

WANTED, FOR RENT, FOR SALE

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

For Rent — Furnished four-room flat, all modern improvements, hot water heat. Warm and comfortable. one-half block south of the Lincoln Ave. station on St. Johns Ave. Apply to J. M. Donsing, 625 S. St. Johns Ave. 44-46-pd.

LAUREL APARTMENTS FOR RENT
Two apartments with three bathrooms, 3 fire places and 10 ft. by 25 ft. glassed-in porch. large airy rooms in each apartment. Equipped like the best on the North Shore. We will be pleased to show you at any time. T. H. Decker, 15 So. St. Johns. Tel. 201.

For Rent — Two furnished bedrooms by the day or week. Tel. 330. 46

For Rent — Furnished rooms. 720 Deerfield Av. 1223. 46 pd.

FOR SALE

\$74.00 takes beautiful new \$250.00 mahogany finish phonograph and records. Never used. 60 inches high. Latest design. Will ship C. O. D. on approval. Mrs. Waverly Brown, 317 Greenleaf Ave., Wilmette, Ill 42-49

For Sale — Seven room house. Bargain, easy terms. 642 Chicago Av. Highland Park. 46pd

For Sale — Hay and grain. Carl H. Carlson, Highwood, Ill. Tel. 789J. 46

For Sale — One three-hundred pound hog, one 400 pound hog. Alive or dressed. Call 970 after 6 p. m. 46 pd

LOST

Lost — Between public library and C. & N. W. station, case containing small scissors and thimble. Return to Press office and receive reward. 46

Lost — On east Linden Park Place one pair of spectacles in a small black case. Return to Press and receive reward. 46

Lost — Lost Thursday, a small gold watch with black wrist band. Will the finder kindly telephone H. P. 1342. 46

Lost — \$30 in currency by nurse from Ft. Sheridan. Finder please leave at Purdy's hardware store and receive reward. 46pd

HELP WANTED

Wanted — Lady clothes ironer. Tel. 173. 44tf

Wanted — A competent second maid. Inquire, Mrs. O. H. Morgan, 238 S. Sheridan Road. 46pd

Wanted — Laundress for Tuesday. Electric Machine. Tel. Friday, H. P. 517. 46pd.

SITUATION WANTED

Situation Wanted — Experienced chauffeur, mechanic. Can drive any car, Single. Inquire J. H. Bledsoe, 626 Onwentsia Ave. 46-47

FOUND

Found — Small red spaniel January 7. Phone 218. Steven Slenerth, 1408 Dean Ave. 46pd

MISCELLANEOUS

Wanted — Furniture, rugs, baby carriages. What have you? Phone 29. Highland Park Fireproof Storage Co. 40-tf.

Wanted — Furnished house from now until June 15 for special customers. Furnished or unfurnished. H. K. Coale & Son, Phone 17. 42tf.

If R. Calder does not call for car within 30 days same will be sold for storage. Leuer Bros. Transportation Co. 44-45.

Horse for Hire — By week or day. Tel. 757W. Arthur Vetter. 45-48 pd.

Wanted to Rent — Nice furnished room. Address A. M. care Press office. 46pd.

I will not be responsible for debts contracted by Edwin Ernst. George Ernst. 46pd.

BARBARA'S REPLY

By MILDRED G. PEASE.

(Copyright, 1918, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate)

"Which do you think would be prettier, mother," queried Barbara Stone, "green voile, with white trimmings, or a gray and coral combination?"

Both were poring over fashion sheets, and scarcely heard the sweet martial music which announced a big patriotic parade in the street below.

"Well, sea-green does sound"—Mrs. Stone was in the middle of a sentence when a peal of the door bell that startled her to her feet, sent Barbara flying to the door.

A military man was impatiently tapping his brown leather boot on the stone steps, and upon being admitted quickly made known his errand.

A young soldier who had come on from one of Uncle Sam's training camps to participate in the parade had been thrown from his horse in such a manner as to render him unable to proceed farther, and would they please accommodate him until the parade was over?

"Why certainly, right this way"—and Barbara led the way to her mother's sitting room and turned down the divan bed. Her mother was equal to the occasion and started right away to make their unexpected guest comfortable.

The guest himself, a good-looking chap of about twenty-five years, was very sorry to disturb them, so he said, but he mentally remarked that it was fate that played him one good turn when she picked a balky horse for him to ride, since it gave him the chance to meet the beautiful girl who had opened the door.

The doctor who had been summoned, on his arrival advised him not to move for a week, at least, as his foot had received a very bad sprain.

