

NOTICE

To the legal holder or holders of the following Improvement Bonds, issued by the City of Highland Park:

You are hereby notified there are sufficient funds to pay the unmatured bonds hereinafter described, and that the following named bonds have been selected by lot for payment.

Table listing bond numbers, dates, and amounts. Includes entries like 'Special Assessment 110 Bond No. 868 dated Dec. 26, 1906 Series G for \$600' and various individual bond listings.

That said bonds and each of them will be paid at the office of the undersigned City Treasurer, 332 N. St. Johns Avenue, on the 10th day of February, 1915, after which time no interest will accrue thereon. E. T. Skidmore, City Treasurer of City of Highland Park, Ill.

OUR WINTER BIRDS [Continued from Page 1] for their sunflower seeds. Their brilliant coloring makes them very striking in the snow. The female has not the entire crimson suit that he has, but has the red grosbeak and reddish tail and a lovely pinkish gray body.

Among the rarer birds that may be seen are the American crossbills, with their curious beaks, which look so awkward, but which they use so cleverly. You find them hanging on to the pine cones, getting out the kernels. They are quite fearless and they are also very erratic in their migrations—no bird more so.

Then there are the redpolls that feed on seeds of grass and plants; you see them hanging to waving stalks and there are the snowflakes that come with the storm, in a large rest-less flock. They are very shy and the flock flies away as one bird—they also feed from seeds on weed stalks.

A lonesome robin, a kinglet, a brown creeper, a winter wren, or a white owl can be sometimes found—as can the horned larks and purple finches. But these birds cannot be too confidently expected, whereas the chickadee, junco, nuthatch, woodpecker and cardinal are quite likely to accept your invitation. Just give them a chance and see what happens.

The bird shelf is an ideal way to teach children about the birds and is equally entertaining for the grown-ups. It is one of the real pleasures of winter.

Training a Dog. It may surprise some people to be told that dogs have a strong sense of justice, so, unless you want your pup to gain a poor opinion of you, be careful when you punish him. Never punish unless the pup can associate the punishment with the offense. The circumstantial evidence may be very strong, but you had better wait and catch him in the act. Common sense is about all that is required to rear a puppy into a dog which will be a faithful, useful, steadfast companion—common sense and consideration. Whenever I find one of those "anything will do for the pup" kind of people, I can see in my mind's eye what the humans in that family look like.—Outing.

A Unique Cross. In the heart of the Rocky mountains may be seen the Mountain of the Holy Cross, which is 14,000 feet in height. It derives its name from a gigantic cross on one side, near the summit, formed by fissures in the rock. It can be seen for many miles with great distinctness and is looked upon with superstitious fear by the natives.—Exchange.

Wrong Sign. "I'm not at home," said gentleman Jane," declared the belle. "Yes, haven't seen his card yet," protested mother. "You don't know who it is."

Proof Positive. "How do you know that Chance dictated his old English to a stenographer?" "Look at the way it's spelled."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Then He Was Fired. Father—I cannot give you my daughter, my dear sir. I am mighty particular in such things. Sutor—Oh, pshaw! Now, I am not in the least so.—Megendorfer Blatter.

Unwittingly they had got to the very edge of the roof in their fight, and fell was hung clean into the air, to fall stiffly to the street below.

"My God!" cried the detective, running up and peering over. "You have killed him!"

It took some time to make matters clear; still longer for the detective to assure himself of the truth of John's statements.

Meanwhile officers from the central station had arrived, called by the policeman on the beat. To them also Dorr had to tell his story.

"Well, the fellow was a crook all right," conceded the sergeant, "for he had plenty of cocaine on him and a little jimmy."

"It was an accident, my throwing him over the edge," John protested. "I was merely trying to prevent his escape."

Ruth was then interrogated, and after listening to her story the whole party went down to her room.

"We'd better see what he got, if anything," said the detective sergeant.

"He may have taken other things," she faltered, "but all I saw was the papers."

"Well, we'll have a look—see for papers," responded the detective amiably.

When the officers had gone away Ruth turned and greeted the cook of the "Master Key" with unfeigned affection and delight.

"Tom, whatever brought you here?" she demanded at last.

Kane scratched his head and glanced hastily at John. Then he looked at Ruth, so fair in the moonlight, and said gently: "Why, Ruthie, I just thought I couldn't stay away from old San Francisco when I knew you was here. So I came right up."

"And the mine?"

"The mine? Why, ain't John told you? The boys are already workin' on that new lead. Everything is fine! Ye don't suppose old Tom Kane would have left if everything hadn't been all right?"

She impulsively threw her arms about his neck and hugged him.

"You are the best old dear that ever was, and I have a thousand things to tell you!"

"How did you get up here?" asked John curiously.

Kane laughed and looked at his rusty hands. "They told me Ruth was in her room, and when I got there I found the door open and the window open, and when I looked out I saw her climbing and heard her calling. So I just sauntered up myself."

