

WANTED, FOR RENT, FOR SALE

FOR RENT

For Rent—Safety deposits boxes at \$3.00 per year. One hundred new boxes just received. Highland Park State Bank.

Houses for Rent and for Sale—Auto and Fire Insurance, money to loan. H. K. Coale & Son. Pearl Theatre Bldg. Tel. H. P. 17.

For Rent—9 room house, garage, large lot, fine location, near lake. Inquire 15 N. Sheridan Rd. Tel. H. P. 156.

For Rent—One nicely furnished room to refined woman or couple. Location convenient to station. 489 Oakwood Ave. Telephone 1221 20pd

For Rent—Furnished rooms, 605 Deerfield Ave. Phone 801 R. 20

For Rent—Nicely furnished bungalow, \$75 per month. Choice neighborhood and nice garden. H. K. Coale & Son. 18 S. First St. 20

For Rent—A five room bungalow, Glenview Ave. Inquire at 149 South Green Bay Road. Tel. 738 J. 20pd

For Rent—Modern 7 room stucco house, hardwood, electricity, fireplace 2 baths. Will sell unexpired lease at bargain. Account of illness. Tel. H. P. 943. 20pd

For Rent—Cheap. An upright piano. Call H. P. 1138. 20

Lost—Somewhere on south Green Bay Road or Deerfield Ave., heavy wool sweater, knitted in brown and green. Reward. Tel. 7. 20pd

For Rent—Nicely furnished front bed room, 445 Oakwood Ave. Phone 847 R. 20

For Rent—Modern apartment in the Hawthorn, corner St. Johns and Moraine Rd. Six rooms, bath and large screened porch. Furnished, tel. 776 M. H. Palmer 20

FOR SALE

For Sale—\$300.00 cash buys new modern bungalow on Naida Terrace adjoining electric line just south of Moraine Rd. Station. Also 50 ft. lots fronting Wauegan Ave. Naida Terrace and Orchard St. \$550.00 and up. Easy payments. Most lots have fine shade trees and ravines in rear, come early and pick the best lots. Oscar A. Lewis, R. 218 Reaper block 82 W. Washington St. 20

For Sale—One 1916 Ford, A1 condition. Call H. W. Huber Electric Co., Phone 597. 20

For Sale—Dining and Bedroom Suite. Will sell separate. Also Foreign Tribula Chime Hall Clock (Whittington and Westminster Chimes). Address 843 Linden Ave. Tel. 767 R. 20

For Sale—Rabbits. Tel. 841 J. 20pd

HELP WANTED

Wanted—Maid for general house work. Tel. 1044. 27 N. Linden Ave. 20

Wanted—Lady clothes ironers and other help. Reliable Laundry. Tel. 178. 20

Wanted—Man or strong boy to work in washroom. Reliable Laundry, tel. H. P. 178. 20

Boys and girls over 16 years wanted. Good Wages. Reliable Laundry, tel. H. P. 178. 20

Wanted—Cafeteria manager, preferably a woman, capable of managing cafeteria and lunch club feeding 300 office and factory men one meal daily. Answer by letter stating experience. Address A. Z. % Press office. 20

MISCELLANEOUS

Wanted—Trap or small light run about or survey. Tel. 1125. 20

Wanted—Rough dry washing. Good references. Tel. H. P. 728 R. Mrs. C. L. Barney. 20pd

Practical Nursing—Confinements and elderly people. Address Mrs. W. R. Brewer, phone 935. 20pd

BOYS WANTED—We need the services of a number of Grammar School boys for permanent part-time work. The boys we select will be well paid and given an opportunity to earn, learn and advance. Apply to

ALBERT LARSON

388 Central Ave., Highland Park, Illinois

SITUATION WANTED

Wanted—Work by the day, by clean industrious woman. Housecleaning. Address E. J. % Press office. 19-20pd

Wanted—Position as nurse maid by young lady. Experienced—Can furnish good references. Address J. E. J. % Press office. 20pd

LOST

Lost—A bunch of keys on St. Johns Ave. Finder please return to McPherson's Garage. 20pd

RUBBER AT 308 W. Madison St. W. H. SALISBURY & CO. Est. 1855 Chicago

The Condition

By IMES MACDONALD

It was just after noon on Saturday, and the only remaining man in the office pushed back from his desk with a sigh that was half a curse, gazing intently out over the irregular top of Manhattan toward the blue-based bay. Collin Bell had just been going over his accounts, and he was twelve hundred and eighty odd dollars short—almost a year's salary! For a long five minutes he sat there running over the details in his mind. He was already past thirty, and, although almost overwhelmed with the desire to succeed, he had been unable to get beyond his present salary, all of which it took for him to live in what he called decency.



Chattering to Bell.

neither was nor any particular admiration for her, except, of course, as something pleasant to look at. "Mr. Vrain has gone to Philadelphia to attend an important conference," he explained, "and won't be home till Monday." "Then why didn't someone telephone me?" she demanded. "I'm sure I don't know," he said dryly. "He promised to take me to luncheon and to give me his whole afternoon," she said, disappointedly, "and now everything's spoiled." Bell grinned. It wasn't polite of him, but he couldn't help it. Some people's troubles were so trivial!

