

# Wood

Material  
Fuel Company  
Telephone 335

# Theatre

Every Night  
Wednesday  
Nights  
10 CENTS

# SHOULDN'T WE BE BUSY?

Give you the best leather and workmanship at the lowest price and will do your work in the shortest time possible. Give us a trial.

# Highland Park Shoe Repairing Shop

# System

Use the telephone way of doing things. Come and go, and save time and money.

to New Orleans, West to Medicine Hat, but show that Bell Long has the inalienable right to service, and that every touch with this great Chicago Telephone Com-

Local Exchange St. Johns Ave.

# Insurance Agency

all its branches  
Tornado Life  
Employers Liability  
Companies Lowest Rates

# Made Candies

Artistic boxes, also in bulk  
Cake Milk Chocolate  
Hershey Chocolate  
Salted Peanuts  
Peanut Brittle

# Kitchen

Highland Park, Illinois

bring results

The Geo. Colburn Music Studio  
VOICE, VIOLIN AND THEORY  
Chorus and Orchestra Conducting  
135 South Second Street  
HIGHLAND PARK

Telephone 632  
FRED SCHAEFER  
PLUMBING  
23 N. Sheridan Road Highland Park

Telephone 909  
J. P. STEFFEN  
Fresh Butter, Eggs  
and Poultry  
331 McDaniels Avenue  
HIGHLAND PARK, ILL.

Estimates Furnished Prices Right  
Geo. H. Morris  
Painting and Decorating  
Wall Paper, Etc.  
Supplied  
506 Lincoln Place Telephone 833-W

For UP-TO-DATE SHOES  
J. A. Blomdahl  
17 St. Johns Avenue Telephone 247

Chas. E. Russell  
Civil Engineer and Surveyor  
Lake Forest, Phone 534-w  
Surveys, Subdividing plans  
& estimates for private &  
public improvement work  
Office: Erskine Bank Bldg.  
Phone 309

Telephone 2392  
HARRY J. RICHARDS  
Plum, Tinsmith, and Repairing  
Crown Roofing and Siding  
431 Wisconsin Avenue  
Chicago

Telephone 436 449 Deerfield Ave.  
E. E. FARMER  
Excavating and  
Concrete Work Estimates Furnished

Telephone 832-R  
Patrick F. Cawley  
Contractor for  
Public Works and  
Landscape Gardener  
233 North Second St.  
Highland Park, Ill.

Madam, Read McCall's  
The Fashion Authority  
McCALL'S is a large, artistic, hand-  
somely illustrated 100-page monthly  
Magazine that is adding to the happi-  
ness and efficiency of 1,100,000  
women each month.  
Each issue is bristling with fashions, fancy-  
work, interesting short stories, and scores  
of labor-saving and money-saving ideas  
for women. There are more than 100 of  
the newest designs of the celebrated  
McCALL PATTERNS in each issue.  
The publishers of McCALL'S will spend  
thousands of dollars extra in the coming  
months in order to keep McCALL'S head  
and shoulders above all other women's  
magazines at any price. However,  
McCALL'S is only one a year; positively  
worth \$1.00.  
You may select your own McCALL Pattern free  
from your first copy of McCALL'S, if you  
subscribe quickly.  
THE McCALL COMPANY, 236 West 37th St., New York  
NOTE—Ask for a copy of McCALL'S wonderful  
new pattern catalogue. Sample copy and pat-  
tern catalogue also free on request.

## HIS RISE TO POWER CHAPTER VI The Call.

THE Consolidated Coal company was a fact, a splendid epoch-making fact.  
The last stubborn holdout surrendering to Hampden's skillful negotiations, to necessity and pressure of public opinion, had been led tri-umphantly into camp and on Hampden's terms. Among the hills west of town things began to happen under his forceful direction. A spur from the railroad was being constructed. A vil-lage of rough shanties was hastily thrown together to house the colony of miners that was to be brought later. An atmosphere of business-like haste pervaded New Chicago. The price of real estate promptly advanced. Vi-sions of expansion of prosperity, filled the eyes.

Cranshaw one day explained to John why he and his liver-toughship neighbors had capitulated.  
"We got to take what we can get. It takes a lot of money to develop coal lands. Hampden has it—no we haven't. We found he'd got all the right o' ways. If we could find any one to buy our coal, he couldn't 'a' shipped, 'cept'n over Hampden's right o' way. I don't like to be held up, but it's my only chance to leave anything fer my children."

