



Highland Park News.

BY EVANS & FORREST
HIGHLAND PARK, ILLINOIS.

REMEMBER HOW TO SMILE.

Whatever you may forget, my friend,
Traversing the path of toil;
Of all the sorrows that come to you
In the midst of life's turmoil,
You will always travel a brighter way
And happier be the while,
If you only look on the sunniest side
And remember how to smile.

A king may carry a golden crown
And a queen her jewels wear,
But they cannot comfort a burdened heart
Nor lighten a load of care,
But you may garlands of beauty twine
And gloomiest hours beguile,
If you have the gift of a cheerful face
And remember how to smile.

The sun may rise in a cloudy sky,
And the moon be cold and gray;
The beautiful light withhold itself
And hope seem hidden away,
But open the door of a happy heart,
Which shadows cannot defile,
And a thousand comforting thoughts will
Come
In the wake of a winning smile.

Success is waiting for every man
Who is willing to work and win,
And a cheerful heart is the capital
That is needed most to begin,
For he who looks on the pleasant side
Has hope for many a mile;
The sweetest secret a soul may know
Is the secret of how to smile.

So, whatever you may forget, my friend,
In the midst of life's turmoil,
Retain the treasure of cheerfulness
To sweeten sorrow and toil,
And when success seems a far-off prize,
And failure threatens awhile,
Let forgetfulness win your crown,
But remember how to smile.
—Arthur Lewis Tubbs, in Detroit Free Press.

Mr. Robbin's Philosophy

By GEORGE ADE.

MR ROBBIENS thought it over and decided to join the "Don't Worry" club.

It isn't labor or responsibility that ruins the temper, wears out the nervous system, sours the disposition and puts crowfeet over the eyes. It is worry, and the worry over things which are inevitable according to the great plan and which cannot be helped.

A great many people realize this, but they cannot bring themselves to put the philosophy into practice. They continue to worry and worry. Knowing very well that it is no use to cry over spilled milk, they continue to cry over the milk that is spilled and the other milk that is about to be spilled.

It will be all the same a hundred years from now." You have heard people make that cheering observation. Such people are qualified to belong to the "Don't Worry" club. They can sit among the breaking crockery and smile at the expostulating creditors, snap their fingers at fate and say: "What's the use of worrying about these details? Will that help matters? Besides, it will be all the same a hundred years from now."

It is a beautiful philosophy, and the more Mr. Robbins studied it the better he liked it.

Don't worry. If you have a note coming due, don't worry about it. Let the other fellow walk the floor. If business is bad and collections slow, don't worry. If you are going into bankruptcy you will go whether you worry or not. What if you should fail? One man's failure is such a small item in the great mass of events. No matter what happens, you can always go and board with your relatives.

Don't worry. If you can refrain from worrying, some one else will have to do the worrying for you. You will continue to be placid and enjoy good health, and your associates will ruin their tempers and get wrinkles around the eyes. But that needn't worry you. Look at the noble specimens of manhood who have permitted their wives to worry themselves into middle-age graves. Did these men ever fuss and fret? Certainly not. That's why they're alive and happy to-day. So don't worry. If you have any worry, shift it to your wife or your business partner. That is what Mr. Robbins did.

He had read about the "Don't Worry" philosophy, and on the very day he adopted it a concern that owed his firm a large sum of money failed dismally. The partner came in with the news, and the cold perspiration was beaded on his forehead.

"This is horrible, Jim," he said. "What are we going to do when all these drafts come in next month?"

"I don't know," said Robbins, with a peaceful smile, "but don't worry."

"Great Scott! Are you an idiot? Somebody has to worry. What are we going to do?"

"Tell our lawyers to get what they can. Next month, if we have collected enough money, we will pay the drafts. If not, we will not pay the drafts. The situation is charmingly simple—nothing complicated about it at all. At any rate, we cannot help matters by worrying."

"Oh, you talk like an old woman!" snapped the partner, who jammed his hat down over his ears and rushed out to try and raise some money. Mr. Robbins put his foot up on the desk, drew pictures on the scratch pad and whistled a "Blue Danube" waltz. A ten-dollar-

a-week clerk could not have shown a more magnificent indifference to the cares of management.

He was put to a second test that same day. When he arrived at home Mrs. Robbins was in a condition bordering on hysteria. The cook had resigned in anger and gone away.

"What are we going to do?" demanded Mrs. Robbins. "We are to have the Smiths here for dinner to-morrow. We must have a cook. Everything in the kitchen is upside down."

"My dear, we will do the best we can," replied Mr. Robbins, with provoking coolness. "In the meantime, let us not worry," and he sat down and opened the evening newspaper.

"But, James—you don't appreciate how serious this is. We are helpless unless—"

"My dear, can we help matters any by worrying?"

She burst into tears and left the room.

