

AUCTION SALE

Having accepted a position elsewhere I have decided to sell at public auction my entire stock of 5 and 10c Articles, commencing

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at 2:00 o'clock

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AN EYE TO BUSINESS.

Mrs. Strauss Saw a Chance For Profit
That Her Husband Missed

A little story told by Les Annies shows that Mrs. Strauss, the wife of Richard Strauss, the composer, is a woman with a keen business sense. It is perhaps she who has made her husband's reputation as the shrewdest dealer among musicians.

One day a young musician called on Strauss and asked permission to play for him a parody on the famous composer's "Salome." Strauss granted the request. When the young man had finished Strauss was enthusiastic in his approval. "Very droll, very droll!" he cried. "It will be a success, a great success! I congratulate you."

As the young musician was on the point of leaving Mrs. Strauss entered and her husband at once began an enthusiastic explanation. "This young gentleman," he cried, "has just composed a parody on 'Salome,' a truly remarkable piece of work."

Mrs. Strauss raised her eyebrows. "What terms have you made?" she asked in a low voice.

"Why, no terms."

"That is no way to do. Demand 25 per cent royalties."

And, turning to the writer of the parody, Mrs. Strauss advised him, with seemingly maternal solicitude, to accept the advantageous offer that the master was willing to make him. Thus it came about that the parody on "Salome," which, as M. Strauss prophesied, was very successful, proved a source of considerable income for the Strausses.

MODERN FACTORY METHODS.

An Illustration of the Efficiency of Scientific Management.

Writing in the American Magazine on the development of the modern factory under the new principles of scientific management, Miss Ida M. Turbell describes the importance of keeping tools and materials in order in the workshop and tells the following story:

"The promptness and sureness with which a part can be located under this system I once saw illustrated in an interesting way at the Watertown arsenal. Lieutenant Colonel Wheeler, the commanding officer, told me to select a piece in any one of the gun carriages under construction and we would take the number of it to the office and ask the clerk to tell us where that particular piece was.

"In five minutes after we had given him the number he had located the piece. I think it is not an exaggeration to say that if under the old system such a question had been asked of anybody in the Watertown arsenal it would have taken days for them to have answered it, if indeed they ever could have done so.

"As there are fifty different kinds and

grades of material and 1,000 different pieces used in a disappearing gun carriage, the advantage of being able to put your hand promptly on material and pieces as well as knowing every night whether you have in stock the quantities of each necessary to carry on work does not need arguing. The gain to workmen and to management obviously is enormous."

Exploding Ice Bubbles.

The intensely cold nights of Siberia, says a writer, produce a curious phenomenon. Occasionally the silence is broken by a loud report resembling the boom of a cannon. The noise is caused by the bursting of an ice bubble on a river. The streams coming from the hills are incased in ice six to nine inches thick and as the water descends faster than it escapes through the river the result is a heavy hydrostatic pressure. This first causes the ice upon the river to rise in mounds often six to eight feet high. For a time they seem to yield elastically to the pressure, but finally can stand no more and burst with an explosive report. The water rushes out, soon freezing, however, and causing further explosions. The writer asserts that he has seen scores of these ice hillocks within a few miles.

Smallest Bird.

The golden crested wren is the smallest, not only of British, but of all European birds. Its average weight is only about eighty grains, so that it would take seventy-two of the birds to weigh a pound. The length of the feathers is about three and a half inches and the stretch of the wings about five inches, but when the feathers are taken off the length of the body does not exceed an inch.

Lawyers on Strike.

In 1789 John Scott, lord of Clonmell, who was lord chief justice of Ireland, made some insulting remarks from the bench to Mr. Hackett, a member of the bar, who was conducting an argument before him. A general meeting of the bar was called, a severe condemnation of his lordship's conduct voted with only one dissentient and an unprecedented resolution passed that until his lordship publicly apologized no barrister would either take a brief, appear in the king's bench or sign any pleadings for the court. This strike experiment was actually made. The judges sat, but no counsel appeared, no cause was prepared, the attorneys all vanished and their lordships had the court all to themselves. There was no alternative, and next day Lord Clonmell published a very ample apology by advertisement in the newspapers and made it appear as if written on the evening of the offense and therefore voluntary.—London Law Times.