"I hope it will all turn out for the best," said John, frowning—he hardly knew why—that it might not so turn out.  
"Seems like," said Cranshaw, "the feller with money has the whip hand over the feller with something to sell or develop. Trouble is, even when we know it's wrong, we don't want to change it, hopin' that some day it'll give us a chance to make money the same way."  
"Oh, ho!" John protested. "I'd hate to believe that. I can't believe it. Men aren't all of the dog-eat-dog species."

"Well," said 'Rl, a little ashamed, "I don't know as I believe it myself. Guess I'm a little peevish over bein' outbalanced by Steve Hampden. I wish," he added thoughtfully, "you could be lawyer for the company. It looks like us farmers won't have much say in the business. I'd like to have some one on the inside who could tell us what's goin' on."  
"No chance of that," 'Rl, Hampden doesn't think much of me." He did not tell Cranshaw why he had lost the capitalist's favor.

The net result of his quixotism, he thought with some bitterness, was to win Hampden's hostility and to put himself out of the way of protecting his farmer friends.  
And late in October occurred his party's rally.  
It was necessary to marshal the badly shaken party hosts. For into Benton county had marched a young man who, in a single opposition speech, broke through the defenses so painstakingly reared by Jeremy Applegate and his fellow soldiers. None other than Jerry Brent. A big, rawboned, homely fellow, uncouth in manner and sometimes in grammar, but with a crude, passionate eloquence that always carried his audience with him. He had been a coal miner, a labor organizer, and had after a struggle so common that description states, been admitted to the practice of law. In all the thirty-five years of his life the charge of material dishonesty had never been raised against him; he was still poor. And he was counted a rising man in the opposition party, not with the connivance of his party bosses, however. They considered him a radical, unsafe and—cardinal crime in an honest and unmanageable young man—ambitious. Respectable people sneered at his "antics." It was said that his eyes were fixed on the next nomination for governor. Even with this suspicion rankling in their minds the bosses dared not—so popular was he among labor men—refuse him opportunity to speak during the campaign.

John, an inconspicuous listener, heard Brent's Benton county speech. It troubled him. It seemed to him unanswerable. Brent, it was true, dealt in terms of suspicion, not of facts, but it was a suspicion that found a swift echo in the hearts of his audience. He frankly said as much.  
"We don't govern this state," said Brent. "One man, Murchell, picks out our officers and tells 'em what to do while in office. You people don't govern Benton county. One man, Jim Sheehan, Murchell's tool, chooses your commissioners, your treasurers, your sheriffs, your district attorneys." John winced. "And it's wrong, my God! It's wrong!" the orator cried passionately. "It would be wrong, even if these men were honest. And I blame you for it. You haven't the right to shove your responsibility on other men's shoulders, and they haven't the right to take the power."

The man's hot, rough eloquence found a lodgment where least expected in John's heart, already sensitized by his own discoveries and questionings. Jerry Brent was right.  
The oldest inhabitant could not remember when the old party had been so vigorously attacked. To stem the tide of revolt—an old time rally was to be held in the square, Sheehan instructed John as to the part which the latter was to play.  
"You're to speak. Hit 'er up hard. Tell 'em all about us bein' the friend of the farmer. It's your chance. Parrott and Sherrod'll be there. Parrott's no slouch of a speaker, but you can beat him. Farmers like a good speech."

"I don't know that I care to make the speech."  
"Don't you want to be elected?"

John, an inconspicuous listener, heard Brent's Benton county speech. It troubled him. It seemed to him unanswerable. Brent, it was true, dealt in terms of suspicion, not of facts, but it was a suspicion that found a swift echo in the hearts of his audience. He frankly said as much.  
"We don't govern this state," said Brent. "One man, Murchell, picks out our officers and tells 'em what to do while in office. You people don't govern Benton county. One man, Jim Sheehan, Murchell's tool, chooses your commissioners, your treasurers, your sheriffs, your district attorneys." John winced. "And it's wrong, my God! It's wrong!" the orator cried passionately. "It would be wrong, even if these men were honest. And I blame you for it. You haven't the right to shove your responsibility on other men's shoulders, and they haven't the right to take the power."

