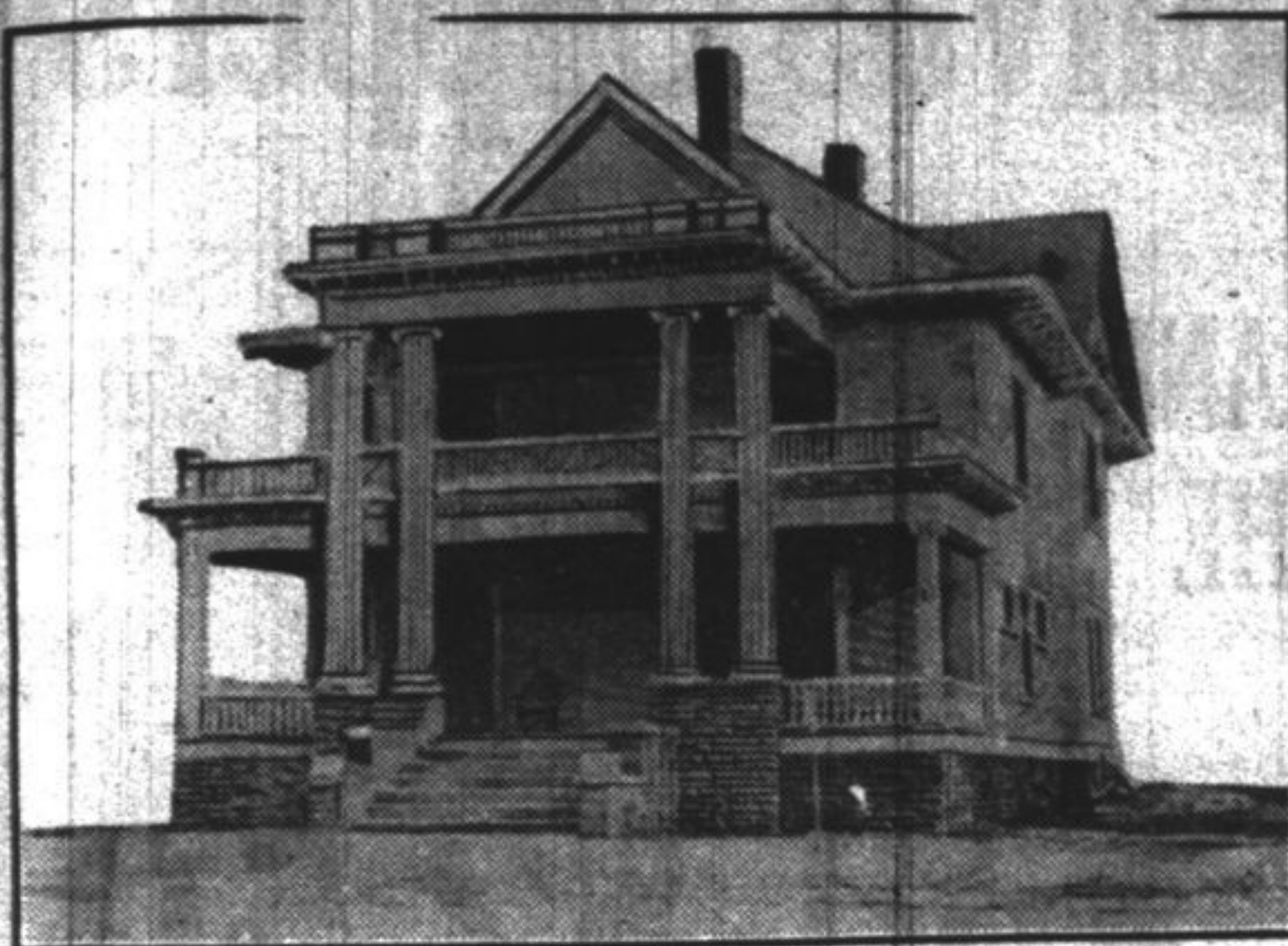
