

Don't Get Cold Feet

If you are sleeping out doors there's nothing more comfortable than a good

Hot Water Bottle

One that is strong and durable and will not leak. We have them at reasonable prices ranging from \$1 to \$2.25. We guarantee all bottles from \$1.25 up

Frederick W. Schumacher

The **Rexall** Store

Now is the Time

to use our cream for chapped hands and face. Not sticky or greasy

Dale Sweetland's Pharmacy
The Drug Store on the Corner

AUTOMOBILES OVERHAULED AND REPAIRED
BOUGHT AND SOLD. GEARS
REGULAR OR SPECIAL CUT ON SHORT NOTICE
ALL MACHINE WORK GUARANTEED. GAS EN-
GINES REBORED AND REPAIRED. TEL. N. C. 413

Practical Gas Engine & Machine Works

North Chicago, Illinois
One block north of C. & N. W. Depot, near E. J. E. viaduct

\$60,000 FIRE at WINNETKA



Why do YOU Neglect YOUR Home? You Need Fire Extinguishers—That's Settled.

You can make no mistake in "ELECTRENE" the Fire Gun
SIMPLE - EFFECTIVE, - SURE

It is good enough for the President of the U. S. He has them on his auto. It is good enough for the N. Y. fire dept. All the trucks are equipped, and they are ordering more. Get that extinguisher today—tomorrow may be to late. Get it now

D. C. Purdy & Sons

Wishing you all a

Happy New Year

Burrill's 5 and 10 Cent Store

Formerly THE BEEHIVE
Telephone 390 Next door to post office

Notice Automobile Owners

See J. E. Conrad for 1914 LICENSE

Room 7 Bergen Block Tel. 1020 33 St. Johns Ave.

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Vincent Quarta FURNITURE STORE

Antique Furniture Repaired and Refinished right in your home

LAKE FOREST, ILLINOIS

PUZZLED THE DRIVER.

Now He Believes the Policeman is a Real Mind Reader.

A certain truckman in the habit of using the new Manhattan bridge on his morning trip to Brooklyn has abandoned that route because of superstition.

Several days ago while the truckman was taking a load of chicken crates to Brooklyn a fine cap tipped down before him just as his team had passed under the Manhattan tower. He looked around, and seeing that none of the teamsters ahead of him or behind him was bareheaded, he picked up the cap and put it under the cushion of his seat.

Now, it chanced that the cap had been blown from the head of one of the engineers of the bridge department who was high up in the tower at the time. On reaching the tower base he called up the policeman at the Brooklyn approach on the telephone, described the teamster and his wagon and told how he had lost his cap.

As the long file of trucks passed by the policeman the latter halted the thieving driver, saying: "I'll trouble you to hand over that cap you picked up on the Manhattan side. It's a black and white check, and you've got it right there under your seat."

Amazed and frightened at the cop's demand, the driver pulled out his hidden find and tossed it to him. "Here you are," he said. "You're a mind reader or one of them guys what can see around corners."—New York Tribune.

MASSENET'S HCBY.

A Story of the Composer and His Dear Friend, the Bookbinder.

In the recollections of Massenet a story is told, says the Hamburger Nachrichten, illustrating the composer's passionate admiration for beautiful bindings. Not a week passed without a visit from him to his bookbinder when he brought a new book or a new edition to be bound. In the course of time he and his bookbinder became the best of friends, and when Massenet arrived the talk was at first of everything on earth except the real object of his visit.

"Look here!" Massenet would say eventually, giving the man the volume to be bound.

"Splendid!" replied the bookbinder, and then for his customer and friend he would devise some fresh wonder in the art of binding.

One morning Massenet suddenly learned that his friend was giving up business. He hurried to his shop. "Heavens! Is it true you are leaving Paris?" he asked.

"Why, certainly! I have bought a charming little country house near Nantes."

"What! A country house! And in the provinces!" And he added sadly, "Ah, my poor friend, I am partly responsible for that!"

Who Am I?

Last leap year I did not want to embarrass my best girl to make her propose to me, so asked her to be my wife, and she said, "I would rather be excused," and I, like an idiot, excused her. But I got even with the girl. I married her mother. Then my father married the girl. Now I don't know who I am.

When I married the girl's mother the girl became my daughter, and when my father married my daughter he is my son. When my father married my daughter she was my mother. If my father is my son and my daughter is my mother, who in thunder am I? My mother's mother (which is my wife) must be my grandmother, and I being my grandmother's husband, I am my own grandfather.—National Monthly.

A Bargain.

A young society woman met a count and fell in love with him. Her father was opposed to a match of this kind and declared the foreign nobleman was simply after his money.

