

Grand Jubilee

Commemorating the 400th Anniversary of the Reformation

1917 marks the 400th Anniversary of the Reformation. This momentous event, which has brought incalculably great blessings to all mankind, will be fittingly celebrated at

Patten Gymnasium

(Northwestern University) Evanston

Sunday, Sept. 16 7:45 P. M.

A festival long to be remembered by all who attend it. Good music and a powerful and interesting speaker, Prof. O. Boecler, of Springfield, Ill.

Music by Hand's Band

Armin F. Hand, Director

Let every Protestant, whatever his creed, who has praise in his heart to God for this great gift--the Reformation--celebrate with us. No admission and seats for all.

Take either Surface Line or "L" to Noyes St., Evanston, and walk east to Sheridan Rd.

The Lutheran Churches of the North Shore

Council of National Defense WOMAN'S COMMITTEE

Official News Notes on all War Work

The date of the formal registration of women, under the Women's Committee of the Council of National Defense, has been changed from the week of September 17th to the week of November 5th.

Registration quiz, quiz will be held in the Sunday School rooms of the Presbyterian church Friday afternoon at 3:00 p.m. All the ladies who have attended lectures on registration are urged to be present.

Y. W. C. A.

The Association Home on West Central Avenue, where rooms are let to all varieties of female relatives of men at Fort Sheridan, is now full and the Association is finding it extremely difficult to keep even one room on a transient basis, so desirous are these ladies of making Highland Park a more or less permanent abiding place.

On Thursday next, by way of adding to the comfort of its guests, the Association plans to move its restaurant department to the Association Home in time for Thursday evening dinner, whereafter all Y. W. C. A. meals will be served at that place.

One understands that the Y. W. C. A. is planning various entertainments for the soldiers of the fort, not the least among which will be a series of Saturday evening receptions for the residents of the Association Home, their soldier relatives and their soldier-relatives' friends.

American Fund for French Wounded
This week the American Fund is shipping one hundred comfortably filled comfort bags to France.

Simple sewing will hereafter be given out by the Fund on Wednesdays (at any hour during the day) at the Parish house of the Trinity church. This sewing, which may be done at home, will be upon garments intended for French children and babies in need.

Daughters of the American Flag

The Barbara Fritch Chapter of the Daughters of the American Flag will hold its regular meeting at the home of Mrs. C. N. Kimball on Saturday morning at 10 a. m.

On last Saturday, in addition to its regular meeting, the Chapter indulg-

ed in a large and beautiful cake and flower sale upon the lawn of the Y. W. C. A. Association Home on West Central Avenue. The cake sale was a daisy, the flowers went like hot cakes and about \$85.00 flowed smoothly in to fill the coffers of the chapter. This money, as all funds of the D. A. F., will be used in the purchase of yarns which the daughters will proceed to knit into garments for our men under the flag.

Army and Navy Center

The Army and Navy Center wishes gratefully to acknowledge the receipt of a number of tea-spoons. It wishes also to solicit the donation of a few more. The tea-spoons that you used to use in the days when Highland Park was a simple little village, without a single country-club or garage or Army and Navy Center or anything, but which you have long since tucked away out of sight--these are the ones we want. As soon as we have enough we will let you know.

The regular Patriotic Vespers, under the auspices of the Army and Navy Center, will take place on Sunday evening in the Lake Front Park, whereafter these Vespers will be discontinued for a month. The Center has, as present, a plan on foot to create a Sunday evening club--similar to the Chicago Evening Club--but this organization will not make its debut until the arrival of the next detachment of men at Fort Sheridan.

Having taken care of two hundred men an evening during the past few weeks, the Center, with the departure of the First Illinois Artillery, is entering upon a short period of comparative calm. Of this lull, which is to be of short duration, advantage will be taken for the installation of pleasing additional amusements.

American Red Cross

Chicago Chapter's share of the 1,500,000 sets of knitted articles called for by Major Krayson M. P. Murphy, American Red Cross, for use of our soldiers in France this coming winter is 60,000 sets.

The scarcity of wool and yarn is a growing source of anxiety to the American Red Cross and we urge you to exercise the greatest, most rigid economy in its use.

Knitting lessons are given free daily at 601 Tower Building from 10:00 a. m. to 4:30 p. m., and printed directions may be obtained there also.

