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**A Chip of the Old Block.**  
"Father," said the student, "I want to talk to you about changing my course of study."  
"Talk to your mother, son," directed the father, who was reading the sporting page.  
"Mother," said the son, "I made a mistake when I elected chemistry. But it is not too late to change even yet. I want to take astronomy instead."  
The mother searched the eyes of her son sharply. Then she said:  
"None. You'll have to think up some better excuse for staying out at night!"  
—New York Globe.

**Tantalus.**  
Tantalus was a king of Lydia in Greek mythology and is represented by the poets as punished in hades with an insatiable thirst and placed up to the chin in a pool of water, which disappeared when he attempted to taste it, and other tantalizing punishments were inflicted for his sins.

**The Poor Men.**  
She—They say girls can't throw straight, but when a girl throws any glances I notice she generally hits the mark. He (recently bitten)—Yes—the easy mark.—Boston Herald.

**Up to Us.**  
"The human race is dying out."  
"Let posterity worry over that."  
"How aggravating you are, Maltravers!" There won't be any posterity."  
—Louisville Courier-Journal.

## A Singular Bequest

### Its Purpose Could Be Only Inferred

By MAY C. ETHERIDGE

When my mother died, leaving me alone in the world, I felt so desolate that I considered it essential for me to do something to divert my mind from my trouble. I should be obliged to make my own living, but I possessed a few hundred dollars and could not bring myself to begin the work till my money was all gone.

Scanning a newspaper one day I saw an advertisement of a lady who desired a companion with whom to travel abroad. The applicant must be between twenty and thirty-five years old, educated and of a cheerful disposition. Besides her expenses, she would be paid \$50 a month.

It seemed to me that this would be a good opportunity for me if I could obtain the situation. I came within the limit of age, for I was exactly twenty. As to the cheerful disposition, I bore my misfortunes without inflicting them on others, but I surely did not feel cheerful. I answered the advertisement and, having been invited to call upon the lady, found her a widow, much broken down in health, nervous and irritable.

I was so disappointed at the prospect before me that I declined the position. This seemed to excite Mrs. Southerland's desire for my services, and she doubled the offer of salary. Since I would be at no expense I should return with some \$1,200, which, with what I already had, would give me a little nest egg. So I agreed to go.

Mrs. Southerland's son, a young man of twenty-five, brought her on to the steamer, where I had gone shortly before to prepare her stateroom for her and unpack needed articles. Roy Southerland was evidently much harassed by his mother, whose nervous condition had evidently communicated itself to him. This is a common occurrence. There is nothing that will break down one's nerves quicker than taking care of a nervous wreck. While his mother was resting in her stateroom before the ship cast off the young man took me aside and said to me:

"I don't envy the work before you. I am sorry to turn my poor mother over to another, but she needs other care than mine. Quite likely when you return you will be in the same condition as myself. If so I will do what I can to make it up to you. I don't consider your salary any pay for what you will have to endure. A thousand dollars a month would not induce me to undertake the care of my mother, and twice that would not induce me to give it up to any one else if I had not come to the end of my rope. It is essential for both her and me that she should be cared for by some one else than me."

I could understand this situation, and I confess the young man won my earnest sympathy. The prospect before me was surely not brightened by what he told me. I did not think so much of his offer to make good what I would endure as a feeling of contentment at being able to bear his burden for him while he took a rest. I assured him that he had acted wisely in the matter and that he might have perfect confidence I should devote myself to his mother and stand by her till I brought her back to him, as I hoped, greatly benefited.

Mrs. Southerland proved to be a singular woman. When I returned to her after this interview with her son she said to me:  
"I suppose you have been talking to Roy. He is a good son to me, but he does not realize that I am perfectly competent to take care of my own affairs. Besides, he considers me very irksome and I'm sure is glad to get rid of me. However, he is more dutiful than most sons, who don't hesitate to fall in love with the first pretty face they see, and those who have poor old lonely mothers will not scruple to marry and leave their mothers out in the cold. But Roy can't do that without my consent unless he is willing to give up the family fortune, which my husband left entirely to me to dispose of as I please, and Roy knows that the moment he takes a wife to usurp my first place with him he will lose every cent of it."

