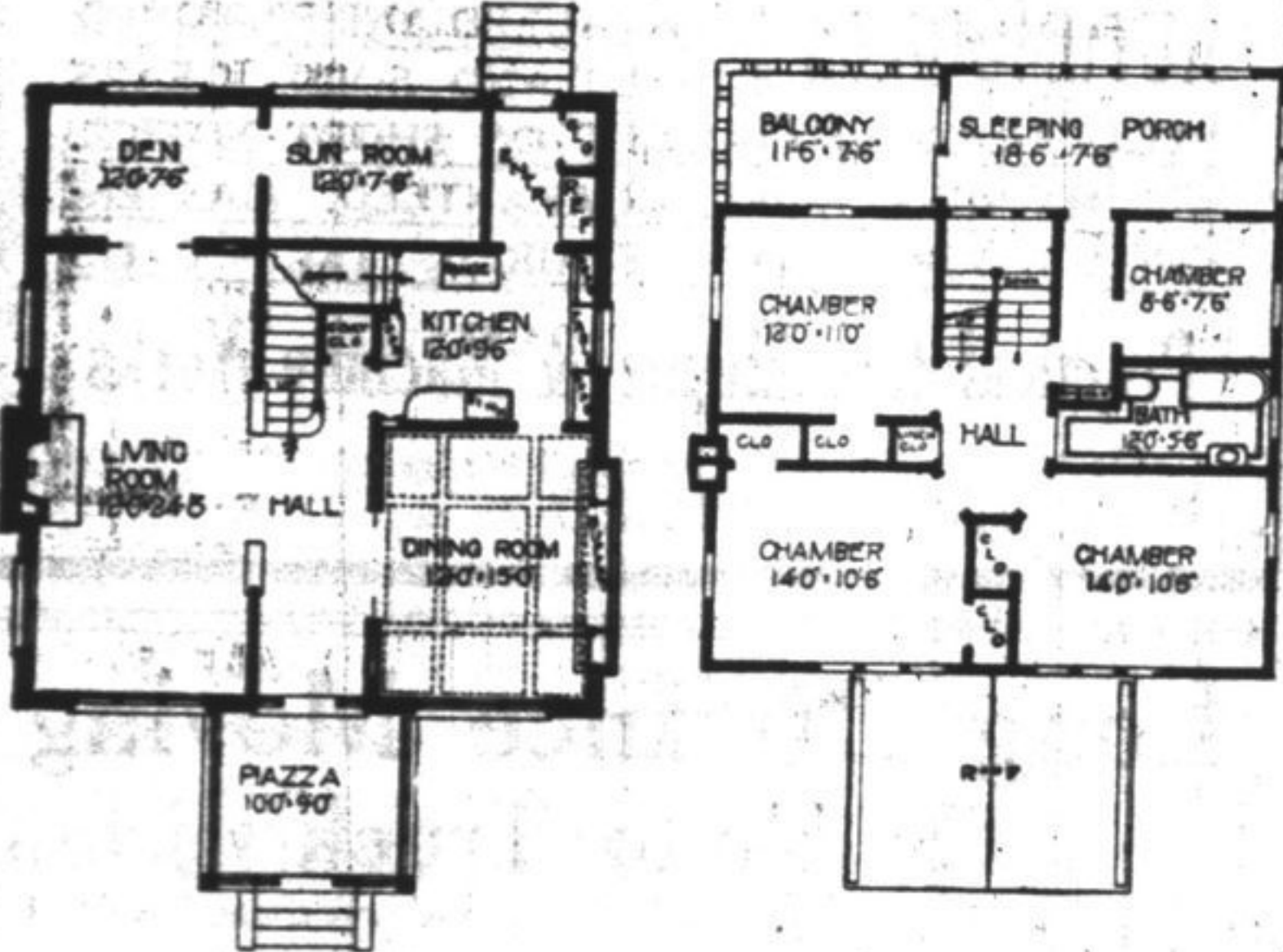


IN BRICK VENEER AND ROUGH CAST.

Design 611, by Glenn L. Saxton, Architect, Minneapolis, Minn.



PERSPECTIVE VIEW—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH



FIRST FLOOR PLAN.

SECOND FLOOR PLAN.

