

A Sailor's Shore Leave in Wales

By J. SEYMOUR CURREY

Letters from France, written by our soldiers and sailors have often been printed, each writer seeing things from a different point of view. A letter from Richard Currey to his parents gives some interesting impressions of a visit he made to Paris in March. "Last Saturday," he writes, "we arrived on the Lake Gakoma at Havre and early Sunday morning, the ninth, the news spread about the ship that perhaps we could go to Paris (143 miles from Havre,) so every one put his name in for leave. About 6 o'clock the list of the fortunate ones was called off and I was included but with only two hours' notice to get ready. I was standing watch then and had to find a substitute and get dressed in a very short time for the station was quiet far from the ship, and we always have to go through a lot of red tape even at the station."

The letter writer's own words are here summarized in great part. "The train left Havre at 12:50 noon," he writes, "and it turned out to be a slow one though we had expected to travel on an express. In fact the train did not arrive in Paris until 9:30 p. m. The country we passed through was wonderful. The train, which consisted of twenty to twenty-five coaches crawled along, making two stops at the stations to give the passengers a chance to use the platform. The cars were crowded and we stood most of the time so that a view of the scenery could be obtained. I was greatly impressed by the vast number of empty tin cans scattered along the way thrown out by the British troops on their passage through. It was a perfect litter of cans, rusted and shabby looking indeed. I could not help noticing what a great quantity of them there were. Cans for beans, tomatoes, 'canned willie,' salmon, 'everything that travels in cans,' was represented in that huge litter, an evidence of the important part the tin can occupies in modern warfare."

"A number of the stations have cafes in them, and sometimes a very pleasant little boy, always real young, comes out with some extremely high priced lunches, and that is all that you can get in the line of refreshments for it would have been risky to try to run up to the cafe

and then back to the carriage. When at length we got to Paris we were tired out. At the station a Y. M. C. A. man met us and from there we were driven over to the Red Cross for the night. I registered immediately and got a little lunch there, then went over across the Champs de Mars to the Eiffel tower. It was then nearly 11 o'clock p. m., and everything was quiet, for Paris dozes early nowadays. We came back to the Red Cross, where I found to my surprise that some one had been looking for me even at that late hour.

"Whom do you know over here," I said to myself, but quickly all doubts were dispelled by a greeting from Miss Kate Aishton from Evanston, who is engaged in Red Cross work over here. She had seen my name on the register and recognized the family name. She was of great assistance to me in supplying important information about Paris. About 7:30 Monday morning three of us boys started out for a sight-seeing trip and succeeded in getting lost the first thing. So we abandoned the effort to pilot ourselves around and hired a taxicab for the rest of the trip of half an hour, costing us three francs. Then we got aboard a sight-seeing bus and a Y. M. C. A. guide told us some of the interesting stories of the places we passed.

"But the crowning glory of the day was the ride I took on the Ferris wheel, the very same one which used to stand on North Clark street in Chicago, which has been imported and re-erected here by the French and now stands within half a mile of the Eiffel tower. It seemed so much like home to find this familiar object here among these wonderful scenes. I rode on it, too, just as I had in the old days and it was like a glimpse of home to behold it before my eyes, the object of so much wonder and admiration in my boyhood. In the evening we went to an entertainment given by the Y. M. C. A. which we enjoyed very much. In the morning we went immediately to the station and took the train back to Havre. This time it was an express train and we made very good time, arriving at 12 o'clock noon after a journey of four hours and a half.

Auxiliary Day

Friday is Auxiliary Day at St. Augustine's Parish house. Sewing will begin at 10:30 o'clock and luncheon will be served at 12:15 o'clock. Mrs. R. J. Cody, Mrs. D. W. Lester, Mrs. E. A. Kaumeyer and Miss Marjorie Day will be hostesses. All women of the church have been asked to assist in finishing the year's sewing.