Only by the greatest diligence, patriotic zeal and conservation of material will we be able to fill our order for 60,000 sets. We realize keenly the call upon the sympathies of the auxiliaries by friends of "the boys" now going in such large numbers to camps, cantonments and to France, but we are compelled to draw your attention to the fact that all work of the auxiliaries of the American Red Cross must be delivered to the American Red Cross.

Only a strict observance of this procedure may we be sure that all the brave, devoted men who are willing to undergo the rigors of training and fighting this coming winter in France will be treated alike in the distribution of these outfits.

Mrs. John MacMahon, Chairman Committee on Auxiliaries Chicago Chapter, American Red Cross

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A Mistake

The Story of How Two Sisters Were Reunited.

By PAULINE D. EDWARDS

Although the Horner sisters had lived in the same house for forty years, during twenty of those long years they had not exchanged a word.

No one in Rosedale knew why Abigail had suddenly taken up her residence in the north wing of the old house and Sophia had settled her belongings in the sunny south half. At the time conjecture had been rife, but the nine days' wonder had settled into a strong conviction that they had disagreed over the "propety," for it was shortly after old Judge Horner's death that the estrangement began.

Every Sunday morning the sisters stepped primly down the graveled path to the gate and in wordless silence wended their way to church and up the aisle to the Horner pew. In vain had the pastor remonstrated with them singly and together. While open to reason and conviction on every other point, they were dumb regarding the cause of their wordless strife.

It was June now, and Sophia was digging among her pansies. She was slight and pale, with a pleasant, mild face that now and then started one by settling into firm lines around the mouth. Abigail's features were cast in a sterner mold, and the lines about her mouth were deeper, and this characteristic feature in both sisters was known as "Horner spunk," and it was generally agreed that "Horner spunk" was at the root of the trouble.

Abigail stood under the cedars with a copy of the county paper in her hand. She was slowly reading an article for the fifth time:

The Rev. Paul Weemers, pastor of the Park Methodist church, New York, will preach in the First church at Rosedale on Sunday evening next. It will be remembered that the First church of Rosedale was Mr. Weemers' first charge, and his return will be the occasion of much pleasure to his old friends and parishioners. Mr. Weemers will be accompanied by his wife.

She looked across the boxwood hedge into Sophia's garden. The news would interest Sophia as well as herself. Abigail thought of this as she stood there looking at Sophia's stooping form. There was a certain stern integrity about Abigail that urged her to break the long silence and to impart the news she had read to her sister. There was an underlying tenderness, too, toward her younger sister that the bitter resentment of years could not destroy. She resolved that Sophia should not be taken unaware.

She leaned over the hedge and dropped the newspaper under Sophia's nose.

Sophia squeaked with surprise as the paper rattled among the pansies, and there was blank astonishment in her nearsighted eyes as she lifted them to gaze upon the grim, uncompromising face of her sister.

The latter pointed to the paper with an old time gesture of command, and Sophia, adjusting her spectacles, sought the wrong page with agitated eagerness. Then she turned the sheet, and presently a nervous cluck and the dull reddening of her cheek announced that she had found the item. In her excitement the younger woman spoke. "He will call," she said softly, as if to herself.

The next day was Saturday, and all day long Sophia's lavender muslin hung on the clothesline, bending and swaying in the soft west wind like a misty wreath of Sophia herself. Abigail looked sternly upon the dress. She had been on her way to the front chamber to look over a well preserved summer silk, but the sight of the dress seemed to proclaim the boldness of Sophia--a boldness that was unexpected and that seemed to rouse a stern maidenliness in the older woman. She reddened darkly and went hastily downstairs again.

In the solitude of her own front room she sat and thought. The stern upbringing of the Horner girls had discouraged the coming of suitors, and it was not until after their father's death that Paul Weemers came to preach at the First church. He had been equally attentive to both sisters and it was perhaps natural that each should believe herself to be the preferred one and the other an interloper. When Paul received a tall to a larger parish he came to say goodby, and when he asked old Hannah if Miss Horner was in the sisters appeared simultaneously. Suddenly Abigail was called away, and when she returned to the parlor the young minister had gone and Sophia was standing at the window with a bewildered look on her pretty face.

Then a white rage had taken possession of Abigail, and her tongue had loosed upon the frightened Sophia, who turned fiercely with upbraiding contradictions. After that scene, which no one witnessed, began the long silence. As her thoughts wandered back to the past she knew she had been unjust to her sister, for really neither of the sisters had any real reason for thinking Mr. Weemers was in love with her which made Abigail's outbreak toward her sister all the more unjustifiable. It was of these things that Abigail was thinking.

