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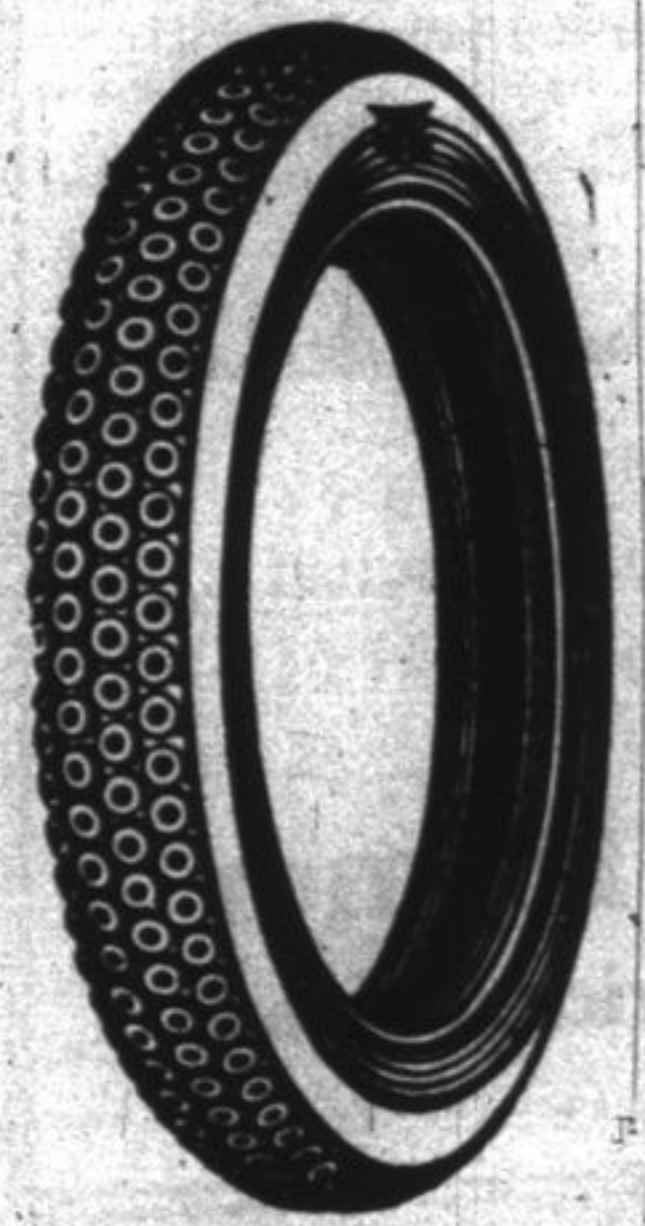
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A TRYING ORDEAL

By RAY BURNHAM.

The big ruffian tried to edge me to one side, but I held my place.

"Everything gone but section eleven," the ticket seller had said.

"I'll take lower berth eleven, then—J. B. Cole," I spoke quickly.

It was there that the burly scoundrel who had jostled me stepped on my foot.

"Sort of clumsy, aren't you?" he grunted. "Hey—upper eleven!"

I groaned. He gave me a stare. I picked up my satchel and started for the train. The thoughts of having the bunglesome churl for a companion depressed me.

He came stamping into the train just as I had got comfortably disposed, facing the front of the car.

"Sit over," he said, friendly enough, and crowded me again the window.

"Makes me sick to ride backwards."

The fellow was a giant and must have weighed two hundred and eighty pounds. To make it worse he was a wriggling, uneasy thing.

"Hard work for me to sleep on a train, as it is," he said. "Upper berth—yah! How will I ever get up there."

"There is a ladder," I observed curtly.

"And it's narrow and shallow. Heck—on I'll draw the curtain and sit up, hey? Anyhow, till midnight—what say?"

"I think I'll take a smoke," I said, and arose.

I had to fairly clamber over that mountain of flesh. I got over one knee of the sprawled-out monster. There I stuck. He had to help me over the second knee. I reached the smoking compartment flustered. A perfect cigar calmed and soothed me, once away from that sprawling, lurching absurdity. I thought of Isora, and life became sweet again. I was going to Springfield to marry Isora. The wedding was to be the next afternoon.

"For Isora's dear sake!" I whispered to myself. "I'll be humanitarian—aye, charitable!" I went back to the section. I took the other seat, I smiled, I tried to be jolly.

"Look here," I proposed to the bulky bundle of humanity opposite me, "don't you think you would be more comfortable in the lower berth than on the narrow upper one?"

"Don't I think it?" shouted my companion. "Don't I know it!"

"Well, I will exchange with you," I stated with impressive courtesy. "It will be more comfortable."

"Huh!" growled he. "More comfortable—surest thing you know. Thunder!"

The upper berth was a relief to me as I finally piled into it. I settled myself down for sleep.