This was but an expected sequel to what Roy Southerland had told me and was not a very pleasant beginning of my term of service. Without making any reply to the remarks I asked the lady what I could do for her to make her comfortable. This diverted her mind from her unappreciative son, and she told me of so many things she wished for that I had all I wanted to do to provide them.

I had accepted this situation in order to recover from a condition of my own and found myself called on to bear a depression of another. One would suppose that I had made matters worse for myself. But this, in one respect at least, was not so. My own distress fell to the ground before the greater suffering of another. Mrs. Southerland was a hard mistress, finding fault with every one, including her own son, but there were moments when, her nerves having come to a period of rest, she showed an entirely different disposition. During these intervals she showed unbounded love for her son and declared that if he wished to mar-

ry a society girl she would not stand in his way. We had not crossed the ocean before she showed not only great dependence upon me to do things for her, but began to rely upon me for companionship and for sympathy. Her son had provided her with reading matter, and she desired me to read to her, but I saw at once that the books he had selected were far above his mother's requirements. I found lighter works in the ship's library, which I read to my charge and by doing so not only kept her from harassing me, but I was enabled to pass such time as I devoted to this work pleasantly.

During the latter days of the ocean voyage I got Mrs. Southerland on deck occasionally, and she was benefited by the pure air of an ocean whose currents were unobstructed, but when we entered the smoke and perpetual rains of London she fell back to her previous condition.

One duty fell to me that I found very difficult. Mrs. Southerland directed me to write every few days of her condition to her son. Of course she read the letters I wrote. I tried telling the young man that his mother was doing well and improving steadily. This letter she forced me to write over, telling him that she was no better and would never be any better. I obeyed the order, but since I was commissioned with the posting of the letter I opened it and put a postscript stating that the health report was his mother's and not mine. In my next letter I stated that the patient was feeling poorly. I was directed to write it "tolerably well for a broken down old woman."

Since I wrote in the mother's name the son replied directly to her, but his letters invariably contained thanks to me for acting as her amanuensis. He seemed constantly solicitous about his mother, and it was evident that he was a very good and affectionate son.

We reached Switzerland as the hot weather elsewhere was coming on, and I took my charge to a small hotel on Lake Geneva. I had hoped the Swiss mountain air would do her good, and I do not doubt it would have done so had it not been that her vitality was gradually failing.

During our stay in Switzerland I was told by physicians whom I had called in that she would last but a few weeks. I wrote privately to Roy Southerland of this report.

Roy started at once to join us, but arrived too late to see his mother alive. During the last week of her life she became aware that she had but a short time to live and called in a notary to draw a will. I was surprised at this, for she had told me that she had made a will before she left her home, but she had determined that if he married against her wishes during her lifetime she would change it. However, it was natural that she should make a will with death facing her to provide for immediate requirements. Indeed, she told me that she had stipulated in the instrument that I should be paid my salary for a year from the date of my entering her service.

A few days after Mrs. Southerland's death we started on our return to America. I gave Roy his mother's will, but he was too much affected by her loss to open it, thrusting it into his pocket.

When I reached America I went directly to my home. Not long after my arrival Roy Southerland called upon me, and from the moment I entered the room where he was I knew something momentous had happened. He spoke to me in a reserved tone.

"Are you aware of the contents of my mother's will so far as it concerns you?"  
"Only what she told me."  
"What did she tell you?"  
"That I was to receive a year's salary."

"Do you know any thing else that is in it?"  
"Nothing whatever. I supposed that she would call upon me for one of the witnesses, but she did not."

While he was asking me these questions he was scrutinizing me. It was evident he was searching for some truth. He asked me one more question.

"Did mother ever talk to you about how she had left her property?"  
"She told me she had left a will at home bequeathing you everything, but added that in case you married without her consent she would change it."  
When I said this an expression came over his face which seemed to indicate that he had elicited what he had been searching for. He did not speak again for a few moments, then in a changed voice said:

"All my mother's property after a few small legacies is bequeathed to you."  
I stood staring at him as though he had made a statement involving an impossibility.  
"I naturally wondered," he continued, "whether you had exerted any influence upon my mother to bring this about. I am sure you had nothing to do with the matter and were ignorant. Moreover, I have learned from what you have told me my mother's reason for leaving all her property to you."

