

WE DESIRE to express our appreciation of your patronage and extend to you our best wishes for a prosperous New Year.

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HIGHLAND PARK ILLINOIS

SONS IN SERVICE

Mrs. Charles H. Baker, formerly of Highland Park, and now living in Chicago, has compiled a series of letters from her son, "Jack," who is with the American Expeditionary Forces. These letters, which are of exceptional interest and very ably written; have been so arranged as to form a continuous record of a man's experiences in this war and a valuable document of the war.

Corporal John Milton Baker, better known as Jack Baker, is in Battery E, 331st Field Artillery, A. E. F., and when last heard from was near Bordeaux.

Dear Mother and Father:

One evening at Camp Mills an order came to have all luggage ready by noon. In the morning we heard about it with a good deal of delighted surprise. All next day we wandered back and forth; we were so full of the wanderlust we could not stay in our tents. When night settled, although there had been no orders, all packs were ready, every one was ready to leave at a moment's notice. Dawn found the tents gray with the semi-transparent dew of the night; they looked like phantom tents. We strolled around until nine or ten when we fell in line and marched to the train. Our regiment entrained from two trains. We marched around the corner and down to the Ferry. We could hear the even cadence of troops marching but we could not see them. We disembarked from the Ferry eagerly and marched into the large depot warehouse. We went upstairs tramp, tramp, tramp, and halted. The ever present smiling canteen women were there with rolls, coffee and cigarettes.

Between the head of the battery and the opening was a raised desk; a young officer was seated there calling off names; a gang plank extended between the boat and the wharf; the hour had come we had been wishing for. We were boarding our ship. I did the column right; I heard Sergeant Foreman say, "next," and yelled out "Baker, John M." I noticed the tiny slats on the bottom of the gang plank.—I was on board hip.

Our deck adjoins the first cabin and is the highest covered deck on the ship. From the front of the deck we can look over the forward part of the ship. We found everything immaculately clean and none of us felt crowded. Of course, not all of the fellows were as luckily quartered as we are. The government has knocked out partitions and let in air; the regulation equipment is clean; the soldier himself is of a higher type; our rigid examinations have weeded out or reformed the lovelorn fellow. I do not think that he people at home need pity or sympathize with the poor fellows on the transports at all. They are taking care of themselves quite nicely. We have access to the pleasant second cabin washrooms. Our hammocks are made of canvas; a few fellows had just could not settle down found a good bed on the tables; all tired and satisfied we went to sleep.

Now came the hardest time for the fellows. Breakfast over, they had nothing to do; they wandered about one portion of the ship like lost pigeons; they did not even have enough to complain about. You know how I always amuse myself on a boat. I flock off somewhere where I can see a lot, write until I am tired of writing and read until I am tired reading, and look and look.

The weather is wonderful; the water always the same and the sky the same blue with a faint haze of cloud around the rim of the clear cut disk of the sea. It is the same and yet not the same for now gray—now blue—now green and blue; it changes from hour to hour.

I have been very well and free from any sensation of sea-sickness so far but am not bragging. I hope you are not worrying over not hearing from me and that you shall soon know I have sailed.

Marsh and I were passing along the aftwell deck; we heard singing; we halted in our tracks and joined in. We sang "Over There" and "Kaka-Katy" and then "Abide With Me." The fellows singing in good spirits sounded clear and fresh above the little movement of the boat and the splash, splash of water.

The leader said, "Now let us sing 'I Wonder how the Old Folks Are at Home.'" "Ah, never mind," cried out a fellow from the upper deck, "they are all right." So we sang "Long, Long Trail" instead.