Philanthropist

How Joe Carpenter Secured a Good Salary.

By F. A. MITCHEL

Joe Carpenter was a clerk in the office of the third vice president of the railroad system. Joe was at his desk one morning sorting papers when he received a call to his chief's private room. When he appeared the vice president said to him:

"I wish you to take this package to Miss Dorothea Penfield, as addressed. Here are twenty \$1,000 bonds, the rest of the lot we agreed to send her. Be very careful with them, and deliver them to no one except Miss Penfield herself, taking her receipt."

Joe took the package and left the room. He had heard that Miss Penfield was the only daughter of the man who had organized the railroad system in which he was employed and that she had inherited his vast interest in it, making her one of the richest women in America. Joe had also heard that the lady was a philanthropist. Philanthropist is a very big word, and he associated with it a very important woman. His mental picture of her was a middle aged person, partly gray and with a very benevolent face. But, handling so large a fortune as she possessed, she must have an air of business about her.

He placed the package in his inside coat pocket, put a safety pin over it, buttoned the coat over his breast and sallied forth on his errand. He expected to find Miss Penfield's residence a palace, but it was an ordinary stone-front city residence. He was admitted by a maid (not in the black and white uniform of a servant girl) and ushered into a room from which he could look into another room in the rear, where sat a young girl hammering on a typewriter.

A lady answering Joe's imaginary description of Miss Penfield came into the room where he was and looked at him inquiringly, as much as to ask, "What can I do for you?"

"Are you Miss Penfield?" asked Joe.

"I am."

"Here are some bonds that I have been instructed to deliver to you."

He produced the package. She took it into the back room, where she opened it and after a few words with the typist dictated a receipt. This done, both women left the room. A few minutes later Miss Penfield came into the room where Joe was waiting, handed him the receipt, and he returned with it to the railroad office.

All this is an apparently unimportant part of this story. You must know that Joe Carpenter was very attractive in his appearance, and the typewriter in the back room was a very pretty girl.

While Joe (it was sitting in the next room to her) she looked up from her work and caught him looking at her admiringly. On several other occasions during his stay at the house she looked up and every time saw that same admiring glance. Indeed, what Joe was thinking was expressed through his eyes, and what he was thinking was this: "You're pretty enough to kiss."

Joe went away thinking of that fair skin, those coral lips, those gazelle eyes (these were his own designations of them), and he kept on thinking of them all that day and the next and the next. All one morning the third vice president sent for him again and said to him:

"Carpenter, I have a telephone message from Miss Penfield asking me to send her the numbers of the bonds you delivered to her the other day, and she would like them sent by you. You are sure the delivery was all right, aren't you?"

"I delivered the package as you gave it to me. The receipt tallied with your record, didn't it?"

"Oh, yes. The receipt was all right. You'd better take the numbers to her."—he handed Joe a bit of paper with the numbers on it—"and hear what she has to say."

Joe put the paper in his pocket and repaired to the Penfield residence. This time he was received by the pretty typewriter. She came into the room where he was, with a slightly heightened color.

"Miss Penfield is indisposed this morning. She has asked me to say that in making a list of the bonds you brought her the other day before putting them in the safety deposit vaults a mistake was made, and she thought that one of the bonds was missing. But it's all right. The error has been discovered. She desires me to apologize to you for putting you to the trouble of coming."

"I'm glad you've found it," said Joe, much relieved. "If you hadn't it would have laid me liable to the charge of having extracted it from the package and appropriating it."

"I didn't think of that," said the girl, evidently somewhat disturbed.

Joe had risen at her entrance and was moving toward the door.

"I hope," continued the typist, "that you haven't suffered from suspicion, even temporarily."

"Oh, that doesn't matter so long as I'm exonerated."

"I wish you would sit down a few

minutes. I would like to talk with you about it."

She motioned Joe to an easy chair and took another herself. Despite all she could say to relieve her mind she persisted in saying that the note to the vice president should not have been sent. But in time she changed the subject, and the two chatted idly on other subjects. Presently Joe looked at his watch and started.