The man's hot, rough eloquence found a lodgment where least expected in John's heart, already sensitized by his own discoveries and questionings. Jerry Brent was right.  
The oldest inhabitant could not remember when the old party had been so vigorously attacked. To stem the tide of revolt—an old time rally was to be held in the square, Sheehan instructed John as to the part which the latter was to play.  
"You're to speak. Hit 'er up hard. Tell 'em all about us bein' the friend of the farmer. It's your chance. Parrott and Sherrod'll be there. Parrott's no slouch of a speaker, but you can beat him. Farmers like a good speech."

grave, protesting irony.  
"We have heard tonight of the just glories of our party, and of glories that are of the nation. I shall not repeat, lest repetition dull their point. I have been asked not to forget the state ticket, in fact, to play it up hard. I need hardly speak for the gentlemen who have so eloquently spoken for themselves. I presume they do not wish to be saddled with responsibility for any of my shortcomings, nor do I wish to be judged by theirs. I am a candidate for office. If you think me the sort of man to administer that office honestly and well, without fear or favor, and as my own man, I shall be happy. If you don't think that, you can't believe that any party's history will make me an honest official. And—that's all I can say."  
He turned and walked toward the rear of the platform. The shouts continued. Black jaws fell slack. The fringes of farmers stood motionless, bewildered, slow to grasp the significance of the short speech. Through the silence the voice of Jim Sheehan, first to recover presence of mind, carried over the crowd to Main street.  
"For God's sake start a tune or something!" This to the band.  
Some one laughed. The band began to play "When Johnny Comes Marching Home," of all tunes! People began to rise from their seats. It was not necessary for the chairman to announce the end of the meeting.  
On the stage John faced a wrathful tableau—Parrott, Sherrod and Sheehan.

fringes of farmers stood motionless, bewildered, slow to grasp the significance of the short speech. Through the silence the voice of Jim Sheehan, first to recover presence of mind, carried over the crowd to Main street.  
"For God's sake start a tune or something!" This to the band.  
Some one laughed. The band began to play "When Johnny Comes Marching Home," of all tunes! People began to rise from their seats. It was not necessary for the chairman to announce the end of the meeting.  
On the stage John faced a wrathful tableau—Parrott, Sherrod and Sheehan.

han. "What the h—!" began Sheehan, but the snave Sherrod, minus his snarling, interrupted. "What do you mean? If you can't support the ticket you had no right to speak at all. You abuse courtesy, young man."  
"Not yours, at any rate," John answered, and walked from the stage.  
He made his way quickly behind it and out around the crowd. He was dazed at his own act. A heavy sense of treachery was upon him, yet he could not have done otherwise. He had not eyes for the curious glances, many of them more friendly than he could then have believed, cast toward him. Walking swiftly with eyes cast down, he would have passed without noticing the fashionable trap in front of his home had not a voice from it called to him.  
"John, John!"

