



TWO OF THE INDU SPECIALTIES TO WHICH I WOULD CALL YOUR ESPECIAL ATTENTION RIGHT NOW, ARE THE OUTING CREAM AND THE FACE POWDER. ONE SUPPLEMENTS THE OTHER, BOTH ARE EXQUISITE.

Miss ANNA MEYERS
60 South Main Street.

WITH ALL THE DRIVES
Successfully handled the Village has fallen behind in Sales of

Thrift Stamps

War Savings Stamps

Buy them instead of Christmas Presents.

THE COMMUNITY WELFARE LEAGUE

LOANS

CONVEYANCING

W. H. BLODGETT

Fire and Tornado Insurance, Companies the Best—
100 years in business.

Agent for the Traveler's Insurance Company Life,
Accident and Health.

RENTING

TELEPHONE NO. 24

Fred D. Heinke

PLUMBING

Steam Heating - Sewer Building
Gas Fitting
Telephone 52-R.

Our Service---

If, during the perion of the war, we have been unable to give as prompt and efficient service as formerly---our customers, whom we look upon as our friends, have been most considerate.

For this patriotic attitude we thank them and ask their continued co-operation until conditions are again normal.

Western United Gas and Electric Company



THE ARTISTIC CHARACTER

of our monuments will recommend them to those desiring a fitting tribute to the memory of those gone before. We shall be glad to submit our book of designs with an estimate of cost. No obligation is incurred in the inspection.

ARTHUR R. BEIDELMAN
Phone 35- R
NAPERVILLE, ILL.

NEWSY NOTES FROM LISLE AND BELMONT

A. PORTER, Correspondent
Telephone 152-R-2

Mrs. Alice Lacey entertained Mr. and Mrs. N. Lacey and daughters, Mr. and Mrs. E. Lacey and son of Downers Grove, Mr. and Mrs. C. Lacey and daughter and Mrs. W. N. Bessey and daughters of Lisle and Mr. and Mrs. J. Davenport of Wheaton, at dinner Thanksgiving day.

Mrs. Plumb received a letter from her son Fred, saying that he is wounded in the knee and has been in bed seven weeks but is getting along nicely but is sorry he could not stay with his regiment. He has been removed from the hospital in Virginia to one in West Baden, Indiana.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Griffin spent Thanksgiving day with their son in Chicago.

Mr. Geo. DuMoulin is visiting with friends at Fulton, Illinois.

Joe Long came home from the Aurora hospital Saturday and is getting along nicely.

Sunday School at 10:00 a. m.
Church Service at 11:00 a. m.

The Girls Patriotic League met at the home of Lola Riedy, Tuesday evening and plans were made to have a community Christmas.

SALVAGE TO HELP WAR SAVINGS DRIVE

WASTE AND EXTRAVAGANCE DECLARED TWO OF COUNTRY'S MOST POWERFUL ENEMIES.

"JUNK" NOW IS VALUABLE

Putting of Material Where It Can Be Used Again a Patriotic and Profitable Service.

To help put Illinois over the top—over-buying its quota of \$125,000,000 in War Savings stamps—the Illinois Committee for War Savings, of which Martin A. Ryerson is director, suggests that every person in the state enlist in the salvage service. But this is merely incidental to the "Over the Top" drive, in which it is estimated \$40,000,000 worth of stamps must be sold.

Two of the country's most powerful enemies are waste and extravagance because they take force from the building power that the United States must put forth. Therefore it is urged that the putting of material where it can be used again is distinctly patriotic. At the same time the individual in the salvage service profits thereby. Waste material sold to keep it in active service helps the government in its reconstruction work. If the proceeds are invested in War Savings stamps that is another help for the government on which the individual draws interest.

"Let us prove to the government," says the committee, "that for every man who fought overseas there are ten at home willing to make any sacrifice required to help pay the war bills. If you cannot give your waste material for the good of your country, sell it."

"Old rubbers, rubber bags, tubing, automobile tires, old shoes, gloves, scraps of leather, woolen and cotton rags, carpets and clothing in any condition can be used to good advantage. Newspapers, wrapping paper, all scrap paper and string and cord of all kinds should be saved and sold instead of being consigned to bonfires. Old gold and silver are bought by the federal assay office for remelting, while tin foil, brass and metal junk, old linen, old architectural linen drawings and tobacco coupons are acceptable to the Red Cross.

"In response to an appeal by the National War Savings Committee Mrs. Woodrow Wilson, Ex-President and Mrs. Taft and Ex-President Roosevelt donated gold and silver articles to the Treasury and Trinket fund and recent drives in Chicago have filled various melting pots to overflowing.

"Go through your home room by room and see what you can give or sell for the good of the nation. See what old things you can use again to avoid unnecessary spending for new ones. See what you can pass on or make over to avoid drawing on the limited reserves of new material.

"What the salvage bureau of the reclamation division of the quarter-master's department at Washington has accomplished with waste material is pretty well known by this time and it should be an incentive for every man, woman and child to help.

"Sell all you can and buy War Savings stamps, thereby helping to put Illinois over the top."

Nightingale's Voice Carries.
The nightingale's voice can be heard for a distance of a mile.

