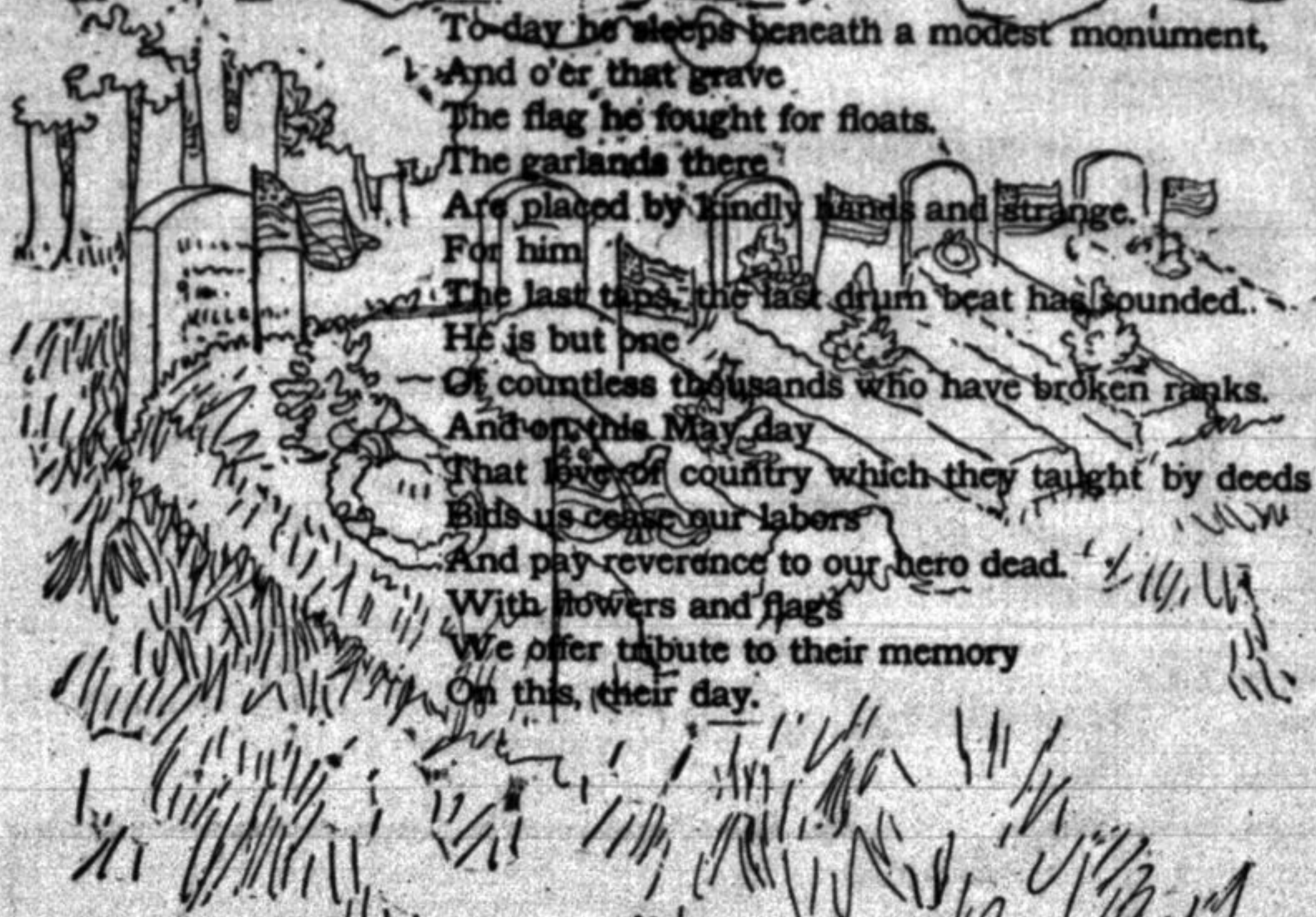