Having introduced himself as Jack Carter to Mrs. Stone and making a very good impression on that estimable lady, it was not surprising that her daughter should do all in her power to add to their visitor's comfort. So, accordingly, Barbara brought up a tray laden with dainties that would tempt the most fastidious.

Being rather shy, she laid the tray down beside the bed and, thinking the young patient asleep, was tiptoeing out of the room when he startled her by saying: "Oh, I say, Miss Stone, would you spare a poor fellow a few minutes? It is rather dull, just looking up at the ceiling and watching the sun flicker up and down the wall."

She turned hesitatingly, wondering whether or not to stay; but he did look so boyish and dreadfully lonesome that she decided to read to him a bit. She picked up a magazine and was getting him rather interested, when she felt a magnetism which seemed to draw her eyes away from the book and look in the direction of her listener. What was that indescribable feeling that surged through her? Nonsense! He was only a man among the many she had met; but still there was something different about him.

She finally laid down the book, and he thanked her heartily. She then withdrew from the room, with a promise to continue later.

Each day found her reading or chatting, until one afternoon, about four weeks from the date of his arrival, Jack stood, suitcase in hand, bidding farewell to Barbara. Seeing that her eyes were downcast, he bade her look up, but she refused, and upon closer view he discovered that her eyes were full of tears. "Oh, Barbara! Dear little girl; you are really sorry that I am going—alone. Could you consent to be my nurse always dear?"

We do not know her answer, but suffice it to say that next day found Barbara and her mother busily addressing long, white envelopes, and a beautiful solitaire on Barbara's left hand denoted her answer.

Physiological.

"Man had his origin in an environment that subjected him to frequent, rapid and extreme changes from heat to cold, and from dryness to dampness," says Doctor James, "and from a study of his anatomy and physiology, as well as from the teaching of the law of Weismann, we know that we modern men are equipped with the same body device as were our Cromagnon progenitors. Weismann's law is to the effect that acquired characters are not transmitted, and its corollary is equally true, that unused or abused characters are not lost, so that we may think of all congenital characteristics, whether good or bad, as being entailed, and, as far as the race is concerned, as being permanent."—Exchange.

Laid the "Ghost."

A young man recently came to a doctor and his complaint was a rather extraordinary one. He had seen a ghost. The doctor asked him where he had seen it and what it was like. "I saw it," said he, "the other night when I was passing a graveyard; it had a big mouth and long ears like a donkey." "Go home," said the doctor, "and say nothing about it. It was your own shadow you saw."

Iconoclastic Age.

"A scientist says the ant is a much overrated insect." "Not as industrious and intelligent as we have been led to believe?" "That's it. Some of these days a scientist will rise up and tell us that an ostrich cannot digest doorknobs."

HAWK DESTRUCTIVE TO TREES

Birds' Unvarying Diet of Fish Sooner or Later Causes Death Through Accumulations of Grease.

Random bits of curious knowledge often come the way of persons who live in the summer time close by the ocean's edge. One gets to know, for instance, such things as why hawk nests so often are seen in dead trees. It is not that the hawk, in seeking a home site, by choice picks a dead tree in which to build its nest of twigs and things; on the contrary, it invariably selects a live one. The dead tree is the effect, not the cause of the hawk's preference.

Hawks of the kind considered here live exclusively on fish. Fish are oily, and so it follows that after a few thousand have been dissected and eaten in a nest the tree inhabited by a hawk family becomes discouraged and abandons the struggle.

After hawks have used a lofty bough as a dining room for two or three years a tree becomes so greasy that leaves find it impossible to hold on. The oil slowly makes its way to the roots, covering them and making the absorbing of water from the earth out of the question. Deprived of oxygen, having no leaves through which to breathe it in, and of water, because its roots are greased like a Labor day pig, the tree gets discouraged and gives up the fight.

HOLD SWORD SACRED THING

German Officer Said to Lose Commission if He Should Be Parted From Weapon by Force.

Officers in Germany are supposed to have a feeling almost of sacredness about their swords, and I think, in point of fact, officers in most countries have. I have been told that if any officer loses his sword by force he loses his commission as an officer. I do not vouch for this statement.

I was told about the penalty for losing a sword many years before the war, in Dresden, to excuse an officer whom I saw behave in the most brutal manner. He was on the back platform of an old-fashioned street car which was going very fast. Some man in the street ran and tried to jump on the car, and in taking hold of the rail got hold of the handle of the officer's sword. Without the slightest feeling as to whether the man would be seriously hurt or not, the officer beat and pounded this man's hands until he was forced to let go and drop into the street. But what a German officer does is always considered right, anyway, and no one dares to complain.—Neville Taylor Gherardi (wife of former United States naval attaché at Berlin) in Saturday Evening Post.

