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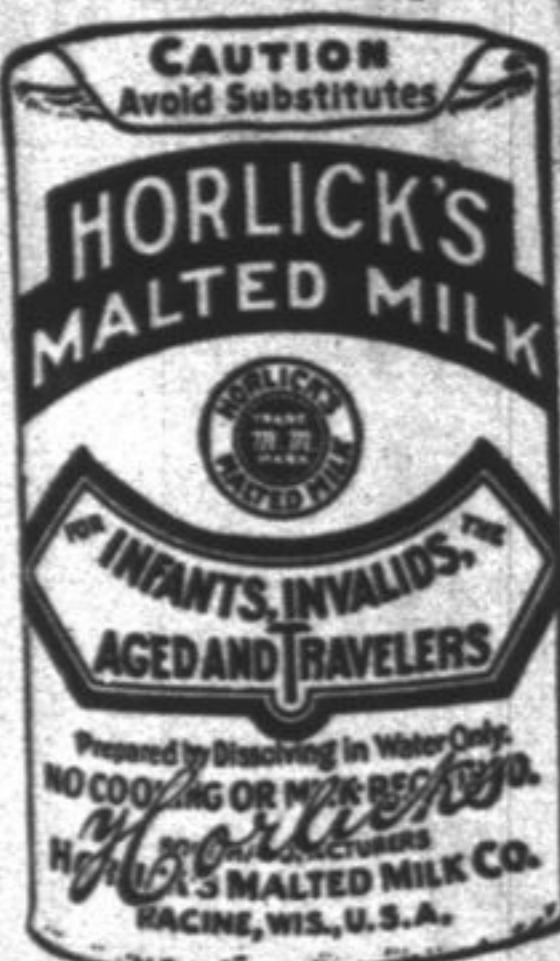
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## The Typhoon

A Story of Japan

By CLARISSA MACKIE

Wendell had been in Japan a week when he decided to leave Nagasaki and make his headquarters in a tiny fishing village.

The motive came upon Ray Wendell the very day he decided to leave Nagasaki.

It came in the shape of a typhoon. Toward noon there was a cloud before the sun.

Everything portable was fastened as tightly as possible, and then all one could do was to pray for deliverance from the whirlwind.

Even the foreign population living in the substantially built hotels and large private residences recognized the signs of approaching storm.

A yellow light seemed to brood over the city. Birds flew restlessly among the trees and shrubs in the gardens, and mothers gathered their little ones into the house.

In the bazaars the boxlike counters were quickly telescoped, the stock in trade vanished as magically and only the swaying signboards and paper lanterns were left to rustle warning.

Wendell, walking toward the ticket office to see about reservations for his journey to the fishing village of his dreams, paused for a moment and looked down the street to the very end, where the busy thoroughfare became a jutting wharf—a choppy yellow gray sea, not a wall in sight and the shipping in the harbor rocking uneasily.

All at once the typhoon came screaming down the wind like a thousand rattles.

Frail roofs were lifted like paper and sailed through the air like huge kites.

Wendell gasped for breath and clung to a pole. His hat vanished and became one of other myriad flying objects. Furniture, clothing, uprooted trees, signboards, flew past at dizzying speed. People struggling against the wind turned and went with it, many to destruction.

Wendell, pausing at a corner, turned it to get away from that dizzy glimpse of the sea. He lost all sense of location.

Dogs dodged under his feet. Paper umbrellas, whose owners had neglected to furl them, were torn to shreds and went swirling through the air like huge paper kites. Signboards danced and clattered overhead.

There were shrill screams as women fled toward their frail homes. Clogs clattered on the pavements and there were tinkling crashes of porcelain as shop windows blew in and devastated the stock of some luckless merchant.

Amid the eerie ringing of temple bells sounded the hoarse notes of warning whistles in the harbor. The cries of flying jirikisha runners were lost in the pandemonium of sound.

Wendell wondered what he should do. He could not find his way back to the hotel, yet he must find some place of refuge and find it very soon.

When the blighting wind had passed over the city there might follow its aftermath—the tidal wave. Very likely the shops in the harbor were preparing to meet the shoreward thrust of the mighty waters.

Wendell tried to hail a rikisha man. He might get back to the hotel. But every vehicle was filled and his call was unnoticed. He addressed one or two fleeing passersby. He offered money to be guided to the hotel. But his offers were ignored. The wind tore the words from his lips, and no matter which way he turned he met absorbed, fear set faces or fleeing blue cotton backs.

"I will go with the wind," he muttered savagely, and with this resolve in mind he swung around the next corner and with the wind at his back felt himself impelled with great velocity.

