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GENTLEMEN: Without obligation to me kindly send catalogue descriptive of Memorial Park Cemetery.

NAME ADDRESS

Why You sneeze. There is more than one cause for sneezing, and persons may differ in their susceptibility to them. A bright light will cause some persons to sneeze, the pollen of certain plants will affect others, and most people are likely to sneeze in the presence of dust. Such sneezing is due to superficial irritation. The sneeze caused by the effect of cold is different. It is an attempt of nature to cure you. She makes you sneeze for the same reason that she makes you shiver—to generate heat for warming the blood and preventing you from taking more cold—to help relieve the cold you have. The sneezing from cold is not an act of the nose alone, this being merely the part of the body where it explodes. It is an act of the entire body during which every muscle gives a jump. The body is affected by a spasmodic effort to warm the entire system and throw off the cold.—Boston Herald.

Destiny. Destiny is either the excuse men give for their errors or a humble supplement to their successes. Destiny reconciles a man to unpaid bills, the abuse of the proletariat, ingratitude and relatives, especially if they are his own. A man who is making progress is thought-by himself-to control his own destiny. When he isn't making progress his destiny controls him. Destiny is always at work. When it is not doing it is undoing. It has a star for a trademark which is recognized in every country in the world. It has made a great many wise double. Not everybody has a destiny. Some are comparatively happy.—Life.

A Natural Deficit. "Do you find much change in the old town?" asked an interested friend of Colonel Sellemquick, the eminent promoter. "Well, no," replied the colonel thoughtfully. "But then I scarcely expected any. You see, I got most of the local supply before I went away."—Richmond Times-Dispatch.

Bright Suggestion. She—But if I can't live on my income and you can't live on yours, where would be the advantage of our marrying? He (thoughtfully)—Well, by putting our incomes together one of us would be able to live, at any rate.—Boston Transcript.

Looking Ahead. "Do you think you could learn to love me?" asked the old millionaire. "Perhaps," said the girl coyly. "Do I get a title to a fine house as a diplomat?"—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Reflected on Her Age. Amy—Why did Miss Antique discharge her butler? Mamma—He boasted that he had grown gray in her service.—London Telegraph.

A STORY THAT VARIES.

The Bride Who Got Into a Chest and Was Found Dead There.

There is a story more or less diffused of a young bride on her wedding day playing the game of hide and seek and concealing herself in one of those ancient carved chests of large size. After she had got into the lid closed, and she found herself unable to raise it again, for it fastened with a spring, and she was shut in. Search was made for her in every quarter but the right one, and great perplexity and dismay were caused by her disappearance. It was not till years after, when chance led to the opening of the chest, that the body of the young bride was discovered and the mystery of her disappearance solved.

The story is found in so many places that it may be questioned whether it is true of any one of them. Rogers tells it of a palace in Modena. The chest in which the poor bride was found is shown at Bramshill, in Hampshire, the residence of Sir John Cope. Another similar chest, with precisely the same story attached to it, was long shown at Maxwell Old Hall, between Winchester and Bishop's Waltham.

The folk tale of Catskin or Peau d'Ane represents the girl flying with her bridal dresses from a marriage that is repugnant to her, and as this tale is found all over Europe it may have metamorphosed itself into that of the bride who got into a chest and died there.—Cornhill Magazine.

A Lesson in Politeness. Armed with a subpoena a deputy sheriff went out to serve it on a wealthy and extremely snobbish manufacturer, whom he met at the gate of the manufacturer's country home. The great man was in an automobile, accompanied by two ladies, and as the process server handed over the papers he politely raised his hat. The other assumed a democratic manner. "You don't need to take off your hat to me, young man," he said. "I took off my hat not to you, sir," was the answer. "But to the ladies with you!"—Argonaut.

A Word to Parents. Never amuse your children at the expense of other people. Never allow your children to ridicule other people. Neglect this advice and the time will assuredly come when these children will amuse themselves with your follies and ridicule your authority.—Exchange.

Wisdom. Hope and success make a finer tonic than medicine. The best tonic is fresh air. The best restorative is sleep. The best stimulant is exercise. Fatigue calls for rest and not the spur.—Wisconsin State Journal.