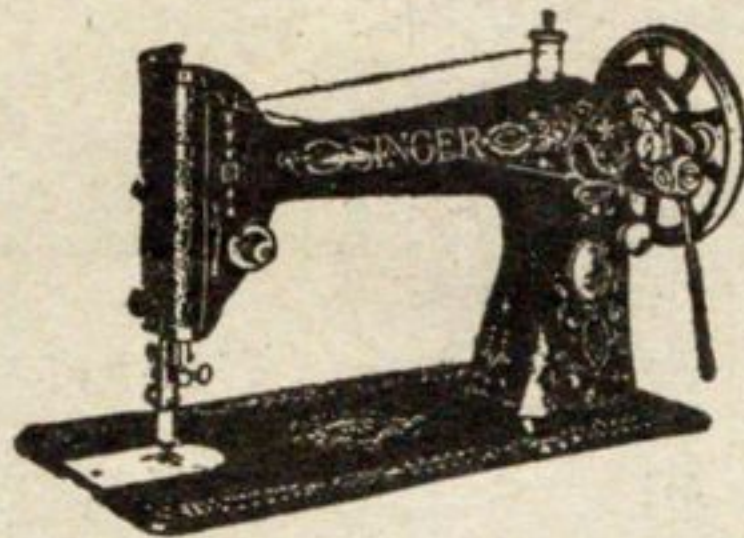
Petroleum Paste.

A Frenchman has invented a method by which petroleum and petroleum products can be made into a non-explosive paste. Equal portions of soap and water reduce the oil to a semi-solid condition. The oil can be brought to its original state by the use of alcohol and other solvents.

Perennial Relative.

Billy, six months old, wrote to his aunt the other day, and his mother thought best to read the letter before she mailed it: "Dear Aunt Gertrude: I go to school every day and take my lunch. I am well how are you. School is lots of fun, your undying nefew, Billy."—Kansas City Star.

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This cut shows a few of the *Milburn* Electrics in service in Chicago. Taken at the time of the heavy snows last winter.

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LAME PLEA GETS CRIPPLE IN CELL PLUS \$10 FINE

A one-legged man can at times be quite willful and difficult to handle as the police at local headquarters will tell you if you happen to ask them about John Zotz, citizen of the world, who of late has been making Chicago and suburbs his peg-legging grounds.

Zotz, the police will inform you, came into Wilmette via Northwestern Elevated Monday afternoon. Assistant chief Samuel Hoth met up with the man and his peg-leg near the terminal and forthwith issued orders to take the next train south. Zotz, stamped about a while, then headed for the terminal. Hoth went back to headquarters.

An hour later came a summons from a provoked housewife appealing to the law to rid the vicinity of her doorstep of a one-legged "pan-handler," who in the king's English is designated a beggar.

Hoth rushed to the scene registering considerable ire. When he again met up with the acquaintance of an hour previous he found a very defiant man awaiting him. Zotz positively refused to be placed in custody. He gestured incoherently with his hands, and in the excitement unhooked the artificial leg and cast it far away.

What was there to do but haul him to the station in a taxicab and thence to transport him to the station house on a stretcher?

Chief Sieber found \$28.69 in donations. One night in cell and a fine of \$10 and costs on Tuesday and Zotz was again on his way.

PATRIOTISM

By Alice F. Rafferty

It's easy to shout,
And it's easy to brag,
And it looks patriotic
To flourish the flag:
It looks very fine—and it's safe and
it's fun—
So long as the banner is serving the
gun.

It's harder to save,
And down every whim,
That the dollars we earn
May sing Victory's hymn.
The gunner is brave and his glory is
sure:
And our savings, in Victory Notes,
are secure.

Not Much.

The Romans' Thanksgiving was dedicated to Ceres, goddess of the harvest. It "was a day of worship and rustic sports." Times haven't changed much.
—New York Telegram.

Doing One's Best.

A sculptor who wanted to express an idea in tangible form might prefer clay to marble or wood to either. But if he were in earnest he would take what he could get—and express himself through it as well as he could. It is taking what we can get and doing best with it that makes all the difference between successful and unsuccessful lives.

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