

W. C. T. U. NOTES

The President of our local union, Mary Diener, visited her son, Rev. E. M. Diener, at the Evangelical Deaconess Hospital, Sunday, and reports him as improving rapidly from the operation which he underwent.

Our Secretary, Mrs. Frank Macdonald, was confined to her home two weeks by sickness.

Friday, the 10th of January, having been set apart as a day of prayer by the M. E. Missionary Society and W. C. T. U., they held a joint meeting at the home of Mrs. George Hearty. Mrs. Bassweiler led in the music and Mrs. J. Batterham had charge of devotionals reading the 19th Psalm and taking as her subject "Prayer." Mrs. Alice M. Paine gave a very interesting paper on "Child Welfare" and information on legislative work, of the questions of help to children, women, as well as men, that soon will

be voted upon. In the Prize Essay contest of Grades, it was divided between Wm. Drelease, Urbana; James S. Mitchell, Downers Grove and Marjorie Kunkle, Gibson City.

Considerate in Death. When Sir Ralph Abernethy was mortally wounded in the battle of Aboukir he was carried on a litter on board the Fouadivant. To ease his pain a soldier's blanket was placed under his head. He asked what it was. "It's only a soldier's blanket," he was told. "Whose blanket is it?" he persisted, raising himself. "Only one of the men's." "I want to know the name of the man whose blanket this is," the dying commander insisted. "It is Duncan Roy's of the Forty-second, Sir Ralph," said his attendant at last. "Then see that Duncan Roy gets his blanket this night!" commanded the brave man, who did not forget even in his last agonies the comfort and welfare of his men.

LOVE'S REUNION

By AGNES L. KOHLER.

Kitty Clarke, accustomed as she was to the narrow, crowded streets of the city, wandered delightedly through her aunt's beautiful suburban estate. It had been her home until three years ago, when she had gone to stay in Boston. She had readily accepted her Aunt Helen's invitation to spend the summer with her, and was now going over the familiar old homestead. Her admiring glances noted the presence of the American Beauty roses, which had been her favorites since she was knee high, the Chinese asters, Japanese plums and many other prize collections of plants, which had made the Clarke estate the envy of its neighbors for miles around.

But even as she looked she became aware of various changes in the garden. Suddenly she knew! Aunt Helen now had a war garden! She was raising food for the government! The next moment Aunt Helen found herself enveloped in a pair of loving arms, while a soft, musical voice whispered in her ear. "Oh, you darling. To think you've sacrificed your beautiful Bly patch for Uncle Sam!" And Kitty gave her another loving hug. "But, Kitty dear, please don't smother me. Besides, you're giving me entirely too much credit," and Mrs. Clarke laughingly tried to extricate herself from her niece's rapturous embrace. A pained expression crossed her face, and after vainly trying to conquer the lump that would rise in her throat, she said: "I didn't relinquish my poor posies as easily as you seem to think. I am afraid I was selfish, my dear, for I would rather have had my precious lilacs with the bees, and buttercups around, than a potato patch and those old potato bugs," and she made a grimace.

It was three years ago that you left here because of your quarrel with Harry Pemberton, and it was the year after that when some wretch killed every one of my lilacs. And as if to spite me with the remembrance of that sad occasion, the very slices which I had given to old Dick Pemberton have grown and spread as if the strength from my bed had gone into his."

"I think it is pretty mean and selfish of him not to give some of them back to you," Kitty exploded indignantly. "You forget, dear," remonstrated Mrs. Clarke gently, "that he and I have not been very friendly since your quarrel with Harry. It seems a pity, since we had been such good friends before."

Dinner that evening was rather a monotonous procedure, and Kitty was glad when she found herself upon the large, vine-covered porch in the cool evening twilight. Aunt Helen excused herself on the plea of a sick headache, and Kitty was left to ponder over the conversation of the afternoon.

Suddenly she had an inspiration. Why could she not go to the florist's and order some lilacs for her aunt and have Banks (Banks was the gardener) transplant them in the morning? To think was to act with Kitty. Hastily reaching for her hat, she sped in the direction of the garage where her roadster was kept.

"Merry, how dark it has become. Looks to me as if we're in for a severe storm," she mused, her look of amused indifference swiftly reverting to one of alarm.

The short distance was soon covered, and Kitty breathed a sigh of relief as she stepped from the neat little shop, followed by the admiring glances of the passers-by.

She had not gone far when the storm, which had become very threatening, broke in all its fury. The thunder crashed fearfully, jagged flashes of lightning streaked the sky, and the rain came down in torrents.

She nerved herself for the ordeal and was soon trying to penetrate the almost impenetrable gloom before her. Now and then during a lull in the storm she could hear the trees crashing to the ground—majestic old trees which had been there for many a year.

Half beside herself with terror, the girl clung to the wheel, hoping and praying fervently that she might not be struck by lightning or a falling tree.

But fate destined otherwise. Suddenly there was a crash and she felt herself being hurled into space. Then everything grew black before her and she knew no more.

When Kitty opened her blue eyes she found herself in her own white bed at home, with dear Aunt Helen weeping quietly on one side, and Harry—her own Harry Pemberton—on the other. In a corner of the room a white clad figure was silently adjusting some vials upon a neatly arranged table.

"Why—how—who—" she gasped in amazement. "Aunt Helen, you're crying! And Harry!" Aunt Helen and the nurse stole silently from the room, leaving the two together.