Mr. Robbins felt a few pangs of conscience until he remembered that it would not help matters any for him to worry over the troubles of some one else. He felt sorry for his wife, but what good would it do for him to worry?

The system was a success: "If a cyclone should come along at this moment and take the roof off the house I wouldn't worry. Why should I? It wouldn't help me to find a soft spot on which to land. It couldn't possibly affect the general result."

While Mr. Robbins philosophized thus his wife was in her room, worrying. She worried herself into a state of desperation, and finally went out and telephoned a "want ad" and called up two intelligence offices.

Then she returned home, but she still worried for fear the new cook could not be engaged in time for the Smith dinner, so she went over to see Mrs. Glenn and borrowed her cook for the next day. As a consequence a beautiful dinner was in readiness when the Smiths arrived, and Mr. Robbins felt that he had been vindicated.

"Everything has turned out all right," he said. "Would it have turned out any better if I had worried? Not at all. What is the use of enduring these mental torments? I have been mistaken all my life. I have been a fool. I have worried too much."

He was further convinced along this same line by what happened at the office.

The partner came in a day or two later with dark rings around his eyes and a nervous twitching of the mouth. He was smoking a black cigar.

"Well, Robbins, I've got the money to meet those drafts, he said.

"I knew it would be all right," said Robbins. "That's why I didn't worry. Do you know that's a great system? Don't worry, my boy. Take everything calmly."

"I don't see it," said the partner, chewing his cigar savagely and tearing open letter after letter on his desk.

"Where would we be if I hadn't worried over those drafts until I went out and simply held up people to get money? That's a very lovely rule of conduct for a woman who has nothing to do except pour tea every afternoon, or for some man who spends the money left to him by his father and writes books on philosophy. I'll admit that it's better not to worry if you can get along without it. I wish I didn't worry, but if I stopped worrying I'd be in the poorhouse in six months. Once I knew a man who never worried. That was out in the country, where I used to live. He fished all day. His wife took in washing and finally killed herself from overwork, but it didn't worry him. He went to live with his brother and let his children support themselves. It would have worried any other man to be left with four children, but he was a philosopher. He knew it wouldn't do any good to worry. Why, don't you know that a man never fortifies himself against defeat until he begins to worry over the prospect of defeat?"

This was very candid talk, but it didn't worry Mr. Robbins.

He has been practicing the new philosophy for two weeks. He has taken on flesh, and is beginning to wear the snug and satisfied appearance of a man whose wife has money.

In the meantime, however, the partner has taken to drink, and Mrs. Robbins seems ready to go into an early decline.—Chicago Record.

Matches in the Hat.

A handy device for smokers consists of a small metal box to be clamped on the band inside the hat to hold matches.

MOSQUITOES KILL BEAR.

Upon the Yukon These Insects Force Deer to Flee to the Snow Line for Safety.

Not only do the Yukon mosquitoes attack men and overwhelm them, but they drive the moose, deer and caribou up the mountains to the snow line, where these animals would prefer not to be in berry time. They kill dogs, and even the big brown bear that is often mis-called a grizzly has succumbed to them, says the Denver Times. Bears come down to the river from the hillside in the early fall to get some of the salmon that are often thrown upon the banks when the "run" is heavy.

If Bruin runs foul of a swarm of mosquitoes and has not his wits about him

IRISH BELIEF IN FAIRIES.

The Story of a Lost Child Who Was Found Recently by Smoking Out the Sprites.

In a village in the west of Ireland a few weeks ago a child wandered away into the country and was lost. Its anxious parents, after a weary and unavailing search, reported the matter to the constable in charge of the village. After carefully questioning them he told them that any further search for the child would be useless without certain preliminaries, because it was clear to him that the poor child had been carried off by the fairies, according to their well-known custom. The constable told them to make a fire and burn in it as much of a certain herb as they

POWDER WORKS BLOWN UP.

Seven Lives Known to Have Been Lost by Explosion of a Plant at Santa Cruz, Cal.

Santa Cruz, Cal., April 27.—Three explosions about 3:15 Tuesday afternoon at the California powder works caused a greater loss of life than any of the previous accidents in the history of these works. The wildest rumors are prevalent regarding the number of killed and injured, the exact number of which cannot be ascertained now. It is known that seven were killed and four seriously injured.

The first heavy shock from the explosion was felt for many miles around and was separately followed by two lighter shocks. The smoke from the works arose in such dense volume that it was impossible for a time to perceive the extent of the damage that had been caused by the explosion. It was said that the fire was spreading and the main magazine was in imminent danger.

Not only the smokeless powder plant, but the nitroglycerin and gun cotton works were destroyed. The force of the explosion was so great that the shingles from the roofs of buildings were blown into Santa Cruz, over two miles away. The worst feature of the disaster is that this was one of two smokeless powder works in the country and the government is anxious to get all of this powder possible. Only last week a big shipment of 100 tons was made to the east. It will take several months to rebuild the works.

