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SONS IN SERVICE

A striking example of the good-heartedness of a Highland Park boy has come to our knowledge, and we are making it public for the sake of the community which he represents:

A young Italian boy, member of a company in Waco, Texas, was so slow and awkward in acquiring the rudiments of military training that he became the butt of all the jokes. His feet just would not co-ordinate themselves with marching time. His hands were all thumbs, and his carriage poor. One day when his luck had been exceptionally bad in drill, and he had been painfully advised to put his feet in his pocket, the "boy from home" thought he noticed tears in his eyes. This was too much for the Highland Parker.

After drill he went up to the foreign-born lad who was trying so pitifully hard to get in step for Uncle Sam and became a good American, and offered to help him in private. The boy accepted with a heart full of gratitude, and later on he was taken off by himself and instructed with great care and patience in standing, in marching, saluting, and the manual of arms.

After several days of this the boy became noticeably proficient, but that is going ahead of the story. In the evening of that first day of special instruction by "the boy from home," shortly before taps, the Italian boy came to the tent of his instructor with three oranges in his hands. He had brought them to his benefactor with a full heart of gratitude, and, after lingering awhile in conversation which revealed an appalling handicap in opportunity and education, taps sounded. Inside the tent, one might have seen the American standing with the oranges while he shook the hand of the young Italian whose dark eyes now glowed quite frankly with tears.

Two weeks ago we printed the letter of Daniel Cobb, written on the boat. The following is his first letter home after his arrival:

September 10, 1918.

Dear One:— At last our ocean trip is over. I trust that its length and your consequent not hearing from me has not given you anxiety. As I told you in my steamer letter we were really very fortunate in our accommodations, meals, and number aboard. The best part of our trip however was our landing and our first impression of France could scarcely have been favorable. We came in by the same river Melville did last year, anchored at its mouth for the night and slowly steamed up in the morning. It had rained all night (the first rain they had had for some time they told us) and I never saw such wonderful greens as the rolling country on either side of the river was tinted. It all looked as if it had been laid out by some landscape architect, so artistic were the gatherings of different sized and shaggy trees—the varied styled church steeples rising from the midst of numerous little villages nestled in the hollows or on the side of the hills—the white dwellings with their red tiled roofs and every inch being cultivated or used for grazing—it was indeed a picture.

We lined the rail on the side nearest the bank (in places we went very near) and cheered the groups of French who came down to the water's edge to see us pass. They all responded—the men by lifting their hats—the women and children by waving handkerchiefs, aprons, or anything that came handy. For forty miles there was no break in the beauty of the scenery. Finally we landed, did up our packs and started a four mile hike to what is called a rest camp for American soldiers.

The last lap of the hike was up a long hill that seemed miles to the top and which led through a little village (a suburb of Bordeaux). The road was paved and lined on either side with shops and houses—the owners in many of the doorways. We were surprised when we looked at the strange signs and heard them all jabbering in French that we were in a foreign land.

On the crest of the hill we were given a rest and I started something by asking a nice looking French woman on the door steps if she could give me a drink. She understood my French all right (my first attempt) and disappeared at once. I thought of course she had gone for a glass of water, but no, she came back with a bottle of wine and a cup. In about a minute twenty of our boys were around that doorway and soon the neighbors, seeing what was happening, brought out bottles of wine and bread, and a whole detachment to a real French drink—and sending their children somewhere down the street for more when their stock gave out. It certainly was refreshing after our hot hike, but we couldn't get any of them to take a cent in payment.

We are now in the Rest Camp in comfortable quarters. It is only five miles from Bordeaux and we all hope to get a pass to see the sights of that city before leaving here which will be in two days, or as soon as transportation can be arranged. Am writing from the Y. M. C. A. which has a splendid branch here and it is certainly good to read in the papers what a great advance the allies have made since we left the U. S. and we all hope to be helping very soon. Whatever comes, I'm "over there," feel more "in it," and will be "in it" in some real capacity before many days. Our waiting is past, and what we do from now on will count.

