LIBRARY

Books About Our Country in the Making For younger readers: "Pioneers of America," Blaisdell.

Indians and frontiersmen. "Warpaint," Brown. The life of a wild horse in the days when the

Indians were on the warpath. "Dancing Tom," Coatsworth. trip on a flatboat down the Mississippi to a new home in the wilder-

"America Builds Homes," Dalgliesh. A picture story of the first settlers in the United States and of homes in Virginia, New England, New Netherlands and Pennsylvania.

"And There Was America," Duvoisin. Stories of America's early explorers. "Humphrey," Flack. Hundred

years of American life as seen through the eyes of a wise and experienced turtle.

"First Year, Meadowcroft. the story of the Hopkins family is presented a picture of the Pilgrims' first days in the New World.

"Willow whistle," Meigs. Pioneer days in the Middle West. "Little Blacknose," Swift. The

story of the DeWitt Clinton engine. A book for boys and girls who like engines and machinery. For older readers:

"Tops and whistles," Bailey. Lively, interesting and true stories of early American toys and children. "Golden horseshoe," Coatsworth. Colonial Virginia is the scene of

this story of Tamar and Roger. "Swords of Wilderness," Coatsworth. A story of the French and Indian Wars, the scene laid partly

in New England, partly in Canada. "The last of the Mohicans," Cooper. Life of frontiersmen and Indians in western New York at the

time of the French and Indian Wars, "Peace pipes at portage," Darby. A story of old St. Louis, the climax being Clark's great council with Blackhawk and Rock River Indians.

"American folk and fairy tales," Field. Indian legends, Negro stories, Louisiana folk tales, Paul Bunyan stories, Southern mountain stories, Rip Van Winkle and the Great Stone Face.

"Calico bush," Field. Maine in its first days, pioneer life and encounters with hostile Indians.

"Hitty," Field. The story of a doll, told on the background of 100 years of American life. "Rolling wheels," Grey. An ex-

ceptional story of an adventurous journey from Indiana to California in 1845-46.

"Rising thunder," Hawthorne. A tale from the American Revolution climaxing in the frantic ride of Jack Jouett to warn the Virginia assembly.

"Codfish musket," Hewes. Dan Boit's experiences as a shipping clerk, as the secretary to President Washington and as a traveler on flatboat and overland wagon.

"Three sides of Agiochook," Kelly. The adventures of a Dartmouth boy and his efforts to establish his allegiance during the American Revolution.

little girl's winter in Vermont during the days when New England traditions were in the making.

"Master Simon's garden," Meigs, Three generations of an early American family.

"Two little Confederates," Page. The experiences of two small boys on a Virginia plantation during the Civil War. "Uncharted ways," Snedeker. A

dramatic tale of a young girl during the first days of the Quakers in New England.

"Railroad to Freedom," Swift.

The life of Harriet Tubman, a negro girl who escaped slavery and then brought 300 of her people to safety by way of the Underground Railway.

"Pinocchio" to Be **Shown at Deerpath**

"An Angel from Texas," playing at the Deerpath theatre, Thursday and Friday, May 23 and 24, serves to reunite one of the brighest groups of younger players in all of Hollywood. The film stars Eddie Albert, Rosemary Lane, Wayne Morris Jane Wyman, Ronald Reagan and Ruth Terry, who comprise practically the same cast of "Brother Rat" and "Brother Rat and a Baby."

Walt Disney's second de luxe fulllength Technicolor production "Pinocchio," an adaptation of the story beloved by grown-ups and children alike, which was originally written by C. Collodi. The story of "Pinocchio" concerns an old woodcarver named Geppetto who creates a little puppet boy of pine. Because the kindly old man loves children and has never had any of his own, the Blue Fairy brings the marionette to life to be a son to him. But Pinocchio has to prove himself worthy, and the story concerns the many scrapes and adventures he undergoes before this is acccomplished. The picture will be shown Saturday, Sunday and Monday, May 25, 26 and 27.

tic romance of New York life and will be enforced and it will cost a society, brings Spencer Tracy and neat sum to release the family pet the glamorous Hedy Lamarr to- from the pound. If these animals gether as Hollywood's most unusual are not called for within a given and interesting romantic team. The time they will either be turned over picture will be presented Tuesday, to Orphans of the Storm or made Wednesday and Thursday, May 28, way with. 29 and 30 at the Deerpath theatre.

Students Prepare For Junior Prom To Be Held May 25

Tickets for the "Tulip Tangle," the junior prom of H.P. High school which is now only ten days away, are now on sale and may be purchased from any of the following students: Stan Turner (chairman of ticket sales), "Muggsie" Menduno, Bob Gressens, "Hap" Murphey, Gene Detmer, "Spike" Frisbie, John Heath, Jack Kelley, Lenny Reiser, and Tom Summers.

The committee urges you to buy your tickets early and remind "her" that the "Tulip Tangle" will be held at Highland Park Woman's club on Saturday, May 25.

The honors for naming the prom, as a result of the contest sponsored by the committee, go to Jack Faxon.