"Well," said John, "as Ruth says she has a thousand things to tell you, and meanwhile we'd better be finding our just what that thief did get."

Half an hour later Ruth looked up at them with tears in her eyes.

"The papers are truly gone," she said quietly.

"Well, they shan't do anybody else any good," John said comfortingly, "and now that we have the thief I expect to dig bit of him what he did with them. Don't worry!"

They said good night and left her quite cheered up.

When her door was closed John said briefly, "Come into my room, Tom."

Once inside, he turned on the old cook and asked briefly, "What brought you here, Tom? What's the matter at the mine?"

Kane threw out his hands in a despairing gesture.

"All hades is the matter, John," he said bluntly. "If we don't work fast Wilkerson will have ruined our little girl in there. There won't be any 'Master Key' any more!"

He choked back a sob. John Dorr stared at the window, at the lights of the city below him and shook his fist. "Wilkerson is somewhere down there doing his dirty work. I'll get him yet."

"Meanwhile he's got the mine in his own men's hands," the cook went on. "He left Bill Tubbs in charge and Bill"—Kane choked over the words—"that drunken bound fred me—fred me, Tom Kane!"

The old man's wrath, humiliation, chagrin and sorrow were not ridiculous in John's eyes. None knew better than he the worth and faithfulness of the old man. He held out his hand and shook the cook's fiercely.

"By heavens, we'll have the 'Master Key' back again, and it'll be Tom Kane in the cook shanty!"

An hour later, with the details that Tom had given him arranged in his mind, John threw himself into bed to close the night through.

A CHRISTMAS DESK

It Contained a Secret.

By ESTHER VANDEVEER.

When Mabel Drew was sixteen she was too old to receive at Christmas such gifts as toys, dolls and other inexpensive knickknacks. The question came up between her father and mother that year what more substantial article should be provided for her. It was finally decided that an escritoire, which is the French name, I take it, for one of those curved legged, claw footed desks with fancy finish on which ladies write their notes and keep their accounts—that is, when they keep accounts—would be the thing.

Mabel was my cousin and had during my childhood been my playmate. When we were passing into youth, after being away from her for a season and returning, I found that another had stepped into my place. He was twenty-two years of age, while I was but eighteen. His entrance into the field suddenly made me aware of the fact that the brotherly-sisterly condition which had existed, or I had supposed existed, between us was simply a mask for a far different condition on my part. Mabel's new friend being four or five years older than I, patronized me, and, as for Mabel, it seemed to me that she regarded me, as before, in a sisterly way.

When that Christmas came of which I have been speaking my parents were abroad, and I spent the holidays at my aunt's. We made a merry Christmas of it, and I have since remembered it as the pleasantest of my life. It was certainly the most important, as will appear from my story. Mabel's desk was delivered at the back door after dark and was carried to my own bedroom. I took off the crate and it stood forth as pretty a piece of furniture as I ever saw. I admired it immensely and was delighted at the pleasure it would give Mabel when she saw it, and for that matter probably for many years after. I pulled out every sandalwood drawer wondering what secrets they would contain. One of these drawers was fitted with a lock and a tiny brass key. The drawers were inside the desk and only exposed when the front was let down. There was a lock for this also.

After all except myself were in bed my uncle and I carried the desk downstairs and deposited it with the other gifts to be distributed in the morning. It was so light that I could have carried it alone, but so frail that I dared not attempt to do so, fearing I might strike it against something and break it. My uncle wrote on a card, "For Mabel, From Papa and Mamma," and laid it on the desk where it could be plainly seen. But I picked it up, put it in the drawer with the lock, turned the key, put up the front part of the desk and locked it too.

In the morning when we were assembled for the distribution of gifts Mabel caught sight of the desk at once and her eyes danced with excitement. "Is it mine?" she asked. "Open it and see," said her father. She opened it, looked in every pigeon hole, pulled out every drawer till she came to the one that was locked and turning the key, found the card I had placed there. She immediately flung her arms around her father's neck, then her mother's, and I wished she would do the same with me. Had she been a few years younger she would have done so. But that time had passed.

The next day the desk was carried to Mabel's room, and I did not see it again for a long while. One night a lot of us young folk were dancing. Mabel wore a dress cut low about the throat, and her continued bobbing threw up and down something she wore on a chain suspended around her neck. The article was so small that I could not see what it was at first, but on drawing nearer recognized the little key to the drawer with in her desk.

"Why do you wear that key on your neck?" I asked. "Oh, it's the key to a drawer in my desk where I keep my secrets," she replied, with a blush. "Secrets! What business has a girl to have secrets that must not only be locked, but the key to which she must keep on her own person?"

"Everybody has secrets. Haven't you any of your own?" "None that are so important that I must keep them locked. What is your secret?" "Well, I like that. What right have you to my secrets?" It seemed to me that I had a right to her secrets, but I didn't care to assert it.