The explosion was followed by fire, which spread to the surrounding shrubbery and timber on the hillside. A force of 100 employees was immediately called out to fight the fire, which was extinguished. The part of the works destroyed was situated on the opposite side of San Lorenzo river from the main plant. No powder, except that in process of making, is known to have been destroyed. There was probably about 600 pounds of that in the buildings.

No doubt is entertained among the officials of the works that the explosion was due to an accident. Extraordinary precaution had been taken to prevent treachery, and no well-informed man entertains the opinion that the accident was the work of a Spanish spy, as was at first suggested. It is not thought the explosion will interfere with the manufacture of smokeless powder for the government.

While it is said there is no reason to believe that a Spanish spy had anything to do with the fire and explosion, it is significant that precautions were immediately taken to guard the powder works at Point Pinole, across the bay from San Francisco.

The Santa Cruz powder works are the largest in this country next to the big Dupont factories, and the largest by far for the manufacture of the brown prismatic powder for coast-defense guns and the smokeless for the guns on the warships. Since the war scare began such heavy orders have been received from the government for both these powders that the works have been more than crowded. The works were established in 1861 on the present site, on the line of the South Pacific Coast railroad. They comprise 21 powder mills, ten shops, six magazines and stores and 35 other buildings.

ANSWER THE CALL.

Patriots from Every State Respond to the President's Request for Volunteers.

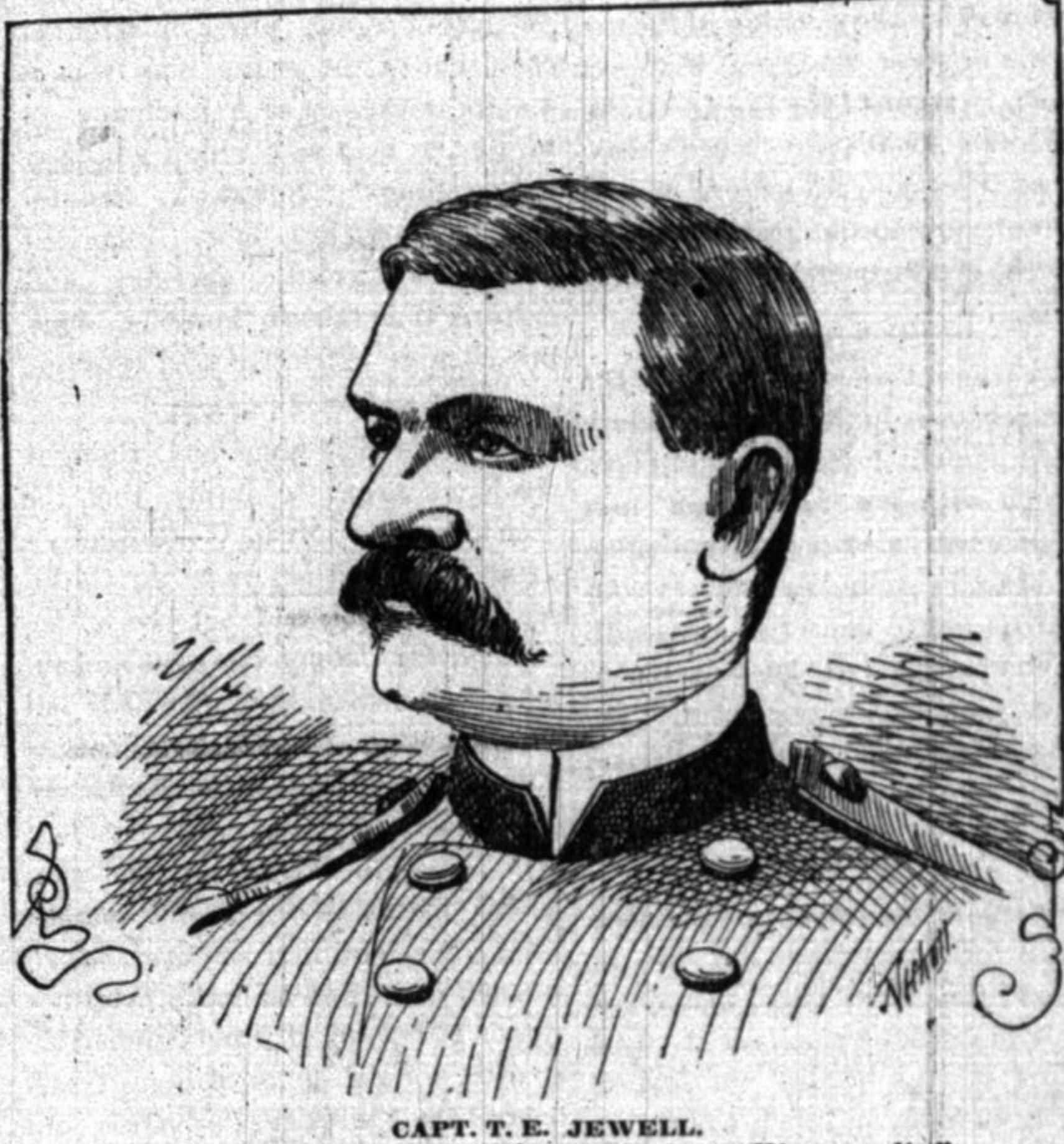
Washington, April 27.—At the close of office hours Monday Adjt. Gen. Corbin had received dispatches from the governor of nearly every state and territory in response to Secretary Alger's call for information as to the troops the states and territories will be expected to furnish under the president's call for 125,000 men. The tenor of these replies shows there is no mistaking the patriotism of the people of this country in the present emergency. On every hand there was expressed a willingness to come to the government's aid and the offers were in excess of the present demands. The body of the telegrams was made up for the greater part of an enumeration of what the national guard had on hand, and for this reason the reports of the governors were not made public.