The next day was Sunday, and Sophia stepped down the path alone, her worn hymn book clasped in her mitted hands. She cast many anxious backward glances at the north wing

where Abigail's stern profile was outlined against the windowpane. She was bent over the pages of a religious journal, and it was evident she did not intend to go to church that morning. Sophia went on alone, swinging her fresh muslin skirts and holding her head rather high, quite unaware that Abigail was watching her with accusing eyes of mingled pity and resentment.

Sophia did not know why she was hurrying to church that morning with a pink spot in either faded cheek, but her heart beat quickly, and she was conscious of a pleasant excitement at the idea of seeing Paul Weemers again. That was all. She fluttered the leaves of her Bible as she waited for the service to begin. She wondered vaguely where Mrs. Weemers would sit and concluded that she was the fashionably attired woman who sat in the minister's pew. She was a plump, pretty woman, with dark hair waving back from a fresh, youthful complexion. Then Paul Weemers came in, and Sophia gasped with surprise. He was rather stout and much older, and his hair and beard were quite gray.

The next morning while the sisters were attending to their separate household duties the doorbell toned dimly. Abigail went into the front hall and, peering through the side window light, saw a man in clerical garments accompanied by a woman. She paused for a moment with a hand on the knob; then she opened the door.

"Now, Miss Abigail, I don't believe you recognize me," exclaimed the man heartily. "I didn't see you in church yesterday, although I am sure that I recognized your sister."

"Mr. Weemers, isn't it?" asked Abigail coldly. "Won't you come in?"

"Yes, and this is my wife; my dear, this is Miss Horner, one of my old friends and parishioners."

"I have heard my husband speak of you and your lovely old house, Miss Horner," said the lady pleasantly.

They went into Abigail's cool parlor. "Where is Miss Sophia?" inquired Mr. Weemers with evident interest.

"I will call her," said Abigail reluctantly.

She stepped across the hall and opened Sophia's door. That was the signal when there was company for both. "Don't you care, Sophia," she whispered with fierce intensity as her sister followed her into the room.

Sophia was visibly agitated. She stammered greetings to the minister and his wife, which Abigail tried to cover by commonplace remarks, but there was an atmosphere of constraint over the four people.

"Will you have some refreshment?" asked Abigail presently. "It is a very warm day," she observed. She left the room and presently returned with foaming glasses of root beer and a plate of freshly cut sponge cake. She ate nothing herself, but looked intently from her sister to Mr. Weemers and then at the minister's wife.

The latter set down her glass. "Do you know, Miss Horner, that when my husband told me he was coming to Rosedale on Sunday I was delighted. The first thing I said was, 'Now I shall see the Horner teapot!'"

Abigail's face softened. "So he remembered our teapot?" she asked.

"Yes, indeed. I have a mania for old china, and Paul shares the mania. He has spoken of the teapot as such a lovely example of willow pattern, and I told him I positively must see it."

Abigail went to a walnut cabinet and brought forth a large blue and white teapot. It had been in the Horner family for many generations and was a treasured heirloom.

"How perfectly lovely!" exclaimed Mrs. Weemers, while her husband hung over it in silent admiration. Suddenly he straightened back in his chair and laughed heartily.

"You do not know, Miss Abigail, how hard I strove one day, many years ago, to ask you to sell me that famous teapot. I had seen it and succumbed to its beauty. I remember, just a day or so before I left Rosedale, I called to say goodby and at the same time to ask if you would sell it, but I realized my presumption and hardly hoped you would do so. I tried to broach the subject, but somehow I couldn't seem to make any headway. I recollect that you were called from the room, and I tried to approach your sister on the subject, but she seemed to want to talk of everything except the teapot, so I gave it up and went away. I wrote to you once and asked about it, but as I never heard from you I presume the letter went astray."

Abigail and Sophia were looking at each other over the blue teapot. There was a startled expression in Sophia's eyes, while Abigail looked pityingly at her sister.

Abigail found her voice first. "My sister and I would like to give you the teapot, Mrs. Weemers," she said, with decision in her tones. "There is no one to care for it after we are gone, and you and your husband seem to prize it so highly we would like you to have it."

"But--we cannot--it is too much," stammered Mrs. Weemers.

"Oh, yes!" cried Sophia eagerly. "You must take it. We want you to have it, Abigail and I have so many old fashioned things."

Abigail left the room to wrap the teapot in paper and to escape the effusive thanks of the delighted Weemers. Sophia followed her sister, trembling with some unexplained emotion.