A Certain Rich Man's Son

How He Worked Out His Own Reform.

By GUY C. BAKER Copyright by Frank A. Munsey Co.

"I mean just what I said—I'm not ready to go to work."

There were unblinded complacency and assurance in Hilling's voice as he said it.

"Then what—what do you want to do?" "I want to run around a bit, you know, and see what's going on in the world."

"See the world? Why, good heavens, from reports I've had of your college career there's nothing left for you to see or do!"

"Plenty of time for drudgery and all that sort of thing later, dad. I want to knock about a bit like the other fellows I know."

"By thunder, you shall do as you wish! Pack your gewgaws and go—I don't give a tarnation rap where—but go. Go and see the world—all of it, every stratum of it. I'll pay the freight—every penny. But this is the condition—you've got to stay away five years: You are not to write home, nor shall any one from home write to you. You will draw upon my New York banker for your needs. I—but that's all—there is no need for further discussion."

Young Hilling stared with mild surprise at the broad shoulders of his father for a moment; then, the exasperating look of superciliousness returning, he arose languidly to his feet. "Aw—er—I say, dad, isn't that—er—just a trifle strong?"

The older man did not look around. "No; not a bit of it! Scoot!"

For a moment the mask of insolence fell away from the young man's face, and the natural strength of his features stood out strikingly.

"All right, sir; you're on! The five years begin today. Goodby, dad."

As he swung jauntily down the street of the prosperous southern town—a town that had seemed a good place in which to live before his eight years of college life—became suddenly conscious of a feeling of uneasiness as he thought of the gentle mother who but a few hours before had thrown her arms about him in a joyous welcome home. Many months passed before a realization filtered through his brain of how inconsiderate was her disillusionment.

When a couple of hours later Hilling boarded the train for the north he carried with him the disturbing picture of his mother's disappointment and solicitude. To him she had ever been the diplomatic buffer between the acerbity of his father and his own self-willed follies. But he realized this last—this five years' silent absence—was too much for even her philosophy of indulgence.

But, whatever of remorse his precipitate departure caused him, it was of short duration.

He went abroad and for a time revelled in the glitter of the cafes of Paris. He died precious hours in Italy. He barely escaped a duel in Berlin.

Then, after a month of stupid boredom in London, he hastened back to New York. Thus two years passed. Not once had he heard from either his father or mother. Not once had he written home. Once or twice his submerged manliness threatened to break through the veneer of his pleasure seeking existence—some eddy of memory which brought a fleeting recollection of that last glimpse of his mother—but always would be brushed it stubbornly aside and plunge with increased abandon into the whirlpool of folly.

Then one evening, after an exceptionally strenuous day, he arrived at the theater during the third act just as a prima donna of worldwide fame was rendering her finest number.

Hilling stood at the head of the aisle for a moment, carefully sweeping the audience filled theater with his glance; then, with a scornful shrug, he turned and strolled down into the smoking room.

The singer finished, and a tremendous outburst of applause filled the theater and echoed out into the corridors. Again and again the singer responded to the cheers.

Curiously, Hilling wandered back into the foyer and once more took up his position at the back of the theater and watched the audience. Bowing and smiling, the prima donna was approaching the footlights for her fifth encore.

Hilling watched with patient sympathy. He frowned nervously, his forehead drawn in a scowl and his lips curled with unbounded sarcasm. Then in notes low and tremulous the singer began the line, "Far from the old folks at home." At the same moment, with the startling suddenness of a crash of thunder, the audience was electrified as hear a man's voice—discordant, raucous, scolding—join in the song with the prima donna.

Then, with a scornful laugh, Hilling permitted himself to be led away by a couple of pale faced, agitated ushers. Out in the lobby he impatiently shook himself free of the ushers and imperturbably passed out and stood in his motorcar. As the chauffeur threw on the power and the man-hinged swiftly away Hilling flung his

at the undecided group of theater attaches the words of the song with taunting mockery.

