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SALE OF RUGS

Until November 24

Only

1/4 OFF

ORIENTAL RUGS

Christmas is coming. The TOYS will again occupy the big Rug Room on the Second Floor. The Rugs go down to the little Toy department on the First Floor. In order to get our big rug stock into that small space we must sell many of them. So—a fourth off the regular prices of all rugs until November 24!

Just a Few Examples:

Room Size Rugs

Weave	Approx.	Now
Heriz	9x12	\$ 198
Varak	9x12	\$ 198
Arak	10x15	\$ 345
Kermanshah	9x12	\$ 450
Royal Sarak	9x12	\$ 645
Sultan Shah	9x12	\$ 695
Chinese	9x12	\$ 260
Antique Heriz	19x13	\$1,000
Ant. Khorassan	20x11-6	\$1,050
Lilhan	9x12	485
Royal Sarak	17-6x10-8	\$1,395

Scatter Rugs

Weave	Approx.	Now
Lilhan	4x2-6	\$ 19.75
Shiraz	4x2-6	\$ 19.75
Munoul	5-6x3-6	\$ 29.00
Chinese	3x2	\$ 14.50
Chinese	5x3	\$ 34.00
Iran	6-6x3-6	\$ 35.00
Bidjar	6x4	\$ 59.00
Heriz	7x5	\$ 88.00
Imperial Kashan	7x4-6	\$235.00
Ant. Serehend	4x6	\$ 95.00
Antique Melez	5-6x3-8	\$195.00

Belouchistan Rugs, 3 for \$49

A supple, silk rug of durable quality—woven by wandering Persian tribes who use designs and colorings of many sorts. Lustrous blues, deep beige tones, cocoa, flame, cream—dark and light blends—including some lovely Persian shawl designs. Approximately 3x5.

Oriental Rugs in This Sale May Be Bought on the Budget Plan

Lord's—Rugs—Second Floor

A Sale of Swedish Iron Lamps

\$4.50

(Without Shades)

A little purchase of lamp bases (not including shades, of course) of that interestingly-oxidized Swedish iron. Graceful and slender—with three narrow-wrought feet. An excellent idea for a gift—if you're wisely shopping early!

Low Colonial Bridge Lamps

If you prefer the Colonial type to the one above, you'll like these Swedish iron lamp bases whose narrow arm holds aloft a close replica of the old-time oil lamp! \$6.00.

Parchment Shades for Bridge Lamps

\$1.25

Natural parchment, with the characteristic warm, mellow gold tone. Lacquered in brown or green, and laced with leather thong top and bottom. 12 inches across at the lower edge—which is a size suitable for bridge lamps of various kinds.

A Similar Shade, in Octagon Shape, in the Same Colors,

\$1.50

Some Timely Bedding Items

Down Pillows

\$10 a Pair

Fluffy, firm pillows of combined goose and duck down. Covered with blue striped, downproof ticking. \$10 pair.



THROW ROBES

\$6.95

Can be used as a casual blanket for the afternoon nap—or as an auto robe. Pre-shrunk wool, 54x76. Tan, \$6.95. Maroon or navy blue, \$7.50.

DOWN COMFORTS

\$19.50

Soft down quilts covered with attractively-flowered downproof French Satene. Plain borders to match. Orchid, blue, gold or rose.

SLUMBER THROWS

\$9.50

Kenwoods—in a charming homespun weave, Satin-bound. At the same price, fringed afghans, done in a fancy stitch. Gold, rose, lavender, blue, green.

Lord's—First Floor

BUSINESS MEN HEAR ADDRESS BY RECTOR

(Continued from page 1)

I want to present to your attention this evening the subject which will apply equally well to every man's business, not as he sits here listening, but as he goes about to make a success of the things that he is doing, and the interesting thing is that I have such a subject. That is, I have here almost on my tongue a topic that is just as vital for every man, whether he be in insurance, medicine—in any of its branches, a lawyer, a photographer, a salesman, in the plumbing supply business, or any other of the manifold divisions of human activity. Therefore, as I do not wish to play around with this subject, for it belongs to you, and because it does not need any holding back to become important, I turn it over to you, or better still, I lay it here on the table and we will all take a look at it, and while I turn it over and talk about it you can give it as careful an examination as possible from your own position. My subject then is "Words."

Now let me proceed for a minute or two to justify some of the things that I have just said about the universality of the topic before us. You might sometimes fall into the mistake of thinking that words are more distinctly a part of the equipment of the attorney or the salesman or the clergyman; but more clearly, I think, it is understood today that words are a part of every man's stock in trade. They set forth his viewpoint, and that expression which I frankly admit I do not care much about and yet which I use at this minute—"He sold me his idea"—is an illustration of the very thing we are looking at at the moment. The idea being that a man today ought to understand that he has to sell, or if you prefer, and I think I do, give to others his own philosophy of life. Therefore, whether his business be the insurance of property or life or the safe-guarding of teeth or the decorating of houses, it does not matter for he has an outlook and his success depends upon his ability to make people see the soundness of his position, or the beauty of his viewpoint; and as the world grows closer together this is going to be more and more realized and properly appreciated.

