

A NEWCOMER'S FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF REST COTTAGE AND NATIONAL W.C.T.U. HEAD-QUARTERS.

Walking down Chicago Avenue in the University city of Evanston, between the rows of shady elms, a unique sign catches our attention as it swings back and forth in the breeze: "National Woman's Christian Temperance Union." Then as Rest Cottage and National W.C.T.U. Headquarters come into view, and our steps turn up the path across the velvety lawn, our first impression is: "Why this is like coming home." And the impression still lingers upon entering the place so sacred to the loving memory of Frances E. Willard.

Wrong ideas are easily lodged in the mind, and one generally prevalent is that the Rest Cottage and National W.C.T.U. Headquarters are one and the same.

Rest Cottage, where once lived Frances E. Willard, is now the home of our National President, Miss Anna A. Gordon. It is a cozy house with many gables. Adjoining to and connecting with Rest Cottage in such a way as to give one the idea that the two are one, is what is now known as Headquarters, once the home of Mrs. Mary B. Willard, the widow of Frances E. Willard's brother, Oliver. This the National W.C.T.U. purchased for National Headquarters.

Upon entering National Headquarters, one is first shown into the large and comfortable reception room, with its piano and easy chairs, which give the semblance of one's own living room back home. Here also is found the telephone switchboard connecting sixteen busy workshops. Above on the second floor are the offices of the National Corresponding Secretary and the National Treasurer and their stenographers.

Historic Rest Cottage has its own entrance opening into a hall in the centre of the house. On the right is Miss Gordon's office, never free from work. Back of this is Miss Willard's dining-room, still arranged as our noble chieftain used it.

Across the hall is the old Willard parlour the same as it always was, with the family furniture and pictures, and those intimate things of family life which take us in memory back to

the days of long ago when Miss Willard was organising and leading our wonderful band of white-ribboners.

The room in Rest Cottage, which is most dear to us all, and the one in which we long to linger just to breathe the atmosphere of the place, which was once radiant with her personality, is the "Den" of Frances E. Willard—the spot from which went forth to the world the inspiration and the plans and the guiding influence from which we to-day are reaping the harvest.

Yes, this was the home of our great leader, and it is the spirit of her life still lingering about which welcomes one as to the dear home far away.

But Rest Cottage and the Headquarters or Administration Building of the National W.C.T.U. are not all. In their rear, set in the midst of the spacious lawn, dotted with beautiful trees and shrubs, stands a handsome and commodious two-storey red brick building, with grey stone and white trimmings.

This is the Publishing House, and to one whose idea of this department of the National W.C.T.U. has been formed from seeing a table of literature at the various Conventions, the revelation is tremendous.

The entire first floor and basement are taken up by the publication department, with its business offices and stock room, where tons of literature are kept in open stock on shelves reaching from the floor to the ceiling, while nearly 2000 feet of shelving in the basement are loaded with a reserve supply. It is impossible to conceive of the magnitude of the work until a visit is made to this building.

The machine room, where the address labels are printed for the "Union Signal" and the "Young Crusader," is one of special interest, and a place where no small amount of work is accomplished.

The second floor of the Publishing Building is occupied by the editorial rooms of the "Union Signal" and the "Young Crusader," by the large circulation department, and by the Bureau of Publicity. Here also is the rest room with its kitchenette for the use of employees.

This building is a veritable bee-hive with its constant click of typewriters, the hum of the addressing machine, the scratch, scratch, scratch of the editorial pen, and the hundred and one noises of the shipping department.

And yet, although all are working so hard, no one seems to count her task as toil, but as a labour of love. Here, too, the spirit of the home seems to pervade the thirty or more workers about Headquarters. It is the predominant characteristic in every department, and the home tie seems to bind them one and all.

But why should this not be so? National Headquarters is the centre of our W.C.T.U. life, the home of our organisation, to which we all belong. Oh, what a comfort it is to know: first, that we are not adrift in the world, but that we belong to something; and second, that we belong to an organisation which has for its aim the uplift of humanity and the redemption of the world.

ANNA PRITCHARD GEORGE,
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A BOY'S REMARKS TO HIS STOMACH.

What's the matter with you? Ain't I always been your friend?
Ain't I been a partner to you? All my pennies don't I spend
In gettin' nice things for you? Don't I give you lots of cake?
Say, Stummick, what's the matter, that you had to go and ache?
Why, I loaded you with good things yesterday. I gave you more Potatoes, squash, and turkey than you'd ever had before!
I gave you nuts and candy, pumpkin pie and chocolate cake—
And last night when I got to bed you had to go and ache!
Say, what's the matter with you? Ain't you satisfied at all?
I gave you ail you wanted; you was hard, just like a ball;
And you couldn't hold another bit of puddin', yet last night
You ached most awful, Stummick; that ain't treatin' me just right!
I've been a friend to you, I have; why ain't you a friend of mine?
They gave me castor oil last night because you made me whine.
I'm awful sick this mornin', and I'm feelin' mighty blue,
Becoz you don't appreciate the things I do for you!

—Anon.

The lesson of the East is that the alcoholism of the white race must be overcome, or that vice, with the licentiousness it promotes, will overcome the race.—"Homolitic Review."