

**"THE TRESPASSER"**  
By BERTHA WOOD.

"Everything is just perfect," declared Winifred, with a critical look at the pantry shelves.

"I suppose the things will have to do," sighed Aunt Hannah. "I suppose there is enough—such as it is; but I did want a raspberry shortcake."

"I know you make delicious ones, auntie. I haven't forgotten how they fairly melt in your mouth. I will pick the berries if you will make one. Only you will have to tell me where to find them," and Winifred reached for her sun-bonnet and pail.

"That's just the trouble. Raspberries are awfully scarce this year. But there are loads down in Lawyer Peters' field. The hillside is red with them; but his overseer is so strict that not a soul can come near the place. He will let the berries rot before he will allow anybody to come and pick them," and Mrs. Brown looked very much discouraged.

"I am sure I can get some without hurting his old grass—and I will," laughed Winifred, a look of daring coming into her dark eyes. "We shall have that shortcake tonight."

Nodding gaily she started across lots to the Peters farm. She had not far to go, and was soon kneeling down in the grass on the hillside. She picked desperately and smiled as she saw how soon her pail would be full.

"There! I haven't tangled his old grass a single bit," she breathed as she arose and looked around. "Auntie will have her shortcake, and Mr. Peters will never know I visited his berry field."

At that moment two men came over the brow of the hill. One was clad as a farmer, and she readily recognized him as the overseer. The other was a city-clad gentleman, who was a stranger to her, yet she felt certain it was no other than Mr. Peters himself.

Slowly they made their way down the hill toward Winifred. Pulling her hat far down over her crimson face she pretended not to see them.

"There, Mr. Peters, I told you there was someone in the berry field," cried Jake excitedly. How Winifred's cheeks burned at the words!

"Never mind, Jake. I am sure we do not begrudge her a few berries, when the hillside is red with them."

Winifred sprang up and faced them. She saw a way whereby she might escape humiliation.

"Senior, Senior! No comprende In-gha."

"She is Spanish," exclaimed Lawyer Peters, answering her as best he could with his slight knowledge of the language.

"A pretty face will fool man every time," grumbled Jake, as he walked stiffly away. "He will let her trample my grass all down just on account of her large dark eyes and wavy black hair."

Meanwhile Mr. Peters walked by her side to her sun's door, carrying the pail of stolen fruit.

"Mr. Peters," exclaimed that astounded body, "Come in and have some dinner, do."

"Not this time, but I will hold that invitation good," was his laughing reply. "You will see enough of me. And take all the berries you want from the old hillside."

"Well, if I ever!" ejaculated the puzzled woman, looking from the pail of luscious berries to Winifred's crimson face. "Tell me just how it happened. How did you know Ralph Peters? I am dreadfully pleased with the berries, though."

"And I am to go again when you want more," cried the girl, dithering with amusement. Then she told the story and concluded: "Aunt Hannah, don't you dare forget that I am Spanish. Mr. Peters may call again, and I want you to remember that I can speak nothing but Spanish."

"Just as you say, child," and the good woman indulged in a fit of laughing. "I don't wonder he took you for a foreigner, with your snapping dark eyes and black curls."

The Red Cross supper was a great success. Aunt Hannah's shortcake received much praise.

Ralph Peters became a constant visitor at the Brown home, never suspecting the deceit, and Winifred welcomed him with an increasing feeling of guilt. As her visit drew to a close he began to realize that he loved this beautiful Spanish girl and wished her to be his wife. Winifred did not interrupt him as he told his love as best he could in Spanish. Then she burst into tears and told him all.

"Ah, my little trespasser! You not only stole my berries, but my heart also. Now talk English, sweetheart, to make up for lost time."

**149th F. A. BOYS  
SETTLING DOWN  
TO CIVIL LIFE**

O. D's are Passe and "Civies" Feel Good to Fellows with Three Overseas Service Stripes.

"I gotta Kiss 'em all" is the way Sam Bertolin greeted the fair sex of Downers Grove on his arrival here Saturday afternoon. In that one little sentence he spoke volumes for himself and the rest of the boys of the 149th Field Artillery when they hit their home town.

Those discharged Saturday were: Grant Nash, Dwight Cox, Stewart Burns, Sam Bertolin, Harry Grant, Frederick Sacksteder, George Nargney, and Gilbert Lacey. Myron Towseley, a member of headquarters company, did not get his little red chevron until Monday. Two other local boys, members of the outfit, Fred Edwards and Chester Hall have been home several weeks.

An impromptu reception committee composed of almost the entire town met the 3:15 train here Saturday expecting the boys would be on it, but they were disappointed. Lacey and Nash had arrived on the 2:00 o'clock and Sgt. Burns came home by the way of Wheaton getting here about 1:30. This one disappointment, however, did not dampen the enthusiasm of the welcomers as they met every train until the 5:10 here, when they were rewarded for their patience as Nargney and Bertolin stepped off the train. It was then Sam made the remark which heads this story and he carried out his threat so far as possible.

