

NEWSY NOTES FROM LISLE AND BELMONT

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THERE WILL BE NO SERVICES SUNDAY, OCTOBER 27th, BY ORDER OF THE STATE HEALTH DEPARTMENT.

Mr. S. Engelschall was taken to a sanatorium in Milwaukee a week ago. Mr. Harry Abbot and Mother of Chicago visited Mr. and Mrs. Geo. De Moulton Sunday.

Paul Grundman is out again after having an attack of influenza.

The Misses Esther Thoin and Rob. Iehl of Downers Grove called on Gladys Bossey Saturday night.

Romanzo has recovered from a siege of La Grippe and has again gone to Lewis Institute.

The Misses Irma Nauman and Eva Wixon of Mendota and Miss Margaret Arends of Naperville, students of N. W. C. visited Rosella Porter Sunday.

High-Water Mark.

"High-water mark" is the line ordinarily reached by the sea at high tide. The general high-water mark of the sea is taken as the line at the limit of the rise of the medium tides and that of a body of fresh water in which there is no ebb and flow tide, is taken at the limit of the soil that is affected by the water as to be marked with a native and vegetation distinct from that of the banks.

How Schooner Got Name.

How did the name "schooner" originate? It was about the year 1713 and at Gloucester the first vessel of the schooner type was launched. A tradition persists that enthusiastic at the speed made on her first trip a boy exclaimed, "See how she scoons!" "A schooner for her!" cried the builder, hearing the remark. "That is a probable story; the word schoon in ancient New England meant a flat stone to skip along the water.

Old Siberian City.

One of the principal Siberian cities is Tobolsk, the commercial center of the vast province of Tobolsk, which extends over an area of 500,000 square miles, a large portion of which, however, is practically uninhabited. The most prominent building in the city is the Kremlin, built in imitation of the great citadel in Moscow. This structure was erected by Swedish prisoners of war captured by Peter the Great at the battle of Poltava in 1709.

Evolution of the Lady Barber.

Some of you men may think that woman is not qualified to take her place at the barber's chair. She has been training men ever since the first Herod was a pup, she took to combing her hair, and she has been training men ever since the first Adam tried to determine why he was a public enemy and the woman is always ready to determine why he is a slave when the first Eve tried to believe that she was a worthy adversary for him. Her only expense was the paper or thing. Letter to New York Sun.

Perils of Literary Life.

The man who talks too much isn't half as apt to get into trouble as the fellow that writes too much, and somebody keeps the stuff that he wrote and digs it up against him.—Wilmington News.

KING ARTHUR'S ROUND TABLE

Legend of Sir Galahad and the "Holy Grail" as Recorded by English Writers.

Sir Galahad of Tennyson's "The Holy Grail" was the noblest and purest knight of the Round Table. The title was invented by Walter Map in the "Quest of the Grail." Morley, in his "English Writers," says Sir Galahad was the son of King Lancelot and Elaine. The son and namesake of Joseph of Arimathea, Bishop Joseph, to whom the holy dish was bequeathed, first instituted the Order of the Round Table. The knights at their festivals sat as apostle knights round the table, with the Holy Grail in the midst, leaving one seat vacant as that which the Lord had occupied and which was reserved for a descendant of Joseph, named Galahad. Whatever man else attempted to sit in the place of Galahad the earth swallowed. It was called therefore the Siege Perilous. When men became sinful, the Holy Grail, visible only to pure eyes, disappeared. On its recovery depended the honor and peace of England, but only Sir Galahad, who was at the appointed time brought to the knights by a mysterious old man clothed in white, and placed in the Siege Perilous—only the pure Sir Galahad succeeded in the quest.

Liberty.

Two lovers were sitting side by side in Battery park, New York, one evening. "I wonder," he whispered as he glanced out across the beautiful bay and saw the Statue of Liberty in the shadowy gloom, "why they have its light so small." "Perhaps," replied the girl as she blushed and tried to slip from his embrace, "the smaller the light the greater the liberty."

Surely Educational.

