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WORD FROM W. R. GRAVES

American Expeditionary Forces, Siberia, September 14, 1918. Brother John Udell:—

Greeting from old Siberia! Arrived here the latter part of August with the first contingent of American troops, and enjoying health and strength. I was really surprised to find the country and conditions so good. You know how the people back home have always thought of Siberia—cold and barren and all that sort of thing, but such is not the case by any means. The climate at present is all that could be expected, very similar to that of Illinois at this period of the year. I am told that along about November the winter is very severe which is to be expected.

I wish you would kindly forward the H. P. Press to the address given below, have not received a copy for some two months and you know what that means. Very little reading matter around these parts. Give my best to all old friends and with very best regards to you, I remain, U. R. GRAVES.

HOLD YOUR LIBERTY BOND

Practically all the victories of the Allies from the first stand on the Marne in 1914, to the surrender of Bulgaria, Turkey and Austria, may be condensed in the world, "hold!" Marshal Joffre's order of Sept. 5, 1914, commanded the French troops to hold every inch of ground occupied and die in their tracks rather than yield. At Chateau Thierry last summer this same principle governed the American Marines and Infantry. "Hold!" That is the word for Liberty Bond Subscribers.

F. O. Whetmore, president of the First National Bank of Chicago, sums up the case in this way:

"The people responded most loyally and liberally in their subscriptions to the Fourth Liberty Loan. Unless the purchasers now hold and pay for their bonds their action in buying them has been of little benefit. Every purchaser, therefore, to make his loyalty and liberality one hundred per cent must save and pay for his bonds, when he or she will have in addition that grand and glorious feeling of the being the owner outright of the most choice investment in the world."

A subscriber who keeps his payment pledge wins a real Marne victory over temptation to "quit." A subscriber who fails, needlessly, suffers a terrible moral defeat.

THE WAR WORK FUND

Chicago District is expected to raise \$8,500,000 of the united war work fund for our soldiers and sailors.

The task should be easy. When we give to this fund, we are giving to our own sons, and "he that careth not for his own is worse than an infidel."

We have 2,000,000 boys in France, and they must stay in France—or Germany—for a considerable time. They cannot be brought back overnight, and while they are there they need the attention which the Y. M. C. A. and the Knights of Columbus and the Salvation Army and the Jewish societies have given so splendidly and effectively.

Give to your own son. If you have no son in France or in camp, all the more reason to give to some other person's son. It is your chance to play an honorable part in the war. Take it.—Chicago Daily Journal.

WANTED, FOR RENT, FOR SALE

FOR RENT For Rent—Safety deposit 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—Four room flat at 587 Vine Ave. Inquire at Reliable Laundry.

For Rent—Modern steam heated apartment furnished. Cor. St. Johns Ave. and Moraine Road. Apply H. Palmer, 776M.

For Rent—Light housekeeping rooms. Tel. 752J. 595 Homewood Av.

For Rent—Furnished rooms. Housekeeping privileges. Tel. 728J, or address 224 N. Second street.

For Rent—Four room cottage. 695 Homewood Ave. Tel. 752 J.

To Rent—A five room bungalow. Large glassed and heated south porch. Hot water heat and electric light, large wooded grounds. Near Ravinia school. \$35 per month year around. Furnished or unfurnished. Will shade the price for the winter only. Inquire J. P. Dieter, Ravinia, Ill.

For Rent—Nicely furnished room to respectable married couple or lady. Hot water heat, electric light. Tel. 1086.

For Rent—Four room furnished bungalow. Sleeping porch, bath, electric light, gas, furnace heat, hot and cold water. Tel. 806M.

For Rent—Furnished bedrooms in private home. Tel. 806M.

For Rent—Second Flat, 5 rooms and bath. 699 Deerfield Ave. Tel. 1063

For Rent—Suite of 3 rooms with private bath. Suitable for family and very reasonable for winter. 337 E. Central Ave.

FOR SALE

For Sale—\$65.00 takes my \$250.00 size phonograph, one diamond, one sapphire point needle and 200 steel needles and records. All new. Used two weeks. Act quick. 317 Greenleaf Ave., Wilmette. 200 feet from Linden Sta. Mil. Electric.

For Sale—One double gilded iron bed, springs and mattress, 1 Reliable gas range, 4 burners, oven and broiler. Both in good condition. Tel. H. P. 1162.

HELP WANTED

Wanted—Girl for downstairs work and cooking. 304N Sheridan Road. Phone 580.

Wanted—Maid for general housework. Three in family. Tel. 189.

Wanted—Nurse girl for four year old child. Tel. H. P. 491. Mrs. W. S. Forrest.

Wanted—Woman to do cleaning three mornings a week. 3 hours each. Reference required. H. Foster.

Wanted—Maid for general housework. Three in family. Mrs. George B. Hart, 815 Lincoln Ave. Tel. H. P. 393.

SITUATION WANTED

Position Wanted—Good, honest man desires position as night or day watchman. Not able to do heavy work. Address P. O. box 114, Highwood.

MISCELLANEOUS

Wanted—Three furnished rooms for light housekeeping or small furnished apartment. Tel. 558.