For these fellows who wear three foreign service chevrons on their sleeves, O. D's are passe and "Civies" the official uniform. The way they discarded those wrapped leggings in everything for the habiliments of peace was an eye opener to local people.

They are glad they were able to do their bit to save the world but much gladder that it is now all over and they can be civilians once more.

**TRAVELERS AID  
SOCIETY MEETS  
AT WHEATON**

A meeting will be held in Wheaton, Illinois, at the City Hall, Friday, May 16, at 8:00 p. m. by the Travelers Aid Society, for the purpose of organizing the work in DuPage County. Mr. Everett L. Meservey the General Secretary of the Travelers Aid Society for Illinois will address the meeting.

Great opportunity for aiding young girls while traveling or establishing themselves in new positions, and also those persons who while traveling have become sick or lost their pocket-books, has been found, and it is hoped that in this extension of its activities the society will meet with the hearty co-operation of all who are interested in its beneficent work.

**FIFTY YEARS OF  
HAPPY MARRIED  
LIFE CELEBRATED**

(Continued from First Page)

sented Mr. Heardt with an autograph book and Mrs. Heardt with a beautiful bouquet.

The orchestra then played a selection and Company H. of the Home Guards marched in, each shaking hands with Mr. and Mrs. Heardt and speaking a pleasant personal word as they filed by.

This was followed by a brief but eloquent address from Rev. J. F. Jenness, D.D., formerly pastor here. He said that during his long ministry of more than twenty-five years he had never known a couple more deserving of the honor accorded them than Mr. and Mrs. Heardt.

"Tenting Tonight" was beautifully rendered by the Ladies' Quartette.

Mrs. Charles Knoblauch, Master of the Grove Lodge then brought the greetings of that organization.

He was followed by Rev. B. H. Fleming, the present pastor of the church, who spoke of that church as being generous, friendly and spiritual and credited Mr. and Mrs. Heardt with having contributed much in these varied ways of making the church the power in the community that it is today.

Mrs. R. E. Rassweiler then sang in her accomplished way an appropriate solo and Miss Myrtle Nielsen presented Mrs. Heardt with a bouquet of fifty golden roses, one for each year of married bliss.

The climax of this elaborate program came when Mr. George Heardt arose to make his remarks.

He began by saying, "Mr. Chairman, Gentlemen and Ladies, I guess the first thing I'll do is wipe off the sweat!" This brought down the house. His well prepared speech went into the discard and he proceeded to extemporize in his unique and gifted way. Those present will never forget his words of appreciation to his many friends and his beautiful tribute to his faithful wife.

The church parlor which had been decorated for the occasion by the ladies of the church were then thrown open and when the audience had crowded in they were treated to a little surprise.

Lohengrin's Wedding March was sounded, the bride and groom marched in, and in a beautiful and unique manner were remarried by the Rev. J. F. Jenness.

Greetings and felicitations were then exchanged, refreshments were served, and the happy company departed for home at a late hour, declaring it to be the most conspicuously successful event of its kind ever held in Downers Grove.

This sketch could not be complete without adding the following facts: George B. Heardt and Elizabeth Ann Oldfield were united in marriage by the Rev. R. D. Russell, at Cass, DuPage County, Illinois, on May 11th, 1869. The four children born to bless this union were all present. They are Mrs. Bertha M. Gregory and John B. Heardt of Cass, Irving G. Heardt of Downers Grove and Mrs. Cora B. Lott, wife of Rev. L. B. Lott of Genoa, Illinois.

Eight persons were present who attended the wedding 50 years ago. Mr. Joseph Batterham Mrs. Frances Batterham Mrs. Richard Evans

Miss Jerusha Heardt Mr. Edwin Heardt Mrs. Anna Maerker Mrs. Marie Herring Mr. George Pearson Mr. George B. Heardt was born at Barry, Pike County, Illinois. He served the Union for nearly four and one-half years during the Civil War, enlisting as a private in Co. B, Thirty-Third Illinois Volunteer Infantry.

Mr. Heardt has been very active in Township affairs, having served 13 years as Highway Commissioner and 12 years as Treasurer of the Board. He was also for many years an honored and progressive member of the Village Council of Downers Grove.

At present he is president of the Lord Lumber Company, a director of the Farmers and Merchants Bank of

Downers Grove and of the Hinsdale Trust and Savings Bank, of which latter institution he was one of the organizers.

He is a Master Mason, a member of the G. A. R. and a trustee of the

First Methodist Episcopal Church of Downers Grove.

The Reporter joins the entire community in extending to these worthy and highly respected citizens their heartiest congratulations.

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