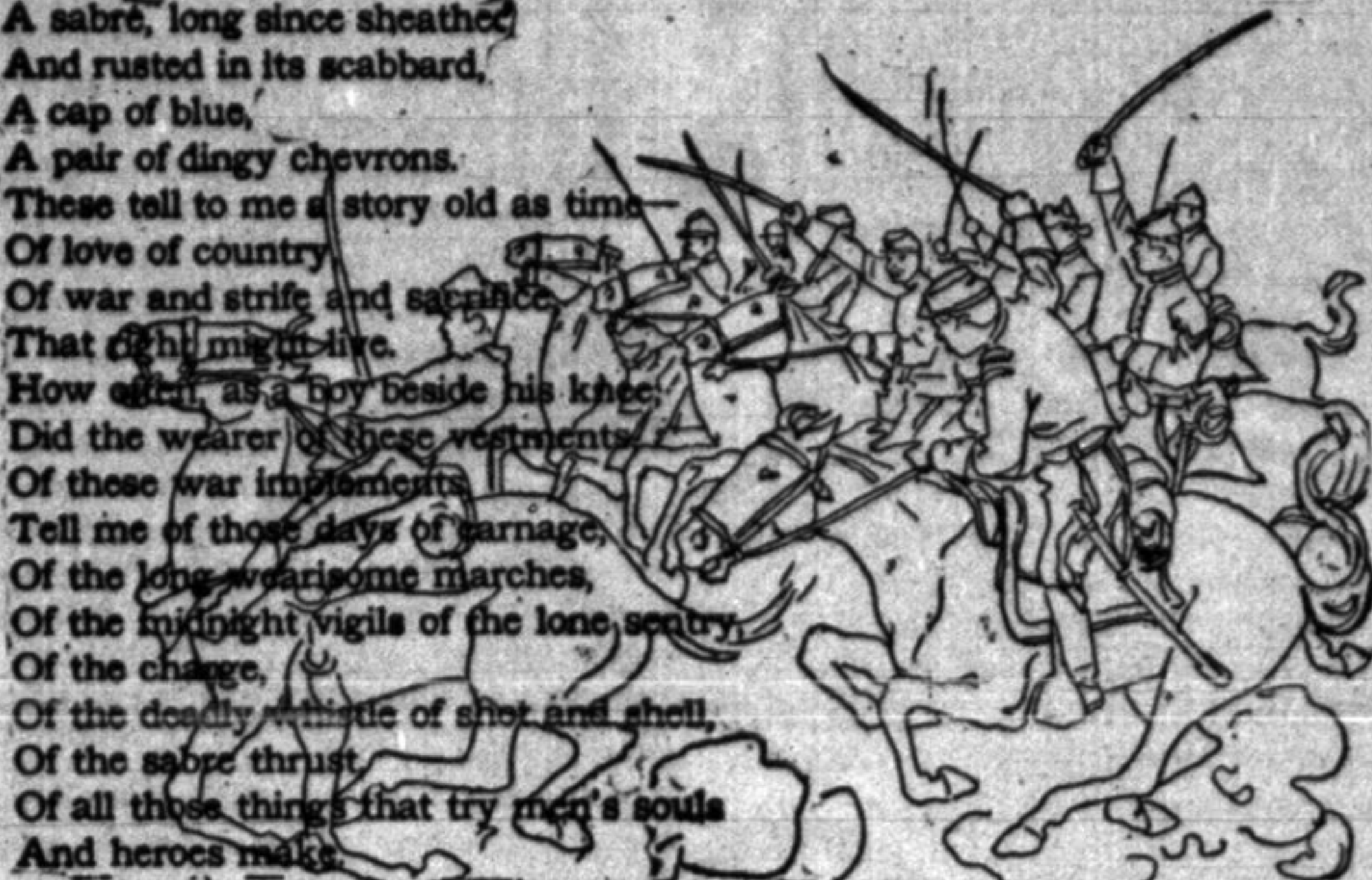