Horse for hire during winter months. Tel. 757W. Arthur Vetter.

LOST

Lost—Pearl screw ear ring. Reward. Tel. 618.

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Dr. B. A. Hamilton Dr. Earl D. Fritch DENTISTS Suite four Highland Park Trust & Savings Bank Bldg. Telephone 678 HIGHLAND PARK, ILL.

30-POUND BILLY

By HELEN TRACY.

(Copyright, 1918, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Nella had been weighing babies all the day. Her muscles ached with lifting the heavy toys and steady the fragile ones. Her voice was husky from overuse, cajoling, comforting, soothing.

"The next one shall be the last for today," she stated just as Billy toddled in.

"Well, little man," Nella exclaimed, lifting him, "what is your name?"

"Yiy tum dum," babbled Billy. "He can't speak yet, mamma. Billy's only two," explained the girl, watching Nella closely, as she sought an even balance. "How much does he weigh, mamma?"

"Exactly thirty pounds to an ounce. We shall have to nickname him 'Thirty-Pound Billy,' won't we, sir?"

Billy displayed a row of pearly teeth; his large blue eyes wrinkled with merriment; he gave a joyous squeal, and held out eager hands to Nella.

"Oh, you darling," she cried, clasping him tightly in her arms. "Is he your brother?" to the girl.

"No, he don't belong to us. His ma's dead and his pa travels. He just boards with us."

Nella left Billy in the girl's care and hastened back to her desk. For a long time she was busy with statistics, finding average weights, the greatest and the smallest. The sun was low when she bade her companions-in-labor good night, and hastened down the street towards home.

At the corner crossing she hesitated, the clamor of bells warning her that the five engines were approaching. A second later she gazed in horror at a stag, toddling figure that was wandering aimlessly into the middle of the street. Somehow, in spite of her half-view of the very dirty infant, she recognized the baby at once.

"Billy," she screamed, waving to the child. "Come here—come!"

Billy grinned; it was the same beatific, comradely smile—but he continued onward. Nella glanced wildly up the street. The heavy chemical was charging down upon the child. She hesitated no longer. Darting across the pavement, she pulled the impish Billy out of danger.

What had seemed an eternity was really but a second. Seated on the curbstone, her heart beating loudly, her hands gripping Billy so that he whimpered with pain, anger surged forth in a tempest. And when the girl who should have been taking care of the tot returned for him, Nella poured a flood of accusations upon her.

"It's a shame. You are not fit to take care of children. Where is his father? What's his address? He ought to know how Billy is being neglected. Look at his clothes. They are filthy. It's a wonder his body is as clean as it is."

She stopped after a while, out of breath. Stimulated by the frightful experience she had passed through, she determined to follow the matter up.

"When ma wants to write to Mr. Noble she uses 'Rocheater—General Delivery' for an address; that's all. Sometimes he's there and sometimes he ain't," the girl admitted reluctantly.

"Very well. Take Billy home now and do clean him up. Good-by, Thirty-Pound Billy."

Nella wrote to Billy's father. "He'll say it's none of my business," she said to her mother, "but I've fallen in love with his son and can't see him neglected."

A week passed, and when the girl had almost forgotten the Billy episode a blue-coated individual left a telegram at the door. "I'm in for it now," Nella groaned, reading the message. "Billy's father is calling tonight. He will probably pitch into me with all kinds of maledictions. But I don't care! I'll face him, no matter what he is like."

In the evening he came—a big, strapping young man, full of life and good cheer, his large blue eyes twinkling just as Thirty-Pound Billy's did, yet with a wistfulness in them that wrung Nella's heart. "I wish you'd help me," he came to the point at once. "I'm frantic about the boy. My parents are dead and the wife's—she died at his birth—are across the continent. There's no one to leave Billy with. I've tried him in three boarding houses already. But the people take him in because they need the money, not because they need him. Perhaps you won't believe me, Miss French, but I worry more over that tike than I do over anything else."

Nella's mother offered a solution. "Let me have him. I'm alone all day, with Nella off at the settlement house. I'd love to have him here."

So it was settled. Thirty-Pound Billy was installed at his new home, where he was cared for and loved, and where Billy's father spent many hours with his son—and Nella.

The doctor had weighed the baby. He placed it in big Tom's arms, who laid it tenderly beside the waiting Nella. "The little lady weighs eight pounds, sweetheart," he whispered, kissing the white lips lovingly.

"My, but she's got to gain some before she can catch up with our Thirty-Pound Billy!"

"Thirty pounds! Nearly sixty now—the buster."

"I like to think of him as the little two-year-old baby. I owe so much to him," Nella mused.

"So do I," Tom gripped Nella tight. "All I have that makes life worth living I won through him and his thirty pounds."

MANDALAY BEST IN WINTER

Burmese Capital Known to All Whites in India as an Ideal Cold Weather Resort.

Doubtless it will surprise a great many persons to learn that Mandalay, famed of song and story, is little more than a half century old. It was built in 1836 by King Mindon, who made it the capital of what was then independent Burmah.