And a few moments later they were seated at a cozy table for two in a rather crowded dining room, inspecting each other curiously. They both seemed surprised to be getting on so well together, and before she knew it, Inez Vrain was chattering to Collin Bell as if he were a favored friend of her own social world. But sudden, Bell's face underwent a change. Coming toward them, preceded by the head waiter, was the "Old Man," noticed Bell, and started to bow genially, when he caught the curve of his daughter's cheek and instead of passing on, he stopped. "Hello, Bell," he said cordially extending his hand, and successfully covering his surprise.

"Why, dad?" said Inez. "Mr. Bell said you had gone to Philadelphia to attend a conference?" Bell drew down the lid of his left eye, and the "Old Man" just caught himself in time. "To be sure," he said easily, "but a wire came at the last minute and postponed it."

"You've been here five or six years Bell, and I never noticed you particularly before. But you're got tact, do you know that? Of course, I'd forgotten. Inez entirely Saturday and your quickness with that Philadelphia story saved me a bad half hour with a certain young woman who has a temper and a clever tongue."

The "Old Man" drew his private check book toward him and passed over a check to Bell for \$1,500. "This is coming to you on last year's salary," he said. "From today you are to be my personal representative at five thousand a year." Bell took the check with thanks—he was never effusive—and went out of the office. He went straight to the bank and deposited the "Old Man's" check and then drew one of his own back to the "Old Man" for the twelve hundred and eighty odd dollars of his shortage. This he inclosed with an itemized statement, a short explanation and his signature, and sent up to the office by messenger. Then, with a little sigh, he started slowly uptown, walking with a careless feeling of freedom that he had not known for a long time. At last he was square—but at the sacrifice of the only opportunity that had ever come to him. Well, it was the only way, he felt, and there were other jobs! Then, just in front of him a roadster drew up to the curb and a girl got out. And as she turned to shut the door they were face to face.

"Why, it's Mr. Bell!" she smiled cordially. Bell shook her hand in a compelling manner that for some reason or other was vastly exciting to Inez Vrain. "Lunching again with father?" he quizzed, with a twinkle. "Aren't you working today?" she came back at him. "No," he said shortly. "I quit this morning."

Her eyes grew stormy. "Did he fire you for lunching with me?" she demanded angrily. "Oh, no," he denied. "Then why did you quit?" "Ask your father," he said grimly, and was gone.

Thirty minutes later she burst into her father's private office. "I want to know why Collin Bell quit his job this morning," she demanded. Judson Vrain studied his daughter a moment and then handed her Bell's note of resignation and statement of shortage. "It was a decent thing for him to do," he said gravely. "I probably never would have found it out, and I had just raised him this morning to five thousand a year."

"Five thousand dollars a year? My goodness! But then, I suppose we could live on it. Many people do," said Inez Vrain demurely. For a moment Judson stared at his daughter, and then he grinned a little. "Lots of people live on a whole lot less," he said, "but the day you marry Collin Bell I'll give him the Philadelphia branch at ten thousand dollars a year, but," he wagged his finger in his daughter's face, "he's got to make good."

"Of course," she said, as she whirled out of the door, "but I haven't got him yet." And Judson Vrain laughed. A few moments later Bell was called to the phone by his landlady. "This is Inez Vrain." "Yes." "I have just seen my father."

"Would you consider the Philadelphia branch at ten thousand?" "He's hardly authorized you—" "Would you?" she demanded impatiently. "Of course—but there's a condition, I suppose?" "Yes, there's a condition." "What is it?" "Meet me at the Delange for luncheon and—maybe you'll find out," she laughed unsteadily. And when they left the Delange a few hours later, although no word had been said, he turned to her in the street and smiled into her eyes. "Let's go and have it over with," he murmured. "You mean?" Her eyes flew wide with surprise and then dropped shyly. "I mean, let's fulfill the condition right now—this afternoon."

"Is it," she asked, "because of—of Philadelphia, or—?" "Philadelphia be hanged!" said Collin Bell. Pershing Pays for Pig. General Pershing's automobile recently killed a growing pig, the most valuable possession of a poor, aged woman. The woman wept, as the pig meant much to her. She knew the car contained the American general, but she was told not to make a claim, as the pig was to blame. General Pershing later instituted an inquiry and learned the situation. How much the pig meant to the destitute woman was shown when her tears of grief changed to joy when a letter arrived containing a check for \$20, with kind words besides.—New York Herald.

Times Have Changed. Whatever other platitude may be successfully controverted, there's no use denying that the world does move. Yesterday I saw a Sioux Indian, in fenders, moccasins and paint, boarding a Broadway trolley to go down to the Fifth Avenue theater and sell Liberty bonds, and ten minutes later I saw a retired brigadier general of the United States army, who received from an Indian runner the first intelligence of the Custer massacre, chattily discussing over his noonday toddy, in Waldorf Astoria bar, the probable developments on the western front in Europe.—New York Letter.

HOMING INSTINCT OF TOADS

Like Pigeons, They May Yet Be Made Useful Bearers of Messages, Says Naturalist.