Recruiting for the regular army under the Hull army reorganization will be begun at once. A circular has been prepared giving direction for this work, and this will be issued probably to-day. The recruiting will be carried on in the regiments where they are now located by regimental recruiting boards and at the various army posts throughout the country.

TRAINS COLLIDE.

One Engineer Killed and Two Others Hurt by a Railway Disaster Near Fond du Lac, Wis.

Milwaukee, April 27.—A special to the Evening Wisconsin from Fond du Lac, Wis., says: A special double header freight train and the Green Bay passenger train collided on a bridge half a mile north of here Tuesday. Engineer Dolan, of the first freight engine, was killed, and Engineer Nelson, of the second engine, was badly hurt. Passenger Engineer Ackerman was badly bruised. Firemen escaped by jumping in the river. No passengers were injured.



CAPT. T. E. JEWELL, Commanding the United States Cruiser "Minneapolis."

his day has come. The insects will alight all over him. His fur protects his body, but his eyes, ears and nose will soon be swollen up and bleeding, and unless he gets into a river or a strong wind he will be driven mad and blind, to wander about hopelessly until he starves to death.

Although the Alaska summer is short, two broods of mosquitoes hatch out each year and are ready for business from one to ten seconds after they leave the water. It rains a good deal along the Yukon, and rain is welcomed, for it drives the mosquitoes to cover. They hide under leaves and branches until the shower is over; then they come out boiling with rage at the time they have been forced to spend in idleness, and

could find. They did so at once. Then, according to his instructions, they went again in search of the child. He had declared that the smoke of the burning herb would force the fairies to bring the child back, and, sure enough, on going over the ground they had previously searched, they found the little boy asleep beside a stream, says the New York Sun.

The reputation and authority of that constable have now increased a hundredfold in all the countryside, and very few householders in those parts now have the temerity to risk offending "the good people," as they call the fairies (much as the Greeks used to call the furies "the Eumenides," or well-wishing ones), by omitting to leave out



HOW PHILADELPHIA IS PROTECTED.

A curious, sure and deadly means of coast defense, which will prevent Spain from sending a warship up the Delaware river, is being constructed at Marcus Hook, Pa.

The idea consists of flooding the river with petroleum from perforated pipes sunk below the water and setting the oil on fire as it rises to the surface, causing a sheet of flame to ascend many feet above the masts of the largest vessels afloat.

The miner has a harder time than ever after his respite.

Mosquitoes and snowflakes are not contemporaries in the states, but in Alaska it is different. Snow does not bother them so much as rain, and an early snow may fall while they are still on the wing. Fog does not choke them, either. They appear to like it. They float about in it as in ambush, and take the unwary prospector by surprise.

Digging for Fish.

The natives of Kottiar are in the habit of digging every year in the summer dry banks of the Vengel river for fish, which they dig out by hundreds, just as they would potatoes. The mud lumps are broken open and the fish, perhaps eight or ten inches long, will always be found alive and often frisky, as if just removed from its supposedly native element—the water.

Old Time Regulations of Dining.

An act of parliament was passed in the reign of Edward III prohibiting anyone from being served at dinner or supper with more than two courses, except upon some great holidays therein specified, on which he might be served with three.

How They Wed in Spain.

Marriage in Spain takes place by day or at night, according to the fortune of the young people or their station in life. If well to do the ceremony comes off in the early part of the morning.

your druggist and get Sarsaparilla and be sure to do you.

Sarsaparilla latest Spring Medicine.

Best type of the order of excellence.

Baker & Co's Breakfast Cocoa

Wholly Pure. Nutritious. One Cent a Cup.

Revolution in the Watson

Woman more liable to fatal dangers with hours at the "Turn of Life."

Dr. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

stands a Woman's Ills