The street he was now on was free from shops and he could see glimpses of red tiled roofs among the cryptomarias in the gardens. Here the wind was tearing tiles from the roofs and lashing the trees to destruction.

Wendell saw a group of Japanese scudding down the street to some safety they had in mind. The street sloped sharply downward. Suddenly something flashed past the young American and he heard a girl's frightened cry.

It was a jirikisha, with no sign of attendants, rolling wildly down the street. In the slight tuft wheeled vehicle sat a girl, gowned in white, with ruddy brown hair blowing back from her face—a white, starting face. She thrust out appealing hands to Wendell and then the jirikisha had borne her down the steep incline.

In an instant Wendell was after it, the wind that propelled the flying vehicle speeding his going. He had not dreamed that he could speed so swiftly, his feet barely touching the ground.

Strange things flew past him—lighter objects—and he feared for the girl's safety.

It was growing darker now, and there was an ominous hush.

The wind seemed to pause in its blowing as if catching breath for greater effort.

In that momentary stillness Wendell reached the flying jirikisha and, passing it, caught up one of the poles of its shafts.

"It's all right now!" he called back

encouragement to the white form in the car.

He did not catch her reply. Some words left her lips, but were lost in the sudden scream of the storm. The whole world suddenly became an uproar of wind and the lash of waves from the sea. Amid that cataclysm of sound the man and the girl and the jirikisha tore down the hill. Wendell between the poles of the light vehicle, wondered where the insane journey would end.

His question was quickly answered. Without warning they crashed into a hedge of some sweet smelling shrub. Wendell received the full force of the blow as he was propelled through the shrubbery on to what was apparently the lawn of a gentleman's place.

The jirikisha stuck in the hedge. "I am all right," quavered the girl's voice out of another momentary cessation of sound.

"Good!" muttered Wendell, reaching over and lifting her from the vehicle. "Perhaps we can find shelter in the house."

They stumbled down a path and into a portico, where they paused to take breath. Wendell flashed a tiny electric light and disclosed the doorway to a temple. The large cedar doors were closed, but a smaller door further along the portico admitted them to the hush of a small temple.

Incense was drifting heavily from bronze koro on the votive tables. A large statue of Buddha loomed in the background. There was the sickly scent of dying blossoms. Somewhere up in the roof a deep throated bronze bell boomed solemnly as the wind swayed it to and fro.

"Are we safe here?" asked the girl, clinging tightly to Wendell's arm.

"As safe as anywhere in Nagasaki just now," he replied. "Sit down here and if you do not like to look at the image face the doorway."

He drew a number of clean white mats from the floor and piled them beside one of the pillars of the temple.

"Oh, I like the face of the Buddha," she hastened to say. "It is so calm and peaceful—after the storm!" She broke down and began to sob softly.

Wendell turned and went softly away. Left to herself, he argued, she would quickly recover her poise.

Within the thick walled temple one heard vague rumblings of the storm. Wendell moved slowly among the various smaller shrines and marveled at the singular absence of the priests. He decided that they had sought refuge in some safer place, perhaps some larger temple near by.

The votive table was laden with offerings of flowers, rice and wine. On the steps of the shrine was a small black lacquered box. Wendell picked it up and found it to be one of those tiny portable stoves which the Japanese are fond of using. Inside was a small brazier of glowing charcoal, and in one of the drawers were tea cups and tea, and in the other compartment were tiny rice cakes. Some priest had dropped his tea equipage in his hurried flight.

Wendell blew the coals into flame, put on a tiny copper water kettle and presently made tea in the Japanese fashion in the small porcelain bowls. These he carried to the girl.

She was sitting up now, and he could see her face quite clearly. She was very lovely with wide gray eyes and sweet mouth.

"Tea?" she asked incredulously. He nodded. "And rice cakes, too, if you want them," he said. "You will feel better afterward."

They sat together on the mats and drank the tea and ate the priest's rice cakes. When they had finished Wendell dropped a handful of coins in the box and returned it to the place where he had found it.

Listening, he decided that the storm had abated in a measure and, going to the door, thrust his head out into the portico. The world was bathed in a glory of golden sunshine.

"Come," he called to his companion. "I think we may go now."

She joined him and cried aloud at the transformation. The temple garden was in ruins. Along the roadside people were hastening to their deserted homes. The road was muddy.

As Wendell helped Alice Lovell up the hill toward the storm beaten city, he felt that something new had come into his life with the typhoon. Love had come riding on the crest of the storm. It had passed him for an instant, but he had caught it. He laughed exultantly and the girl turned, and their eyes met in a long glance.

When she turned her eyes away her face was rosy, but it was rather the faintest glow. It was rather the faintest morning sunshine of love.