"Count," said the young woman one evening, "you can't imagine how my love for you distresses my parents. My father told me he would give \$10,000 if I would never see you again."

"Ah, darling," said the count, "see your father in bees offices now, you sink?"—Chicago Record-Herald.

YOUR PLACE IN THE WORLD.

Fill It Well, For, Though It May Be Small, It Is Important.

It is the privilege of a limited number of mortals to stand in the limelight and be applauded, to have a pathway cleared for their progress and an attentive audience for their highest accents of command or exhortation. Most of us fill humble places. We are not heard of at our birth, nor when we die. We make one more in the crowded thoroughfare. The "hungry generations" tread us down. Life's swollen current roars and eddies about the little canoe we are trying to paddle through the rapids and stream. "What is the use?" we ask. And of what use are we? What difference would it make if we gave up the fight? Who would notice our vanishing, and what is one life among 40 many?

In that mood of discouragement it is to be remembered that each of us has his place which he alone can fill. There are others, no doubt, who can do the same kind of work, but they cannot do our work. History is full of tragedies due to the failure not alone of emperors, but of peasants—not merely of commanding generals, but of privates in the ranks—and the collapse of a great cause has been due to the fact that one inconspicuous man in a small place has thought it made no difference if he ran away.—Philadelphia Ledger.

NEWSPAPER ENTERPRISE.

They Display It in an Acute Form In Tomsk, Siberia.

In "Through Siberia—An Empire In the Making," by R. L. Wright and Bassett Digby, the authors tell us that the city of Tomsk has two morning dailies. Any important news that comes over the wires during the day is struck off on handbills, which are sold in the streets as "telegrams." At the time of the Russo-Chinese crisis there came early one morning the startling report that the Russian minister at Peking had been assassinated.

"One of the papers at once rushed a handbill through the press, but before it was distributed came the official denial from St. Petersburg and Peking. In keeping with the best journalistic traditions of the occasion, the editor had the denials printed on a second handbill.

"Then he called all the newsboys into the inner office, explained the situation with the utmost candor, handed out supplies of each bill to the eager lads and told them to run the streets crying 'Horrible Assassination' until the 'Horrible Assassinations' had sold out. Then, after resting up for ten minutes, they were to open a chorus of 'Startling Sequel' and proceed to sell out all their 'Startling Sequels.' And they did."

Very Complimentary.

Mrs. Gray (smiling two acquaintances in the parade)—Oh, I didn't know you were here, Mrs. Greene! Awfully pleased! You must come and spend an evening with us.

Mrs. Greene—It's very kind of you, but you must really excuse us. You see, we've never been in the place before, and we're only here for a few days, so, of course, we must make the best use of our time.—London Express.

Free and Equal.

"Do you truly and honestly believe that all men are born free and equal?" asked Jithyson of the genial philosopher.

"I sure do," replied G. P. "Free of all responsibility and equal to not less than three square meals a day."—Life.

Experience.

"How did you come out of that deal in Wall street?"

"I got several thousand dollars' worth of experience. But the price on experience has gone away off, with no chance that I can see of recovering."—Exchange.

Ocean Depths.

Scientists have found fifty-six areas in the ocean where the water is more than three miles deep, ten where it exceeds four miles and four where the bottom is farther than five miles down.

A BOY'S MOMENT OF FAME.

When Young Walter Scott Was Praised by Robert Burns.

From the time he was six Walter Scott read ravenously, and it was through his wide reading that when only fifteen he became for a few moments the center of a group of learned men. It was when the poet Burns visited Edinburgh and had shown great interest in a picture of a soldier lying dead in the snow with a dog keeping patient watch beside him.

Beneath the picture were some beautiful lines, but neither Burns nor any of those learned men knew their author until young Walter Scott, who happened to be present, whispered that they were by Langhorne.

Then Burns turned to him, with glowing eyes, and said, "It is no common course of reading that has taught you this," adding to his friends, "This lad will be heard of yet."

How proud the lad felt! How wistfully joyful in the warmth of the great poet's praise and then how suddenly forgotten when only a few days later Robert Burns passed him in the street without a glance: Scott's moment of fame had vanished.—Ariadne Gilbert in St. Nicholas.

Knew What to Do.

Speaking of rare presence of mind recently, recalled to ex-President Taft the case of a handsome young woman of his acquaintance. She had gone to the railway station to meet a man friend of the family, and when he debarbed from the train the young man lost his head and impulsively kissed her. The girl thought it the part of prudence to tell her mother of the affair, upon which the latter was simply horrified.

"You don't mean to tell me that he had the impudence to kiss you?" she cried. "And to think of the crowd at the station! Why, my dear, what did you do in such an embarrassing situation?"