The canteens are quite an important topic here. I think that they are really more on our minds than submarines. Tucked away in rather obscure parts of the ship are little booths affairs where one can buy chocolate, apples and butterscotch. Thanks to the amiable disposition of the ocean, the fellows still find eating their chief occupation; and their

Another Big Poultry Sale



Why Pay More

We are selling choice meats at the lowest price consistent with high quality

Special for Saturday, December 28th

Prime Rib Roast Native Beef	28c lb.
Fancy Pot Roast Beef	23c lb.
Fresh Short Cut Beef Tongues	26c lb.
Wax Bacon	36c lb.
Bacon Bacon, strip	38c lb.
Sugar Cured Rump Corned Beef	27c lb.
High Quarter Spring Lamb	31c lb.
Pork Loin, Whole	29c lb.
Pork Shoulder, Whole	28c lb.
Leaf Lard, Bell Shaped	27c lb.
Fresh Spare Ribs	22c lb.
Pork Tenderloin	42c lb.
Oscar Mayer's Approved Hams	38c lb.
Picnic Hams, 59 lb. average	28c lb.
Special—Jones Sausage meat	45c lb.
Jones Sausage Link	47c lb.

Palace Cash Market

WHOLESALE TO THE CONSUMER

Phone 160 GEORGE G. ROCK, Mgr. 533-535 Central Ave.

Watch This Space Every Week for our Saturday Specials

SOCIAL ACTIVITIES

A number of children were visited by Santa Claus last Saturday evening, when the Mystic Workers held their Children's Party. The affair was a great success and considering the rainy weather, a large number of little ones were present. The children themselves provided part of the entertainment. Many of them recited. Through the kindness of Mr. Frank Sheeks, the children were able to enjoy movies. But the Climax of the party came when Santa Claus, attended by two of Uncle Sam's boys, a soldier and a sailor, entered the room. Each child was given a bag of popcorn or candy—in fact everyone received something.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

The Bible School will meet at 9:30. The morning service will be held at eleven o'clock. The Rev. Frank Pitt will speak on "Faith as a Necessary Element in a Victorious Life."

On Saturday afternoon of this week December 28th, there will be a Christmas party in the Parish House for the Cradle Roll, Beginners and Primary Departments.

The prayer meeting next Wednesday will be omitted.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE

Hazel Avenue, near St. John's Ave. Subject for next Sunday's Lesson Sermon, "Christian Science."

Services are held in this church every Sunday morning at 10:15. 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 257 Central Avenue, which is open every week day from nine o'clock in the morning until six o'clock in the evening.

ARMY EDUCATION

What France is Doing for the Mental Welfare of Our Boys Over There

An unusual educational opportunity for our soldiers in France is being provided by the French Government through Andre Tardieu, High Commissioner of Franco-American Affairs. Due to the length of time it will take to transport our troops home again, and also to the fact that many thousands of our soldiers will remain in Europe for a considerable period, the French Government is opening up the schools of France to these men.

The college men in our army who remain in France will be given free access to the French universities where they may continue their studies in art, science, law, etc. The agricultural and technical schools of France, with their complete libraries, and splendidly equipped laboratories, will also be open to them. It is proposed to establish at each school attended by our soldiers at least one American professor who will lecture to them in English on topics in which he has specialized. It is also proposed by the French government that all of our troops be given an opportunity to learn the French language and for this purpose French teachers are to be placed at the disposal of our forces, and will visit the various camps and will lecture in French and English on questions of interest.

This training will be of especial benefit to our boys because it will throw them into intimate contact with the French people, and give them an opportunity to study French literature, methods and ideals. It will also cement even more closely the cordial relations between the two countries.

The boys' gymnasium at the High School was the scene of the Christmas Informal dance last Friday afternoon. The party was in charge of the Senior Class, under the general direction of Miss Eunice Knox and Clerihew Morgan. Dr. Newhall managed the circle dances with great results and every student reports a most enjoyable time.

The marriage of Dorothy Wickham Baker, daughter of Captain S. J. Baker to William Newton Belk will take place New Year's Day in Washington, D. C. Mr. Belk is a first class machinist's mate on the U. S. S. Mayflower, President Wilson's private yacht.