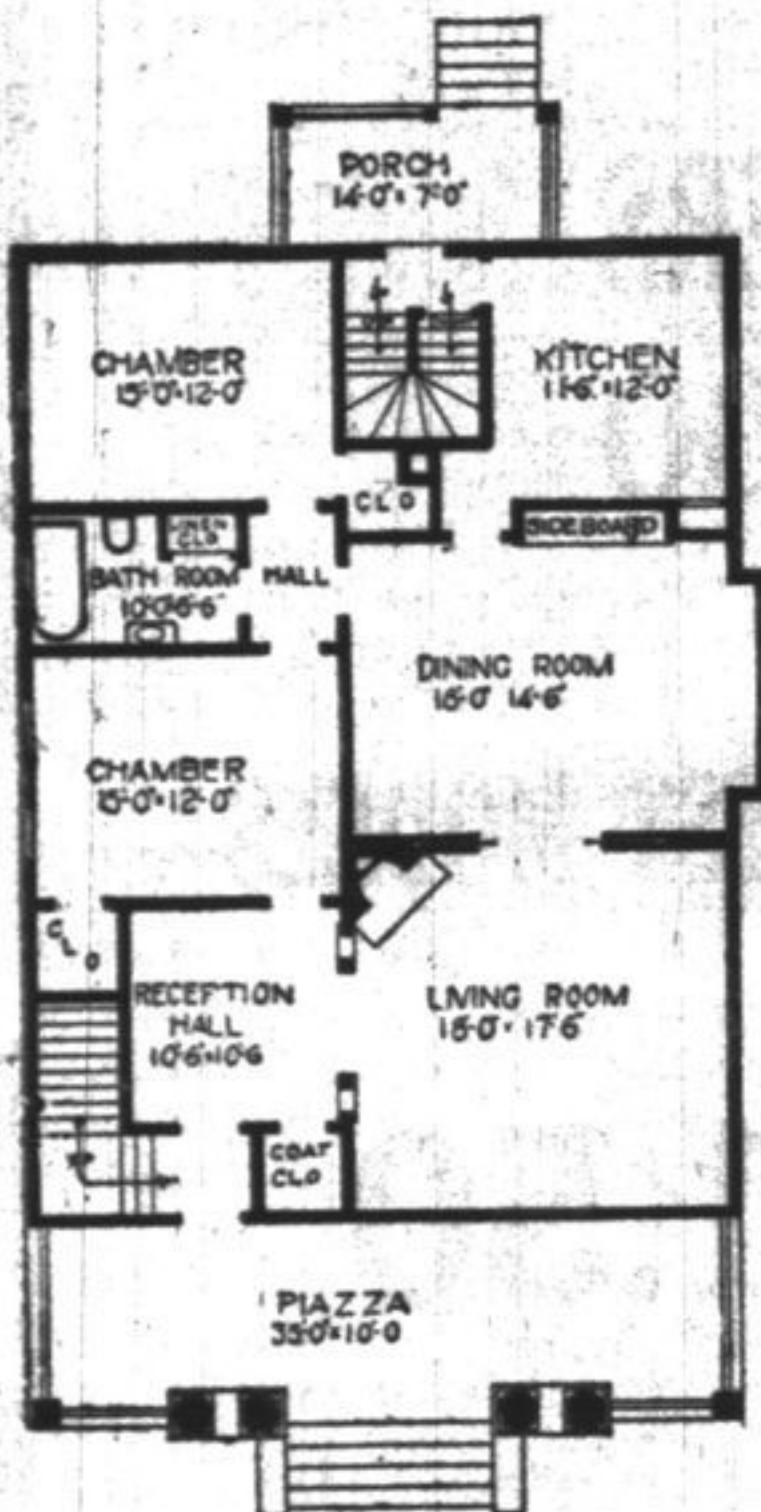