Slavin (outside movie theater)—"Wor there any educational films shown, Martin?" Conlin—"Faith an' there wor, Terrence. I learneded more other things, how to act towards my butter, how to enter me club properly, an' how to hang me coat and come on th' arm is th' gentlemanly attendant."—Buffalo Express.

Removes Scorched Spots.

Badly scorched linen may be improved by boiling well half a pint of vinegar, half an ounce of soap, two ounces of fuller's earth, and the juice of several onions; spread this over the linen wherever it is scorched and leave it to dry. When dry wash the garment, and the scorch will have disappeared.

Silver Spruce Popular.

The silver spruce of British Columbia is in such demand for airplane construction because the trees grow extremely tall, sometimes 150 feet, and they taper but little toward the top. From them can be obtained long wing beams for flying machines, which run from 15 to 25 feet in length.

Stop and Reflect.

When we begin to make excuses to ourselves, we may be tolerably sure that the act which requires such treatment had something wrong about it somewhere. That which is sound needs no ornament.

Describing Him.

"That feller is such a fool," commented the gaunt Missourian, "that I reckon likely when he was a baby his ma used to hold him by the ankles and tote him around with his head hanging down like a chicken."—Kansas City Star.

Truly Restful.

There is nothing more restful to the tired body than breathing deeply and at the same time relaxing.

YANKS DIE WITH FACES TO ENEMY

Valiant Spirit of Fallen Men Is Typified in Attitudes of the Dead.

TROOPS EAGER FOR BATTLE

Ever Crouching Forward With Their Faces Toward Germany, Impatient to Make World Safe for Humanity.

Paris.—Chaplains of two Yankee regiments that stormed the slope above the Ourcq river came wearily back at sundown from the task of burying their dead. They were two men spiritually uplifted and their eyes were shining as they made their brief but eloquent report.

"In all that battlefield," they said, "we found, without a single exception, that every one of those boys died crouching forward."

"That short dramatic story—a patriotic eulogy that was an epitaph for American heroes—came first under my eye when, after a three weeks' journey of 4,000 miles, I reached Paris.

Faces Ever Eastward.

Stories of the valiant American spirit are old. Yet the proud words of the chaplains were tremendously impressive. They interpreted the spirit of America on the fighting line in the same terms as I had seen it among the fresh troops in the convoy across the Atlantic, in England, in the French port and in the trip across France—troops yet to face the Hun.

Thousands were in that convoy. And their faces were ever toward Germany. They were grim faces of serious mind, silent men during the tedious ocean trip—silent, strangely, until actually on French soil.

Then they underwent a change. The curtain of solemnity seemed to lift. The frown of impatience at delay was gone and, in contrast to the silence in which they had received the homage of British crowds, they sang rollicking war songs, laughed and cracked jokes and replied with a Yankee roar to the chorus of welcome French crowds gave them.

Their faces were away from the setting sun as they waited in the French port for the trains to take them to France. Their eyes gazed longingly to the east, and they eagerly strained forward as if to hear the far-off boom of the guns.

Every one of these Yankee soldiers, fresh from the homeland, was crouching forward—as did the heroes the chaplains told of—with their faces toward Germany.

A complete division, commanded by an American major general, disembarked. And it was just one unit, one convoy of the marching stream that Uncle Sam is sending across.

Chafe at Long Wait.

The only worry was whether it would be a long wait before it was their turn to march against the Hun.

Submarine mines had frightened them on the way across the ocean. They had drilled shells, as best they could in the sea, and they had stowed guard, in case they were "poked" for submarine mines. They had hoped that one would be a "stinger" for the delight of seeing an American stinger bomb it out of all usefulness.

There was a head drill daily on the convoy; each man answered roll call in his allotted place beside a lifeboat. And constantly, save in sleep, each man had to wear a life preserver strapped about his chest and back.

Now they're at the end of the long journey—in France along with a million and a half fighting men from the United States. They're showing early that great American spirit—crouching forward, with their faces toward Germany, impatient to make the world unsafe for Huns.

It's a pity Kaiser Bill couldn't have stood on the dock at that French port when they landed—just to see them.

