

NEWSY NOTES FROM LISLE AND BELMONT

A. PORTER, Correspondent
Telephone 152-R-2

Mr. E. Zimmerlin has been sick several days this week.

Little Miss Florence Sheldon has been quite ill, but is improving nicely.

Mrs. A. True of Chicago spent Monday with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. Haumesser.

The Patriotic Service League met at the home of Lola Riedy Tuesday night.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Haley and family have moved from the village and will make their home in Downers Grove.

Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Dieter are rejoicing over the arrival of a fine son, November 2nd. Grandpa (Ed.) Schwartz now wears a broad smile.

The Ladies Aid packed a barrel of canned fruit and sent it to the Firman House of Chicago, this week.

Mr. Thos. Lescley, formerly of Lisle died Tuesday at the home of his parents in Naperville. He was sent home from Camp Grant several weeks ago on account of a lingering illness from which he did not recover.

WHEN PEACE IS REACHED

There need be no apprehension of materially lower prices for live stock when Europe goes on a peace basis. In the case of grains, the situation is somewhat different. An immense wheat acreage and an accumulation of grain in the southern hemisphere, which will automatically become available, are likely to be reflected in the future scale of prices.

However, there is no great surplus in sight anywhere, not even during the next half decade. Only in the case of hogs is a bare sufficiency likely.

The bare shelves of European farmers must at least be replenished and this task will naturally devolve on the United States.

The mission of the International Live Stock Exposition at this crisis is to stimulate production of beef, pork and mutton on the most economical basis, to instruct breeders and feeders in recent development to inspire ambition to excel and demonstrate that live stock raising is profitable, otherwise, it could not prosper.

Europe after the war will need American live stock cattle. It must come to this market for cows for breeding purposes and for seed stock for all the species and breeds.

There never has been a more opportune moment for renewed endeavor in the sphere of animal husbandry and the International Live Stock Exposition which will this year be held from November 30th to December 7th, is the chief exponent of the industry.

PREPARING INT. LIVE STOCK EXP.

A small army of mechanics and laborers are at work preparing the mammoth structures for the 1918 International Live Stock Exposition. This essential preliminary task is being conducted on a scale of elaborate scale than heretofore, the management being determined to insure the comfort of the visitors, exhibitors and their charges. The spacious buildings and grounds are being artistically decorated, emblems of the allied nations now battling on European soil draping both exteriors.

Since the inauguration of the exposition, it has been the policy of the management to spare no expense to insure perfection in every detail. Owing to increased cost of material and labor, these details might have been neglected this year, but the directors decided that it would be doubtful economy and the high standard of previous years will be maintained if not excelled.

When the gates of the exposition are opened Nov. 30th for the great live stock roundup of the season, the public will realize that regardless of obstacles and abnormal conditions nothing essential to the success of the exposition has been overlooked.

Spasmodic Sermon.

Men are known by the company they keep and companies are known by the men they keep.

Explanation of Snow Line.

The snow line is the estimated altitude, in all countries, where snow would be formed. Even at the equator, at an altitude of from 11,000 to 12,000 feet above the level of the sea, snow is found upon the mountain tops, and lies there perpetually. Proceeding north or south from the equator, the snow line, of course, lessens in altitude.

THE SNAPSHOT

By NAPOLEON S. ZARICK.

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The west-bound express was sidetracked at Ancona waiting for the east-bound train. Bruce Carman, a kodak enthusiast in the first stages of the disease, had photographed every attractive view from Albany and Niagara Falls to Ancona. From the back platform, from the steps of his own car, and from the observation smoker, he had "shot" the flying landscape.

At Ancona he was standing on the last platform of the side-tracked train, and had jotted down his photographic memoranda of snow-crowned Catskill mountains.

A shrill whistle, an oncoming roar, and the express thundered past on the main track. As it slowed up at the station Carman's train moved on, but not before he had indelibly fixed on the film of his kodak a glimpse of the back platform of the passing train. He raised his head and saw, vaguely, a girl bending over a kodak focused, apparently, on him, but before she looked up his car had rounded a curve and she was lost to view.