He went with her to the hotel, where her friends were frantically searching for her. His meeting with them and listening to their thanks for his timely rescue was like a dream. The only real thing was the girl and himself.

As he said goodby in the hotel garden, he looked down into her dark blue eyes.

"You are going to be here awhile?" he asked.

"A month," she answered. "And I may come and see you?"

"Ah, I hope you will," she cried impulsively, and then she blushed once more.

That is the reason why Ray Wendell decided not to leave Nagasaki.

On their wedding trip, a year later, they came to Nippon, and a priest served them with tea in the temple garden. And he told them a strange tale of the day of the great typhoon, when the storm gods took the tea and cakes from his cabinet and replaced them with many yen. And of course Wendell filled the little drawer with copper coins once more, telling his wife:

"In memory of the day when I met you, dear."



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### "INTOLERANCE" IN CHICAGO

David Mark Griffith's Greatest Production, Costing \$18,000 Now Attracting Large Crowds at Colonial Theatre

When in Chicago, it's "Intolerance." To miss seeing the \$2,000,000 spectacle drama at the Colonial Theatre when spending a day in Chicago is like overlooking the national capitol building in Washington, D. C.

David Mark Griffith's greatest production is the biggest thing the big city has to offer in the way of entertainment these days. The drama's four separate stories cover four vital periods in the world's history, and the huge, realistic scenes should be seen by all grown-ups and school children. As a big, thrilling, pulsating tree hours' entertainment, "Intolerance" takes first rank, the spectator is held in an almost breathless spell of interest and suspense from the beginning to the thrilling climax.

As more than one delighted patron at the Colonial Theatre has expressed it, "If the average high class Broadway attraction is worth two dollars, then Griffith's 'Intolerance' is worth ten."

"Intolerance" is indeed one of the wonders of the world. It is not only a triumph of dramatic art and stage genius—it is a marvel of big figures and achievements. More than two million dollars was expended on the costumes, massive scenic effects, salaries of 15,000 performers, costs of historical research, and other stage-going expenses, before one cent was taken in at the box office window.

#### Y. W. C. A. News

Christmas in the Association Headquarters passed off very pleasantly, the rooms were all decorated appropriately in red and green with a brilliantly lighted tree in the place of honor.

Thursday and Friday evenings were given over to the children, it was impossible to entertain all in one evening so we arranged two programs.

On the first evening members of the dancing class gave some very pretty exhibitions among which was a minuet danced by eight little tots, that was very pleasing. Three girls of the second class danced a jig and little Lena Zewetow charmed all by her "Butterfly" dance. Lots and Gladys Larson sang "Infants so Gentle" in a very pleasing way. Miss Ruttle Neisen played two very charming piano solos in a very able manner. The final number on the program was a play, The Christmas of the Old Woman who lived in the shoe which breathed the Christmas spirit throughout. Elizabeth Larson as the Old Woman and Darfeen Jones as Santa were especially good.

On Friday evening the Highwood children did their part unusually well. Recitations were given by Chester Brady and Norman Fink.

Little Charlie Fink sang a pretty little song and Kenneth Hepburn pleased every one by reciting Piccola, a play entitled The Christmas Ship was given by three girls and four boys in a very pleasing manner. Showing good thorough training on the part of those in charge.

On both evenings the singing of the Christmas Carols added materially to the evenings enjoyment. A box of candy was presented each member of the Association and a good time was enjoyed by all.

Invitations have been issued to the fathers and mothers and older members of the Association for Tuesday evening January second at the Presbyterian church. Mrs. H. B. Roberts and Mrs. Herbert Smith will give in word and song "The Christmas of many Lands." This will be a rare treat and is given by the Association to cement closer the bond of unity between the children on one side and the parents on the other side in our Y. W. C. A. work. We need the co-operation and interest of the parents in our work.

The dancing classes will resume work Monday afternoon, January 5th. James Powell is a holiday guest of his mother at the Association Headquarters.

#### Highland Park Woman's Club

The annual childrens party takes place this afternoon at two thirty at Witten's Hall. Miss Georgene Faulkner as Mrs. Santa Claus will tell stories to the children. The children may ask their friends.

On Tuesday afternoon January second the club will meet at Witten's Hall. "Personal Experiences of the Present War" will be given by Miss Carolyn Wilson, who is a Chicago Tribune War Correspondent. Miss Wilson has just returned from Europe and comes well prepared to speak on her subject.

#### Parents and Teachers' Association

The meeting of the South Division of the Parents and Teachers Association which was scheduled for January third has been postponed because of the holidays. Further announcement will be made.