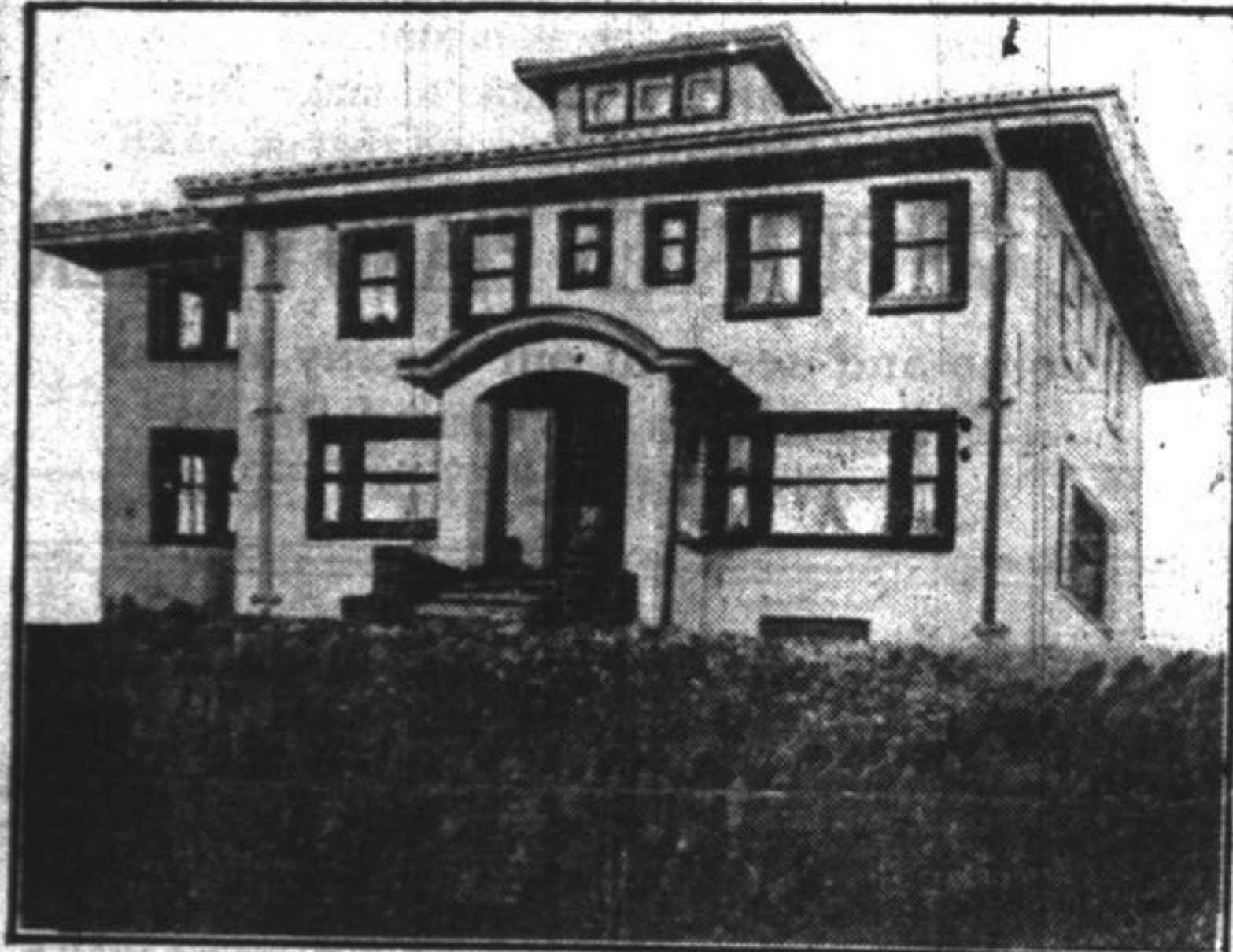
This floor arrangement is certainly ideal. Note the long living room with fireplace, the den connecting with it at the rear and the sun room next to the den. The dining room has a beamed ceiling and built-in buffet, with windows above. The second story is equally as well arranged as the first. Four sleeping chambers with an abundance of closet space; also bathroom with clothes chute. The very large sleeping porch across the rear connects with a balcony. For a combination of brick, rough cast and half timber exterior and well arranged interior this plan has no equal.