"Great heavens!" he exclaimed. "It's two hours since I left the office. I must find some excuse for staying so long away from my work or I'll get fired."

"If you do I think I know another place you can get. When you left the other day Miss Penfield said: 'I wish I could get some young man like that to take these details off my hands. I am nearly swamped with them.' How would you like such a position?"

"I wouldn't like it at all at the same salary. I have a better chance for promotion with the railroad company."

When Joe departed the typewriter asked for his address, and a few days later he received a note from Miss Penfield stating that she was intending to open an office for the transaction of the business of her estate and was looking for a manager. Would he accept the position and if so at what salary? Joe after thinking the matter over decided to accept the position, being influenced solely by the fact that he hoped to see the pretty typewriter occasionally. Indeed, a love affair had been started between him and her which bade fair to be of the galloping kind. So he wrote that he was at Miss Penfield's service and would leave the salary to her.

A reply came asking if \$2,500 a year would be sufficient to begin on. Since Joe was receiving but \$100 a month, he replied that the amount named would be satisfactory, and he received an order to send a suitable office and procure the necessary furniture.

Joe at once resigned his position in the railroad office, hunted up an office, furnished it, then went to Miss Penfield's house and transferred the books and papers pertaining to the estate. Miss Penfield spent several days with him in the office initiating him, or, rather, trying to initiate him into the business at hand. But it was in such a state of confusion that it soon became evident to Joe that he must straighten them out by his own efforts. Indeed, he found the lady more of a detriment than a help. However, at the end of a couple of weeks he had everything in order.

The manager of the Penfield estate received occasional invitations to dine at the house. Sometimes Miss Penfield was at the table, sometimes he was entertained by the typewriter. He learned from her that she was a connection of Miss Penfield, her name being also Penfield. Joe asked her if she would be likely to lose her position since an office had been opened for the transaction of the business of the estate, and she told him that the private correspondence could not be relegated to the office and it required so much of her time that she was thinking of getting an assistant.

Even if Miss Penfield appeared at the dinner table when Joe dined at the house she disappeared as soon as the meal was over, leaving Joe and the typewriter together. The affair turned out to be a quick and desperate case of love. Joe proposed to the typewriter, she accepted, and they began to plan for their marriage.

"I hope," said the young lady, "that you are not counting upon my getting any help from Miss Penfield. She will not give me a cent."

"We don't need her assistance," replied Joe. "On my salary we can get on very well."

His fiancée threw her arms around his neck and said that with such a manly husband she had no fear of poverty whatever.

Joe suggested that they be married at once and take a little house. Eighteen hundred a year would be plenty for them to live on and they could put away seven hundred for a nest egg.

His fiancée offered to look for the house, to which Joe consented since he was very busy at his office. One day she told him that she had found a cozy little nook, just the home for a young couple starting in life. Joe proposed that they go together to look at it, but being occupied with preparations for the wedding the bride to be put the visit off from day to day. What surprised Joe was that she insisted on a church wedding and the sending out of innumerable cards. To this he protested on the ground that they could not afford the expenditure. They were in Miss Penfield's house at the time.

"Joe," said his fiancée, "there's a secret between us that I can't keep any longer. She whom you have known as Dorothea Penfield is my Aunt Susan Penfield. I am Dorothea Penfield. The first time you called here I was amusing myself with a new typewriter on which I was learning to write. I saw that there was a case of love between us and that you supposed my aunt was the heiress. I have always expected to be married for my money, and here was a chance to be courted for myself. I availed myself of it and have permitted you to continue to be deceived."

"And you are Dorothea Penfield, the philanthropist worth millions?" exclaimed Joe with eyes as big as saucers.

"I am."

A look of disappointment crossed Joe's face.

"What is it?" asked Dorothy anxiously.

"There's nothing to be done; life will have no struggles, no contrasts between work and play."

"Joe," she said, embracing him, "if we can't work for ourselves we can work for others. To give intelligently involves much care and plenty of effort."

And so it proved.

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