No decision has been reached as to the decorations, but Gretchen Fischer promises that they will be "just the thing."

Choir to Present Sacred Concert at **Bethany Vesper**

The choir of the Bethany Evangelical church under the direction of Mrs. Miles Dressler, accompanied by Mrs. Edward Sherry, will present a sacred concert at a 4:30 Vesper next Sunday afternoon. In addition to the special music, the Young "The covered bridge," Meigs. A People's Missionary Circle and the Woman's Missionary Society will participate in the program. All members and friends of the parish are invited to attend this worthwhile

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Catherine Clark Appears in Senior **Dramatic Recital**

On Sunday, May 19, at 8:15 the annual senior dramatic recital was presented by the students of Mallinekrodt high school under the direction of Miss Janette Brennan. Miss Catherine Clark, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas P. Clark of 433 Oakwood avenue was heard for the second time since April 15 when she appeared as Rosa in David Stevens and Henry Hadley's operetta, "The Fire Prince." Her selection of songs for Sunday night were as follows: "I heard a Forest Praying" by Peter DeRose, "The Star" by James H. Rogers, "Colon Betta" by A. Buzzi-Peccia. Miss Clark was accompanied at the piano by Miss Geraldine McDowell who is also a student at Mallinckrodt.

Due to her success in the operetta, arrangements are now being made for her to study voice with Peitro Marchi, tenor and well known teacher of voice on North Shore.

To Impound Dogs Without Licenses

Many dog owners in Highland Park who have evaded securing li- geraniums, petunia and other plants censes for their household pets may suitable for planting for Decoration find their canines housed in the dog Day, and other usual bingo prizes. pound after June first, according to The prizes will consist of garden a statement made by Mayor Frank "I Take This Woman," a drama- Ronan early this week. Penalties

Dogs at large have become a public nuisance and unless the owners begin to observe the city ordinance which states that "all dogs must be kept upon the owner's premises, or if allowed upon the street, must be upon leash and accompanied by some member of the family responsible for the control of the dog," the canines will be picked up and impounded.

"Saturday Evening Club" Plans Dance

For many months on the 1st and 3rd Saturday nights a group young married people have enjoyed the hospitality of the Y and had social evenings of games, refreshments, etc. On June 1st at 9 p.m. they are planning to hold a dance for which they have engaged a special orchestra, and to which other young people in Highland Park are

Tickets are obtainable from Mrs. Jim Lindsey, 4590, Mrs. Bill Bjork, 185, or at the Y.W.C.A., where the dance will be held. They are very reasonable and both couple admissions and single tickets may be had. The club will hereafter be known as "The Saturday Evening Club."

Highwood Auxiliary Holds Spring Party Saturday Evening

The Spring Festival given by Stupey-Smith post and Auxiliary of Highwood will be in the form of a Penny Bingo, to be held at the Labor temple, Highland Park, Sat., May 25th at 8 o'clock.

The prizes in keeping with the season will feature such articles as

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tools and furniture.

The committee in charge are the officers of the post and Auxiliary namely, the commander, Virgilio Cioni, Ernest Ayers, Stanley Kierzek. John Doull, Frank Orsini, Fred Lund, Raymond Suzzi and Harvey Reber, the president, Mrs. Charles Anderson, Mrs. Harvey Reber, Mrs. Fred Lund, Mrs. E. Ayers, Mrs. E. Carlsen, Mrs. Jacob Summers, Mrs. Josephine Kampe, and Mrs. Ray Suzzi.

Members of the Auxiliary will furnish and serve the refreshments. Proceeds will be used for the wel-

fare work in Highwood. Contributions received from the Poppy Sales tions.

is never sufficient, therefore this bingo will have to add to the funds of both organizations. Last year the poppy proceeds netted \$38.29. Since May 1, 1939 to May 31, 1940, the unit alone spent \$111.78 in welfare work, with the largest percentage being used in Highwood. The post spent \$112.65 which also includes sponsorship of a Boy Scout troop and the Junior Baseball team.

The public is invited to attend this festival and have an enjoyable evening and also know that it is assisting in a small way in the welfare work. Tickets may be secured from members of both organiza-



A CURIOUS DREAM containing a moral

(by Mark Twain, America's Most Noted Humorist)

The following "sketch" was written 70 years ago, but millions of Americans have forgotten it. It is evident that Mr. Samuel Clemens was very much in earnest in his efforts to interest his readers in more civilized methods for the burial of the dead. In that laudable aim, the management of NORTHSHORE GARDEN OF MEMORIES is in line with that most brilliant of American humorists.

(Continued from Last Week)

There be no adornments any more-no roses, nor shrubs, nor graveled walks, nor anything that is a comfort to the eye; and even the paintless old board fence that did make a show of holding us sacred from companionship with beasts and the defilement of heedless feet, has tottered till it overhangs the street, and only advertises the presence of our dismal resting-place and invites yet more derision to it. And now we cannot hide our poverty and tatters in the friendly woods, for the city has stretched its withering arms abroad and taken us in, and all that remains of the cheer of our old home is the cluster of lugubrious forest trees that stand, bored and weary of a city life, with their feet in our coffins, looking into the hazy distance and wishing they were there. I tell you it is disgraceful!