Words are interesting things, but they are more than that, they are our only tools at times. We are all different, the one from the other, and our distinctiveness is in the realm of thought. We may seem alike but that is because we use the same words and very frequently we find them very poor things indeed. The phrase of the school-boy "I know but I can't say it" has caused much laughter but there is a very genuine truth here set forth. A truth that the school-boy grown older, and now a man of affairs usually senses. There is always, I think, a gap between what we think and what we say. You know how it is, and whenever you stop to consider the matter you realize it more clearly than before. Sometimes we say less than we think, but usually more! A person does not like to be thought inarticulate, and we rather crave the doubtful distinction of being able to talk, but I have no hesitation in saying that it is infinitely better to say less than more, for the man who says more is very apt to find himself out beyond the safety ropes of genuine ideas. I find no difficulty in believing the very familiar story of the man who went up to another whom he had heard making an effective talk and said: "What you are shouting so loud I could not hear anything you said." This story illustrates an important fact, namely that words have to somehow be expressive of true individuality, or they amount to less than nothing.

This brings us, logically enough, to the use we make of words. I suppose that there is not a person who has not at sometime had an uncomfortable sensation because some of his words reached ears for which they were not intended. You can go back, every one of you, I venture to guess, to a very bad few moments because you were fearful that someone had overheard you talking about him. Supposing we imagine such a moment and analyze it a bit further. You were uncomfortable not because you were afraid of the other person, that sort of fear does not enter into it, and you were not concerned because you didn't care for the person, but rather because you did. The very fact that you are disturbed about it is a clear enough indication that you do have a concern for the person in question. I admit that there are other elements in the case, but let us deal as directly as possible with this one rather than discussing all of them. The reason, then, why you are alarmed that the other person has heard you is because you used the words in a certain manner. You could conceivably use the same words to him but you would make a different emphasis. Or if you had a chance, you would be able to interpret the same words to his ears. As an illustration of this point I take you to that incident in the life of the Virginian, in a book of the same name when the Virginian said to Trampas, I think it was, "When you call me

that, smile." It was not the words, it was their use that threatened the serenity and safety of that group in the saloon. May I interrupt myself for a moment by saying that I have never been particularly concerned about malicious gossip, because I do not find very much of it. I mean by this that most of the gossip that hurts is not malicious at all, it is simply a careless use of words. You could and probably would be hurt by some of the things that are said about yourself, and that is simply because they were not meant for your particular ears. If you could go to the bottom of the matter, which you probably would not do, you would discover no malice on the part of the speaker toward you. Does this mean that there is no harm in talking about other people? Not at all, for the crime of it is that people do harm through the careless use of words, which is tragic because it is so needless. There is a difference in motives and origins, I will admit, as for instance, if a man goes home and finds that someone who thought ill of him had blown up his house during his absence, that is the beginning of certain trains of thought. On the other hand, if a man goes home and finds his house in ashes and discovers that a maid has been careless in the use of gasoline in cleaning dresses, this catastrophe may produce a very different line of thought, but I leave it to you to decide whether it is more helpful to contemplate disaster that has been caused by carelessness rather than that produced by sheer enmity. It is a serious thing to behold ruins either of houses or friendships, which are caused simply and solely because someone was careless with gasoline or words. We use words so much that we forget that they are high explosives! May I suggest that it is well to smile when we say anything. By this I mean take out the harshness of sound for it is the sound that counts. All of which leads to this conclusion which is true and inevitable, I believe, that we are supposed to be masters of the tools that we use. We are bigger than our words and, therefore, we should exercise control in their use. This is why a certain teacher of men, my own conviction being that He was the greatest, said: "Let your yea be yea and your nay, nay," which surely means be in control of your tools and use them skillfully. If you are using a hammer, hit the nail that is of steel. If you can't hit that, put down the hammer before you hit your own nails or those of someone else.