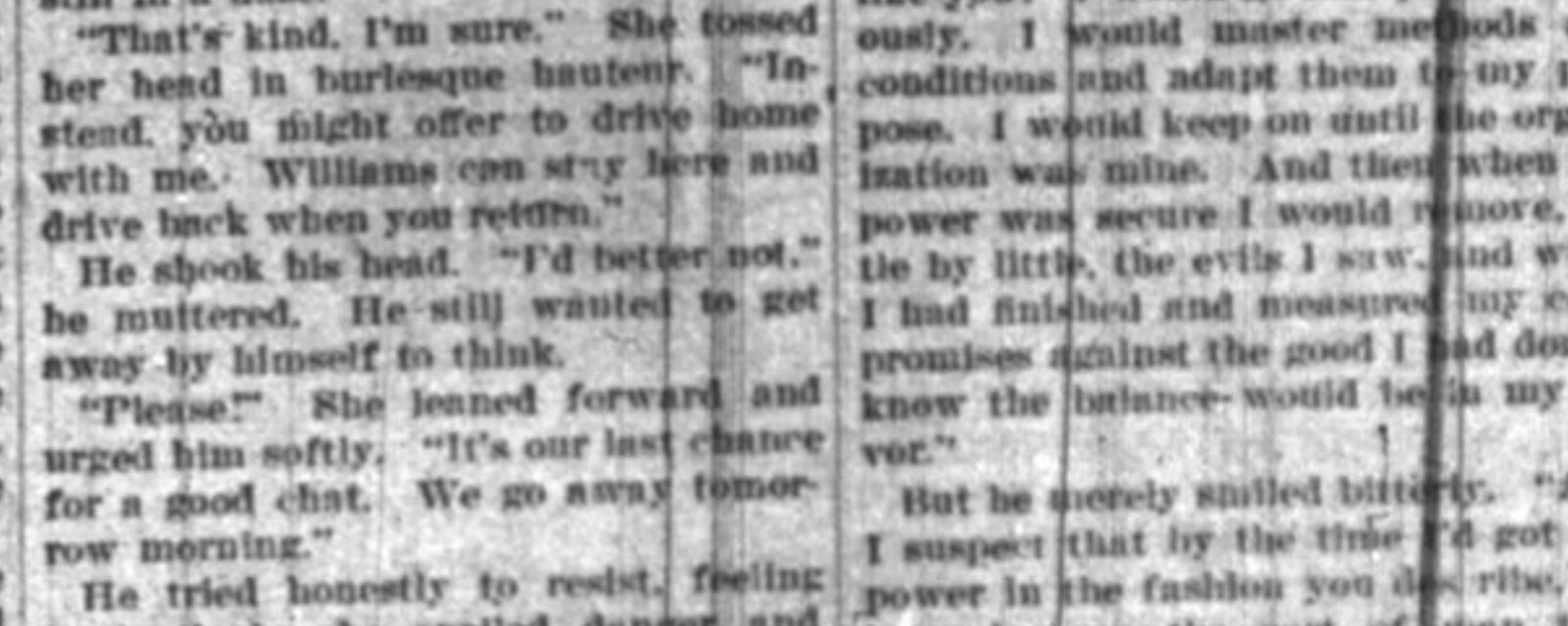
CHAPTER VII  
The Wilderness Road.  
HE stopped and stared at her in astonishment. "Katherine? What are you doing here?"  
"Listening to the speeches, of course. I wanted dad to come along, but he said no, his interest in politics was practical, not sentimental, and he preferred to take his van derwieve straight. He was in quite a bad humor because I wanted to come. But—I am here."  
"I wish you hadn't come," he said, still in a daze.  
"That's kind, I'm sure." She tossed her head in burlesque hauteur. "Instead, you might offer to drive home with me. Williams can stay here and drive back when you return."  
He shook his head. "I'd better not," he muttered. He still wanted to get away by himself to think.  
"Please," she leaned forward and urged him softly. "It's our last chance for a good chat. We go away tomorrow morning."  
He tried honestly to resist, feeling instinctively she spelled danger and that every hour with her added to the danger. But he made the mistake of looking at her. Always she was revealing some new charm for him and, despite his inner warning, now bred in him a sort of recklessness. He called himself a weakling, a fool that played with fire. And, so styling himself, he assented. Soon they had left the town behind them and were howling along the moonlit road.  
John, letting the rally and the problem it presented drift into the background, gave himself up to a reckless enjoyment of the hour. The white splendor of the moon, undimmed by smoky torches, the silent majesty of the hills with their shadows and silvery sheen, alone were real. The crowd of faces peering intently at him through the half gloom, the struggle within

him as he stood before them, his ironic rejection of the part assigned him, seemed unreal, creatures of a fantastic dream. And the girl beside him, like him written into silence, was real, very real.  
"It seems," she said, "that I must always take the aggressive. But then you never hunt me out—so what can I do? I suppose most people would call me unwomanly. Do you think me that?"  
"I do not," he answered unthinkingly. "You can't expect the beneficiary to be critical."  
"Do you mean that, I wonder? Or is it only your nice way of letting me down easily? But I am not conferring. I am seeking. A—friendship—such as yours—means a great deal to me." Her voice dwindled away into silence.  
He was hard put to it to keep a tight grip on himself, to fight down the longing surging within him. Insistently, he tried to think of her as she was, an unformed woman of essential selfishness, of generous caprices. He had not yet found the solution to the problem presented to him by his campaign, but he felt blindly that it was leading him into paths whither she would not follow, into which he, if he yielded to his longing, would not—could not—go alone. He had sometimes thought he felt in her that which would carry her to great heights; yet he knew she was now of the earth, earthy. She was a creature of luxury. He thought of his last year's income and laughed unpleasantly.  
"Why this sudden hilarity?" she demanded.  
"It's a joke I've just thought of—you wouldn't appreciate it."  
"Was it," she pressed him—"was it about your speech tonight?"  
"Indirectly, I suppose," he replied.  
"Will you tell me about that? It was the reason—one reason—why I wanted you to come home with me. Jim of two minds about it. Of course, I didn't understand what it was all about, except that you were expected to say far more and something different. Any one could see that the men on the platform were angry. But one had the feeling that somehow you were finding and asserting yourself—doing something rather splendid. I know it made Aunt Roberta begin to snuffle—she said it was a cold in her head. I heard one man near us—a big, hulking farmer—say, 'By Josiah! I always thought there was considerable of a man under that white skin of Johnny Dummehede's.' He didn't mean to be funny, I think. Another, a different sort of man, laughed and said, 'Now that's the cleverest move yet. It's a grand-stand play, but it'll make him if he's big enough to follow it up. I'll get him a following.'"