September 16, 1918

Well, here I am at final destination and hard at interesting work in the Field Artillery Section, Eng. Div., Ord. Dept., and which is of some importance as we received a communication the other day at headquarters from Gen. Pershing thanking the officers and men here for the part played by the ordinance without which, he said, the recent advances at the front by the American 1st Army would have been impossible. We never got to see Bordeaux except when we marched through it to the station to take the train to come up here. We traveled in those box-car pullmans Melville told about, labeled, "8 horses of 4 men," which had park benches in them and were airy enough though springless. We were about 12 hours on the way; watching the scenery along the way and joshing the French kids who crowded around at the stations where we stopped, made it pass quickly. Even the youngsters were strong for American cigarettes and have all learned to say "Good-bye" with which they salute you, arriving or departing—it makes no difference.

We are quartered in the stables of an old French artillery barracks—dating back to before Napoleon's time. It reminds me of the Harvard yard. When I say stables you must not get the idea that we are in poor quarters for they certainly must have treated the horses finely over here. These stables are like a big armory with high vaulted roof, stone walls, cement floors, and divided into sections. The stalls have been removed and double deck beds put in. We sleep in one section, and eat in another. There is a splendid shower bath house and the Americans have built splendid toilets. They tell us our camp is one of the best in France. I get up at 6 (when it is pretty dark and cold), drill for an hour, which warms me up and gives me an appetite for breakfast.

The food is good and plenty of it. Whenever you want more variety or some green vegetables, for instance, you can patronize any one of a dozen French restaurants or the Y. M. C. A. canteens.

Perhaps by this time you have guessed the name of the city near which we are quartered. If not, do some more guessing. It is the birthplace of Rabelais, Balzac, and Thiers, and has fine monuments to these men. Caesar found this town a village of mud huts and left it a city of marble. In other words it is about 2600 years old. The four main streets of the city meet in a central plaza, one of which I take it, is the 5th avenue of the City, a broad boulevard edged by beautiful trees, and fine homes; and another the Rue Nationale on which all the big (t) stores, the cafes and bright lights are to be found.

I forgot to tell you there is a German prison camp right back of our barracks, walled in like our barracks, but with the addition of barbed wire along the top of the wall. The prisoners are marched out during the day for work of various kinds. They all seem to be quite contented. I saw a new batch of prisoners being marched to the camp yesterday. One of the guards told me they had been taken in the last drive. The French inhabitants along the way stood watching them pass but did not jeer them. I was particularly struck by the color of their uniforms for I had an idea that their grey was much like our old confederate uniform, but it seemed to be more green.

Prices for eats are much more reasonable than at home. One night I dropped into a club for French soldiers down town where they serve the best cup of chocolate for four cents you ever tasted. Another time some of us boys ordered soup at ten cents, and they brought us a toureen of consomme with hanks of bread floating in it, but it seems they brought out that same toureen for everybody that orders soup and you are only supposed to "help yourself" once.

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I notice that boys 12, 13 or 14 years dress mostly in black cloth, wearing to school an apron something like girls' and short stockings. The younger girls around the same age as the pretty ones over here with their big, black bright eyes. When they get older they are usually powdered and rouged and do not dress with the smartness of our own debutantes. Still lots of them are attractive withal as I found on Saturday night at the dance given by the Y. M. C. A. to which only girls whose character is O. K'd by the Y. M. C. A. are invited. The dances are given every Saturday night. The French girls are very strong on the American dances but give us an alibi that they were out of practice; the French having done no dancing since the war started until the Americans arrived and induced them to resume it to keep us from growing homesick. They are willing and apt pupils, however, and will soon be fox-trotting and one-stepping as well as a representative American bunch.

I buy a French paper every morning and read it for practice. They issue to us every day an "official communication" giving the latest telegraphic news from the front. One can also buy the Paris edition of the Chicago Tribune, the New York Herald, and the London Daily Mail. Once a week on Friday the American Army gets out a weekly paper called "The Stars and Stripes," giving a resume of the week's doings. So that about all I lack is the Highland Park Press of which I haven't seen a copy since May.