New Yorker Has Famous Relic.

Enon-Sherouan the Just, sultan of Persia in the days when Omar Khayyam was making vain attempts to sell his verses to the maganines, one day bought an indestructible vase, wonderfully fashioned by a potter of magic powers, for his royal palace at Rhagas. Along came the Tartars, acting like Prussians, and destroyed Rhagas, making the royal palace look like the Cloth Hall at Ypres. That was in 1221.

The jar of Enon-Sherouan the Just has just been added to the collection of Macdermid Parish-Watson, New York art collector, after existing only in legend and tradition for nearly seven centuries. Two pieces of it were found on the site of the royal palace of Rhagas in 1910, and since then other fragments have been uncovered from time to time, and the last piece was picked up in 1914. The vase is said to have a value of \$85,000 to \$100,000.

Ship's Coins.

A superstition among seafaring men is that a coin should be placed beneath the mainmast of a newly built ship. The coin should be of gold, though in a pinch silver will do. The coin should bear the date of the year the ship is built and before being placed beneath the mast it is carefully wrapped in cotton. Its resting place is the stepping of the mainmast.

Dealers in coins are aware of this long-continued practice, and the result is that when an old ship is broken up, especially abroad, there is always on hand a company of coin dealers desirous of obtaining the coin. It is said that in this way one collector obtained a specimen of the rare American dollar of the mintage of 1804, which has commanded a high premium for many years.

Immense Indian Food Dishes.

The largest food dishes in the world were recently bought of the Indians of Vancouver Island, British Columbia, for the museum of the American Indian, New York city. These dishes were purchased from a tribe named Kwakiutis, which in English means "Smoke of the World." They are used for special festivals when great numbers of Indians gather to celebrate some religious or ritual festival. The dishes are carved out of wood and soups are brought to a boiling point by dropping hot stones into the food. The carvings represent the clan to which the dish belongs, which in one instance is the "Wolf" and in another the "Eagle" clan.

Sound Notes That Never Vary.

Small splinters of the wood of old Cremona violins, when vibrated with a bow, have been found to give invariably the same note; and that note is always a tone higher when the wood is taken from the belly of the instrument than when it comes from the back.

FINE FEATHERS

By HELEN C. WHITE.

(Copyright, 1918, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate)

At 5:30 Marilyn sighed as she closed her desk. It was not because she had worked long after the other girls had gone home to get ready for the evening's fun, for she was used to doing that. When one has made up her mind to look after home until brother is through college she is glad of the chance to earn a little extra. But still she could not forget that flimsy pink georgette waist that she had tried on the other day. It had given her a new vision of herself; before she had always scoffed at the other girls' preoccupation with clothes, but now she knew.

Yet I doubt if Marilyn would have thought twice of the waist had it not been for the manager's new secretary, whose genial vigor and clever, handsome face had interested Marilyn as she never dreamed a young man could interest her. Yet he had said little to the shy, pretty little girl who did not know how to "carry on" with him as did the other girls. Only she fancied he spoke with an added respect whenever he addressed her.

No wonder Marilyn smiled when a laughing voice presently interrupted her thoughts. "Miss Day, I'm going to see you home, if I may have the pleasure."

"Of course you may. I'll be ready in just a moment."

For a moment Marilyn forgot her recent perplexity. Mr. Everest was going to see her home! What would the other girls say when they heard? And she tucked the stray curls under her plain little black hat. It would be extravagant, but she wanted to look pretty more than ever.

She was too excited to see the admiration in Bob Everest's eyes when he came over to her desk, and all he said as they reached the door was "I guess the moon is waiting for us."

"It is a beautiful night," she murmured as they gazed up at the moon shimmering on the cold walls of the buildings.

"It will be so much nicer when we get out of this bare business section," she said presently.

"I hate it here—one can hardly breathe, not but what I like the work," he added. But she did not hear him. What would he say when he saw where she lived? All the glow faded from her face.

"I really can't let you come any farther," she began lamely; "it's only a little way," and then she stopped, for they were just crossing into one of those beautiful old streets with stately stone-fronts that seem full of that melon-grace of old Boston. She saw the false suggestion in her words, but to her surprise he looked troubled and uncomfortable.