"Zzzzzz—Roh-gr-Roh!" proboscis and throat gave out a swanging, distorted mixture of nasal notes and gutterals. Hour after hour I tossed to a resonant snoring chorus.

When I clambered down from my aerial perch it was broad daylight. I had searched for my cigar case first thing, cherishing my usual ante-breakfast smoke, and could not discover it. I found the lower berth vacant, poked around, did not come across the case, and wondered if I had not left it in the smoking compartment the evening previous. Thither I went. Sprawled in the biggest easy chair, complacently puffing at the last half of a cigar, was the human mammoth.

"Yours?" he halted, extending my cigar case—empty! "Fancied so—found it on the car window. Rare weeds—ought to know. I smoked all three."

"Thanks!" I said sarcastically, and pocketed the case.

It was raining when we reached Springfield. That horrible giant was at my side as I went to the edge of the depot platform, where a solitary one-seated automobile stood. I halted its driver.

"Take me to—" And I gave number and street, designating the home of my fiancée.

"Hold on—that's my way, too!" blundered in my evil genius.

"Room for one only," explained the chauffeur.

"Nonsense!" uttered the fog-horn voice. "I can crowd in between you, and I shrank and shuddered as he sat half way over me. The machine started up.

"This will do for me," observed my companion, as the automobile halted in front of the home of my beloved.

He picked up his satchel and proceeded up the steps, leaving me to pay the chauffeur. He rang the door bell. As I reached his side I heard eager tones beyond the portal. The door opened—Isora.

"Oh Julian!" she cried, and was about to throw her arms about me when she observed my companion.

"Why, brother!" she exclaimed, "I thought you wasn't coming."

"It's me—changed my mind," called out the giant.

"I—I hope you haven't come to—to object," faltered Isora anxiously.

"Why, yes, I have," declared my prospective brother-in-law.

And then he grinned at me, he poked me in the ribs playfully, he winked, he chuckled—he glowed.

"I object to you two living in a flat," he added jovially.

"I caught this young man's name at the depot and I determined to try him out. Isora, he'll do—I approve. Of all the models of a perfect man, he's stood the test, and as soon as you're married, pick out the best house and lot five thousand dollars will buy and accept it as my wedding gift."

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DEERFIELD NEWS ITEMS

Miss Margaret Wylie was the guest of Miss Susie Easton last Tuesday.

Miss Edna Bosold of Mannheim, was the week end guest of Miss Ruth Lidgerwood.

George Karch of Camp Grant, spent the week end at the home of his parents Mr. and Mrs. George Karch.

Mrs. Christ Antes celebrated her birthday anniversary last Wednesday afternoon.

Miss Mary Bleimel of Chicago, was the week end guest of Miss Clara Bender.

Mrs. Lena Antes celebrated her eighty-second birthday Sunday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Gunkel entertained a number of young people Saturday evening.

Miss Dorothy Supple was the week end guest of her brother Frank Supple of Chicago.

Miss Dorothy Johnston entertained Thursday evening for Mr. McTaggart who left for Camp Grant Sunday.

Mr. S. D. Nelson and Donald Sharpless of Highwood were the out of town guests.

Miss Lora Peterson entertained a few friends Saturday evening.

Mrs. J. Stryker had as her guests Sunday Misses Keeler and Olson of Evanston.

Auston Plage is now at Camp Fremont in the 8th Division, 51st Field Artillery, Battery D.

Mr. and Mrs. Brauder of Morton Grove, were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. George Karch Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Chris Melitzer announce the birth of a son Sunday.

The pupils of the grammar school gave a program in honor of George Washington's birthday Friday afternoon. Edna Peterson and Albert Meyer sang "My Own Columbia"; Virginia Supple as Columbia read an original poem of her grandmother's. Mrs. Mary Alice Congdon; Gladys Easton gave a reading "George Washington's birthday." The fifth and sixth grade boys dramatized "A Man Without a Country"; Donald Easton taking the part of Philip Nolan. A flag drill was given by the seventh and eighth grade students and a minuet by eight of Miss Davies' pupils. After the original Red Cross play presented by a number of sixth grade girls, Mrs. Jordan spoke on the necessity of a Junior Red Cross and enrollment was taken by the officers of the Junior Auxiliary. Fifty-six names were enrolled making a total of fourteen dollars. The Red Cross flag was then presented. The program was ended by presenting Mr. McTaggart with a sweater scarf, helmet and socks.

Mr. McTaggart was entertained at dinner at the home of Vera Plage Friday evening.

Mrs. Waring is very ill.

Anthony Klemp is showing a great improvement.

Mr. and Mrs. Haunschild were the guests of their son of Chicago, Sunday.

A few young people of Deerfield were entertained by Mrs. Elmer Clavey of Highland Park Saturday evening.

Mrs. W. A. Whiting of Chicago, entertained the five hundred club Tuesday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. August Schopp of Glencoe were guests at the Carl Laing home Sunday.