I see by the New York Herald that the boys overseas are only to be allowed one box from the States for which a coupon will be mailed to the "next of kin." You might send me a new trench mirror; mine is badly tarnished, and in the way of eating some Spearmint gum (which is very hard to get over here). We can buy good chocolate bars and are issued a generous allowance of tobacco, but a box of that very hard Krans candy would be mighty acceptable.

The trees and grass are still perfectly green here and lots of flowers in bloom. In the few small parks and in the private gardens, one sees roses, dahlias, etc.

Well from what I've seen so far, "Paris France" is pretty fair.

Lovingly yours,
DAN.

Daniel L. Cobb,
Ord. Dept., Eng. Div.,
A. P. O., 717 A. E. F., France

HIGHLAND PARK RED CROSS

Mourning Brassards

The Chicago Chapter of the American Red Cross is now prepared to furnish mourning brassards without charge to the widow of the soldier and sailor, and at cost to other members of the family.

Individuals may call at the Home Service Department 55 E. Washington St., Chicago, or the chairman of out-of-town branches and auxiliaries may write to that department and order them sent to the person wanting them by giving the following information: Name of soldier or sailor, and his company or division; date, manner and place of death; name and relationship of relatives who get brassards and their addresses.

The price of the brassards they have at present is twenty-five cents, and additional stars will be ten cents. The brassards have one star on them.

The local Red Cross Shop needs workers in both the surgical dressing and the garment departments.

An Opportunity to be Santa Clause to Our Boys at the Front

The Government, through the courtesy of the American Red Cross, offers an opportunity to the American people to send Christmas packages to boys overseas who have no one to send them gifts.

This service is not covered by your Red Cross contribution. The Red Cross is simply loaning its organization to insure the proper distribution of your Christmas gift to those of our soldiers in Europe who otherwise would not be remembered.

Thousands of our fighters have no relatives or friends to whom they can send their labels which mean a "Merry Christmas" to them. General Pershing has told these men to send their labels to "The Greatest Mother in the World," the American Red Cross.

The Chicago Chapter headquarters of the Red Cross expects to receive from fifteen to twenty thousand labels, and is preparing standard boxes, on wholesale scale, at a cost of \$2.00 each to meet the emergency.

Any person who wishes to be a Santa Clause to a Dough Boy, who otherwise would not be remembered, may have a package sent, with his or her name on the outside, by sending or bringing the money, to cover the cost to 35 South Wabash Avenue. The name of the first donor will go on the first package, or as many as his contribution will cover; succeeding packages will carry the names of the donors in the order in which their contributions are received, until every label is on its way to the war zone. There is no limit to the number of packages which may be sent by one individual.

The boxes prepared by the Red Cross will contain (the things which returning invalided soldiers say are most in demand among members of the American Expeditionary Forces. In the packages will be smokes, candy, talcum powder, chewing gum, games, and several other small luxuries and necessities.

The last package must be on its way by November 20th, and the Red Cross will contain the things which in no later than November 15th.

The Red Cross cannot attempt to supply the names of the fighters who are being remembered in this manner but without doubt the fact that each box carries the giver's name will insure acknowledgement in the great majority of cases.

People who wish to avail them selves of this privilege should send or mail their money together with full name and address, to Mr. John E. Bellot, Chairman, Christmas Packages Headquarters, 35 South Wabash Avenue, Chicago.

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SOCIAL ACTIVITIES

Announcement is made of the engagement of Miss Dorothy Wickham Baker, daughter of Captain S. J. Baker, and Mr. William Newton Belk, first class machinist's mate aboard the U. S. S. Mayflower, President Wilson's private yacht, Washington, D. C. The announcement was made at a Halloween party given in Washington, D. C., on Wednesday evening, last week. The Misses Bessie, Esther, Dorothy and Mary Baker of this city, who are in Washington for the duration of the war, were the hostesses.