## A PRACTICAL COLONIAL DUPLEX.

Design 651, by Glenn L. Saxton, Architect, Minneapolis, Minn.



PERSPECTIVE VIEW—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.



ROOM PLAN.

A most practical and complex duplex or two family home. The upper and lower half of the house can be used individually for the owner's home. The house is 35 feet wide, 48 feet deep, exclusive of piazzas. Full basement. First and second story 9 feet in the clear. Birch or maple floors throughout; red gum or Washington fir for finish in both stories. One panel doors. Cost to build, exclusive of heating and plumbing, \$5,800.

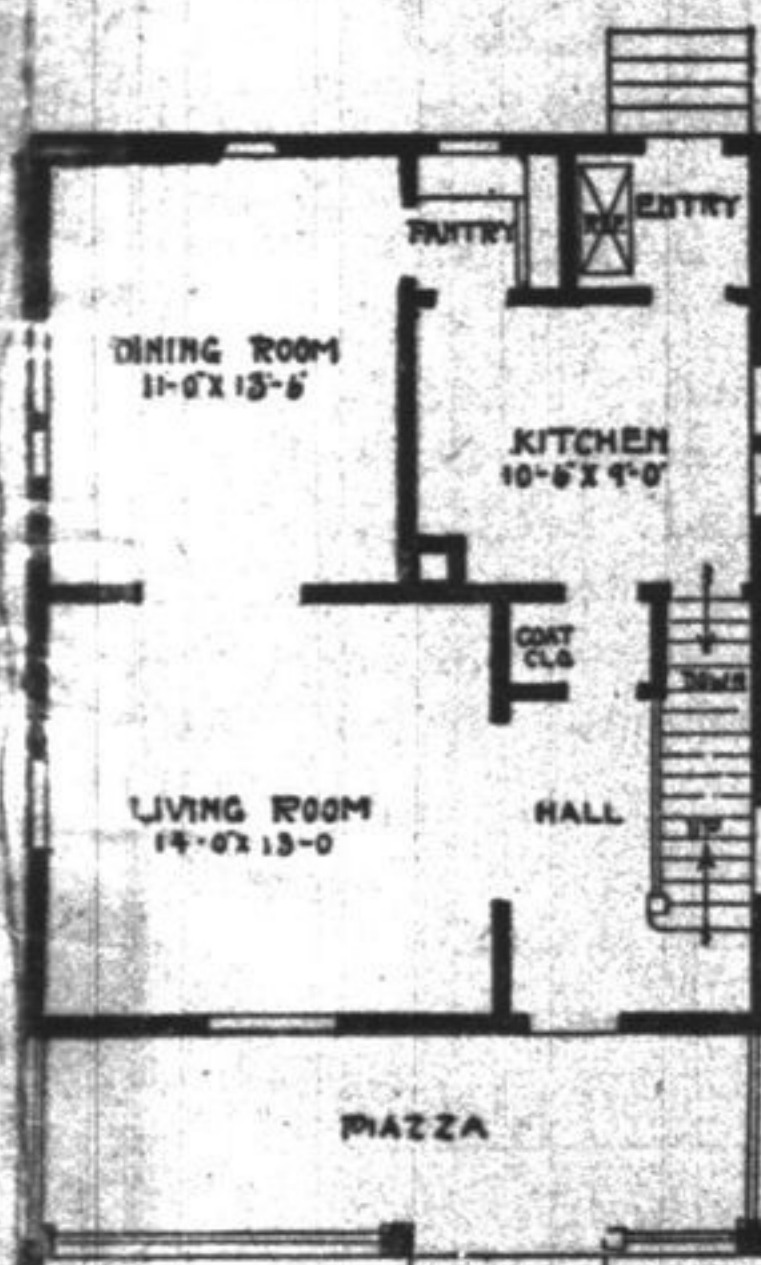
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## CONVENIENCE AT MODERATE COST.

