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HANS TRINKEL'S LONE TURKEY



By CLARISSA MACKIE



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HANS TRINKEL frowned darkly at his fine flock of twenty white geese hissing at the approach of the solitary gobbler which was the only survivor of a large and flourishing turkey family. It had been a wet summer, and the delicate birds had succumbed to the dampness. The turkey gobbler was dear to the heart of the stout German farmer. When his pretty daughter Katrina suggested that they should sacrifice the gobbler for the Thanksgiving dinner plans sputtered with indignation. "Ach, Katrina! Kill der turkey?" "Yes, father! We are all Americans now, and you know we observe Thanksgiving day next Thursday." "Humph! And I shall show thankfulness because I had only one turkey left out of der best flock in der town?" Hans' voice rasped with sarcasm. "You might have lost even that one, father. He is a beauty, too—must weigh twenty pounds."



"TOO FAT TO SIT IN MY TREE LIKE A BIG FAT OWL."

tion of the big bronze bird who strutted back and forth in front of him as though vain of his beauty and his weight. An automobile stopped outside the gate, and a voice called lustily: "Hi, there!" Hans slowly pivoted about on one heel and surveyed the motor load of well dressed people. "Vell!" he yelled in response to the hail. "Want to sell that turkey?" One of the men pointed to the handsome gobbler, which was every instant drawing nearer to the open gate. "No. He is not to eat," vociferated Hans angrily. "Well, don't get hot under the collar, Fritz," retorted the motorist, and he drove, laughing away, leaving Mr. Trinkel speechless with indignation. "Fritz, eh?" he muttered at last. "Vell, dot shows you don't know my name, young man." At this moment Hans discovered that the bronze turkey had wandered through the gate and crossed the road to a patch of woods on the opposite side. This Hans could not permit now that the turkey had reached a marketable age and size. With closely furled wings, the big bird dodged in and out of the tangle of cut briar and laurel, his feet scattering through the dead leaves noisily. By this sound Hans was guided in his pursuit. Yard by yard the turkey lured Hans on through the wood until at last, with a triumphant squawk, it blundered over a fence and into a field of stubble. It was not until Hans, too, had scrambled into the field that he realized that he was trespassing. In front of him was a large sign:

TRESPASSERS BEWARE!
THE LAW FORBIDS!
ANTON ROCH.