Something more than 300 feet above the level of the sea, Mandalay sits tightly upon a stretch of tableland just in front of the Shan hills. The city proper extends over about five square miles, but the military district of Mandalay covers a more extensive area.

With the British soldier, Mandalay has taken on a great deal of the character of a vacation resort. In the torrid months of the Burmese summer the heat becomes very great, sometimes making the thermometer rise to 119 degrees in the shade; but relief is easily found in the adjacent hills. The British sanitary officers have succeeded in exterminating all the fevers and other diseases with which the climate was once infested.

In winter—or as near to winter as it gets—Mandalay becomes a semiparadise, for the temperature stays at about 50 degrees. Happy the British soldier who is assigned to this garrison.

Like as not he sits of afternoons underneath the shadow of the Moulmein pagoda gazing dreamily at the fountains on the Irrawaddy.

"Can't you hear their paddles chugging in from Rangoon to Mandalay?"

Or perhaps he looks at the distant mountains fabled to be so rich in sapphire and rubies. And very often the whole picture as drawn by Kipling is complete, even to the temple bells and the Burmese maiden.

RANG OUT ALARM OF FIRE

As Late as Civil War Days New York Employed Bells to Warn Citizens of Danger.

Not longer ago than Civil War days fire alarms were rung in the city on great bells hung in towers erected for the purpose about the town. The bells indicated the district in which the fire was and sometimes a good deal of ground was covered in looking for a fire. The First district, for instance, in Civil War days extended from Twenty-second street north to Yorkville and from the East river to the North.

The bell ringers were constantly on duty in the towers watching for signs of a fire. An inventory of the contents of the old Marion street bell tower in 1865 shows the equipment then in use. It is as follows: "One bell, weight 11,000 pounds; one striking apparatus, one stove, table, clock, one spyglass, one field glass, one slate and book."

The fire bells of the old city could be heard all over the town unless a gale of wind was blowing. The largest bell was in the City hall tower. Its weight was 23,000 pounds.—New York Times.

Amusing Trick is Simple.

One of the most amusing tricks in fireworks is the serpent's egg trick, where a little pellet when lighted turns into a horrible snake, many, many times the size of the pellet. How awe-inspiring it is to the youngster! Most people have no idea what in the world causes the snake to appear. The explanation is simple. Mercury sulpho-cyanid burns with a voluminous ash. The little pellet is nothing more than some mercury sulpho-cyanid. The heat causes the ash to move off so quickly from the burning pellet that it writhes and distorts itself into the shape of a miniature snake.

Daylight Saving.

Ben Franklin thought of saving daylight a long time ago. In the year 1784 he wrote from England to a friend in America:

"In a walk through the Strand and Fleet Street one morning at 7 o'clock I observed that there was not one shop open, although it had been daylight and the sun up about three hours; the inhabitants of London choosing voluntarily to live by candlelight and sleep by sunshine; and yet often complaining a little absurdly of the duty on candles and the high price of tallow."

Old English Names.

It would be interesting to know how certain places on the edge of St. Louis and Franklin counties got their names, such as St. Albans, Melrose, Chesterfield, Manchester and so on, all good old English names, while the majority of the names on the letter boxes on the Manchester and Melrose roads are German and undoubtedly many of the people of this part of the state are of German descent, although among the most loyal of the Americans of the present day. But who was responsible for the English names of the settlements?—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Wars That Made History.

The Civil war in America was followed—in 1866—by the Prusso-Austrian campaign in Bohemia, which may be said to have lasted only seven weeks, since Austria was completely brought to terms by her first crushing defeat at Koniggratz. The logical sequel to the Prussian war of 1866 with Austria was the German one of 1870 with France, though, indeed, it may be said to have been practically decided in less than one month—at Sedan—the rest of the time being but a long-drawn-out process of fighting designed on the part of the vanquished

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Special for Saturday! 125 Charming New Styles in Girls' Hats

Values to \$4.00 at

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A sale which no parent can afford to miss.



Saturday morning at 8 o'clock we shall place on sale 125 beautiful new creations in children's headwear. Hats of the most winning and striking type, which heretofore sold up to \$4.00.

Latest fall and winter styles in jaunty, close-fitting shapes of velvets, plushes and corduroys. Fetchingly trimmed and come in every desired color.

Now on display in North Window Values up to \$4.00 choice 98 cents



AN HEROIC SACRIFICE.

BIG DANCE AND ENTERTAINMENT for Soldiers and Bluejackets at the HIGH SCHOOL HIGHLAND PARK Every Saturday Evening at 7:15 War Camp Community Service

Uncle The Sims of Atlanta has given 11 sons to the army and anxiously waits for the day when three more are old enough, but some of us can't get along with a spoonful of sugar for our coffee.

It is suspected that one reason why nurses are so scarce, is that they get married so fast to the grateful men whom they bring back to health.

Some of the business men celebrate fire prevention day annually by cleaning up their stores and stuffing inflammable material out of sight in the basement.

They are now curing insane people by taking out their teeth and removing their brains, but so far no one has been cured of brain fever by amputating their big toe.

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