When, at 4 in the morning, his valet summoned him to his apartments Hilling had worked himself into a frenzy. He seemed obsessed with the notion that the valet in some ingenious way was responsible for the hideous words of that song and treated him accordingly.

He tossed sleeplessly until daylight, the words of the song pounding his eardrums incessantly. Gradually the whole line hended into one word—

"Confound that infernal, astinine word!"

Instantly he got up and dressed, sent for his automobile, dismissed the chauffeur and all that day motored alone over quiet country roads that led through peaceful villages and over picturesque hills.

One moment he would viciously shift the throttle wide open, sending the car hurtling along at a reckless pace; then, coming a quick change of mood, he would slow down sharply, lean back against the cushions and gaze thoughtfully over the peaceful fields as his machine chugged slowly along.

"All the while 'Old Folks at Home' harassed him like an inexorable thing of chastisement.

The sarcasm and mockery were still in his face, but there was also something else creeping in there—lines which bespoke torment and raging conflict.

That night as the prima donna appeared again in the famous third act scene Hilling, pale and tense, sat alone in the deep shadows of a box. With eyes that burned with strange emotion and perfect sobriety he leaned eagerly forward as if his soul were drinking in the melody through eyes and ears.

Again was the singer recalled repeatedly. As she appeared for the fifth encore and the orchestra had started in on a lively prelude to some Scotch air Hilling, his voice strangely hoarse and shaken, called out, "Swanee River!"

Instantly the call was taken up enthusiastically all over the house. A wave of applause shook the theater. With a smile the prima donna nodded to the orchestra leader, and a moment later the clear voice of the singer was glorifying the old folks at home.

Hilling was as tense and motionless as a man of stone. Penetration dampened his forehead; his dry lips stood apart; wide eyed, he clutched his nails into his hands. His very soul seemed a thing detached that floated upward with the melody of the song.

With indescribable pathos and expression, her voice low and trembling, the singer paused; then "Far from the old folks at home" floated out and upward like a benediction. It was grand, dramatic, glorious!

Something like a sob surged up into Hilling's throat. His eyes blurred.

The following morning early he discharged his valet and chauffeur, sold his machine, resigned from his club, gave up his apartments and packed his trunk. Then, his passing as unobtrusive as his advent had been vainglorious, he dropped completely out of sight.

Two years later and four years after the stormy scene with his father Richard Hilling again crossed the threshold of that grim gentleman's office.

Inside the door he waited respectfully while the stern faced, gray haired head of the great steel works finished the signing of certain papers before him on his flat mahogany desk.

Pausing, pen suspended, the elder Hilling glanced up briskly.

"Well?"

"I wish to speak to you on behalf of the men, sir."

The other gave a start and leaned forward. "You—why—Richard—why?"

He could say no more. For a time he stared into the marvellously changed face in silence. Slowly his appraising glance traveled downward, taking in every detail of the son's clothing and lingering wonderingly on the big, grimy hands. Again he spoke—hoarsely.

"What does the condition of my employees matter to you?"

"A great deal. I am one of them, and I find they are underpaid."

"One of them?" Skepticism and astonishment gave varying inflections to his tone of voice. "One of them? What do you mean by that?"

"Just that. For two full years I have worked out there in the shops. I began at the very bottom. I know whereof I speak."

Again the father surveyed the son in silence, searching his face long and critically. Slowly a look of conviction crept into his face, softening it and paving the way for one of great hope and gratification. Then, smiling, he puffed out his lips in mild reproof.

"Then—er—you did not observe my orders to remain away five years?"

"I—I did not come to discuss that."

The father persisted eagerly.

"But I want to know: I want to know?"

"I obeyed you for two years, sir, and that was two years too long. You see, mother and—and home called me—strongly. Mother and home and—work."

"And does mother—"

"Yes, she knows—has known all the time. Then firmly, "But I wish to take up this matter of the workmen."

"Yes—yes, to be sure. But first tell me—did you have you actually been working out there in the shops as a common laborer for two years?"

Silently the son spread out his blackened, hardened hands in mute answer. For a time father and son looked each into the other's face. Then, his face inscrutable, the elder Hilling said: "And—and you think that reforms are needed—out there?"