Size, 32 feet 10 inches by 34 feet 10 inches. Full basement, 8 1/2 feet first story, 9 feet; second story, 8 feet. Finished throughout first story in brick, red gum or oak, second story pine to enamel. Cost to build, exclusive of heating and plumbing, \$5,000.

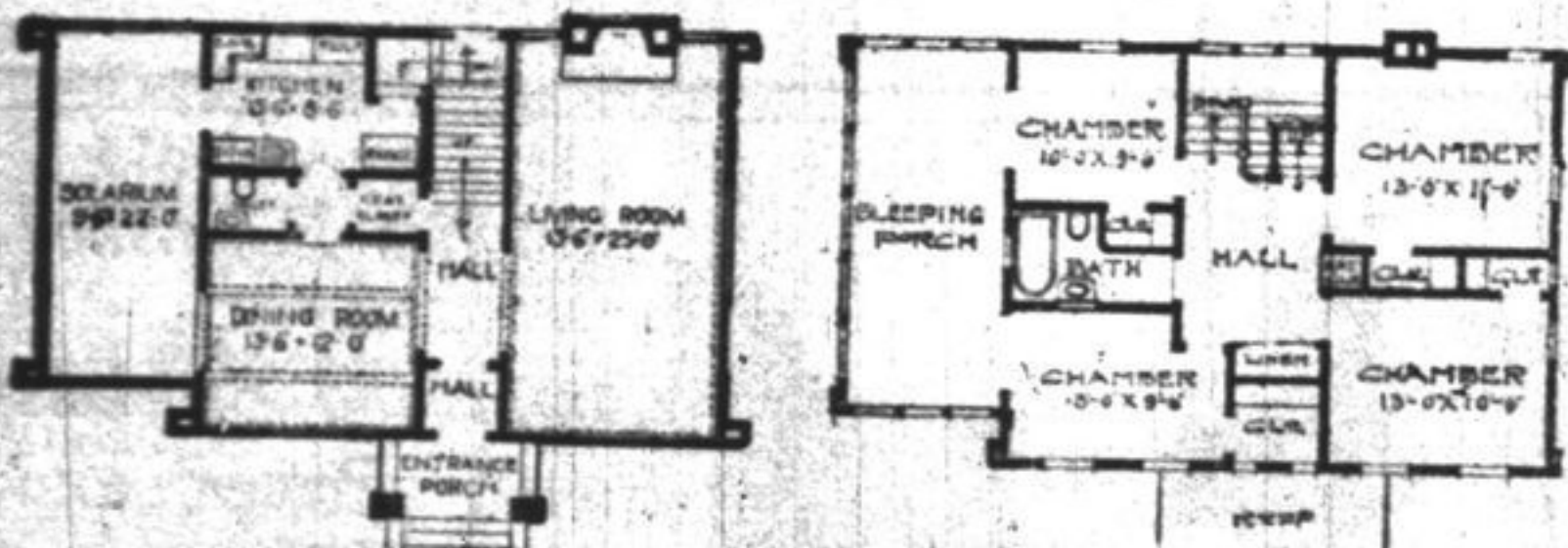
Upon receipt of \$1 the publisher of this paper will furnish a copy of Saxton's new 1914 book of plans, "American Dwellings." It contains 310 designs costing from \$1,000 to \$8,000; also a book of interiors for \$1.50.

ROUGH CAST BUILT ON A HILLSIDE.

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PERSPECTIVE VIEW—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH



FIRST FLOOR PLAN

SECOND FLOOR PLAN

This design makes a home complete in every appointment. By being built on a hillside it gives space to drive an auto in on the level under the sun room for a garage, thus eliminating the necessity of a separate building. The broad projection of the eaves, substantial detail of the construction and a combination of white cement for the rough cast and Washington tile for the window and door frames and cornice make an attractive exterior. By careful examination of the floor plans the reader can see what an exceptionally convenient home this design affords. Size, 34 feet wide, exclusive of sun parlor and sleeping porch, and 20 feet deep. Full basement 8 feet in the clear. First story, 9 feet; second story, 8 feet. Red oak throughout first story, mahogany finished doors in second story, with white enamel washbasins and basins, making a very charming combination. Cost to build, exclusive of heating and plumbing \$5,800.