"You begin to comprehend-you begin to see how it is. While our descendants are living sumptuously on our money, right around us in the city, we have to fight hard to keep skull and bones together. Bless you, there isn't a grave in our cemetery that doesn't leak - not one. Every time it rains in the night we have to climb out and roost in the trees - and sometimes we are wakened suddenly by the chilly water trickling down the back of our necks. Then I tell you there is a general heaving up of old graves and kicking over of old monuments, and scampering of old skeletons for the trees! Bless me, if you had gone along there such nights after twelve you might have seen as many as fifteen of us roosting on one limb, with our joints rattling drearily and the wind wheezing through our ribs! Many a time we have perched there for three or four dreary hours, and then come down, stiff and chilled through and drowsy. and borrowed each other's skulls to bale out our graves with - if you will glance up in my mouth now as I tilt my head back, you can see that my headpiece is half full of old dry sediment-how top-heavy and stupid it makes me sometimes! Yes, sir, many a time if you had happened to come along just before the dawn you'd have caught us baling out the graves and hanging our shrouds on the fence to dry. Why. I had an elegant shroud stolen from there one morning - think a party by the name of Smith took it. that resides in a plebeian graveyard over yonder -I think so because the first time I ever saw him he hadn't anything on but a check-shirt, and the last time I saw him, which was at a social gathering in the new cemetery, he was the best dressed corpse in the company -and it is a significant fact that he left when he saw me; and presently an old woman from here missed her coffin - she generally took it with her when she went anywhere, because she was liable to take cold and bring on the spasmodic rheumatism that originally killed her if she exposed herself to the night air much. She was named Hotchkiss - Anna Matilda Hotchkiss - you might know her? She has two upper front teeth, is tall, but a good deal inclined to stoop, one rib on the left side gone, has one shred of rusty hair hanging from the left side of her head, and one little tuft just above and a little forward of her right ear, has her under jaw wired on one side where it had worked loose. small bone of left forearm gone - lost in a fight has a kind of swagger in her gait and a 'gallus' way of going with her arms akimbo and her nostrils in

the air — has been pretty free and easy, and is all damaged and battered up till she looks like a queens-

ware crate in ruins - maybe you have met her?" "God forbid!" I involuntarily ejaculated, for somehow I was not looking for that form of question, and it caught me a little off my guard. But I hastened to make amends for my rudeness, and say, 'I simply meant I had not had the honor — for I would not deliberately speak discourteously of a friend of yours. You were saying that you were robbed — and it was a shame, too — but it appears by what is left of the shroud you have on that it was a costly one in its day. How did --'

A most ghastly expression began to develop among the decayed features and shriveled integuments of my guest's face, and I was beginning to grow uneasy and distressed, when he told me he was only working up a deep, sly smile, with a wink in it, to suggest that about the time he acquired his present garment a ghost in a neighboring cemetery missed one. This reassured me, but I begged him to confine himself to speech thenceforth, because his facial expression was uncertain. Even with the most elaborate care it was liable to miss fire. Smiling should especially be avoided. What he might honestly consider a shining success was likely to strike me in a very different light. I said I liked to see a skeleton cheerful, even decorously playful, but I did not think smiling was a

skeleton's best hold. "Yes, friend," said the poor skeleton, "the facts are just as I have given them to you. Two of these old graveyards — the one that I resided in and one further along - have been deliberately neglected by our descendants of to-day until there is no occupying them any longer. Aside from the osteological discomfort of it - and that is no light matter this rainy weather — the present state of things is ruinous to property. We have got to move or be content to see our effects wasted away and utterly destroyed. Now, you will hardly believe it, but it is true, nevertheless, that there isn't a single coffin in good repair among all my acquaintance - now that is an absolute fact. I do not refer to low people who come in a pine box mounted on an express wagon, but I am talking about your high-toned, silver mounted burial-case, your monumental sort, that travel under black plumes at the head of a procession and have choice of cemetery lots - I mean folks like the Jarvises, and the Bledsoes and Burlings, and such. They are all about ruined. The most substantial people in our set, they were. And now look at them — utterly used up and poverty-stricken. One of the Bledsoes actually traded his monument to a late barkeeper for some fresh shavings to put under his head. I tell you it speaks volumes, for there is nothing a corpse takes so much pride in as his monument. He loves to read the inscription. He comes after awhile to believe what it says himself, and then you may see him sitting on the fence night after night enjoying it. Epitaphs are cheap, and they do a poor chap a world of good after he is dead, especially if he had hard luck while he was alive. I wish they were used more. Now I don't complain, but confidentially I do think it was a little shabby in my descendants to give me nothing but this old slab of a gravestone - and all the more that there isn't a compliment on it.

(Continued Next Week)