He and Anton Roch had been bitter political enemies for years. Hans Trinkel did not want to trespass upon Anton's stubble field. He was not afraid of the law, but he did wince at the idea of being ordered off the premises by the choleric Mr. Roch. If it had been young Otto Roch, Hans would not have cared, for Otto was a civil young man and appeared to have a deep respect for his father's enemy. It could not be Otto, for Hans had seen him driving past that morning evidently bound for the market town. Meantime the turkey gobbler was strutting leisurely through the stubble, now and then turning a leering eye upon his master as Hans panted in his wake. Just as Hans would dodge around to head off the turkey, the wary gobbler would slant toward the woods, and before Mr. Trinkel was aware what had happened he found himself enmeshed in the cat briers of Anton Roch's woods. As he tore himself loose from an especially clinging briar Hans heard the crash of heavy feet coming toward him. Anton Roch was returning home and would discover the trespasser. With one wild glance around him Hans vanished into the umbrageous foliage of a giant spruce tree. Fate had ordained that Anton Roch was not to pass by the spruce that day. The troublesome turkey, rejoicing that his pursuer had disappeared, now uttered a triumphant gobble and walked straight toward Mr. Roch. Anton saw him coming and rose to the occasion. He had always wanted to shoot a wild turkey, but he had never seen one, and here was his opportunity. The Roch family would feast upon wild turkey on Thanksgiving day. He fired the last charge in his gun and missed. A bunch of bronze tail feathers fluttered into the air and down again. Then the indignant turkey charged him furiously. Anton Roch was small and thin and wiry, and the turkey only administered one vicious nip at his leg before Mr. Roch had wormed himself into the shadow of the spruce tree, which stood like a desert island in the midst of its leafless, high limbed companions. As he settled himself comfortably he nearly fell off his perch on to the ground. His gun clattered downward. Staring at him across another branch was the rubicund visage of his neighbor, Hans Trinkel. "Himmel!" they muttered in unison. Anton was the first to recover himself. "So!" He lifted inquiring brows. "You sit in my tree like a big fat owl, eh? For what?" Hans pointed a fat forefinger down at the watchful turkey below. "Him." Anton's features relaxed in a grin. "He chased you too?" Hans shook his head. "I chased him," he said truthfully. "He got out of my gate and led me a pretty chase through der woods into your stubble field and so here. My Katrina makes I should kill him for Thanksgiving day, but he is der only one I have got." "You most came near not having him," returned Anton grimly. "If I'd had one more cartridge!" He shook his head significantly. Before Hans could reply there came footsteps passing slowly over the dried leaves on the ground. They paused near the spruce trees, and the sentinel turkey crouched low against the ground. For the moment he lost his aggressiveness. Both farmers stared with indignant eyes at what was taking place within their range of vision. Katrina Trinkel was standing there with young Otto Roch, and a handsome couple they made, too. Katrina so small and fair and flaxen haired and Otto tall and dark and grave looking. Otto slipped an arm around Katrina's slim waist and kissed her willing lips. "How can I make your father think well of me, Katrina, when he and my father are such bitter enemies?" "You never can," sighed Katrina. "We can never be married, Otto, dear, for the fathers would never consent, and I for one could not marry without it." "It would be best not," agreed Otto sadly. "But it is hard on us." "Yes, and Otto, we should part now because we cannot be lovers any longer now that we have decided it is useless to ask their consent." Otto took her into his strong arms, and the two old men up in the tree heard her crying softly. Hans and Anton glared at each other across the branch. Each one blamed the other for being a hard hearted parent, deaf to the happiness of these young things. Simultaneously their hardness melted beneath this sun of young love that had slanted a warm beam in their direction. Perhaps it was the sound of Katrina's sobs. Perhaps it was the recollection of the ten

IMPORTANT

READ THIS, IT MEANS MONEY FOR YOU

YOU have undoubtedly heard or read the arguments of politicians for the past several months in relation to the high cost of living and as to how reduction can be made, we do not intend to argue the question, but to furnish you with *Positive Facts* and also *Deliver the Goods*. We will show you how that part pertaining to the feeding of your Poultry, Horses and Cattle can be reduced at least 20% from the prices you are now paying, by dealing with us. We have purchased several cars of CHICKEN FEED of which the first has just arrived and we're going to give you the benefit of the reduction in price.

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YOUR AMBITION.

Have You a Clear Cut Idea of the Object of Your Desire? Several years ago, when I filled a position which brought me many visitors each day and many more letters at the same time, I was overburdened with requests for advice from persons who wished "to succeed," "to accomplish," "to attain." But, as strange as the statement may seem to you, I can truthfully say that not one in a hundred of these earnest seekers was able to state exactly what he or she really wanted. They were dissatisfied and discontented and felt the vague urge of unrest pushing them forward to further endeavor and attainment, but it stopped right there. Ninety-nine out of every hundred did not know what they wanted. They asked not only for advice regarding the means of accomplishment and attainment, but also for information as to what they should really desire. "Silly," you exclaim. Not a bit of it. I venture to say that you—yes, you who are now reading these lines—are not much better off regarding clear cut ideas and ideals. You want and want, and want, of course, but just what do you want? Have you a clearly defined idea and a clear cut ideal of the object of your desire? Honor bright now, have you? William Walker Atkinson in Nautlius.

THE BARREL.