It might be safer to keep this talk away from definite illustrations because when any one word is used we focus on that, and our individuality comes out of the background and differences in taste are made apparent; but nevertheless, I purpose to risk it, because this is a free country, and I will try to use the words in such a manner that my illustrations are pointed by them, and that you may feel that I am not setting up my individual ideas in contrast to any conceptions which you may possess. Let us take the word "God." It is used, I suppose, in three ways. One is that use, which is really a misuse because it does not mean a thing, it is just thrown in because of the sound and the person has no good reason for its use. Then there is the use when it sets forth all of a man's faith or conviction or hope. Thus it is used as an expression of things that he feels in the innermost chamber of his being. He has emotions and aspirations, and words are not equal to the task, save this one word which comes closest to giving expression to his feeling. He thus gives to "God" the responsibility of setting forth those things which he believes. And then you have heard it used so that it stirs the roots of your hair because it sets forth a man's hopelessness. It is thus really a cry of anguish and stirs you as such. I know that you can break up these three classifications that I have made into innumerable others, but I desire you to think of the general uses to which we put this one word—which is in a sense the most important one in the world's vocabulary.

You can do a good deal with the word "Hell." You can make your own classifications if you will, and you can put a world of meaning into it and that is because it is capable of carrying a load of hate, despair, indifference or fear. I remember as a young boy being very much impressed by reading somewhere that a man said that he didn't believe in Hell but he had a fear of getting mixed up in it. An illogical truth, if I may be allowed such an expression.

Then there is another very interesting word, which has been in part replaced by substitutes, none of which seem likely to survive—so strong a hold has it on our minds. I refer to the word "Death." This has a fascination for users of words. There is a finality and stillness about it that takes the hearer directly to a picture, and I know of few words that are more able to carry an idea from the speaker to the hearer. You know the substitutes that we have and are trying. "Passing" is one, a cruder form of which is "Bumping off." Then there is the expression "The great adventure," which is interesting. Then the war gave us "Going West" which has a very beautiful sound to the ear. There are also many other words, some good and some, it seems

to me, weak. There is a rather interesting thing to note about these substitutes, for most of them, if not all, set forth the idea of an active participation in the event, on the part of the individual. In other words, they all have the thought of immortality within them. Even in "Bumping off," crude as it is, and suggesting a jerky exit, also has the idea of an entrance into another room. I want to say, however, that I believe the word "death" best carries with it the conviction of the one who uses it. To me the recorded death of Jesus of Nazareth quite changes the conception of the event which He himself experienced. And this word should have no quenching element clinging to it.

And now in conclusion we go back to our premise, which is that our life consists of our thoughts and feelings, and we use words that we may take others into the central place where we live, our real life. I don't mean by this your study or your office with the doors shut, I mean that as you handle the days as they pass, you construct your philosophy of life and set it forth in the hearing of those with whom you come in contact, with words. This is your life. We are also sufficiently interested in life to wish to be articulate, to express our ideas and thoughts. Therefore, the thing to remember always is that we are masters—or should be masters—of our words. At best there is a gap between our central life and the words which we use to convey our philosophy, but there is also a joy in doing the best we can in setting forth before others our pictures of life. And so in your interesting and various occupations I wish you good luck!

Swedish Methodist

Highwood ave. and Everts place.
Rev. William W. Nelson, pastor.
The remodeling work is still under way. Up to the present time 38 men have donated labor to the church. Most of these men have worked during over-time periods. Some of them, however, have given many days of full time labor. Every minute of donated labor is appreciated. We are also thankful to all who are helping along with the raising of funds. Our prayer is that, in serving God and our fellowmen, these investments of time and money shall be well spent.

Saturday, Nov. 17: 2:00 p.m.—meeting of the Confirmation class at church; 8:00 p.m.—Epworth League Harvest Festival at the Susanna Wesley Home located at 4651 North Paulina street, Chicago.

Sunday, Nov. 18: 10:30 a.m.—Sunday school; 6:00 p.m.—Epworth League Literary meeting. Mrs. Fredrickson, our third vice-president, will have charge; 7:45 p.m.—evening service. Rev. E. P. Swan, our district superintendent, will preach the sermon after which there will be a reception of members into the church. Communion will be administered at the close of the service. Bring your friends.

Highwood Lutheran

Oakridge and High street
Rev. G. A. O. Engstrom, pastor.
Thursday, Nov. 15, 8 p.m.—The Luther league will be entertained at church by Mr. and Mrs. A. Burke.
Sunday, Nov. 18, 9:45 a.m.—Sunday school; 11:00—worship in Swedish; 8:00 p.m.—worship in English.

Tuesday, Nov. 20, 8:00 p.m.—prayer meeting.

REV. J. H. KEAGLE DIES IN NAPERVILLE

The Rev. J. H. Keagle former pastor of the First United Evangelical church and Bethany Evangelical church of this city, passed away Saturday night at his home in Naperville, Ill., following an illness of the past few years. Funeral services were held yesterday afternoon from the Grace Evangelical church of that city and burial was made in Naperville.

Mr. Keagle leaves to survive him, his wife, three sons, Heil, Graham and Foster and a daughter Marion. During their residence here, the family made many friends, who are deeply grieved to learn of Mr. Keagle's death.

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