The next party for the Army and Navy Boys will be given in the new play house—the Deerfield-Shields High School—on Saturday evening, at 7:30 o'clock. The hospitality of the Trinity Parish House will not be forgotten, but the number of young people who have been in the habit of attending the parties has rapidly increased and a large space is required. The party will be a "house warming." Those who desire will dance, while a variety of entertainment will be provided for the others. Damato Calafemina, the noted tenor soloist, will render a few selections, and Bobby O'Neil will give his feature program, a butterfly dance and original ballad. The art department of the High school under Miss Chamberlain has already shown its community spirit and patriotism by making decorative posters announcing the Saturday evening entertainments. All members of the Good Comrades Club will be present Saturday evening as a most enjoyable time is promised.

Miss Isabel Bamborough entertained a number of friends last Thursday evening.

All the young folks who were guests at a Halloween party given by the St. Peter children report a most delightful time. Costumes were the feature of the evening.

The Worth White Circle was entertained Tuesday evening at the home of Mrs. A. L. Adams of Winnetka.

Mrs. Leslie Brand was hostess on Friday evening to the Morning Glories at the home of her mother, Mrs. A. L. Rennings.

OSSOLI CLUB

The Ossoli dance given to raise money for the philanthropic work of the Ossoli Club will be held Friday evening, November the eighth, at 8:30 at the Highland Park Club. There will be cards and an informal reception for those who do not dance. Let us all attend this first dance of the year and make it a great social and financial success.

The next meeting of the Ossoli

Club will be held next Tuesday afternoon, November twelfth, in the Highland Park Club. Professor Franklin B. Snyder will speak on "Lincoln," the Prophet of the New Nation.

UNITED EVANGELICAL

Corner of North Green Bay Road and Laurel Avenue

C. G. UNANGST, Pastor

Next Sunday will be observed as rally day. All the members and friends of the church are cordially invited to come and enjoy the interesting services. There will be one service in the forenoon consisting of singing, Bible study, and readings by members of the Sunday School. The following is the program for the day:

10:00 A. M.: After a brief study of the Sunday School lesson there will be the following special features:

Reading, "The Old Home Church," by Miss Frances Fritsch.

Exercises by the Primary Department.

Reading, "Brave Donald," Gerard Noerenberg.

Recitation, "Don't be Cowards," Kenneth Gesler.

Song by the Juniors.

Reading, "The Hidden Treasure," Miss Darlene Jones.

Song.

Reading, "Wits End Corner," Lois Schulz.

The Christian Endeavor Society will meet at 8:45 p. m. Topic, "Are You Afraid?" Miss Elsie Gesler, leader.

7:30 P. M. The crowning service. There will be plenty of good singing and two stirring addresses. Mr. Joseph Gibson will speak on "After the War, What?" The pastor will speak on "A True Patriot." These messages will interest thinking people. Come, and bring your friends.

Evangelistic Meetings

The Evangelistic meetings will begin on Sunday, Nov. 17. Mr. Norman Camp, the lawyer-evangelist, Bible expounder and blackboard illustrator, of Chicago, will be with us for an indefinite period of time. He has held meetings in almost every state in the union and in Nova Scotia. Dr. R. A. Torrey says he is thoroughly sound in doctrine, well-balanced, an untiring worker and a successful teacher and preacher of the Word. Plan to attend these meetings. Mr. Camp's ministry will bring large blessing to Highland Park.

Next week will be observed as a week of prayer. Prayer meetings will be held at the church at 7:45 p. m. on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday evenings.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE

Hazel Avenue, near St. John's Ave. Subject for next Sunday's Lesson Sermon, "Adam, A Fallen Man."

Services are held in this church every Sunday morning at 10:45. Sunday school meets immediately after the morning service, and is open to pupils up to the age of 20 years. The Wednesday evening meeting, which includes testimonies of Christian Science healing, is at 8 o'clock. You are cordially invited to make use of the reading room at 337 Central Avenue, which is open every week day from nine o'clock in the morning until six o'clock in the evening.

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