Carman returned to New York after several weeks, and one of his first acts was to develop his views. With the luck of the ordinary amateur, a few of them were good, but most of them were bad. Only one view was sharp and clear. Framed by the doorway of a sleeper, a beautiful young girl looked straight from the film into Carman's eyes.

"By Jove!" he exclaimed, "what a beauty! She must be the Ancona girl."

The Ancona girl she was and the Ancona girl she remained for days, weeks, and even months. Carman printed the picture off and she was charming; in blueprint she was beautiful, and blueprints are crucial tests of beauty; on carbon paper she was exquisite, and with each experimental printing her image penetrated deeper and deeper into Carman's heart. At last he enlarged her; or, not quite at last, for the crowning point of his folly was to frame her in silver and install her on his dressing table as mistress of his heart and possessions. Then, one evening, she was christened, and it was in this way:

Jack Brennan ran up to Carman's rooms to communicate some bit of personal information; wandering idly about the room, he saw the photograph, picked it up, glanced at it carelessly, then put it down. "Good photograph," he said; "amateur, of course. I didn't know you knew Edith so well. She's a jolly girl, isn't she?"

"N—no—yes," stammered Carman. Edith! and there was a man who knew her! But what a fool he would be to ask the name of a girl whose photograph was enshrined in the privacy of his dressing table! In a moment more Brennan was gone.

By this time Edith's photographic presentment filled Bruce Carman's life, and the entire world was merely a dense veil hiding her from him. He went to every dance and dinner, he even hunted tens, hoping that he might find her. Once he was invited to a dinner to meet "My cousin, Miss Balmbridge of Toronto."

When he stood before his hostess that night his face was white and his voice hoarse with emotion.

"Edith, Mr. Carman," Miss Balmbridge, Mr. Carman. The words were spoken and Carman turned to meet her. Alas! this Edith was not his Edith, but only an elderly Scotch spinster. Carman never knew how he lived through that evening.

The winter drew to a close, and Carman was growing hopeful. Should he start out in quest of her, he asked himself? But what a hopeless quest!

It was Friday, and Carman was on his way to an afternoon reception. No hope of finding her led him there, but one of his girl friends had asked him to help her to entertain her guests. He waited for a moment in the antechamber, realizing from the voices that only girls were in the adjoining room. Then he heard a name that made his heart stand still.

"Don't tell me, Edith Brennan, that you have worn his picture ever since."

"Yes, I have. You can call it silly if you like, but of all the snapshots that I took, from Denver to New York, his was the only one that came out. Of course, there was a fate in that. Could anyone doubt it? It's in this very locket now, and I'll wear it until I meet him. I know I will some time. I'm absolutely positive of that."

"Oh, how do you do, Mr. Carman? I didn't hear you come in," exclaimed the hostess. "It's awfully good of you to come so early. You know every one here, don't you? Oh, no—Miss Brennan, I want you to meet Mr. Carman. She's Jack Brennan's cousin from Denver, you know. You've heard him speak of his cousin Edith a thousand times, haven't you?"

The words flowed on in a melodious murmur. Carman heard none of them. Her hand was in his and—well, of course, Cupid was on hand to complete the task it had commenced on the sidetrack at Ancona.

Accounted for it.

Charles was invited into the house of a neighbor to inspect a baby, perhaps one year younger than his own brother, of whom he was proud. The neighbor, to please him, claimed the baby superior to his brother. Charles, too loyal to admit it, too polite to dispute with his elder, remarked thoughtfully: "Well, of course it's a 1917 model."

NOTICE OF APPLICATION TO CHANGE RATES

The Chicago Telephone hereby gives notice to the public that it has filed with the State of Illinois, Public Utilities Commission temporary schedules which will change the rates for local telephone exchange service in its Downers Grove Exchange Area in DuPage County, Illinois, and that the said change of rates involves an increase for all classes of local exchange service offered to the public and covered by its rate schedule as now filed and in effect.

All parties interested in this proceeding may obtain information as to time and place of hearing upon this matter, by addressing the Secretary of the Public Utilities Commission at Springfield, Illinois.

CHICAGO TELEPHONE CO.
A. R. Bone, General Commercial Superintendent.