"She looked up at him inquiringly. He saw again the eager interest in her eyes.  
"It was neither splendid nor crafty," he said grimly. "I was expected to rant and blather about the virtues of candidates I've no faith in, cover up a lot of things that, it seems, can't be said, and I had that speech ready. But when it came to the point I couldn't say it. That's all. Sheehan and the organization will probably kill me under cover and beat me if only as a horrible example to the next young man who happens along with a working conscience."  
"Why," she exclaimed incredulously, "that would elect your opponent, wouldn't it? Senator Murchell won't allow it, surely."  
"Senator Murchell will be the first to recommend the killing," he laughed shortly. "I begin to suspect that the senator is a false god."  
"What have you against the candidates?"  
"It's rather against the forces behind them. Bad methods and general suspicion, I guess. I probably couldn't make it clear."  
"Just that? I do not think," she said slowly, "that I like it, after all. I'm disappointed in—for you."  
"Would you have me lie? For that's what it would amount to."  
"Oh," she cried, "that's not a fair way to put it. I'm so ambitious for you! That's unwomanly, too. I suppose, but I don't care. I am ambitious for you. And I do so admire the men who go along! And in politics you could go so far. You have Senator Murchell's friendship. You don't know how much he admires you. And you have brains and popularity. Do you know what I would do if I were a man like you? I would go into politics seriously. I would master methods and conditions and adapt them to my purpose. I would keep on until the organization was mine. And then when my power was secure I would remove, little by little, the evils I saw, and move. I had finished and measured my compromises against the good I had done. I know the balance would be in my favor."

But he merely smiled bitterly. "And I suspect that by the time I'd got the power in the fashion you describe, I'd have become the sort of man that doesn't use his power for good."  
"What are you going to do about it?"  
"About the election?" He shrugged his shoulders in indifference. "Let 'em beat me, I suppose. I haven't thought ahead as far as tomorrow."  
"Now that it's all over—I can admire your refusing to make that speech. It was splendid in a way. You see, I can appreciate unselfishness in the abstract or when it can't be remedied."  
"I told you that wasn't unselfish. It was involuntary," he insisted. "But I can't face the evidence—your kindly, even if mistaken, interest in me and my future. And you mustn't sneer at yourself," he added gravely.  
"I turned to look fately into his eyes. "Do you still think it necessary to let me down easily?" she asked softly.

CONTINUED NEXT WEEK



Paul and Millie  
VENCAL MUZIK  
BARBER SHOP  
W. Central Ave. Highland Park

Dr. R. A. Hamilton Dr. J. L. Baughman  
DENTISTS  
Suite 4, 5 and 6, State Bank Bldg.  
Telephone 678 HIGHLAND PARK, ILL.

DR. WATSON  
DENTIST  
45 St. Johns Ave. Highland Park  
Telephone 374

F. A. TUCKER  
Butter, Eggs, and Home  
Dressed Poultry  
LAKE SHORE CREAMERY  
515 Oakwood Ave. Highland Park  
Telephone 57

TRYING to do business  
without advertising is  
like winking in the dark.  
The merchant may know  
what he is doing but no-  
body else does.

OVER 65 YEARS  
EXPERIENCE  
PATENTS  
TRADE MARKS  
DESIGNS  
COPYRIGHTS & C.  
Scientific American  
MUNN & Co 361 Broadway New York  
Branch Office, 28 F St., Washington, D. C.

The Highland Park  
State Bank  
is a SAFE BANK  
in which to put your SAVINGS—  
its cash is counted  
and its Securities  
Scrutinized by the  
State Authorities  
periodically. It  
publishes a sworn  
statement of its  
condition in this  
newspaper from  
time to time.  
CROPLEY G. PHILLIPS  
President  
WM. M. DOOLEY  
Cashier  
C. F. GRANT  
Asst. Cashier

Clean Your  
Carpets  
on the  
floor  
DUNTLEY Pneumatic  
Sweeper  
IT'S A HIGHLY EFFICIENT  
suction sweeper and revolving  
brush sweeper, all in one. Gets  
five to six times as much dust as  
old style carpet sweepers. Runs  
just as easy. Does the work of a  
\$125 vacuum cleaner and more.  
Not only gets all the dust out of  
the body of rug or carpet, but  
picks up pins, threads, lint, etc.  
No electric power needed. Save  
your strength and  
keep your house  
thoroughly clean all  
the year long.  
Send me your name as  
I can arrange to give  
you a  
Free Demonstration  
in your home  
Duntley Pneumatic Sweeper Co  
6501 State Street CHICAGO, ILL.