The answer came forcibly.

"Yes, sir, I do."

"Then make them—it's your job—now."

WOODS THAT SINK.

There Are Many Varieties That Will Not Float in Water.

That wood floats is such a commonplace fact in our lives that we hardly give it any thought. If we lived in tropical climates we would learn to distinguish between woods that float and woods that do not float. Many of the woods of Mexico and South America are so heavy even when perfectly dry that they will sink in water, notably lignum vitae, which is the wood commonly used for bowling balls.

Among our common native woods there are several that will not float when green. The cypress of the south is often girdled a year before it is cut so that it will die and dry while standing, thus making it possible to float the logs to the mill.

The reason why some woods float is not because the substance of which they are made is lighter than water, but because the cavities in the cells are so large that the air in them buoys up the wood. The material (cellulose) which composes the greater part of the cell wall is heavier than water, so that if the air in the cells is replaced by water the wood will sink. This is just what happens to wood which has been in water for a long time and has become "waterlogged."

It is the large water content of the heartwood of freshly felled oaks and hickories and of the sapwood of certain conifers that causes these woods to sink, for when dry they will float.

Lignum vitae and other heavy tropical woods, even when dry, sink because most of the cell cavities are so small compared to the thick cell walls that the air in the cavities is not enough to float the wood.

CULTIVATE RELIABILITY.

It is Always in Demand and Adds to a Man's Worth.

The demand for reliability never ceases. If you buy a piece of machinery you want it to be dependable. When you purchase new clothes you desire them to be durable. If you elect an official you require that he shall be trustworthy. When you take on an employee you inquire whether he can be relied on, as to his word, his work, his loyalty. It is so in all the relations of life. While there is much unreliability, you never hear of anybody seeking it or placing a premium upon it.

The reliable man is always spoken of in terms of praise. His friends boast that he can be depended upon to do a certain thing under a certain set of circumstances without variations or shadow of turning. They say they can find him in the dark and can trust him then with the same faith as in the broad light of day. They refer to him as one whom you can tie to. They have as fears that he will either default or betray. He has all the steadiness and fidelity of a well trained plow horse. He may lack brilliance and finish. He may not be a genius. But as far as his abilities go he is as reliable as time itself, and thus he becomes more or less of an institution in the circle within which he moves and an anchorage for those dependent upon him in any way whatever.—Pittsburgh Gazette-Times.

What Did She Mean?

The two young ladies had gushed and "described" each other until the other passengers in the train were heartily sick of it, especially as they never lost a chance of getting in a nasty cut at each other.

Just before they parted Angeline obliged Emmeline with a stamp for a letter.

"Oh, I must give you a penny for this," exclaimed Emmie, as she prepared to leave the car.

"Don't bother, dear," cooed Angie.

"Give it to me next time I see you."

"But you mayn't see me for a long time," protested Emmie.

"Oh, well, the loss wouldn't be great," cooed Angie, more sweetly than ever.—London Answers.

A Cry For Help.

Good advertising benefits any form of business. The right sort of advertising gives you a friendly feeling toward a firm. It makes you believe that it will be both pleasant and profitable to deal with the advertiser. A certain grocer once inserted in the newspapers an advertisement that had this merit. It ran:

"Twins are come to me for the third time. This time a boy and a girl. I beseech my friends to support me stoutly."—Youth's Companion.

An Old Korean Custom.

In Korea until comparatively recently a man was not allowed the dignity of trousers until he had taken to himself a wife. Your gay bachelor had to wear a skirt and bring himself in the public view as one who had not yet attained a position in which he could support a wife.—London Chronicle.

Their Kind.

"What do you think of the way that upstart Blinks gives himself airs? Here he was talking the other day about the delights of his salad days."

"Well, I could have reminded him that they were not chicken salad days."—Baltimore American.

Women Architects.

"I wonder why there are so few women architects?"

"Perhaps women are afraid they might be called designing creatures."

Becoming Faint.

Cook—The tea is quite exhausted, ma'am. Mistress—I noticed that it seemed very weak the last time.—Boston Globe.

He that always complains is never pitied.—German Proverb.

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