most of the girls were willing alright to talk and walk with them but the boys had a hard time of it because they could not understand each other very well.

I would like to have bought a few souvenirs to send home for Christmas but funds were lacking on account of having no payday for nearly three months. I'm living in hopes tho, that before I sail I shall be able to pick up a few little articles of linen or jewelry to send Mother and the young sisters, altho I shall not make any promises.

Thursday is Thanksgiving Day and I believe it will be a holiday here altho there will be nothing in particular to do. We shall probably have a specially nice dinner that day tho I suppose the turkey will be conspicuous by its absence and now I guess we shall close with all of my best wishes to you Dad, to Mother Dear and to each of the girls—Louise, Jeanette and Edith, for a very large and Happy Christmas and New Year. Also to everybody else at home I send my best regards and truly hope that ere many more months have passed I shall be able to put my big feet under that good old dining room table and enjoy a real honest to goodness feed.

With the greatest of love to you and to all I am, as always, Your Yank son, Warren (Wells).

December 5th, 1918.

Mother Dear: My letters the past few weeks have been few and far between and I guess it is long past your turn to hear from me, Mother Dear. Wrote to Dad and Louise last week but to no one else.

Haven't as yet received any mail since I left the Company and I really believe that is the reason I haven't been writing as much as I should.

Am in another hospital now altho in the same camp I have been in for six weeks. At last have gotten rid of my stomach trouble which bothered me for over two months and am feeling great. A new hospital gang arrived here last Sunday from the states to take over the work where I was a patient.

I lost my job in the office, of course just as soon as they got here. Laid around for three or four days and then yesterday I was transferred with a bunch of others to Base 70. Believe they are going to make a convalescent camp out of the other place.

Haven't heard from the Company since I left them altho Jones, the Sergeant, who came to the hospital when I did, had a letter the other day from his brother in our Company and he said they were in about the same place they were when I left them. They have been working on the roads and re-building the bridges which Fritz blew up on his way home. One of our sergeants, of the platoon I was in, was out with a detail digging up mines which the Boche had left planted along the roads. One of them which they were working on blew up and the Sergeant was killed and several wounded. That is the only death we have had since we left the Somme altho there have been quite a few gassed and wounded slightly. The Doc. said that my trouble was caused by eating food which had come

in contact with mustard gas. And now the ever present and big question, "When are we coming home?" I surely wish I knew. Many rumors have been flying around for several weeks but nothing official has been announced and all we can do is wait and hope. I would like to be able to regain our old outfit and be with them when they march down good old Michigan Boulevard. Don't think I can tho. Believe we shall be formed in Casual Companies here and sent home as such without ever seeing our outfits.

Very punk weather! Rains nearly every day and the mud is orful! I don't suppose it will dry up till spring either. Had a few days of real cold weather and one very light snow.

Well, my regards to all at home. With all my love, little Mother dear As always, Warren.

GOT THEM PULLING TOGETHER

What Happened When Spirit of Cooperation Got Busy With Band of Foolish, Patriotic Citizens.

One day a traveler came to a village green upon which a number of citizens stood in a discouraged and exhausted fashion about a flag pole. "And who are these men?" asked the traveler.

"They are patriotic citizens," he was told, "who are trying to raise the flag to the top of the pole. Each one, however, has his own method of rope-pulling, and though they are very strong and determined to raise the flag and though, as you can see, each one is putting all his strength in the work, nothing seems to happen. We spectators are afraid that they will spend so much time in argument that the flag will never be raised at all."

"This is very interesting," said the traveler.

He approached the group and addressed it. "Patriots," he said, "if you will stand with me a moment and all pull the rope steadily in one direction, your object will be accomplished."

"But we have different ideas of direction," they told him.

"We will discuss those afterward," said the traveler; "in the meantime let us take one long, strong pull together and see what happens."

With much distrust his suggestion was acted upon. The flag went swiftly to the top of the pole and opened gloriously above the cheering populace. The patriots wiped their heated brows and looked at each other.

"If that thought had occurred to us some time ago," said one, "a great deal of our valuable time might have been saved."

"Also," remarked the traveler, who by this time had been recognized several as the Spirit of Cooperation, "the flag would have been flying sooner."

Your Doctor Advises You to keep your feet warm and dry to prevent Pneumonia, Influenza and other various deadly diseases. A pair of warm Overshoes or Rubbers is the best to carry out his advice and thus save yourself sickness, loss of time and consequently—money. The MORRIS SHOE STORE has a rubber to fit every foot and the prices are low, considering quality. BUY TODAY! MORRIS SHOE STORE 64 South Main Street. Downers Grove, Ill.

We hope that the year which has just started will bring you Health, Wealth and Happiness! ZINDT'S PHARMACY Day and Night Service. 34 S. Main Str. Telephone 282 Drug Store will be closed Sunday afternoons from 1 to 5. Open 5 to 7 Sunday evenings.

Make your home cozy during the Winter, by having your furniture repaired and reupholstered. Reasonable prices and satisfaction guaranteed. Mattresses renovated. Drop Postal to Husdale Upholstering Shop or Phone 635 Husdale

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