Armies may yet use toads as message bearers in place of carrier pigeons if this incident related in a letter to the editor of Every Week is found to have general application:

"Dallas Love Sharp, the naturalist and writer of nature books, told me that hoptoads possess the homing instinct. 'Take one away from the spot where it has always lived and he will return, even though you have carried him ten miles,' said Mr. Sharp. 'I resolved, then, to try an experiment with Teddy, the big toad who has made his home in my garden in Wakefield for the past five years. Writing my name on a tag, I tied it to Teddy's hind leg and took a train to Boston. Then I transferred to an elevated train which carried me to Charlestown, on the outskirts of the city. At the corner of Perkins and Haverhill streets, Charlestown, near the R. and M. signal tower where I am employed on night duty, I let Teddy out of the box. He blinked at the arc lights a second or so, darted out his tongue and gobbled a few Charlestown mosquitoes, and began straightway to hop along the side of the street to Mystic avenue. When he reached the corner he made a bee line for Wakefield, hopping off in the darkness at a lively pace."

"It was just 11:15 p. m. when I went on duty at the tower and 8:20 when I reached home the next morning. Imagine my surprise and pleasure when on entering the yard, I discovered Teddy in his accustomed place, under the sill cock, against the side of the house, taking a bath—I presume—after his long, dry and dusty hop of nine miles. The tag with my name was still tied to his leg."

SOMETHING MORE THAN "TOY"

Quaint Old Legend Having to Do With Plow is Peculiarly Appropriate Just Now.

There is a quaint old legend of Alsace, recalls the Christian Science Monitor, concerning a family of giants who, once upon a time, lived in a certain castle in the old country. The moral of the story seems appropriate at a time when the French minister of agriculture is making special effort to encourage the cultivation of land.

The giants lived, says the legend, far from the peasants of the plain and one day the daughter of the house, who though quite a child, was already thirty feet high, strolled toward a plain and saw a laborer peacefully plowing his fields. She picked up the peasant, the horse and the plow and put them in her pinafore and returned to the castle to show what she had found to her father. "What you think is but a toy," said the giant, "is what produces the food which enables us to live. Put back the laborer and his horse where you found them." From that time onward, adds the tale, the peasants were never molested by the giants.

Women Soldiers. Advertisements of Molly Pitcher of Revolutionary fame as the first female soldier in the United States have appeared. Perhaps she was the first, but certainly she wasn't the only one or the last.

There was Nancy Hart of Georgia, who took ten Tories prisoners; Deborah Sampson of Massachusetts, who enlisted in the Continental army, fought in battle after battle, her sex unsuspected, and headed military expeditions; Frances Hook of Illinois, who served in the Union army during the Civil war; Frances Wilson of New Jersey, Mary Owens of Pennsylvania, Major Belle Reynolds of Illinois. Most famous of our Joans of Arc were Major Pauline Cushman, a Federal scout, and Capt. Belle Boyd, a Confederate spy, who saved Stonewall Jackson's army from destruction. All the women who won reputations as soldiers proved themselves as brave, efficient and hardy as any man could be. Here's wishing more power to their elbow!—Spokane Spokesman Review.

Medicinal Literature. The London Lancet departs for a moment from the austere halls of science to adventure into the fields and gardens of literature, though keeping one foot safe within the accustomed medical precincts. The Lancet discusses nothing less worthy than the works, writings, theories, maxims and plessantries of Master Francois Rabelais, the point being that his diversions into letters were simply part of his day's work as a practical medico. He wrote, the Lancet assures us, not for the untold generations of the future, not for the delectation of our own selves, but solely and strictly to amuse, hearten and brace up the spirits of his patients during the tedium of their illness, thereby aiding his cures and adding to his stature as a member of the faculty. Master Francois was a great believer in the therapeutic value of literature.

The Lady or the Tiger? "George," she said, "before I give you a final answer you must tell me something. Do you drink anything?" A smile of relief lighted his handsome countenance—was that all she wanted to know? Proudly, triumphantly he clasped her in his arms and whispered in her shell-like ear: "Anything!"—Gargoyles.

Highland Park Two Stores Lake Forest Meyer & Dobson Co. Successors to The Warren-Meyer Co. All the Popular Colors in

Minerva and Fleisher's Y-a-r-n-s We have just unpacked a large shipment of popular knitting yarns and you will find them on sale at prices very reasonable in comparison with present day values. Minerva Yarns in Germantown, Zephyr, Vicune, Shetland Floss and Knitting Worsted. Fleisher's Yarns in Germantown, Shetland Floss and Knitting Worsted. The color assortment comprises practically every shade in popular demand. Yarns that meet every requirement and measure up to the highest standard of quality.

We have made changes in the arrangement of our Store so as to give you Better Service Service is the keynote to successful storekeeping. Our effort is constantly directed toward improving the service of this store. The interior alterations and changes which are now almost completed, have been made with the sole idea of improving our service—so you can shop here more quickly and conveniently.

RAVINIA PARK PROGRAM PROGRAM FOR WEEK BEGINNING JULY 22ND

Table with columns for Day, Program Name, and Performers. Includes programs for Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday.