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THE LITTLE GOD And a Separation and a Reunion. By AGNES G. BROGAN

Philippa and Richard had been sweethearts for so long that no one could remember when the "little god" first claimed them for his own. When Richard was still a boy in high school it was Philippa who settled upon his future career as a lawyer, and having no father to aid him in accomplishing this purpose, Richard set about making plans for its fulfillment. Armed only with his high school diploma, he obtained a position as country school teacher in a town which possessed the advantage of nearness to his ladylove. And as time passed the day managed, with the aid of a friendly old solicitor, to begin a course of night law study. If Richard worked hard for love's sake he was not alone in the sacrifice. Philippa, who was young and good to look upon, might have had happier cavaliers than the one whose hand bowed over lawbooks. But she laughed her admirers aside, spending her own evenings drawing lifelike sketches of all the chubby babies in the neighborhood. And at last the faithful ones came into their reward—Richard had successfully passed his final examinations. "You shall have desk room in my office, boy," the pleased old barrister promised. "Then we'll see what you are made of." And at just this glorious time a wonderful thing happened to Philippa. With an inclosed check came word that a magazine had accepted one of her sketches. She had sent the drawing never daring to dream that the baby face, with its toothless smile, could win an editor's approval, yet here was the substantial proof. Richard was enthusiastic when she confided her triumph. "Why, Phil," he said, "you may develop into a great artist. When we are married you shall have those art lessons."

evening as his step sounded upon the stair she seated herself before the newly installed instrument, and as the door opened she sang a little song, the one he had liked so well. Now, Richard had left his office on that particular evening in a state of mind bordering on despair. The lawsuit in which he had labored so tirelessly, the great suit upon which he had counted so much, had been lost. There were many bills to be paid, and Richard wondered desperately as he hurried along how he was going to pay them. Then across his troubled turmoil of thought burst Philippa's merry song. As she turned on the stool to meet his look of pleased surprise her smile instantly faded. "I—I bought the piano, Richard," she faltered, "intending to pay for it with my own money." "Your money?" he burst out contemptuously. "Then in your opinion marriage does not make two people one."

ROMANCE OF FLOWERS. A Blossom Changed the Revving Camp Into a Permanent Home. The difference between a home and a camp is a blossom. Until flowers were planted about the abode of men, until blossoms were cultivated, there were no permanent homes, no fixed places of abode. Tents were struck and a new location sought. Attachments were not formed for localities. We were wandering, shiftless, comfortless lot until a woman trudged in from the thicket and planted a vine or shrub or flower about the tent, and called it home. It was a woman, of course. Man, in his coarseness, never thought of sticking a stem into the earth and nurturing a plant that he might have color and fragrance forever in his presence. Only the woman could have thought of that. And since the first good day when the woman planted a flower and loved it into blossom, the home has been a fixture. It has been a center of the affections. The building may be destroyed, the individual members of the family may be scattered to the four winds, but the home remains a fixture in the memory—and the blossoms do not fade or wither in the mind.—Columbus Dispatch.

GERMS IN THE MOUTH. Using Paper as a Toothpick is a Dangerous Practice. One of the most dangerous little tricks that men and women do is to take a bit of paper, torn from an envelope or newspaper, and try to run it between the teeth to remove some little particle of food that the tongue feels. If you want to be sure of trouble, and your gums continue this practice, and sooner or later—rather sooner than later—you will secure a splendid case of infection of the gums that will send you to the dentist in a hurry, and may cause more than one sleepless night. The bit of paper used in this way, introduced edgewise between the teeth, is worse than any toothpick, or other instrument, for many reasons. In the first place the sharp edge of the paper is most apt to make a cut in the gum, and if so doing it is almost sure to carry into the circulation at least some of the many germs clinging to it. Again, the chemicals used in the making of paper are far from edible, but in addition to these the newspaper may have picked up a variety of germs from those who have handled it or from the dust that has blown upon it while exposed for sale. The flap of the envelope, which is so "handy" a bit to use for the teeth, may have touched the lips of some one with tonsillitis, or even with tuberculosis.—New York American.