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Spartans Two

"Like Father Like Son"

By JOHN BARTON OXFORD
Copyright by Frank A. Munsey Co.

"Yer green sweater? Now, I've me think a minute, dearie. Sure, I've had me eyes on it somewhere lately. Take a look in the cellar stairway. I've a mind ye'll find it hangin' on wan of the pegs there."

"Yep; here it is, covered up by three aprons and a bag of clothespins," said he, turning back to the spotless kitchen while he drew the sweater over his big shoulders.

Mary Mooney ran an appraising eye up and down her son's stalwart figure. She did it not without a certain quiet pride.

"Ye sure do be lookin' very fit, Eddie," said she.

"And fit I am, mums," he returned lightly. "Never was I fitter in my life."

Doubling his right fist, he slowly bent his right arm until the biceps made a great curving swelling beneath the sleeve of the green sweater.

"The things I'll be doin' to that Dooney guy at the South armory a couple hours from now!" he threatened, laughing.

"That's the way to talk," said his mother approvingly. "Tis yer first real bona fide fight. Yer must make good, Eddie. Don't forget that yer father was Cal Mooney, the best fighter of his weight that ever lived, so the papers was always tellin' time and time ag'in."

Again Eddie laughed. He stooped to run his fingers carelessly through her sparse gray hair, a trick he had had since childhood.

"Here's Flicker Shea now in the taxi they've sent for me. So it's off wit' me right away. Goodby, mums. Think of how me name'll be spread headed in the mornin' papers like the old man's used to be often."

He kissed her again.

"Hello, Flicker!" Young Mooney addressed the stoop shouldered man waiting on the steps outside. "The taxi's all ready. Then I've us to be off!"

They went down the steps to the waiting taxi and climbed in.

"The South armory," Flicker instructed the chauffeur, and the cab lurched away from the curb.

Eddie leaned across the portly figure of Flicker Shea to wave a hand to his mother.

"Old lady's strong for yer, son, ain't she?" he observed to the younger man beside him.

"'U-huh," he grunted shortly without turning his eyes to his companion.

"Fact is, Flicker, if she wa'n't quite so strong—"

He paused.

"Well, what?" Flicker prompted after a patient period of silence.

"If she wa'n't quite so strong for me, if she wa'n't quite so set on me doin' this and upholdin' the fame that the old man brought to the name yer wouldn't never catch me foolin' wit' no crooked game like this."

"Wot?" he gurgled in bewilderment, as if he could not credit his ears.

"If it wa'n't for her I wouldn't have nothin' to do wit' this game," Eddie repeated.

"Shame on yer!" hissed Flicker dramatically. "A man wit' yer build and yer speed and the blood of Cal Mooney in yer veins too! Phe!"

"Tis true," said Eddie doggedly. "I'd rather work in a foundry or dig in a ditch or do anything useful. But she thinks it's the finest game in the world. She has always been eggin' me on to it ever since I was a kid. I can see it now. She wants me to folly in the old man's footsteps and get famous and wrote about in the papers and all that."

"And so, because she's lookin' for it and because it would be sorter slingin' mud at the old man's memory if I didn't, I'm goin' to make good!"

Mr. Shea, being neither of facile nor analytical mind, puckered his bushy brows as he pondered those words. He was still puckering them when their equipage drew up before the South armory.

As the taxi came to a sputtering stop he placed one pudgy hand on Mooney's shoulder.

"Say, Eddie," he said thickly, "yer're in wrong. Yer won't never be makin' no headway wit' nothin' like that on yer mind. I never yet see a fella make good at anything that his whole heart wa'n't in, and if yer whole heart ain't in this—"

"Can it," said Eddie very crisply. "Even if me heart ain't in this thing I've got a blamed good substitute for it. It's what she's lookin' for and expectin' me to do. And yer'd better forget what I've just said to yer—"

"All right; I ain't never heard it, Eddie," Flicker declared magnanimously. "Come on in! We ain't none too early. Better hustle into yer ring duds. No use keepin' a bunch waitin'!"

It was—

"That evening when the taxi again came purring into the little street of the wooden tenements and stopped before the particular one which Cal Mooney's savings had bought some years ago.

Eddie Mooney got wearily out, said good night to Flicker Shea lounging on the cushions within and stood watch-

ing the cab as it spun about and went chugging up the street.