"Why, mother, I just kissed him back, of course," coolly replied the young woman. "I wanted to give all those people the impression that we were relatives."—New York Tribune.

Best Fowl For the Table.

The best table fowl is one that has the heaviest weight of meat on those parts of the body which are favorite cuts. The breast and thighs must be heavy in a good table fowl in proportion to the remainder of the body. In order to have thick breast meat and big thighs these muscles must be used by the fowl. In other words, the fier and scratcher will prove to be the best table fowl, for their lively habits give the muscles of the legs and breast work that renders them firm and fine instead of leaving them flabby and full of loose tissue in the shape of fat.—Home and Farm.

He Knew How He Got It.

"That large lump running across the back of your head," said the phrenologist, "means that you are inclined to be curious, even to the point of recklessness."

"I know it," said the man who was consulting him. "I got that bump by sticking my head into the dumb waiter shaft to see if the waiter was going up, and it was coming-down."

Quite Natural.

"Judge," said the forewoman of the jury of ladies, "we want to speak to you about that sealed verdict we just rendered."

"Well, ladies?"

"Can we unseal it and add a postscript?"—Washington Herald.

Why Read Aloud?

A modern moralist regrets that nobody nowadays reads aloud. But is that the main regret? Isn't the lack of listeners much more serious?—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Something on the Ancients.

"An oyster of the paleozoic period would have made a meal for twelve people." They didn't swallow them whole in those days.—Toledo Blade.

Next to acquiring good friends the best acquisition is that of good books.—Colton.

Tuesday night the Highland Park Theatre will have the first three reels of the new Selig pictures of a girl's adventures with wild animals and brigands in India. The series is entitled "The Adventures of Kathlyn" and will be shown in three reel groups every other Tuesday until the twenty-four reels which comprise it have been given.

Special for Sunday

New York Ice Cream. Telephone 53. Variety always on hand

Adjudication Notice

Public notice is hereby given that the Subscriber Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of Charles Unbehaun, deceased, will attend the County Court of Lake County, at a term thereof to be held at the Court House in Waukegan, in said County, on the first Monday of February next, 1914, when and where all persons having claims against said estate are notified and requested to present the same to said Court for adjudication.

Eileen M. Fritsch, Executrix
Waukegan, Illinois, Dec. 15, 1913
E. S. Gail, Attorney 42-46-pd

Order your favorite ice cream of

F. B. GREEN. Whether it be Chocolate, Maple, Vanilla, Marshmallow, Fig, Nut, or Tutti Frutti. Delicious punches and ices to order. Tel. 53

Adjudication Notice

Public notice is hereby given that the Subscriber Administrator of the Estate of Ida M. Haefele, deceased, will attend the County Court of Lake County, at a term thereof to be held at the Court House in Waukegan, in said County, on the first Monday of February next, 1914, when and where all persons having claims against said Estate are notified and requested to present the same to said Court for adjudication.

August Haefele, Administrator
Waukegan, Dec. 15, 1913.
E. S. Gail, Attorney 42-46-pd

Go to F. B. Green's for pure ice cream. Telephone 53.

PICTURES ARE "OLD STUFF"

North Shore Views in Evanston Paper Printed Here a Year Ago

If the Evanston editor who is running a series of pictures under the title of "Our Gallery of the North Shore" believes he has something new we are sorry to disillusion him but the fact is these pictures have already appeared in this paper. They were originally made for "The Book of the North Shore" and THE PRESS was allowed the use of them by Mr. White, the publisher, over a year ago.

Notice of Annual Meeting

The regular annual meeting of the stockholders of the Highland Park State Bank of Highland Park, Ill., will be held on Saturday, January 10, 1914, between the hours of 4:00 p. m. and 6 p. m. for the election of directors for the ensuing year.

CHAS. F. GRANT, Cashier.
44-45

Little four-year-old Mabel was running downhill, holding her dress tightly.

"Be careful," called her mother, "or you will fall."

"Oh, no, I won't," replied Mabel, "cause I'm holding tight to myself."

Reassured.

"What is this white spot on that goldfish I bought from you?"

"He has simply shed a scale."

"Oh, I thought maybe the plating was wearing off."—Pittsburgh Post.

Better Chances.

Ted—I'm trying to find some one who knows me to go security on my note.

Tom—Don't you think, my boy, you'd better look for some one who doesn't know you?

Sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things.—Tennyson.

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dern sanitary plumbing is xpensive as you may think. d make an estimate and d that you can have an up- attractive bath-room for ngly little money.
e think of the greater at- ness, the added safeguard u, you ought to have us at estimate at once.
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