Removing the lid, Abigail thrust her hand into the teapot and drew forth a yellowed envelope. She held it toward Sophia.

"It's yours," she said shortly.

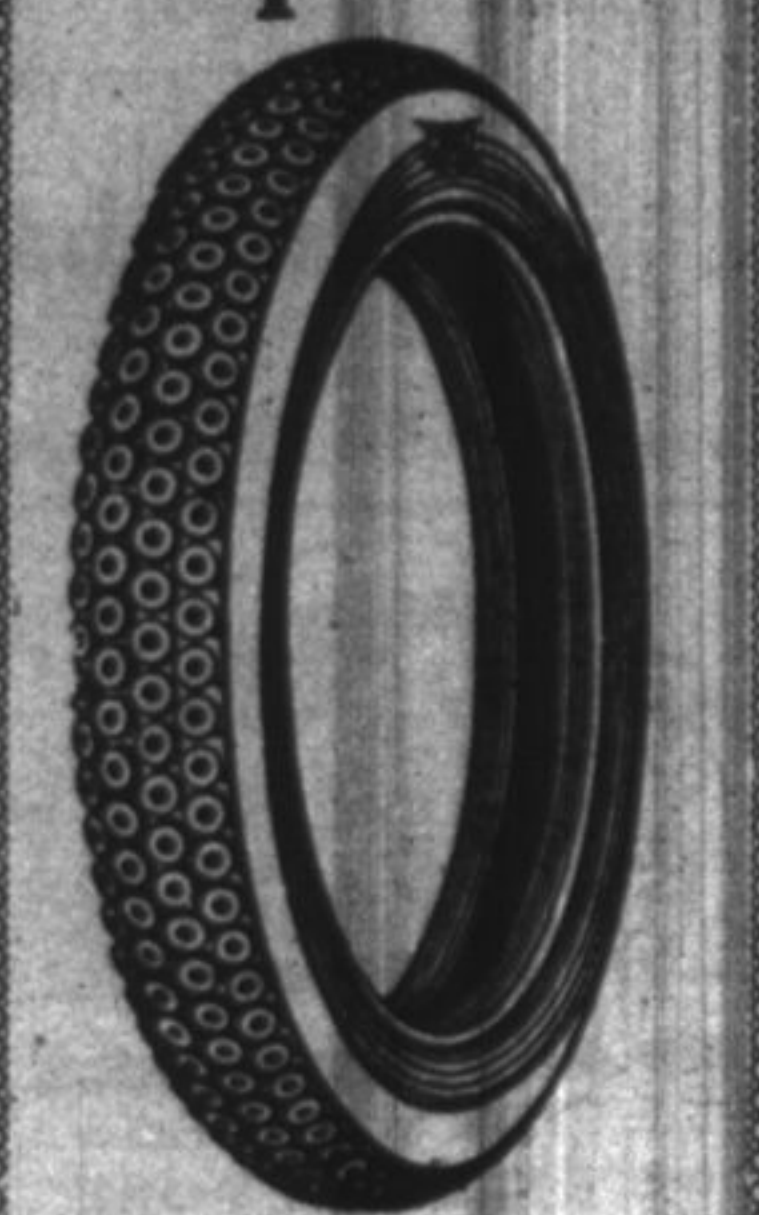
"No; it's yours," returned Sophia.

"If it's mine," said Abigail in grim tones, "I'll burn it up." And she thrust it into the stove.

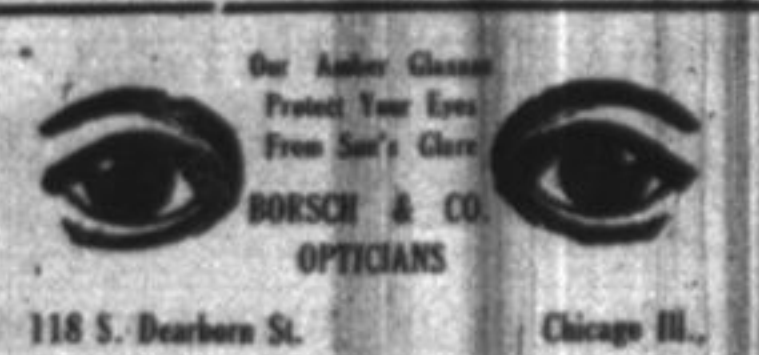
"Shall we have tea together in the big dining room tonight, Abigail?" asked Sophia timidly.

"Of course we will," said Abigail.

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