I was too dumfounded to speak for awhile, but presently I asked him what that reason was.

"That you must find out for yourself."  
"I did find out, so far as guessing would enable me to do so, that she had left her property to me because she wished her son to marry the woman of her choice and I was her choice. She was a singular woman, and had I not known her for some time I could not have understood her."

What followed this denouncement is a longer story than the one I have told. I offered to give up the inheritance. That plan failed. Then I offered myself with the inheritance. The offer was accepted.

### MOODY REBELLED.

#### Moving a Vote of Thanks Was Not in His Line That Night.

Dwight L. Moody during his first visit to England attended a meeting at which the Earl of Shaftesbury was chairman. The duty of proposing a vote of thanks was assigned to him and the announcement made:  
"Our American cousin, the Rev. Mr. Moody of Chicago, will now move a vote of thanks to the noble earl who has presided on this occasion."  
The whole thing was quite out of Mr. Moody's line. With an utter disregard of conventionality he burst upon the audience with the bold announcement:

"The speaker has made two mistakes. To begin with, I'm not the Rev. Mr. Moody at all. I'm plain Dwight L. Moody, a Sunday school worker. And then I'm not your American cousin. By the grace of God I'm your brother, interested with you in our Father's work for his children."

"And now about this vote of thanks to the noble earl for being our chairman this evening. I don't see why we should thank him any more than he should thank us. When at one time they offered to thank our Mr. Lincoln for presiding over a meeting in Illinois he stopped it. He said he'd tried to do his duty and they'd tried to do theirs. He thought it was about an even thing all around."

That opening fairly took the breath away from Mr. Moody's hearers. Such a talk could not be gauged by any known standard. Mr. Moody carried his English audiences with him from that beginning to his latest labors.

### OLD WORLD BARBERS.

#### Their Prices Are Low and Methods in Some Cases Are Crude.

The barber shops of the United States and Canada are the finest in the world and charge the highest prices. Comparatively few cities of Europe use American chairs, and many of these run their barber shops in connection with men's furnishing stores.

In most European cities a hair cut and a shampoo cost 6 cents, and in parts of London a shave costs 4 cents. In some Italian cities 1 cent is charged for a shave and 2 cents for a hair cut, and in Turkey barbers take their entire pay in tips.

Many German barbers make wigs and switches while waiting for customers, and many French barbers do ladies' hairdressing. Austrian barbers are compelled to serve apprenticeships of four years on pay beginning at 41 cents a week and ending at \$1.02 a week before they can own their shops. Syrian barbers seat their customers in straight backed chairs before tiny wall mirrors and fix queer shaped pans about their throats. Then they rub on with their fingers lather made from cheap soap.

In India your barber calls at your house and shaves you every morning for \$2 a month.

In China the barbers carry stools, small tubs, razors and scissors about the streets, stopping on the sidewalks to perform their work, just as scissors grinders do in America. — New York Sun.

### Some British Sinecures.

Gladstone was born at a time when sinecures such as those held by Horace Walpole still abounded, and to the end of his life he took a lenient view of the persons who profited by them. A. G. C. Liddell records in his diary on March 12, 1802: "Dined with the Cobhams. Mr. Gladstone there. . . . Some one alluded to the diminution of sinecures. Mr. Gladstone said that there was nothing dishonorable in accepting a sinecure if it was recognized by the society in which it existed and not considered unusual or unworthy. One of the last sinecures, where there was absolutely nothing to do, which was not the case with all sinecures, was the office of chief justice in eyre, north of the Trent. It was held by Tom Duncombe and was worth £12,000 per annum." — London Spectator.