THE BLUE TRIANGLE AT RUSSIA'S FRONT

The Blue Triangle clubrooms in Petrograd were in half shadow. A few scattered candles flung gleams as persistent and as vague as Russia's hope of liberty. A hundred Russian girls and six young men were guests of the first Young Women's Christian association in all Russia. It was a gala afternoon tea but it was dark because the winter days end at three o'clock and there is a restriction on the use of candles and kerosene as well as of electricity.

The girls were making merry even in the gloom of winter, the twilight and the tragedy of war. One slender white-faced girl with purple-shadowed eyes was merrier than all the rest. Her wit and ringing laugh were contagious.

"Sonya is wonderful tonight," one girl whispered to another as she stirred gently into her tea the one lump of sugar doled out carefully for the party. The Y. W. C. A. secretaries had been saving the sugar for months—putting aside at each meal one of the two lumps served with the coffee in the restaurant, that there might be a bit of sweet for this first party. There was no bread.

"Sonya is not drinking her tea," her pale little admirer went on. "yet she fulfests this morning at the factory and the forewoman said she was hungry."

"We're all hungry," was the monotonous reply. "It wasn't that." Something stopped the laughter and talk suddenly but the hush that fell in the dimly lit room was as joyous as the gallery. One of Russia's greatest singers stood by the piano and lifted up her glorious voice filled with the tears and heartbreak that people at peace call thrills.

They went away early when the music was done—these sad-eyed, half-starved little guests of the Blue Triangle—for danger lurks in the dark of Petrograd streets, robberies and murders—sharp little by-products of a nation's chaos and a world at war.

Sonya lingered after the others were gone. She was standing close by the secretary-hothead's chair when she turned from saying good-night to the last one of the other girls. The laughter had died out of the girl's eyes and the gaiety from her voice.

"Will you give me a note to the factory superintendent," she asked, "telling him I'm attending classes here at night?" She spoke in French, for she knew no English, and the secretary, no Russian.

"Yes, if it will help you." The secretary was glad to give her such a note but she was curious. "Tell me why."

"If he knows the girls are going to night classes he won't put us on the night shift. He will let us work days so we can come. Yesterday I asked for the night shift. Today I have changed my mind."

The secretary wondered. Sonya had not been in any of the classes. Had the bright little party given her an interest in the work of the association? Had the friendliness of the American secretaries reached her? Was it the music that had given her an impetus to study toward something beyond a factory?

"What is it that interests you?" the secretary asked her. "You are not in any of the classes now, are you? What is it you want to take up?"

"This morning I looked out the factory window," and Sonya's voice reminded the secretary of the call of a night bird before a storm. "Down in the courtyard was a crowd and three men were killed. Killed by the police—the bolshevik police, while I stood there and watched. They said they were anarchists. One was my brother. Another was my sweetheart. I came here tonight to forget. But I cannot forget. Always I will remember her. I want nothing now but to carry on their work, and to do that I must study and learn—I must learn English and many other things. I want to go in all the classes. If the foreman at the factory knows I do that, he will help. He will let me work days."

In the dark, the hunger, the cold, and the terror of Petrograd, the Blue Triangle is sending out its shining invitation to the bewildered women and young girls of Russia. It is offering a little oasis in the midst of the chaos where they may come and rest and relax, play games, listen to music, study English, French, stenography, bookkeeping, or music, and as one tired girl expressed it, forget for the moment that they are in Petrograd. Most of the girls who gather at the sign of the Blue Triangle are bookkeepers and stenographers, but scattered among them are factory girls, domestics, and girls who never have worked.

"In Petrograd and elsewhere in Russia," says Miss Carlissa Spencer, world secretary of the Y. W. C. A. who started the work in Russia, "girls formerly employed in government offices come to us who have struck against the bolsheviks. They're out of jobs. They're hungry. One girl told me she couldn't take gymnastium work. It gave her such an appetite. But they refuse to return to work for the bolsheviks."

Miss Helen Ogden, one of the Y. W. C. A. secretaries who was forced to leave Petrograd on account of the German advance, writes home that: "It's like living on the screen of a melodrama to be in Russia. Bullets and shooting are almost as familiar street sounds here as the clang of the street car and the honk of the automobile at home. Here we learn to live and work under frequent shooting and street battles and to flee only when we are told by the authorities that we must."

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The most practical Gift of all Gifts!

A good pair of Comfortable Shoes or House Slippers

Our Customers know that when they get Shoes at this Store they get the best in Materials, Fit and Workmanship.

Take the Doctors advice, keep your feet dry and prevent colds by buying a pair of our Rubbers.

MORRIS SHOE STORE

64 South Main Street.
Downers Grove, Ill.



Direction Hillard Campbell.

THIS SATURDAY, DECEMBER 7th

NORMA TALMADGE in "Her Only Way"

Hearst Pathe News

Special Vaudeville

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 10th

First Run Pictures

EARL WILLIAMS in "The Man Who Wouldn't Tell"

Harold Loyd Comedy

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 12th

World's Most Popular Star Norma Talmadge in The Forbidden City Vaudeville

Christmas

is just around the corner.

In order to get your share of the local holiday business, which will be big this year---

ADVERTISE

To reach local people use the Reporter columns. It goes into the homes of local people.