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DIDN'T GET A JOB. But She Should Have Landed It if Nerve Was a Recommendation. "I've seen a lot of cool ones in my time, but believe me I caught one the other day that had 'em all skinned for nerve." The speaker, a detective in one of the large downtown department stores, was leaning against the rail in a police court waiting for her case to be called. "I spotted a woman whose action didn't just suit me. I trailed her for about ten minutes and then, presto, she gobbled on to a bar of five cent soap. That wasn't hardly enough in itself to hang a case on, so I kept my mouth shut and my eyes open as she made her way toward the elevator. When she got into the cage I was right behind her, and I almost stepped on her skirt as she 'traipsed' along the aisle toward the office. "Apparently, as if in search of work, I played with a slip as she told the boss her story, and would you believe me, she was trying to get a job. She wanted to get a place in the soap department, saying that she had been a demonstrator for a large soap concern; that she was tired of the outdoor work and needed the bar of soap she had just stolen as evidence of the fact that she was an experienced saleswoman. "I stood it as long as I could and then gave the superintendent the 'high sign' to 'can' her. Can you beat that for nerve?"—Detroit Saturday Night.

HER ABSENT BOY. When a Mother's Lot Is One of Wistful, Weary Waiting. It's mighty hard to be a mother of sons in Homeburg. I worked in the postoffice for a year once—handled out mail—and I got to know just exactly what most of the mothers in town wanted. I could please them with a new magazine and mystify them with a circular or a business letter. But if I wanted to light them up until they took the shadows out of the corners as they went out I would give them a letter from a son way off somewhere making good. The best of them didn't write any too often. Once a week is pretty regular, I suppose, from the other end, but you should see the mother begin to come in hungry again the second day after her letter came. And when a boy came home successful and prosperous and his proud mother towed him down Main street it used to go to my heart to see the wistful looks of the woman friends. There is hardly a family in Homeburg of the right age which hasn't a grownup son off at war somewhere—fighting failure. It's grand when they win, but I hate to think of some boys who haven't come back.—George Fitch in American Magazine.

The Elgin Marbles. The adventures of the Elgin marbles, now in the British museum, began in 1803, when they were wrecked at Cerigo on their way from Greece to England. It took the divers three years and a vast sum of money to fish up the Parthenon relics. It is believed that Lord Elgin spent over £74,000 in procuring these priceless fragments left by Turkish vandals, who would probably have made an end of even these had the earl not rescued them in time. The house of commons voted £30,000 for their purchase, so that the enterprising peer lost heavily in cash and suffered from a public agitation against his alleged "vandalism, rapacity and dishonesty," as well as from Byron's "Curse of Minerva."—London Chronicle.

Just Like Eve's Apple. A fruit supposed to bear the mark of Eve's teeth is one of the many botanical curiosities of Ceylon. The tree on which it grows is known by the significant name of "the forbidden fruit," or "Eve's apple tree." The blossom has a very pleasant scent, but the really remarkable feature of the tree, the one to which it owes its name, is the fruit. It is beautiful and hangs from the tree in a peculiar manner. Orange on the outside and deep crimson within, each fruit has the appearance of having had a piece bitten out of it. This fact, together with its poisonous quality, led the Mohammedans to represent it as the forbidden fruit of the garden of Eden and to warn men against its noxious properties. The mark upon the fruit is attributed to Eve.