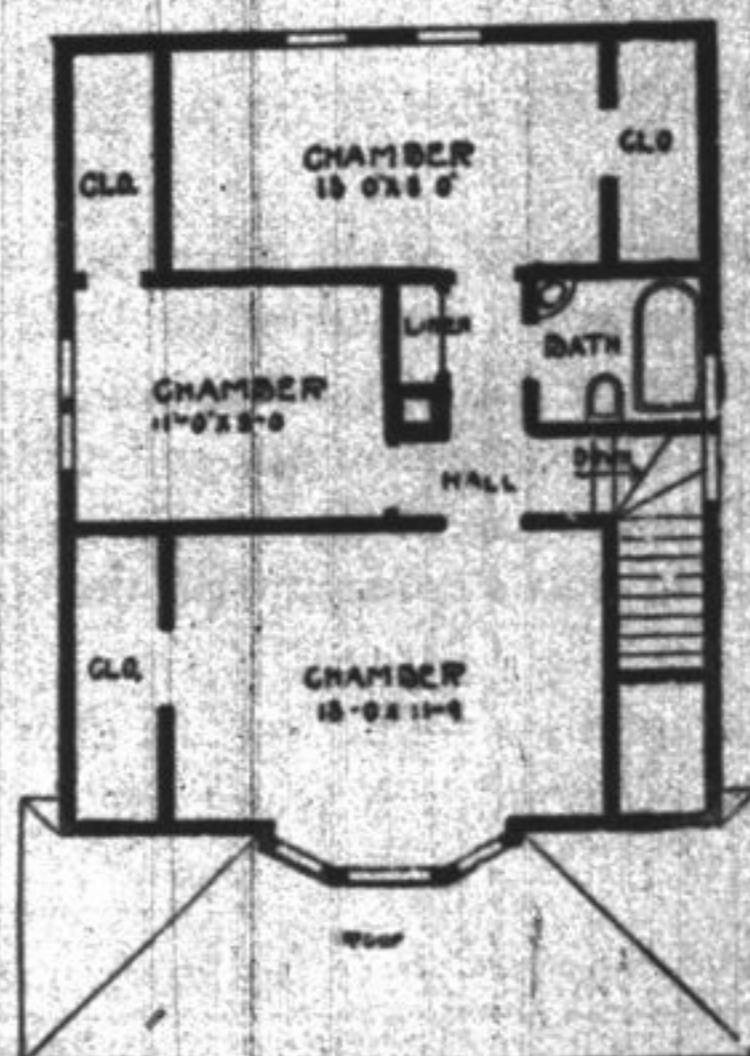
Design 600, by Glenn L. Saxton, Architect, Minneapolis, Minn.



PERSPECTIVE VIEW—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.



FIRST FLOOR PLAN.



SECOND FLOOR PLAN.

There is a little paradise for a bride and groom to move into after the honeymoon. It is within reach of every ambitious man. The architect of this little home would impress on every young man the importance of saving money to buy a small home when he is twenty-one years old. It is really better than a life insurance, even if built in a village, for there is always a market for a good house of this low cost. The size of this little home is 23 feet wide and 28 feet deep. Full basement. First story, 9 feet; second story, 8 feet. All low space ceiling cut off and made into closet space, a feature which appeals to every housewife. Three chambers, linen closet, large bath, abundance of light and ventilation. Maple or birch floors throughout both stories. Finish in first story red, gum or southern cypress, pine to paint in second story. Cost to build, exclusive of heating and plumbing, \$2,150.

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## AN EASTER GIFT

No Man Can Surely Tell When a Benefaction Is Well Placed

By MAY C. ETHERIDGE

One April morning a postman in a fustian buggy drove up to the box of Henry Swift in free rural delivery No. 5 and, having deposited a letter, drove on. A girl ten years old ran out, with her hair flying, for the mail and, opening the box, took out the letter and read the superscription. As she did so her eyes opened wide and she exclaimed, dancing up and down: "Why, it's for me!"

Without opening it she ran into the house, crying: "I've got a letter! I've got a letter!"

The family gathered round her, and she broke open the envelope. The contents proved to be a piece of thick brown paper and a letter. Folded in the paper was a new crisp five dollar bill.

"Oh, Dolly," exclaimed the child's mother, "some one has made you a present! Open the letter and see who it is from."

Dolly unfolded the letter and read: My Dear Little Niece—Easter is coming, and I invariably give away a certain sum on that day for some charitable purpose. This year I want you to give a portion of my Easter offering for me to some needy person. Your affectionate

UNCLE JOSE.

Dolly's brothers and sisters turned away somewhat disappointed that the money had not been given her to spend for herself, thinking that they might have shared in what it would buy, but to Dolly herself came a new sensation. She was proud at having been made the agent of her uncle for his donation and much pleased to think that she would make some one happy.

