

# Results

In your attic or store room, you have many articles of furniture or household goods, which are of no more use to you but will be welcomed by others. Advertise them in our want ad columns and turn them into cash.

## Appeals for Money For New Dog Kennels For Orphans of Storm

Editor Highland Park Press: By the time this paper goes to press, everyone in Highland Park will be familiar with the story of the burning, early Tuesday morning, of the large kennels housing the dogs which have been sheltered at the Orphans of the Storm rescue home in Deerfield.

Because of the many telegrams and telephone calls received by those most closely connected with this project, we feel assured of help in rebuilding, but it is necessary that the funds raised be adequate to replace with fireproof buildings, those destroyed, and the writer of this letter is appealing to the people of Highland Park for contributions.

Our citizens should be particularly interested and generous, for many of the dogs taken to our city dog pound have later been taken to the orphanage, where homes have been found for them. Also, there are many Highland Park homes where dogs from this shelter have found humane owners, and are shown proudly to the investigators of the orphanage when they call.

Will those interested in this humane work, whether grown-ups or children, send their donations to the writer? Every contribution will be acknowledged, and the people of our city interested in humane work be given the opportunity of contributing to this very worthy charity.

Sincerely,  
NANINE G. HOPKINS,  
(Mrs. Constant C. Hopkins)  
942 Lincoln Avenue.

## Martin Victor Writes From Alaska; Is on Trip in Search of Fine Furs

The following letter from Martin Victor, Jr., of this city who is making a trip in northern Alaska in search of fine furs for Victor Bros. Inc., writes the Press from Seward, Alaska, under date of January 24, as follows:

Have at last reached Seward, after being on board ship since January 15. Will proceed tomorrow morning via railroad to Healy, Alaska, at which point I'll turn westward by dog sled for approximately 100 miles. There is a squaw who is very good at making the Parks. Will need one light weight outfit and one quite heavy, the lighter one to be used for dog

seemed to see herself standing alone while the orchestra played charming waltzes. She could feel again the warm air laden with the perfume of hedges and roses from the town's finest gardens. Girls fluttered past in pale fluffly clothes, laughing and gay. Everybody seemed to be having such an unbelievably good time—all except herself.

On the fringe of the crowd she was miserable and lonely. She would have liked a drink of punch, but she did not have the courage to walk across the dance floor to get it, for everybody might then see her horror of a dress. Better stay quiet in a corner. Just then a handsome boy with dark curly hair and gay brown eyes danced past. It was Jimmie Reinsford, home from Yale for the summer, the town's special pride. For Jimmie had conquered Xale just as he had his own little home town and was star football player on the varsity eleven, the first "tying" college lad. Jean could not remember the time when she was not in love with Jimmie Reinsford. She watched him now dance past her with "Bob" Terry, the banker's daughter Roberta, whom everybody always called "Bob," was a lovely creature with a mass of red hair and wide gray eyes. Her pale green frock swayed gracefully about her as Jean watched her wistfully. It would never have occurred to Jean to be jealous and love was not for her. She just watched,

flushing and the heavy outfit for walking through traplines, etc. She will make them to order, while borrow one from her son. Have discarded all my city clothing and will leave it here, as I will not need it until this spring. Am sending you a copy of the daily paper published locally, may be of interest to you.

Nothing unusual has happened kindest regards,  
Sincerely yours,  
MARTIN VICTOR, JR.

Ravinia Village House Calendar  
Thursday, February 13 at 7:30 p. m.  
Men's Gym class.  
Friday, February 14 at 7:30 p. m.  
Boy Scout meeting.  
Saturday, February 15 at 8:00 p. m.  
Card party.  
Tuesday, February 18 at 8:00 p. m.  
Dancing class.  
Thursday, February 20 at 7:30 p. m.  
Men's Gym class.  
Friday, February 21 at 7:30 p. m.  
Boy Scout meeting.

In order to draw as near maximum strength as possible the Democrats will put three to five candidates in the race at the primary for each county office it was learned in Waukegan last week-end.

her father had died. Jean did not like to think of the hard, poverty-stricken years after her father's death. The music had stopped and voices sounded on the other side of the screen of palms. "Ye gods! You aren't going to make me dance with her, are you?" demanded a plaintive, charming voice. It was Jimmie's. She would know his voice anywhere. A general laugh followed the remark and other masculine voices insisted that such a request was too much.

"An Owl!"  
"And this is our first dance since Christmas, Bob, it's too bad of you! Didn't I agree to drive her here and drive her back home with us? What more can a poor boy do?" The rest of the young folks laughed and drowned out the voice of the football hero.

"She's such an owl; every time I see her coming I want to run. She looks so pathetic that I get mad at myself because I feel so sorry for her." Shrieks of laughter came from the merry group.

"I know Mrs. Kelsey wore that dress to mother's wedding," insisted one of the girls. "At any rate mother said the dress was a horror, and red."

into her one good dress. Then she tiptoed downstairs and into the street. The town clock struck 2. Suddenly Jean remembered that no o'clock in the morning. For a moment she was panic-stricken at what she had done. But just for a moment. She walked along under the elms that arched the street. She had never before been out at such an hour alone. The sky looked black and the stars were mote and bright. But instead of frightening her, the strange beauty and quiet of the scene soothed her as she walked along with her suitcase. It was a mile to the railway station. Her steps echoed and re-echoed in a disconcerting fashion. But she stuck to her plan. It was a simple one. Just go to the station and wait for the morning train. As she reached the depot she set her suitcase down and looked at the village.