WOUNDED MAN CRAWLS FAR

Sergeant With Five Bullets in Body Travels Mile and Half to Dressing Station.

Somerset, Pa.—"Sergeant Wedge and myself were advancing through a wheat field and machine-gun bullets were flying around like hail," writes Sergeant Irwin B. Spangler to his mother, telling of a battle on the western front. "To cheer the boys we kept talking and laughing. In a few minutes Wedge goes down with five bullets through his body, two through his left leg, one in the right, one through the lung and one in the arm. He crawled in a shell hole and stayed there all night. The next day he crawled one and a half miles to a dressing station. I went there an hour later and found him smoking a cigarette. I have a little scar on my face and am proud of it."

Dead Men Convicted.

St. Louis, Mo.—When a decision reached the court of criminal correction here recently from the supreme court affirming the conviction of Israel Schucart, for adulterating soda water in violation of the pure food law, it was found that both Schucart and his bondsmen were dead. Schucart died a year ago, while his bondsmen passed away five months ago.

WEARING "FLU" MASK



Chicago street sweeper wearing an influenza mask, by order of the health department.

INTERNED GERMANS WATCHED

Close Attention Paid to Their Conversation in Order to Detect Plots.

Camp Wadsworth, Spartanburg, S. C. There is someone at all times among the soldiers guarding German prisoners here who can understand German, paying strict attention to their conversations, to detect any plots that might be hatched to escape, and secure other information.

But it would seem that such precautions are hardly necessary. The prisoners have repeatedly expressed themselves as being very well content to remain here until the end of the war. They realize that it would be foolish for them to try to escape, as few of them speak English and they could not get very far before being detected. They have been heard to express the hope that they will never be exchanged for American prisoners in Germany.

The prisoners are willing workers, and they do a great deal of work about camp. They are given humane treatment, get plenty to eat and the same medical attention as is given to soldiers, but they are not to be any means treated as equals of the American soldiers. In a recent issue of the "Herald," according to a report, it has been printed in the newspaper that the German prisoners here in this camp earn their keep.

YANK ESCAPES FROM HUNS

Pittsburgh Boy Strikes Guard With Stick and Flees to the American Lines.

With the American forces in France.—Private Edward E. Baker of Pittsburgh, Pa., is one of the few Americans who claim to have been a prisoner in Germany and then escaped back to the line of his own side. Here is an outline of the story told by Baker. Early one morning there had been street fighting in Fismes and several Germans got the drop on Baker and marched him back to their lines.

Before noon the Germans had Baker working in the trenches, and they kept him digging most of the afternoon without suggesting that he might want something to eat. Late in the afternoon the Americans started an attack.

When the German guarding Baker turned his head to look in the direction of the whiz of an American shell Baker seized a stick of wood and struck the guard a blow on the head and then ran into a wood toward the Americans. Several Germans fired at him as he disappeared in the brush.

Baker reached his companions that night just 18 hours after he had been taken prisoner, and he had had nothing to eat all day.

FRENCH USE YANK LAUNCHES

Vessels Crossed Ocean Under Their Own Steam With Negligible Losses.

A French Port.—France in her work of safeguarding the coast from mines and submarines is using a large number of motor launches of the standardized American type, which came over under their own steam with a loss of only one out of fifty.

One of the most successful boats used for the work is the canoniere, which, working with Diesel engines, can steam 3,000 miles at ten knots an hour without refueling. The craft carries guns big enough to deal with any submarine, and its low draught enables it to travel over mine fields.

For mine-sweeping the French use an economical form of trawl, with ingenious underwater appliances for keeping the sweep at the required depth.

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Now every field and every tree is in bloom; the woods are now in full leaf, and the year is in its highest beauty.—Virgil.

One Reason.
The reason some men are so careless is because they know they can get away with it by merely saying "Excuse me."

Some Have That Gift.
"Oratory," said Uncle Eben, "is a fine thing. Some men is such great persuaders dat dey don't have to do no work ner give up no money de'st'ra'fa'."

Wrong Use of Brains.
"All some folks do wif deir brains," said Uncle Eben, "is to make believe dey's thinkin' when dey's only be loafin'."

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