"You seem just to belong here," he answered wistfully. For a moment Marilyn thought of running up to one of these aristocratic doors and bidding him good-night, but she blushed hotly at the thought of such sham.

She was so embarrassed and ashamed that she did not see his relief when they turned into a humbler part of the great city. Some of the old houses still followed them, but these were given over to shops and boarding houses. With the swift transition so characteristic of the great city, they were coming into a dismal, crowded, run-down section. A great lump rose in Marilyn's throat as she looked furtively at the handsome face beside her. For the moment she could see the place where with such toll she had made their home of which she was so proud, through his eyes, used to big, hand-some houses.

When they turned into the dark, narrow street, at the end of which stood the tiny, weather-beaten little box of a house, she could stand the agony no longer. She had made him think her a cultured, fastidious lady—what would he think now?

"You've come far enough," her voice shook, but she faced him bravely. "Besides, I don't think you'd ever want to—" She could not finish, but by the sudden jump of the arm in hers she knew he at last understood. The night air grew hot and stifling while she waited.

"Do you really care?" His voice was shaking with joy. For a moment he stared in her bewildered face.

"Marilyn, I thought you lived up there, far out of the reach of a poor chap like me. So I didn't tell you I'm really on my own way home just a little farther on." The warmth in his voice sent the blood hot through Marilyn's cold veins. But all she could say sounded for the moment stupidly irrelevant.

"In two years my brother will be through college."

"In two years my college debts will all be paid." He paused. "Will you—?"

"Take a house on B—street?" she laughed happily.

When half an hour later Marilyn handed her pay envelope unbroken to her mother the latter looked at her inquiringly.

"But how about the waist, dear?"

For a moment Marilyn paused—she had forgotten all about it.

"I don't believe I need it, mother, dear. I just thought I did."

Neighbors—Is your daughter improving in her piano practice?

Zinc—I think so. Some of the neighbors nod to me again.

WAIT!!

for the big Change of Ownership Sale at the Meyer & Dobson Company COMING SOON

You are Cordially Invited to make use of the privileges of the CHRISTIAN SCIENCE READING ROOM 387 Central Avenue Hours 9 a. m., to 6 p. m. Every Day except Sunday

BAN ON HARD COAL WILL SOON BE LIFTED

Opinion of Lake County Fuel Administrator, Mr. L. P. Erskine

The ban on hard coal will be lifted in the near future is the opinion of L. P. Erskine, fuel administrator of Lake County.

Mr. Erskine's statement follows close on the instructions received by him from the federal fuel administration to complete his records and turn them over within the next few days.

Mr. Erskine says that the fuel administration came into existence as a war measure to conserve the coal supply and see to it that everyone obtained pro-rata share. It served its purpose and now he thinks that the sale of hard coal will soon be back on the pre-war basis.

"I think that hard coal will continue to be a luxury so far as price is concerned for some time," he said. "But there is a plentiful supply of soft coal and coke on hand so that no one will suffer any inconvenience from the cold."

ADJUDICATION NOTICE

PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given that the Subscriber Executrix of the last Will and Testament of Charles Brown deceased will attend the Court House in Waukegan, in said term thereof to be holden at the Court House in Waukegan, in said County, on the first Monday of March next, 1919 when and where all persons having claims against said estate are notified and requested to present the same to said Court for adjudication.

Ida M. Miller, Executrix. Waukegan, Ill., Dec. 16th, 1918.

PEARL THEATRE GETS HIGH COMPLIMENT

Continued from Page 5

old favorites as "Narcissus," the "Homoresque," Chamnade's "Scar Dance," etc. I am sure that the vast majority of the average audience finds more enjoyment in them than in the modern, thrashy musical comedy selections so universally used, though they have their place.

You are to be complimented on the business-like way in which you conduct your performance, the beauty and comfort of your house, the evident care you use in selecting your pictures, and especially for the excellence of your music. It is seldom we get out that way but we assure of our patronage any time we are in the vicinity.

Yours truly, J. H. DARMER, 822 Forrest Ave., Evanston, Ill.

MEMORIAL LETTERS

(Continued from Page 1) which one may stand in silent reverence, undisturbed by the miseries within the walls of the hospital or the mirth within the chambers of a community house.

The suggestion which I understand came from our worthy mayor is a good one. That is, let each family who can afford it contribute ten dollars for each adult member, then a five dollar contribution, and a "do your best fund" ranging from four dollars down. Then when all contributions are in erect the best memorial the funds will warrant.

W. C. EGAN. The people who kick on the high prices of country produce are apt to be the same ones that won't spend any money for building decent highways.