"I hope I never see or hear from any of you again," she said in a loud solemn voice, and she shook her fist at the sleeping people. "I don't care if I starve in New York. You won't be looking on and laughing!" Her own voice startled her so that she felt for the ten \$1 bills pinned to her dress. Then she turned to the station and found all the doors locked. She put her suitcase in a sheltered doorway away from the street, sat down and settled herself to wait until daylight. Thoroughly exhausted with the trying day and evening, she fell

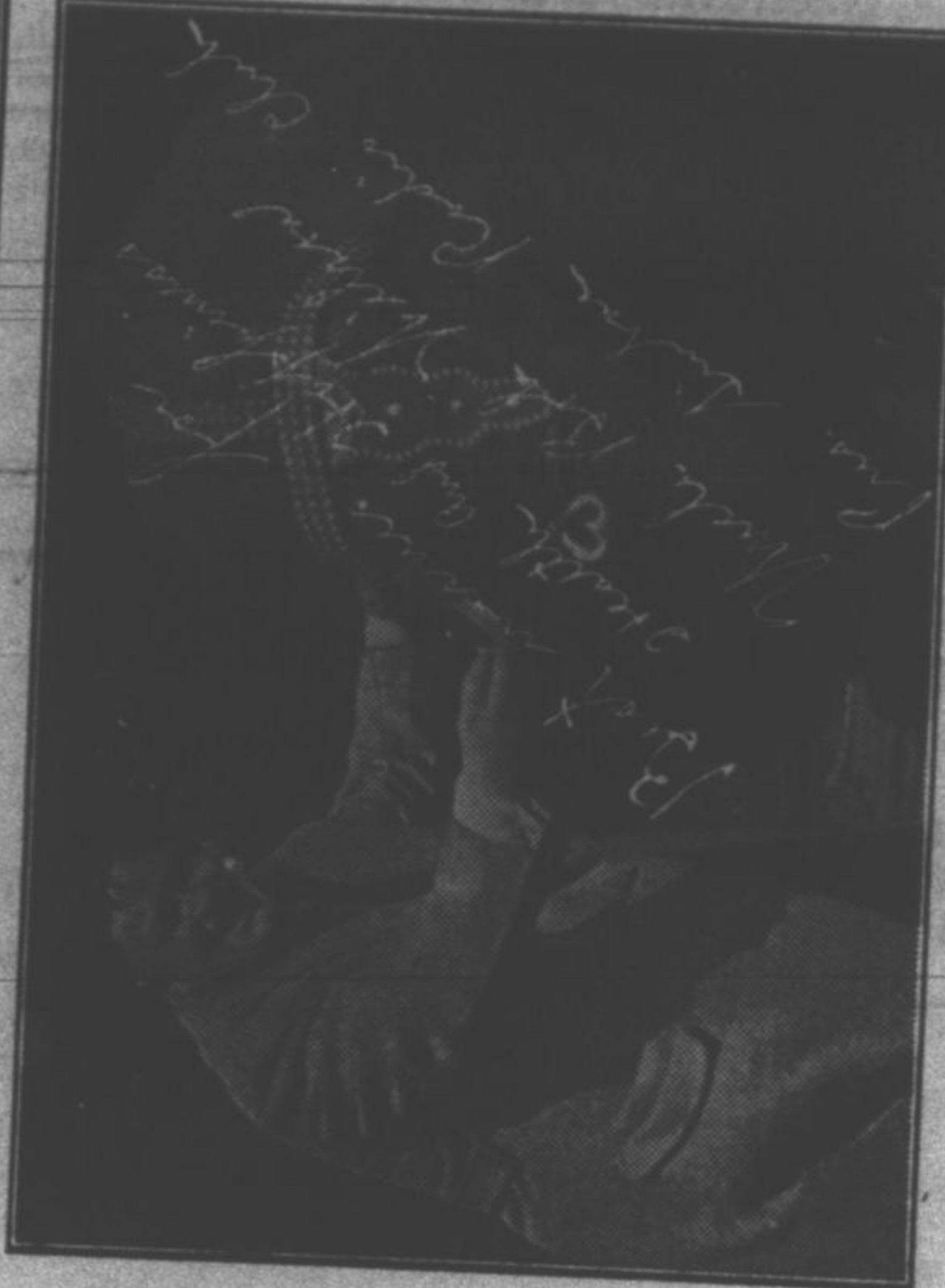
ward Jean. She could not have dreamed had she so desired, she was so terrified now. The voice, it reassured her a little. It seemed kind and well bred. Certainly the man was not a tramp looking for money. There was a brightness as the man came nearer. "What are you doing here?" queried Jean with asperity. The man seemed to have regained his assurance as he answered with a quiet laugh. "I might ask you the same thing. Then he found an empty crate and dragged it across the platform and sat beside her. There was another silence.

"I'm waiting for the train," Jean offered finally. "Quite a long wait," the man remarked. Jean was angry. It seemed so silly, the two of them together on the station platform hours before the train was due.

"I'm Jean Brandes and I live here in Hillsdale," the girl said crisply. "I'm waiting for the morning train because I hate everybody in this town and I never want to see it again as long as I live!"

Now go on with this gripping story in the  
**DAILY TIMES**  
Chicago's Picture Newspaper  
**2c**  
at all Newsstands

## MAKE KIDS HAPPY



A treasured possession of many a local boy and girl is this autographed picture postcard of "Uncle Bob" Wilson feeding peanuts to the elephant. "Uncle Bob," famous entertainer of Station KYW and children's radio favorite, is president of the Simbae Radio Club, which counts many members here and in adjoining communities. Simbae Radio Club programs, which feature entertainment of special interest to children and their parents, are broadcast by "Uncle Bob" from KYW, Chicago, at 5:30 every Tuesday evening.