DU PAGE COUNTY GRAIN CROP

DuPage County's small grain crop threshed this year would sell at market prices on the local market for over two million dollars. This is a splendid showing for a small county of nine townships. It is true we had a splendid season this year for maturing small grains but it is nevertheless a fact that the farmers of DuPage County have taken considerable interest in new and higher yielding varieties and have to such an extent that these yields were made possible to a large extent by this means. Below we give the totals of the different grains threshed as actually reported by the threshermen or each township separately, together with the total yield of grain for the County. For Wayne Township we have the acreages of the different crops and these figures show that the spring wheat averaged 35 bushels per acre with almost 60,000 bushels produced in that one township. The barley averaged 45 bushels per acre and the oats a little over 54 bushels per acre.

From the figures which we have it shows that the acre yields for the county are a little over 30 bushels per acre for spring wheat and about 23 bushels per acre for winter wheat, 40 bushels for barley and a little over 50 bushels per acre for the oats. The totals for the separate townships here given will be of interest to all we feel sure.

Addition 22035 1/2 bu. spring wheat, 173383 bu. oats, 1413 bu. rye 18909 bu. barley. Bloomingdale 41063 bu. wheat, 13999 bu. winter wheat, 199474 bu. oats, 699 bu. rye, 54539 bu. barley. Downers Grove 33057 bu. spring wheat, 4732 bu. winter wheat, 257754 bu. oats, 1827 bu. rye, 38945 bu. barley. Lisle 10726 bu. spring wheat, 4062 bu. winter wheat, 169147 bu. oats, 2955 bu. rye, 70351 bu. barley. Milton 28754 bu. spring wheat, 5105 1/2 bu. winter wheat, 144908 1/2 bu. oats, 1640 bu. rye, 54345 1/2 bu. barley. Naperville 13784 bu. spring wheat, 27071 bu. winter wheat, 242214 bu. oats, 4729 bu. rye, 101041 bu. barley. Wayne 59056 1/2 bu. spring wheat, 1313 bu. winter wheat, 171065 bu. oats, 4379 bu. rye, 52748 bu. barley. Winfield 21383 bu. spring wheat, 5744 bu. winter wheat, 171065 bu. oats, 1379 bu. rye, 52748 bu. barley. York 18961 bu. spring wheat, 140 bu. winter wheat, 140393 bu. oats, 937 bu. rye, 26854 bu. barley. Totals spring wheat 243,825 bu. winter wheat 49,566 1/2 bu. Oats 1,650,745 1/2 bu. rye 17667 bu. barley 496,143 1/2 bu.

UNITED STATES FOOD ADMINISTRATION VIEWS

Hon. Herbert Hoover in recently discussing the live stock situation, when the work of the International Exposition was referred to, expressed himself in part as follows:

"I am very glad indeed to commend the efforts of the International Live Stock Exposition at Chicago to stimulate and improve the production of live stock in this country.

"It must be the desire of every American to see our herds maintained and improved, for not only have we an enormous burden to carry in furnishing food during the war, but after peace has come this burden will be even greater if the world is to recover from the enormous destruction of animals without even greater human hardship than at present.

"The exposition with all its collateral work naturally becomes a great Food Training Camp, and in so doing is performing a great service to the country."

This year's exposition will be staged on a grander scale than any of its predecessors and the dates are Nov. 30th to Dec. 7th.

Found.

"Aha!" hissed the Pullman porter. "I have found the secret of his berth!" And he took a flask from under the passenger's pillow.—Carloons Magazine.

JANET'S IMPULSE

By MILDRED WHITE.

(Copyright, 1918, Western Newspaper)

Janet sat in her dismal orderly room upon the upper floor of Mrs. Hopkins' rented apartments. She sighed, looking out on the heavy snowstorm which turned the early afternoon to dusk. How different, how woefully different her life had become in one short year. Then, there had been the cozy home, with father, now she was alone.