### Origin of Smoking.

The origin of the custom of smoking is veiled in mystery. The Chinese are thought to have had the habit at a very early date, and this is not surprising, judging today from the Chinaman's fondness for the pipe. When Columbus discovered America he found smoking indulged in by all the tribes of Indians, but the practice had a religious association to them. From Santo Domingo tobacco was introduced into Spain and Portugal in 1550, but it was then used in the shape of snuff. Sir Walter Raleigh, however, is the first man of note to make smoking a fashionable habit.

### An Apology.

"This is no place for such a petty squabble," said the police court judge. "Now, Mulligan, you apologize to Hogan for calling him a liar and I'll dismiss the case."

"All right, Mishter Hogan, I apologize for callin' ye—callin' ye what ye are." —Life.

### With Credit Only.

"Did you occupy your last pulpit with credit?" inquired the church trustee.

"I certainly did," responded the applicant. "There was never any cash connected with it." — Ladies' Home Journal.

### The Other Way.

First Girl (in the crush at the parade)—Mercy! What a dreadful crowd I wish now I'd stayed at home, don't you? Second Girl—Certainly not, but I wish to goodness those others had. — Boston Transcript.

## For the Children

Marie Danaher, Prize Baby of Brooklyn.



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There was a great parade of babies in the borough of Brooklyn, New York city, a short time ago. It all came about through the advent of baby week, which was celebrated throughout the city. The parade was made in automobiles, and hundreds of little folks were in line, accompanied by their mothers and admirers. The president of the borough and other high officials reviewed the parade, together with thousands of people who are interested in the welfare of children. The winner of the prize given for the best baby in Brooklyn was little Miss Marie Danaher. Marie is twenty-seven months old, and she won with a percentage of 98.07. That means that she came pretty near being a perfect baby—that is, so far as health is concerned.

### Behandings.

Whole, I am something you travel in. Behend me and you carry an umbrella to avoid me.

Whole, I am a vessel that sails the sea. Behend me and I am a part of you.

Whole, I am a useful piece of furniture. Behend me and I am found on the head.

Whole, I am a worthless person. Behend me and I am a place to live in outdoors.

Whole, I am a mark left from a wound. Behend me and I am a vehicle.

Whole, I am a monster fish. Behend me and I am well and robust.

Whole, I am a bright color. Behend me and I am a writing fluid.

Whole, I am a wintry element. Behend me and I am the present time.

Whole, I am something that grows. Behend me and I am not higher.

Answers.—Train, ship, chair, scamp, scar, whale, pink, snow, flower.

### Riddles.

Why is a coward in a regiment like a good knife? Because he cuts when brought into action.

Why is a fish dealer never generous? Because his business makes him self-fish.

What is it that is enough for one, too much for two and nothing for three and takes but one to make and two to keep? A secret.

Why is a girl not a noun? Because a lass (nisi) is an interjection.

Why are lazy persons' beds too short for them? Because they lie too long in them.

Why is a kiss like a rumor? Because it goes from mouth to mouth.

### An Extinct Bird.

The great auk, which once lived in great numbers along the North Atlantic coast, going in summer as far north as Iceland or Greenland, is now absolutely extinct. All that is left of this once great bird tribe is a few stuffed skins in museums. The auk was about the same size as a well grown goose, and when standing erect had a height of about two feet. The pursuit of its awkward and harmless bird for its valuable feathers led to its final complete destruction.

**Same Spelling, Two Meanings.**  
The words to fill the blanks are, in each sentence, spelled alike, but have different sounds and meanings.

1. The man's face began to ----- when he found he could not get a ----- berth in the sleeping car. 2. The farmer or must ----- corn in order to have some for his ----- and her children.  
Answers: No. 1. Lower, lower; No. 2. Sow, sow.

### Playing Tennis.

Tennis, tennis, on the lawn  
On a summer's day!  
One a side! Two a side!  
Two or four can play!

Here's a dainty lady—  
Alice is her name—  
Standing with her bat in hand  
Ready for the game.

Pretty little maiden,  
May I play with you?  
Or are you waiting for  
Little Boy Blue?

Can he see your finger  
Raised above your head?  
If your Boy Blue linger  
May I play instead?

Pretty yellow butterfly,  
Fly away—fly!  
If a ball should hit you  
Butterfly might die!

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