SOLDIER FATHERS

'Tis an old faded uniform
I love;
A sabre, long since sheathed
And rusted in its scabbard,
A cap of blue,
A pair of dingy chevrons.
These tell to me a story old as time
Of love of country
Of war and strife and sacrifice
That might have lived
How often, as a boy beside his knee,
Did the wearer of these vestments
Of these war implements
Tell me of those days of carnage,
Of the long wearisome marches,
Of the midnight vigils of the lone sentry,
Of the charge,
Of the deadly missile of shot and shell,
Of the sabre thrust
Of all those things that try men's souls
And heroes make.



To-day he sleeps beneath a modest monument,
And o'er that grave
The flag he fought for floats.
The garlands there
Are placed by kindly hands and strange.
For him
The last time the last drum beat has sounded.
He is but one
Of countless thousands who have broken ranks.
And on this May day
That love of country which they taught by deeds
Bids us cease our labors
And pay reverence to our hero dead.
With flowers and flags
We offer tribute to their memory
On this, their day.

We are a mighty nation; mighty in war and mighty in peace. Strong as the world knows strength, and it is our patriotism, our love of country, that makes us strong.

For the love of country that possesses us we are indebted to our soldier fathers, to the tales of warfare we have listened to at their knees. The boy who has heard with staring eyes and bated breath the story of the charge, of the hand-to-hand encounter, has inhaled patriotism with every sentence. These tales have made of him a man, a citizen, a patriot. They have attuned his spirit to the beat of the drum and the blare of the bugle.

How many, many of these stories have been told to me, but as I look back upon them now, and count them over and over again, those of one type seem the most pleasing. They are not the stories of death, of shot and shell, and sabre thrust; they are more like stories of peace.

It was at Corinth. All day and well into the night the battle had waged. When the stream of the shells ceased, and the long battle lines laid down upon their arms, the sentries in blue and gray kept touch. Tired eyes made effort to pierce the darkness, ears were strained for the least suspicious sound. From out of the blackness of the night there came a voice.

"Yank, have you any water? I'm almost dead for a drink."

"Plenty, Johnny. Come over and get it."

Both were battling for the right, as they saw the right. Both were true to their cause, seeking every advantage. Both were men, true-hearted chivalrous men. There was no fear of treachery on either side as they advanced into the darkness to meet and drink from the same canteen.

Such has always been the type of the American soldier. He goes to battle not as a paid murderer, but as a patriot. He is magnanimous, chivalrous—a man. He fights not for vengeance, but for a cause. He fights fair, as fair as war can be made. He has taught the whole world a new definition of the word "soldier."

—WRIGHT A. PATTERSON.

(Copyright by the Author.)

At the end of the nursery dinner shared by Tom and Dick there came a dish of fruit which bore but one apple. Straightway Tom began to wall. "Now, what is the matter?" said the mother; "what are you crying for now?" "Because," said Tom, with mournful dignity, "because there is no apple for Dick!"

"For my part," said one, "I think Fred is very bright and capable. I am confident he will succeed." "Yes," replied the other, "he is certainly a worthy young man, but I doubt whether he has head enough to fill his father's shoes."

WEST & CO.,

Plumbers

Hot Water Heating,
Plumbing,
Steam Fitting,
Gas Fitting and
Drainage

Special Attention to Phone Orders

Phone 201

Highland Park



R. E. WINTER
Watchmaker, Jeweler & Optician
Repairing a Specialty
Highwood, Illinois Phone 1131



AT LAST!

A REMEDY FOR YOUR RED STOVE TOP!

We guarantee one application of STOVINK will keep it black more than a month. STOVINK will not burn off, peel or rub off. One cent a week will keep your stove black without any work. No smell and is not explosive. A child can apply it. All dealers, 25c. For sale by LILLIAN HARDWARE CO., Highland Park.

After a short meeting a little singing was indulged in by some of the members of a social gathering, and, half way down the program the name of Miss Belinda Brown figured. Alas when the time came for her to appear a messenger arrived to say that the lady was suffering from a bad cold, and therefore the chairman had to excuse her to the audience. "Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "I have to announce that Miss Brown will be unable to sing as announced, and, therefore, Mr. Green will give us a song of Thanksgiving."

And, too, upon the unjust fellows; But more upon the just, because The unjust have the just's umbrellas. —Judge.

When Andrew D. White was minister to Germany, he received some queer letters from Americans. Perhaps the funniest of all was a mandatory epistle from an old lady living in the west, who enclosed in her letter pieces of white linen, each some six inches square. "We are going to have a fair in our church," she wrote, "and I am making an autograph quilt. I want you to get me the autographs of the emperor, the empress, and the crown prince, and tell them to be very careful not to write too near the edge of the squares, as a seam has to be allowed for putting them together."

"Mark my words," declared Mrs. Prancer, laying down the law to her long suffering husband, "by the end of the century woman will have the rights she is fighting for." "I shan't care if she has," replied Prancer. "Do you mean it?" cried his wife. "Have I at last brought you round to my way of thinking? Won't you really care?" "Not a bit, my dear," returned her husband resignedly. "I'll be dead then."

Many years ago when the first steam shovel was set to work in a railway, cutting, an Irish laborer, after watching it awhile, broke out with wrath, "Ye blathering old stame engine, ye can take bread out of honest men's mouths, but ye can't vote."