

PICKING THE PRESIDENT



If precedent in any way rules the political affairs of the nation then the United States will have a "war" president following the election of 1920, say students of the game. Already both big parties are looking over the lists of men available on such a platform. In the Democratic ranks, Secretary of War Newton Baker is mentioned as a logical candidate to give a good race to any opponent put forward, while the great personal friendship which existed between the late Colonel Roosevelt and Major General Leonard S. Wood, makes the latter a candidate who might be acceptable to both wings of the Republican party and at the same time furnish all the military timber needed to win.

'19 Sport Models Sans the Hobble



Summer sport wear is already in the planning in the mind of woman so here are two 1919 models to help. On the left, the black satin coat with its banding of white gets help in the carrying out of design from the black coin spots of black satin just above the hem on white satin skirt. On the right a white gabardine skirt and waist are trimmed with crepe de chine. The straws are topped off with satin ribbon.

WINS CAPITAL PRIZE AS MOST BEAUTIFUL



Washington has gone back to the sport of finding its most beautiful woman, proving that the war is really over. It is Miss Winifred Rooder Hoffmuller for 1918, according to the judgment of three prominent artists who awarded her a Tiffany prize as a crowning glory.

G. O. P. CHAIRMAN MAY RUN HOOSIER RACE



While Will H. Hays, chairman of the Republican National Committee, is running the campaign—his party's presidential campaign—he himself may be elected governor of Indiana. Senator Harry S. New of Indiana says Hoosier state Republicans are back of a Hays boom and that the national chairman is so popular that he may win without a campaign.

"OUR" HOUSE

By EVA M. COLLINS.

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"Of course," mused Edith sorrowfully, as she walked slowly down the flower-bordered path, "grandfather had a perfect right to leave the house to those cousins whom I've never seen, if he wanted to, but oh, I loved it so, and had so many happy times in it!" She stopped, her eyes full of unshed tears, and mournfully gazed back at the house, her home for 18 years. It was old, yes, and much too big for just her and Anne, the maid, but it was so dear to her, every corner of it. And it looked so pretty now, in the morning sun—with its rose-trellised veranda and its ivy-covered walls, and the gardens, which she herself had brought to such perfection!

The tears would come, and as she dashed them impatiently away, a tiny sheet of crumpled paper fell to the ground. It was that hateful letter which had come, a bolt from the blue, to wipe out all her happiness. It was so unfeeling; just like the new owners of the house, no doubt. Smoothing it out, she read it once more:

"My Dear Miss Walker—The 'Rose-Bower,' which up to the present has been in your keeping, has by the will of your grandfather, been bequeathed to Mrs. Reynolds and her son, John.

Truly yours,
"CYRIL WILLIAMS,
"Attorney for Mrs. R."

"Well, it can't be helped, I suppose," she told herself, "but what shall I do? Where can I go?" She had now reached a little garden house, made entirely of climbing roses, which gave the house its name—"The Rose-Bower." In this tiny beauty spot, which commanded a view of the path leading to the house, she could see all that went on in the gardens, and here it was her custom to go when weighty problems troubled her. She sank down on the mossy ground to think.

She had plenty of money for the present—her grandfather during his life had sent her more money than she needed—the only question was a home. And she would have to work later, too. She could paint, but who would buy her feeble attempts? Oh, it was hard. It was wrong to take her home away! The tears, unchecked now, flowed down her cheeks.

But suddenly, from sheer amazement, she stopped! Swinging up the path with quick strides, was a young man, who stopped now and then to look about him with an air of ownership. He plucked a monstrous rose, one of the most beautiful in the garden, and after examining it critically, placed it in his buttonhole. A hot flush of indignation swept into Edith's face, drying her tear-stained cheeks. She rose and with head held high, stepped forward into view, making as she stood in the flower-framed entrance, a most entrancing picture of impetuous beauty.

With a quick gesture, the young man removed his hat and in a hoarse voice inquired: "If this were the 'Rose-Bower,' and if so, might I see Miss Edith Walker?" Edith, her first indignation over, answered his question in the affirmative and stated that she was Miss Walker.

A smile broke over his face, and with a quick step he reached Edith's side.

"Why," he said, "I am glad indeed, to meet you, Cousin Edith. I and John Reynolds, your cousin, whom you have never seen, Mother sent me over to excuse her for that awful letter Williams sent you. She didn't know about it all afterwards. Mother's coming this afternoon. You know grandfather appointed you her guardian and left you heir to a large sum. Mother wanted it to be a surprise, but that meddling Williams spoiled it all."

"Oh," gasped Edith, "then I am to stay here in my own dear home with you and your mother, oh, Cousin John, it will be wonderful! But I beg your pardon, you are probably hungry. Won't you come into 'our' house for lunch?"

His Limit.

"I understand Mr. Rasp," began the suave stranger, "that you once voted for the Hon. —"

"Yes," admitted old Rumpus Rasp, "I voted for him a good many years ago. Also I once applied my youthful tongue to an ice-cold sledge hammer. Like-wise I once paid tuition to a correspondence school for growing tall by mail and thereby becoming irresistible to the ladies. But it won't do you any good to produce that fat package which I observe outlined through your coat and which I suspect is a simple volume of 'Great Flights of Oratory by American Batherskites,' for while I own up to having been a fool in my time it infatuates me to be called, even by implication, a hopeless durn fool."
—Kansas City Star.