Miss Anna Whelan has accepted a position in the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railroad office.

The Royal Neighbors gave a farewell party on Saturday evening in the Town Hall to Mr. and Mrs. Walter Laing who have moved to Waukegan.

Miss Sadie Galloway entertained for her aunt Mrs. Charles Galloway Saturday evening.

Mr. Dougherty of Chicago was the week end guest of the Bert Easton home.

An error of statement was made in the Deerfield Column last week, which we wish to correct. It was stated that Bruce Blaine has tuberculosis, which is not the case. He has a bronchial trouble.

Deerfield Presbyterian Church

Mrs. William Schlinber entertained the Woman's Missionary Society Thursday afternoon. The American Indian was the topic of the unusually interesting meeting. Miss Emilie Knaak had charge of the program. Mrs. F. H. Meyer led the devotions. The Navajo Country was Mrs. Reichelt, Jr.'s subject. Mrs. Reichelt, Sr., told of Bread Making Among our American Indians. The Indian Folk Lore was charmingly told by Mrs. Otto Knaak; and Mrs. Goldring told of their music. Mrs. Gardner gave an illustration of an Indian Chant. Mrs. Frank Peterson sang "O Wandering Child Come Home." The Peace Loving Pima and Papago Indians were discussed by Mrs. Fre-

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Haggie. Mrs. Gardner told of incidents near the border of Old Mexico. Last years officers were unanimously re-elected. President, Mrs. J. A. Reichelt; Vice President, Mrs. J. Goldring; Treasurer, Mrs. S. P. Hutchison; Secretary, Miss Emilie Knaak; Representative to the Bohemian Settlement House, Mrs. E. H. Johnson; to the Italian Mission, Mrs. S. P. Hutchison. The day's offering of five dollars was sent to the Freedmen, and ten dollars was pledged toward the support of the Bohemian Settlement House. A motion to dispense with refreshments during the war failed to carry.

Victory Assured Uncle Sam

"Victory" is Uncle Sam's. The famous slogan of the Government in its conservation program, "Food will win the war," may now be summed up in the one word "Victory" which is now the property of the United States Food Administration by reason of a formal assignment just received by Mr. Hoover.

Of all the names suggested in connection with the new nationwide campaigns for the further conservation of wheat flour, being inaugurated this month by the baking industry, that of "Victory" was by far the most popular. Investigation developed, however, that "Victory" was a trade mark of the National Biscuit Company, duly registered in the United States Patent Office and in use since 1901, and therefore its property.

President R. E. Tomlinson of the National Biscuit Company was appealed to and promptly responded by saying it would be a pleasure to transfer to the Food Administration all right in this trade mark. The formal assignment has now been received and the thanks of the United States Food Administration extended to the Company for its patriotic contribution, as well as for the publicity assistance being rendered it in the Food Conservation Campaign.

Navy Gets 6,000 Glasses by Appeal Through Press; Needs Many More

Over 6,000 glasses of various kinds have been received by the Navy in response to its call through the newspapers for binoculars, spyglasses, telescopes, sextants, and chronometers. There is urgent need for many more. Heretofore the United States has been obliged to rely on foreign countries for most of its supply of such articles. These channels of supply being closed, it has been necessary to appeal to the patriotism of private owners for "eyes for the Navy."

LITTLE THRIFFERS

War Savings Stamps will sink submarines. We shall sacrifice to buy War Savings Stamps. Work, save, serve to help win the war by buying War Savings Stamps. We shall stick the Kaiser with War Savings Stamps. Wars shall stop only when militarism is crushed. Help crush it with War Savings Stamps. We shall save civilization from autocracy with War Savings Stamps. When ships sink buy more War Savings Stamps. We send soldiers to stem the Kaiser's hordes when we buy War Savings Stamps.

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Hamburger Steak	25c
Breakfast Bacon Strip	40c
Peacock Brand Bacon Strip	50c
Picnic Hams	26c
Hind Quarter Lamb	32c
Lard Substitute	25c

Much Told in Little Space

Miss Isabel Bevier, professor of Household Science at the University of Illinois at Urbana, Conservation and Relief Committee, Defense Council.

DEATHS

Mr. Swan Johnson, a resident of Highwood for the past eleven years passed away Monday morning at the age of seventy years following an attack of heart trouble. Mr. Johnson had been subject to heart trouble for five years, but was ill only one hour and a half before his death. Funeral services were held at two o'clock yesterday from the Swedish Lutheran church, Highwood. The remains were placed in a vault at Memorial Park cemetery. He leaves to survive him a wife, Ingrid Johnson, five daughters, Jennie, Esther, Ellen, Mrs. Johnston of Burlington, Ia., and Mrs. Landin of Chicago, one son, Theodore Johnson one sister, Mrs. Anderson of Duluth, Minn. and two grandchildren. They are now calling the Bolshevik a religion. Have already heard it called everything else.