"You are selfish," her sister told her angrily, "not to see the suffering in Richard's face." "Dick suffering!" Philippa exclaimed incredulously. She joined the family group a few days later waving above her head a bulky document. "Listen to this!" she cried. "Aunt Philippa did remember me in her will, after all. She has left an annuity of \$100 a month, to be paid me as long as I live." Her mother leaned forward excitedly. "Oh, she said, 'now you may take drawing lessons as you have always wished to do'." Philippa smiled. "First of all," she said, "I intend to marry Dickie." "He won't have your money," her sister warned her. "Dick will wish to support his own wife." Philippa nodded understandingly. "I know," she agreed, "and that is why he must know nothing of this legacy until we are married." When she came to her lover, freely offering to share his humble lot, Richard could scarcely believe his own good fortune. "You will have to give up much for my sake, dear love," he said. "It will be for your sake," Philippa answered eloquently. Some things are rare and beautiful beyond the power of description. Such was the joy of Philippa and Richard. It was happiness to sit in the shaded lamplight of evening building air castles for a future as rose colored as its beginning. But Philippa's secret weighed heavily upon her conscience, and on one of those occasions she made full confession, her cheek pressed close against her husband's hair. He was silent for so long that she bent to look into his face, and its expression of sadness shocked her. "Why, Dickie," she exclaimed, "do you care so much about the money?" Richard averted his wife in his arms. "Your husband is a selfish brute, dear," he said contritely, "and I am afraid you will not understand why this should hurt so much. It was a wonderful thing, you see, to believe that you had chosen life with me above everything else in the world—even that you were willing to sacrifice for my sake your beloved art." He laughed shortly. "Rather a shock to find that you agreed to marry me only—only, Philippa, when you were certain of gaining both." The girl drew away from him. "You are unkind," she said. Thus began that "little rift within the lute which slowly widening, silences all." And it did widen. The art studies, under the best teacher to be found, had not exhausted last month's annuity; therefore Philippa decided to buy a piano. She had received her own since leaving home, and Richard had loved to hear her sing in it. So she went to the store to buy a piano. "I—I bought the piano, Richard," she faltered, "intending to pay for it with my own money." "Your money?" he burst out contemptuously. "Then in your opinion marriage does not make two people one."

A Cockey Bird. People who feed the wild birds in winter find that the birds soon come to know them. A friend of mine used every morning to rap an English walnut on the sill of his open window. A white breasted nuthatch knew the signal and would fly to his hand and take the nut meat from between his fingers. Sometimes my friend used to hold the nut meat tightly and make the bird work to get it. One morning the nuthatch, hammering at the tightly held morsel, struck the holder's thumb at the base of the nail. The blow hurt, and involuntarily the fingers parted and released the meat. The next morning, without any preliminaries, the nuthatch hammered at the same place. He knew, and he had learned his lesson in one session. It is a smart boy that does as well.—Winthrop Packard in Our Dumb Animals.

Marriage Diplomacy. Plunger—I felt awfully sorry for a poor guy down at the exchange today. He lost \$5,000 of cotton, and all the boys were gazing at him, and as he started off home they greeted him with the prediction that his wife would land on him roughshod. The poor chap acted as though he felt pretty badly about it. Mrs. Plunger (sympathetically)—Poor fellow! No doubt he used his best judgment, and if his wife turns on him because of his reverses she is not worthy to be called wife. But who was the man? Plunger—Why—er—it was me.—Woman's Home Companion.

A True Escape. "You'll escape much trouble in this here world, my boy," said the Billville parent, "if you'll turn down all contracts for raising of the piece where the devil lives at. Wherever it is, it's right where it ought to be, an' ef it needs any raisin' the devil himself is more competent to 'lead to that business than what you'll ever be."—Atlanta Constitution.

Wit of the Force. The policeman had a gambler by the arm and was waiting for the patrol wagon to arrive. "What are you doing?" asked a friend of the officer who happened to be passing. "I am holding a beard party," replied the cop.—Boston Transcript.

His New Method. "How is it that Blinks always comes off first best in arguments with his wife?" "He states his case first and then walks off."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Superiority. "She's a very superior person." "That so? In what way?" "She pays more for her gowns than any other woman in the club."—Detroit Free Press. Who overcomes by force hath overcome but half his foe.—Milton.