"Kitty, dearest!" blurted forth Harry. "can you forgive me? When I found you in the woods several hours ago and held you in my arms, I felt as if I could never leave you again," and then, like any other ardent young man, he confessed his hopes and received her answer.

And 'twas a very weak but happy girl who later told her aunt of her reconciliation with Harry and the answer she had given to the old, old question.

McADOO SAID KEEP THE GOVERNMENT INSURANCE

To the Soldiers and Sailors of America Approximately four million officers and men of the Army and Navy are now insured with the United States Government for a grand total of almost thirty-seven billion dollars.

You owe it to yourself and to your family to hold on to Uncle Sam's insurance. It is the strongest, safest, and cheapest life insurance ever written. For your protection Uncle Sam has established the greatest life insurance company in the world—a company as mighty, as generous, and as democratic as the United States Government itself. Just as Uncle Sam protected you and your loved ones during the war, so he stands ready to continue this protection through the days of readjustment and peace.

The privilege of continuing your Government insurance is a valuable right given to you as part of the compensation for your heroic and triumphant services. If you permit the insurance to lapse, you lose that right, and you will never be able to regain it. But if you keep up your present insurance by the regular payment of premium you will be able to change it into a standard Government policy without medical examination. Meantime you can keep your present insurance at substantially the same low rate. The Government will write ordinary life insurance, twenty-payment life, endowment maturing at age 62, and other usual forms of insurance. This will be Government insurance—at Government rates.

The United States Government, through the Bureau of War Risk Insurance of the Treasury Department, will safeguard you and your loved ones with the spirit and purpose of a Republic grateful to its gallant defenders. To avail yourself of this protection you must keep your present insurance. Carry back with you to civil life, as an aid and an asset, the continued insurance protection of the United States Government.

Hold on to Uncle Sam's Insurance. W. G. McAdoo, Secretary.

The Greyhound.

The greyhound was first used as a good preserver for its owners. It was necessary to have a dog that could run fast to capture animals for food when weapons were in their infancy. There was no scale of points nor any typical lines on which this dog was bred. As a matter of fact utility was the foundation of all the great breeds of greyhounds. A wide-chested, straight-shouldered, sleek-bodied, pair-quartered dog is unable to run fast and a dog that had those faults could not do what the greyhound does. And that is the reason why some form of greyhound can be traced back as far as we have our dog history.

LIBRARY NOTES

Hours: Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday, 3 to 9. Sunday afternoon, 2:30 to 5. Recent Fiction: Shavings, The Golden Bird, Josselyn's Wife, Magnificent Ambersons, The Reclaimers, Triumph of John Kars, The Winds of Chance, Out of the Silences, Heart's Haven, Java Head, Elizabeth's Campaign, Mam'sell Jo.

every Thursday afternoon. A picture of Mrs. Mary S. Burns has been hung in the reading room of the Public Library by the Woman's Club and the Library Board in recognition of her work and interest in, and inspiration to, those organizations.

Early Prohibition in England. Prohibition under stress of necessity does not first make its appearance in America. England before now has submitted to it. In the years of murmur and famine during the reign of Edward III, when the poor stole "fatte dogges to eat," when "theeves that were in prison did pluck in pieces those that were newly brought amongst them, and greedily devoured them halfe alive," then we had prohibition. The king forbade all malling of corn for ale making, and so, we are told, greatly relieved the national distress. —London Chronicle.

The story hour under the direction of the Kindergarten teachers is held

All Thoughts for Exclusiveness



As long as woman strives for exclusiveness it is likely that the carrying out of various color and novelty schemes will be followed. In this costume on the right, baby lamb is used as trimming, forming the sash and collar—and then the milliner is called in to make a hat to match. All of this on a suit of velour. On the left the vest is the thing. This waistcoat is fashioned in ermine and embroidered in jet. It is a feature distinctly new.

WELCOME HOME BOYS ONE AND ALL TO YOUR OWN BELOVED STATE

"Not without thy wondrous story, Can be told the Nation's glory, Illinois, Illinois."

Only One Place

In Downers Grove where you can buy GENUINE "OLD BEN" coal. It gives perfect satisfaction to soft coal users. Because of its purity—careful preparation and excellent burning and heating properties.

"Old Ben" Coal

is mined by the Old Ben Coal Corporation. The largest mining concern in the State of Illinois. They mine and sell under trade mark names—"OLD BEN"—"PURITY" and "Christopher"—soft coals. Their original mine was "OLD BEN" and they say it produces the purest, best and most carefully prepared coal in Franklin County.

We sell "Old Ben" Coal exclusively in Downers

Phone One Five

Potter Mfg. & Lumber Co. Manufacturers & Dealers LUMBER COAL MILLWORK Building Materials of all Kinds

BELL SYSTEM

Notice To Our Subscribers

New Telephone Toll Rates

Effective January 21st, 12:01 a. m.

Detailed information and schedules of NEW LONG DISTANCE RATES applicable to this territory and examples to LONG DISTANCE POINTS showing the classes of service offered and the method of computing the NEW TELEPHONE LONG DISTANCE RATES will be mailed under personal cover on or about January 21st to all subscribers.

Patrons are requested to paste the sheets in their TELEPHONE DIRECTORY for reference

CHICAGO TELEPHONE COMPANY