All in all, young Mr. Mooney was not a pleasing presence as he stood there under the flickering light of the street lamp.

But there was something like a grim smile on Mooney's battered features as he drew out his bunch of jangling keys, selected his latchkey and climbed the steps to the little stoop.

Before he could insert the latchkey in the lock, however, the front door flew open.

"Oh, Eddie!" cried Mary Mooney, both her arms about her big son. "It seemed as if ye was never comin'!"

Gently Eddie disengaged himself. "Come into the parley," he said solemnly, leading the way into the very ornate little front room and touching a match to the gas jet.

"Eddie," she cried with sudden anxiety, catching sight of his battered features in the light with which the room was flooded as one after another he lighted all the jets in the little chamber. "Ye've been hurt!"

Eddie said nothing. Slowly he turned about that she might get the full effect of his sadly damaged face.

She came a trembling step nearer to him. Her thin hands were clasped tightly together. A light, pitying, compassionate anger flamed in her eyes.

"Ye—ye—ye," came her faltering tones, "been hurt?"

"And what if I have?" he said shortly, almost sullenly.

His mother stood looking fixedly at his big frame, and in her eyes, much to his surprise, was neither the anger nor the disgust nor the disappointment he had expected.

Then, with a little choking cry, she flew to him. She forced him gently down into a big, gaudy rocker of yellow-brown plush. She bent over him, gathering his head in both her arms, pressing it close to her, mothering him as if he were some tired and hurt and disillusioned child.

"Oh, Eddie! Oh, Eddie!" she said over and over. "Oh, I'm so sorry for ye, ye poor, poor boy—so sorry, dearie, so sorry! But for me own sake, Eddie, I'm glad, glad—oh, so glad!"

"Huh!" Mooney managed finally to gurgle, all but speechless with astonishment.

"Mind how sorry I am for ye, dearie, wot't ye?" she went on hurriedly. "For I am sorry for the cruel, bitter disappointment that this'll be to yer. But ye'll soon get over that, and if ye was licked this bad in yer very first fight ye won't be kapin' on wit' the game, will yer? And that's what makes me so glad."

"I never wanted yer to be a fighter like yer father was, but he was set on it. He was forever talkin' about the fine build of yer and the speed of yer and the clever way yer could handle yerself even when yer was nothin' but a tiny kid. He was always dreamin' about the great name yer'd be makin' for yerself in the ring when yer grew up, a name that was to put his own name in the shade, accordin' to his way of thinkin'."

"And when his time come he called me to him just before he dies and 'Miry,' says he, 'make me wan promise,' says he. 'Promise me ye'll never stand in Eddie's way, and if he wants to go into the ring when he grows up promise me ye'll be to him what ye've always been to me in that way—that ye'll stand behind him and cheer him on and encourage him, like ye've always done for me.'"

"So I promised, and though it near broke me heart when ye first began to do yer boxin' at the clubs and yer name got talked around as Cal Mooney's clever son and a comer in the game, I remembered the promise I'd made yer father, and I stood by it and kep' a smile on my face to cheer yer on even though the heart at me was like lead within me. But now ye won't want to be fightin' any more—not after this, will yer, Eddie?"

Eddie Mooney suddenly jumped to his feet. He caught his mother by the shoulders and gently held her off at arm's length.

He pretended to be looking at her very sternly and accusingly, but even on his bruised and battered face there was no mistaking the look of infinite relief that rested there.

"Mums," he said, with mock severity, "do yer mean to tell me ye'd like me just as well—me, the son of Cal Mooney, that was the greatest fighter of his weight that ever lived—if I worked in a foundry or took the job that Spillane, the contractor, offered me a while back—a job at the bottom, diggin' in a ditch?"

"Do yer mane," she asked, with trembling eagerness, "that ye are goin' to give up an' do somethin' like that? Oh, the thought of it makes me so happy, Eddie, so happy!"

"Then listen to me for a minute," said he. "Tomorrow I'll see Spillane and take the job. Spillane was one of the best friends the old man ever had, and, what's more, he's strong for me. I'll have to start at the bottom, but he'll put me up the line just as fast as I make good. Now I'm goin' to bed."

"I'll give me fix yer cheek and that poor eye for yer before yer go," said she.