"Oh, never mind," I replied. "I'll find it out in time." "Oh, you will! How are you going to do that?" "I'll steal that key and unlock the drawer that contains the secret." She involuntarily put her hand on the key to protect it. "You wouldn't do any such thing. You know very well that such an act would be dishonorable." "I dare you to give me permission." There is always something fascinating in taking a risk. Mabel thought for awhile, then said: "Suppose I give you the permission. What will you give me if you fail?" "Your choice between half a dozen

pairs of gloves and ten pounds of candy. "How long a time do you want?" "Till next Christmas." "No force used?" "None whatever." "Very well, I'll give you till next Christmas. But you'll lose." "If I do you'll win." "I'll choose the gloves, I wear sizes." "If I lose it won't make any difference. I expect to give you a Christmas present anyway."

"Oh, pshaw! I didn't think that you're very cute, aren't you?" "I flatter myself I'm a match for a girl."

Her response to this was a "face," and the subject was dropped. This bargain was made in June, and I had six months in which to get into that drawer, which was kept locked, the key on Mabel's person and the desk in Mabel's room, where I was not supposed to enter. I had no idea of making a success of it. I had proposed it only for a lark.

Having learned by the stepping in between me and Mabel of another person that I wanted her for myself, I was in constant dread that he or some other fellow would take her away from me. At the same time I shrunk from speaking to her of love. I feared to break up the brotherly and sisterly relationship to which I had been accustomed from my earliest recollection. True, too, Mabel didn't give me the slightest encouragement to make the change. When any man was attentive to her and I showed that I was disgruntled she seemed surprised, looking at me with the expression of one who did not understand my dissatisfaction. If I would say, "Mabel, why do you permit that cad to be dancing attendance upon you?" she would reply: "Why, I think he's very nice. Do you know any reason why I shouldn't?"

"Marry him? Certainly I do. He is not the man for you at all." Then she would walk away apparently miffed, and there would be no trouble between us till the next fellow came buzzing about her.

Occasionally Mabel would say to me, "Have you purchased my gloves yet?" and I would reply, "No; there is plenty of time for that," whereupon she would tell me what color she preferred, impressing upon me the exact shades and showing me certain articles of dress she wished to be matched. I was rather amused than interested, for I could see that, despite her apparent confidence, she suffered some trepidation for fear I might in some unforeseen way succeed.

A piece of good or bad luck, as the case may be, gave me an advantage. Mabel and I rode horseback together, and one day when we were passing through a wood I jumped my horse over a log that was rather higher than those we had been accustomed to take. I cleared it, and Mabel tried to do so too. She raised her animal rump soon, and he came down with his belly on the log. Mabel fell on the other side, and I picked her up.

I noticed that the chain to which her desk key was attached had parted and lay on the ground beside her, but I was too much concerned about her to do more than pick it up, unseen by her, and put it in my pocket. She insisted that she was not hurt and mounted her horse. Fortunately we were not far from home and had no difficulty in reaching it. She did not miss her chain and key, and I said nothing about them. The chain I returned the next day, but insisted on keeping the key till after Christmas. Mabel declared that it was unfair to take advantage of an accident, but this I did not move me.

I determined, now that I had the key, to effect an entrance to Mabel's room when no one was there and possess myself of her secret. But I must use strategy. I was invited to spend Christmas, as the year before, at my aunt's and on Christmas eve went to the house provided with the gloves, forgetful and admitted to Mabel that having no hope of winning I had provided them. This threw her completely off her guard.

The next morning I remained in my room till I heard her go downstairs, then slipped into her room, opened the desk and applied the key to the little drawer. And what did I find there? The surprise of my life. There was a small card photograph of myself taken when I was twelve years old, a tiny china doll I had given her one Christmas when she was but six, a misspelled letter I had written her and several articles of no more intrinsic value than these, but evidences of how dear they were to her. Replacing them, I locked the drawer, closed the desk and went downstairs.

When it came my turn to give my Christmas presents I handed the gloves to Mabel and a ten pound box of candy besides. On opening the box she saw the key to her desk drawer. "I knew you would not succeed in that matter," she said, and I did not tell her that I had succeeded. But on Christmas night, when the others had gone to bed, I sat with her before an open fire, and after certain skirmishing I told her something else, to which she responded in a manner that was to my heart's content. To this day she doesn't know that I found her treasures. Nevertheless the Christmas desk is an object of interest with me. My wife has given it up for a receptacle of household matter, and I have several pigeonholes and drawers in which I keep receipts and other such papers. I never sit down before the desk to write a letter, draw a check or file a receipted bill that I do not think of the Christmas morning when I discovered that which has given me such delight.



"What's the matter at the mine?"

Highland Park Theatre West Central Ave. "The Exploits of Elaine" a new serial Starts Tuesday, Jan. 16th "THE MASTER KEY" Every Friday Special Features Every Saturday Monday and every other Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, two and three reel features. Sundays—5 and 6 reel features. Monday and Thursday War News You will always find a good show at the Highland Park Theatre Admission 10c; Children under nine 5c

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