It was always at this time of the New Year that the chosen few had made a jolly house party in Lucretia Newell's stately home among the country hills. Lucretia had been a college sister and her intimates thereafter were remembered with the annual invitation. What anticipated times of delightful excitement those visits had been! Lucretia's elder bachelor brother was a tireless entertaining host, and his friend—quick rebellious tears filled Janet's eyes, at the memory of John Newell's friend. Like the rest he had forgotten! How carelessly they had allowed her to drift away from them, those gay carefree people; and upon her own sea of misfortune Janet had been too busy to recall herself to their selfish minds.

John's friend's name was often in the papers. Only last week there had been a notice of his departure for the South; well, why should he remember a few days in a hillside country—a stolen kiss at parting? Janet was glad that in the separating gulf their different stations made, he might not know that she still remembered. The others would be there no doubt this wintry afternoon, making merry together in the great house upon the hill. Janet jumped up suddenly, her eyes shining with impulsive purpose. Why not go to them?

With cheeks aglow the girl drew from the clothes-dress her fur cloak, relic of more prosperous times. Beneath it she could wear her little white-summer frock, the black woolen must be discarded. Like the old-time Janet she felt, as she hurried down the steep stairs; the five-thirty for Hillcrest would be almost due. She reflected, gazing from the blurred car window, that it might have been wiser to have telephoned her cousin, but taking them by surprise, would after all suit better her present mood.

It was rather discouraging not to find Old Ben, the driver, waiting. His had been the task of meeting all trains. No other vehicle, it was evident, had ventured out into the storm. Vaguely apprehensive of disappointment the girl turned up the warm collar of her cloak, and pushed her way through roadside drifts. Here and there a light twinkled; the great house was still some distance away. Almost she was tempted to turn back and seek shelter in the station, but the thought of the great log fireplace in the tower room with its circle of dear familiar faces, gave her fresh courage to press on. The house was not illuminated as though for guests. The light showing through the glass door was softly subdued. Janet heard her summoning ring echo into silence, but there was no response. Hopelessly she made her way to the rear entrance. Here all was darkness.

Disheartened she came back, past the side iron spiral stairway. No, there high from the tower room came a welcoming gleam. With fast beating heart she slowly ascended the icy stair. She would open the door and slip in among them, a weary little ghost from their past. The door was difficult to open, but unlatched as she expected. When had Hillcrest people thought of locked doors? Then Janet entered the room. As of old, the log fire burned cheerily—nearly stood the same fireside chair, but the comfortable big room was vacant. Perplexed she passed down the halls. Silence met her everywhere. Then because the storm still swept without, because there seemed nothing else to do, Janet threw aside her fur coat.

Porter Holden was that same night disgusted with life. This new year seemed to have begun with less promise than the other. Last year, at least he had known dreams of happiness, though their fulfillment was never to be. With each baffling step of his return to the old Newell mansion, his thoughts reverted to the bright-faced girl, who had made his last stay there so pleasant. And she had vanished from them all—forever. John Newell had coaxed him back to the vacant old place tonight—he had just left John at the agent's. Old Ben would have lights and fires going, John had said, so Holden made his way up the spiral stair. The door yielded more easily this time, and the man stood for a moment blinking his bewildered eyes.

In the light of the fire sat a white-clothed girlish figure, her red lips parted wonderingly.

"You?" she breathed. "I am not going to speak," Holden said slowly. "For if you are a vision, you will vanish." "Not a vision," Janet answered, "a spirit perhaps returned for a night to the scenes of her joyous past."

The man came forward abruptly. "I read of your marriage in the papers shortly after you left here," he said. "May I give a tardy wish for your happiness?"

"That was—my cousin, of the same name," Janet explained. "Can it be?" he said, his eyes shining. Suddenly she put forth her hands. "So that—is what you thought, Porter Holden," she asked, "and that is why you stayed away?"

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Acquiring a Reputation.
Lots of folks get a reputation for being brilliant conversationists by letting the other fellow do the talking.

Daily Thought.
Charity itself consists in acting justly and faithfully in whatever office, business and employment a person is engaged.—Swedenborg.

Where Rain Never Falls.
There are parts of Egypt in which rain never falls; other places where it falls light—about once in four years; and there are two great rainless districts of two or three millions of square miles, the one including the north of Africa and the other Mongolia and its neighborhood.