Strong From Without and Sometimes Doubly Strong From Within. Nobody knows who invented the barrel. It has been used since time immemorial. Barrels are used for all manner of articles, solid and liquid. There are barrels for holding sugar, salt, apples, potatoes, and so on; for all sorts of oils, from the heaviest lubricants to the most volatile products of petroleum; for beers, wines and all sorts of beverages. It is contended that the barrel is the strongest structure of its size that can be made from an equal amount of wood. Its contents are frequently the strongest that can be made from liquids. The barrel has tremendous power of resistance to pressure from within and from without. A barrel set on end will, it is claimed, support half the weight of a railway car while the truck is taken from beneath for repairs. Yet the primitive barrel is put together without nails, screws, bolts or pins. It is entirely self fastened. The barrel is smaller at its ends than it is in its middle, so that the wooden hoops, self locking, may be driven on, tightening the staves and pressing the heads into the chimes. Although not calked, barrels are water tight. A small barrel is a keck, a big barrel is a cask, and a still bigger barrel is a hog-head.—Harper's Weekly.

COURT ETIQUETTE.

Multy Millions Fractured It and Lost His Diplomatic Post. A witty New York society man said at a dinner, apropos of court etiquette: "Court etiquette is, after all, very like ordinary etiquette—the laws of common sense govern it." "Did you ever hear how Multy Millions lost his under secretaryship at our legation in London?" Multy deservd his fate. His common sense was lamentably lacking. "It happened years and years ago. King Edward had just come into his own, and Multy Millions was dining for the first time at Buckingham palace. "The dinner was a state one. The splendid gold plate from Windsor glittered on table and sideboard. To Multy, when the entremets came on, the deaf Queen Alexandra said: "How long have you been living abroad, Mr. Millions?" "Four years, ma'am," Multy replied in a loud voice, for he knew enough, of course, to speak high and to say 'ma'am.' "What? I did not hear," said Queen Alexandra. "Four years, ma'am," Multy shouted. "But she repeated, 'What?' "Then Multy leaned forward, and with a polite and amiable smile, he waved four fingers to and fro before Queen Alexandra's face. "He resigned the next morning"—Exchange.

EIGHTEENTH CENTURY LIFE.

A Bath Was a Matter of Some Moment in Those Days. These brief extracts from the letters of Elizabeth Montagu, the "queen of the bluestocking," throws a curious light on eighteenth century life in England. She was suffering from a swollen lip. Promptly the great Dr. Mead prescribed a blister to her back. She writes: "I am better than I was; but, my mouth not being yet perfectly redressed, I have got a fresh blister upon my back. Well, what I stand with such a weight of casualties I have sent for my bathing, clothes and on Sunday night shall take a souze. I think it a pleasant remedy." Apparently in 1741 a lady could not take a bath even on Sunday night and in the privacy of her chamber without her "bathing clothes." Mrs. Montagu writes again: "My lip is not entirely reduced, though I have been blistered twice, once blooded and have five times taken physic, have lived upon chicken and white meats and drunk nothing but water. I have suffered great disappointment about the warm bath which I am advised to try, for the bathing tubs are so out of order that we have not yet been able to make them hold water."—Westminster Gazette.

Skin Beauty.

For the yellowish skin nothing is so satisfactory as fruit juices, and the woman who pins her faith to this delightful remedy will surely reap the reward of her trust in nature. Fruit juices are beneficial principally in that they stimulate the sluggish liver to renewed activity, thus throwing off the poisons which accumulate, and are distributed along the surface of the skin. Orange juice poured into a cup of hot water and taken before breakfast each morning brings almost immediate results. Fruit has much the same effect, but should be taken more sparingly, the juice of half a fruit to one-fourth of a cup of hot water being the correct proportion. Peaches, plums, grapes, raspberries, blackberries, cherries, lemons, limes, all offer excellent opportunities to pursue the fruit juice cure. Literary Coincidence. Resemblance does not always mean plagiarism. There was no plagiarism certainly in Newman's line, "The night is dark, and I am far from home," though it has been pointed out that it almost exactly reproduces a line in a play printed in 1599. This play is "Two Angry Women of Abington," by Henry Porter, and the original line runs, "Tis late and dark, and I am far from home."