But to whom should she give the money? There were many who needed it—indeed, so many that Dolly found it a difficult matter to decide. But she had a week before Easter came to decide, and she was sure she could reach a decision much earlier. Nevertheless on the Saturday night before Easter Sunday she had thought of so many deserving cases, each needing the gift, that she was bewildered.

When Easter came it brought with it one of those hot, unseasonable temperatures that sometimes occur in the month of April. Dolly, dressed in her prettiest spring clothes, with the bill rolled in her uncle's letter, went out on the road to walk a mile to the village to give the money to a poor woman with many children whom she had finally chosen as the most needy of all the persons she knew. But Dolly had changed her mind many times, and her father said to her as she departed: "I hope you won't meet some underserving person on the way, Dol, and be tempted to place your Easter gift where it will do no good."

"Never fear, pappy." And the child sailed forth.

While walking along the road Dolly suddenly stopped. Beside it in the shade of some high bushes lay a boy asleep. His clothes were ragged, his face pale, and even in slumber there was a hungry look on it. Dolly's heart was touched. If she hadn't decided irrevocably as to where she would place her gift she would bestow it upon this poor boy. Then, too, she remembered her father's caution. But Dolly was young. The woman she knew to be deserving was not present, and one who evidently needed assistance was before her. Moreover, there is something touching in a suffering slumberer.

Dolly succumbed to what was present. The palm of one of the boy's hands was open, and she laid her uncle's letter in it; then, going to the other side of the road, she hid behind a fence in the high brush and waited to observe the boy's surprise and pleasure when he should awake.

His awakening was occasioned by a passing wagon, but he would have slept again had he not seen what was in his palm. Sitting up, he opened the letter, and when he saw the bill in it, closed his eyes grew big. So did Dolly's, and every feature in her face, every nerve, every muscle in her body, was alive with delight.

The recipient did not have the envelope in which the letter had come to Dolly, so he did not know who "Dolly" was, but at the head of the letter was printed "Joshua Stamper & Co., Undertakers," with the street and number at which it had been written. Moreover, the city was but a dozen miles distant, and the boy was on his way there.

Now, Dolly did not know what was passing in the boy's mind. She saw him look from the bill to the letter back from the letter to the bill. Then he read the letter carefully and seemed to be studying it. Finally he got up and, putting both the letter and the bill in his pocket, set off toward the city.

Dolly went back home. Surprised to see her return so soon, the family gathered round her to learn the result of her mission. When she told them that she had bestowed her uncle's gift on a ragged boy lying asleep beside the road there was a universal cry of disappointment. Even her parents, who supposed that the recipient was some farmer's boy who would not work, be-

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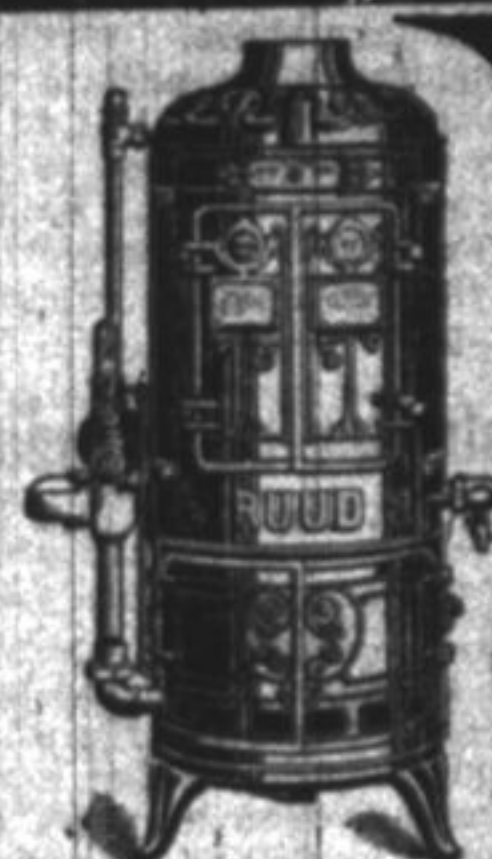
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Heard that the Easter donation had gone astray. Tears came into Dolly's eyes, whereupon her father took her in his arms and said:

"Don't cry, dear heart. Only the Lord can tell when our gifts are well placed."