George E. Ralph, who has returned from Camp Taylor, Ky., was entertained by his relatives and friends at a reception recently.

Last Wednesday evening a most delightful party was given at the Y. W. C. A. rooms by the Rainbow club. Games and dancing were the features of the evening.

Mrs. Edward Golden entertained a few friends at luncheon last Thursday in honor of Miss Millie Brown, of Shelby, O., who has returned home to spend the holidays.

UNITED EVANGELICAL

The Christmas spirit characterized the services on last Sunday. Fifteen people were received as members of the church. The Christmas exercises of the Primary department, held on last Saturday afternoon, were largely attended and it was a pleasure to see and hear the little folks.

The program of services for next Sunday is as follows:

9:30 a. m., Sunday school.
10:45 a. m., Sermon on "Living the Victorious Life in 1919."
6:45 p. m., Christian Endeavor meeting. Topic: "Happy New Year," Rules for It, Phil. 3:12-16. Miss Anna Krueger, Leader.

7:30 p. m., Song service and sermon on "Choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of Sin for a season." Heb. 11:25.

The Prayer Meeting will be held on next Wednesday evening at 7:45.

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Not merely has the world been made safe for Democracy but a feller said he got five pounds of sugar yesterday. Hurroo!

The Cemetery Beautiful

PLANTED amidst nature's own beauty, man has created a beautiful park cemetery. The sunken gardens, the winding paths, and the imposing chapel makes this spot a vision of beauty. It is indeed a fitting final resting place for our beloved ones.

MEMORIAL PARK CEMETERY and ANNEX

Over Point Road and Harrison St., 1/2 Mile West of Evanston

We want you to visit this cemetery. You will find it interesting and attractive. You should reserve for yourself a family lot—all lots in Memorial Park are sold with full perpetual care guaranteed. Suitable easy payments—no interest. Don't miss this opportunity.

YOU ARE INVITED

to call or write to the main office, 703 Marquette Bldg. and make appointment to have one of our representatives call for you in an automobile to take you to and from the cemetery. No obligation. Investigate NOW!

Central Cemetery Company

703 Marquette Building, Dept. 6118 Chicago

Our perpetual care funds are on deposit with the Trust Department of the Central Trust of Illinois.

same direction and took them along with us. A big parade was forming in the Central Square, led by a squadron of French Cuirassiers, a French military band and our own headquarters Marine band, with French portulac wearing their trench helmets and bearing aloft flaming gas torches guarding the whole length of the parade. Anybody that could squeeze in the center of the line did so—we did—the rest of the town watching and cheering from the sidewalks, cafes, balconies. Cannon salutes, bells, fire crackers, whistles, singing, shouting, etc. added to the noise; and colored flash powders, every kind of flag and banner, fire-works, Japanese lanterns, etc., to the brilliancy of the celebration. The beautiful town hall, for the first time since the war started, almost, was fully illuminated—not with electric lights, as one would expect, but with hundreds of tiny gas flares, making the whole thing look as if it were on fire.

The parade wound from one street to another—some of them so narrow that it was "some" jam to get thru. We ended at the Central Square again, where everybody sang to the accompaniment of the bands—the

Marseillaise, Star-Spangled Banner, (which the French applauded more than anything else), God Save the King, etc.—also a lot of typically French songs, especially their favorite one called "Madelon." The French girls came out strong on these French songs. We formed circles and whirled around the fountain, (a picture of which with some other postcard views of Tours I am sending you under separate cover), danced with anybody and everybody, and generally whopped it up until towards midnight. We squirmed our way into one of the cafes and got mixed up there in a charged water-bottle fight—my first and I imagine only battle in France). The crowd was starting homeward now and we followed a troop of Cuirassiers as they slowly wound their way back to their barracks near our own.

They had several fine trumpeters with them, who kept sounding one call after another and away from the din of the crowd with only the light of the moon and from windows opened along the way, it impressed me as the finest touch of the celebration—like "taps" to the great war.

DAN.