"Aw, them little welts don't amount to nothin' at all," said he.

"And, Eddie," she pleaded, clutching his sleeve as he made as if to leave the room, "don't take this thing too hard. Maybe now 't'is all for the best, maybe it was meant!"

He turned to her with a smile. Once more he exercised that childhood trick of his—running his fingers gently through her hair, ruffling it softly and smiling down at her the while.

"Of course it's all for the best, mums," he chuckled. "And as for takin' it too hard, don't let that bother yer for a minute. Ye see, I knocked out Dooney in the tenth round down to the South armory tonight."

Milady's Mirror

Care of Teeth.

If you want to tell the average woman that her teeth were not clean she would look at you in indignation. Does she not brush them every morning and night? This is not all that is needed to keep them in good condition, however, and it is not even enough to keep them clean.

Of course, upon arising in the morning the teeth must be brushed and the mouth washed out. However, at this early stage it is unnecessary to use a powder or paste, as it is taken for granted that the mouth has been made clean the night before upon retiring. Therefore in the morning it is only necessary to brush the teeth with water and then to rinse out the mouth in a good condition to receive food.

After the morning meal comes the real brushing. This time a reliable paste or powder should be used, the teeth scrubbed with a brush up and down as well as across the surface so as to get out every particle of food.

Also remember to scrub the inside as well as the outside of the teeth, for this is where the deadly tartar forms, and that is at the root of almost all dental troubles.

Now rinse out the mouth with water several times to free it of all paste or powder. Inspect the teeth with a looking glass held close to the mouth, and if they are not perfectly clean in the crevices take a piece of dental floss and force between the teeth. This will free them of all particles which remain in the mouth.

After each meal go through this process if you wish to keep your teeth in the best condition.

The Neck and Throat.

Now that the blouse with the open neck is the thing to wear it behooves women to take great care of the skin of the neck and throat, which, if once allowed to become red and scorched through sunburn, looks very unsightly indeed. Some people, it is true, admire the becoming brown which is characteristic of the river girl, but we do not all browns becomingly, and in any case constant tanning and brown-ing to such an extent are bound to harm the skin in due course. If you make a practice of wearing low necked blouses out of doors don't forget your sunshade and rub a little glycerin and rosewater well into the skin of the throat and neck a few minutes before going out, wiping it off again with a soft towel. Then dust over with a little powder. This affords ample protection as a rule, unless, of course, you spend a very great part of your time on the river or at the seaside. If you can easily avoid low necked blouses for both river and seaside wear, for prevention is better than cure."

How to Walk Correctly.

"The proper way to walk," says a writer in the Woman's Home Companion, "is with the foot almost flat so that the weight of the body at each step is distributed over the entire sole of the advanced foot. The heel should touch the ground first and foot point straight ahead. Do not attempt to stiffen the knees in military style, but let them give somewhat with each step; let the arms swing naturally at the sides and take a moderately long stride. If you do considerably walk long and hold the body erect with the chest high you need not worry about the correct way, because in order to cover ground rapidly you will strike the ground with the heels first, and in a long walk any one who tries out will observe that there is an ever increasing tendency to point the foot straight ahead."

When Washing Dishes.

If the palms of your hands get scaly and dry never put them into strong soda water, such as is used in wash ing up dishes, without first rubbing vaseline well into them. Put your hands in the water as little as possible. Use a dish mop or cloth in wash ing up dishes.

After finishing the dishes cleanse your hands thoroughly in a lather of good toilet soap and hot water. Apply glycerine and rosewater and wear a pair of chamois leather gloves for a while.

Preventing Sunburn.

To entirely prevent sunburn on a tender skin is almost impossible. But it can be greatly lessened by rubbing a cold cream on the face before going out in the strong sunlight. Cover the face and neck of the neck is to be exposed with a cream, rub it in for a few moments; then wipe it all off, but not too thoroughly, and dust with rice powder. When you return use the cream and powder again. If your face should become chapped bathe it with very hot water.

Friction For the Skin.

Friction means a healthy skin and good complexion. Unless the pores are kept open by exercise it is necessary to resort to artificial means to keep the skin in good condition. A flesh brush, loofah or friction glove should form part of every bathing equipment. A rough towel, used vigorously after the bath, can also accomplish much.

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