On Monday morning after Easter Sunday Joshua Stamper was sitting in the office of his warehouse in the city when he was told that a ragged boy wished to see him. Mr. Stamper was easy of access, especially to persons of low degree, for he was interested in charitable work. He gave an order that the boy should be admitted. The youngster, who was in his fifteenth year, approached the merchant's desk holding out a folded paper. Mr. Stamper took it, opened it, and a five dollar bill dropped on his desk. Then he read the brief letter he had written to his niece.

"Where did you get this?" he asked the boy.

"Yesterday morning I left the farm where I was working to come to the city to get a position. The day was hot. I was tired and hungry and lay down in the shade to rest. I fell asleep, and when I woke up I found this letter and the bill in my hand."

A curious but pleasant expression came into the merchant's face. He sat conjuring up a picture of his little niece dropping his gift into the boy's hand. Whether she had run away or had hidden to see its effect upon the boy he did not know. He was delighted with the success of placing his Easter offering through the little girl.

"Why did you not use this money?" he asked the boy. "You certainly need it, and the letter explains that it is an Easter offering."

"I thought I would bring it to you, sir, so that if you wished me to have it you could give it to me and thank Dolly, whoever she is, for leaving it with me."

Mr. Stamper handed the bill to the boy, keeping the letter.

"You came to the city to get a position?"

"Yes, sir."

The merchant tapped a bell and called for his manager, whom he directed to set the boy to work, first clothing him properly and attending to his other wants.

The next day Dolly when the postman had dropped some mail in the box went out for it and was surprised to receive another letter addressed, as before, in her uncle's handwriting. Taking it into the house, she opened it in presence of the others and found enclosed a check for \$100, payable to her order. The letter said that he had decided to give to charity another amount through her, but she was to keep half of it for her own use. The writer made no mention of his previous gift or its result.

Ten years passed. Joshua Stamper had given away a great deal of money for charity, but it seemed the more he gave the richer he grew. Dolly mean-

while had grown to be a woman and was made her uncle's agent in distributing a large portion of his benefactions. Shortly before the tenth Easter since the one when he had sent her the five dollars he wrote that he would spend the day at the farm and desired her to have ready a list of all the poor and deserving persons she knew, that he might relieve their wants.

Before making this visit Mr. Stamper called into his office a young man whom he had recently taken in as a junior partner and whom he intended to make his successor and said to him: "Joe, you remember my letter to my niece that was dropped in your hand ten years ago?"

"I certainly do, Mr. Stamper. I'm not likely to forget it."

"Well, you may get ready to go with me on a visit I intend to make on Easter Sunday, and I will introduce you to Dolly, from whom you received my gift at that time."

When Joseph Kimball was introduced to Dolly Stamper she was surprised at the expression of intense interest she saw on his face. But he gave her no explanation of it. Her uncle gave her a check for \$10,000 to distribute among the families of whom she had made a list, and young Kimball gave her \$500 for the same purpose. A pleasant day was spent by the party, after which the two men returned to the city.

The happenings of the next two years must be condensed into a few words: Kimball, who had resolved, if possible, to win Dolly for his wife, visited the farm frequently. He made every effort to induce Dolly to consent to marry him, but they were all unsuccessful. She told him that she respected him and liked him, but she was so foolish—not to say romantic—as to carry in her heart one whom she had seen when a child. Kimball pressed her to tell him about this dream of the past that interfered with his present happiness, and at last she told him of the poor boy into whose hand she had dropped her uncle's Easter gift.

"That boy shall be my rival no longer," said Kimball, "for he and I are the same person."

But he was obliged to bring Mr. Stamper to witness the truth of his statement before Dolly would believe it. When, however, her uncle confessed to a romantic resolve made ten years before that he would bring Joe up, if he proved worthy, for the express purpose of giving his niece a good husband, Dolly yielded, saying: "Why, uncle, you have shown sentiment enough for a woman."

In a frame hanging on the walls of Joseph Kimball's residence is a five dollar bill. Since there is nothing unique about it, persons who are admitted to the room where it is are apt to ask why it is thus carefully preserved. The answer is that it was the Easter egg of the Kimball family.

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