



And One Turned to Gold

HE was baptized there. We older ones of the congregation remember how he shrugged his tiny shoulders and smiled up at the minister when the drops of water trickled from the downy head to his baby nose. The gold star's for Jim—and for those of us who loved him well, there's a gold star in our hearts for him.

The blue ones? Bless your soul, they're half of them back and the rest of them coming soon. For every one of those blue stars we'll give thanks forever.

What are the blue stars worth? They're worth smiles of solid contentment, they're worth all the heart-aches and tears that never happened, they're worth a world of thankfulness.

What are they worth in money? There couldn't be an estimate on such a proposition. But we're going to subscribe to the Victory Liberty Loan with such a rush that you'll know how ready we are to prove our gratitude for the stars that didn't turn gold. We're ready to pay the bills for the gigantic preparations that made the Germans quit a year ahead of time.

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