The School That Counts.

In a certain reserve battalion in Iceland there was a company sergeant major who had no liking for returned expeditionary men. One day a party of these were engaged on a miniature rifle range, and one "marksman" was making an awful mess of his target.

"Where did you fire a musketry course, man?" asked the C. S. M. in ruffled tones.

The man in the prone position turned on his side and naively answered: "Where they fire them back at you, sir."

From that day onward, the C. S. M. was quite gentle and harmonious.

SEASICK

By GRACE WEATHERBY.

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In the big veranda of the summer home of the wealthy Dodkins, a slim young girl swung lazily back and forth in the rosy hammock. At her side in the depths of a wicker chair was the girl's brother, dressed in the trim uniform of a lieutenant in the army. They were looking at some pictures taken of a merry party of young people on a trip down the wide river. It had happened over a month ago. Suddenly Dorothy tore a snapshot across with a vicious little cry.

"Hold on there, sis!" cried her brother, in consternation. "What are you trying to do?"

"I am tearing up Larry Scott's picture, 'cause I don't want it in the house, that's what, young man!" answered his sister, angrily.

For a minute or two neither of them spoke. Then her brother said gently: "Say, Dots, do you think you were absolutely square to that fellow?" Dorothy did not answer. Hugh went on: "You know, sis, a fellow can't help it if he gets seasick. It doesn't make him less of a man, you know. I'm sure that just because Scott got seasick on a little river trip doesn't mean that he isn't one fine fellow. I call it a shame!" Hugh waxed eloquent in his chum's behalf. "The idea of any sane girl trying the gun to a perfectly splendid chap like Scott just because he got seasick! Good-night nurse!"

Dorothy spoke in a little meek voice that had a catch in it. "Hugh, come here." He came and sat on the edge of the couch. "Hugh," she went on, "I know you are right, but I can't go back and tell him so, can I? I love him, and it was just a spell of anger and disgust that prompted me to do it, and in front—of—all—those—people!" It ended in a rush of sobs and tears, and at this turn of events poor Hugh was dumfounded. He tried in a rather clumsy way to pat her head. "There, now, sis," he said rather unsteadily himself, "I wouldn't cry over it, you know."

For a long while she lay there in the hammock, and now and then a tear stole down her cheek. Why had she been so absurdly foolish? Well, it was all over now, and he would never speak to her again.

That evening Dorothy was dressed in her prettiest gown. She did not feel much like dressing up for a party that night, though, but she did. It was to be a dance on the deck of that same yacht that had caused all this unhappiness. At last she was ready, and with her tall brother dressed in his uniform beside her, she started out for the yacht. It was a beautiful night, and the deck of the boat was prettily trimmed with Japanese lanterns. Dorothy danced for an hour, and then went by herself to the top deck and stood by the rail. Oh, if Larry would only come back to her! Suddenly some one appeared beside her in the uniform of a sailor in the United States navy. For a minute she looked at him in silence, and then gave a little cry of relief as Larry Scott took his little sweetheart in his arms. After a while he spoke: "See, girly, I can stand up straight now, without being sick!" He surely could, and that felt a glow of pride for her sister.

"Larry," she asked timidly, "were you really sick that other day?" Larry's hearty laugh rang out. "Of course not, it was just a test to see what you were made of, Dorkins, and you sat on me so hard I was rather peeved!"

"Do you forgive me?" she asked, lifting her face to his. Just as he blessed her a whole party of noisy young people came on the deck. For a minute they stood and looked in amazement at the two figures by the rail, and then they bowed in appreciation of the sight that met their eyes. They formed a ring about the two, and danced a merry jig around them.

When they reached Dorothy's home once more Larry told her a bit of news that rather dampened the joy of the evening. "Girly, I've got to say good-by now, because my ship sails in two hours. Will you wear this as a token of your promise?" He drew from his pocket a ring made of twisted gold in the shape of a sailor's knot. He slipped it on her finger and then, with a fond farewell, hurried away to join his ship with joy in his heart.

War Gardens Aid Canteen Service.

Twenty-six war garden chairmen in Knoxville, Tenn., held a curb market last summer. Wagons, automobiles, and drays brought in the produce, which sold from the curb from seven o'clock to 11:30 o'clock in the morning. The money cleared has been used for the benefit of the canteen service of the Red Cross. The city home-demonstration agents had a table of canned products on display at the curb markets, gave government bulletins, and answered questions concerning canning, wheatless recipes, and other food problems.

His Uncertainty.

"I can't seem to get used to these 'ore' influenza masks," admitted the gent from Jimpeon Junction, who is temporarily in the Big Burg. "Every once in a while I come around a corner suddenly and find myself face to face with one of 'em, and throw up my hands and begin to stutter. They may be an awful good thing for the purpose for which they were predicated, but they are mighty nerve wrecking on us fellows from the back lots."
—Kansas City Star.

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