

ED.

ving the political
and Democratic
will have equal
columns. Candid

ough to see the inevitable con-
sequence of violating certain laws;
secondly, because physicians
ought to know that the habit of
prescribing intoxicants in sickness
is a constant cause of so many be-
coming suicidal fools.
The Herald's final question,
"Why do men drink at all?" is
certainly pertinent. Sure enough
they do they in this day of en-
lightenment? The truth is, they
are taught by law and by custom
to commence the habit of drink-
ing, and invariably with the sup-
position that there is no danger
in their particular cause and that
total abstinence is silly and wom-
anish. And yet not one of the
10,000 who fell into drunkard's
ranks last year in this country
came from total abstinence ranks.

The following statements are
known to be close to the facts:
A licensed saloon for every 298
people in the United States.
In New York City a short time
ago there were twenty-six mur-
ders awaiting trial. Let us re-
member that four-fifths of all
orders are caused by drink.
In 1897, the United States
exported to the Philippines not
more than \$663 worth of beer and
whiskey. Last year the ship-
ments of beer amounted to \$71-
and those of whiskey to \$34-
Perhaps such as this ac-
counts for why the missionaries
try to convert the heathen foun-
dation necessary to give their time to
American soldiers.

Over 82,000 arrests in Chicago
last year and the city prosecutor
Chicago says, 75 per cent. of
them were due to drink.
W. O. THOMAS.

The Prohibition Ratification
meeting was held at Lake Bluff,
Wednesday evening, August 8th.
The speech of notification of Judge
Crawford of his nomination for gov-
ernor was made by Alonzo E. Wil-
son, of Chicago, state Prohibition
secretary. The response of Judge
Crawford was high-toned, dignified,
and eminently magnanimous to-
ward his Republican and Demo-
cratic competitors, and was a fair
representation of the Prohibition
cause.

Speeches were also made by
C. Tunson, Prohibition candi-
date for state treasurer, by Col.
P. Davidson, candidate for
congress in this district, and by
other eminent speakers.
The meeting was presided over
by Hon. Dan Sheen of Peoria.

The so-called "Indiana plan" of
Prohibition work is being intro-
duced in Kentucky and already
the congressional districts are
being organized, with "evangelists"
in each.

Fine Meats...
Our meats are new enough
to be absolutely fresh, but
killed long enough to be ten-
der. We always have

CHOICE POULTRY
ON HAND.

FISH ON USUAL DAYS
Fresh Eggs and Creamery
Butter.

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Grading, and
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Shrubby Beds Laid Out
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Ribbon
Velvets,
Hosiery,
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Remember that if this corset is not
adapted to your figure you may return
it to me and I will gladly exchange, or
if not in stock I will order from the
manufacturer a style that will fit you.

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Send for our Booklet.

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Chicago Varnish Co.,
Office, 35 Dearborn Ave., Chicago.
TELEPHONE, EXPRESS 371.

Kind of Men "Wanted."

The head of an educational insti-
tution once wrote to a friend some-
what as follows: "I am looking for
a first-class man for our work in his-
tory. It is not his technical prepa-
ration that I am so anxious about—
that will probably be complete
enough; he would scarcely dare ap-
ply without this. But I wish to get
a man who is large minded, ener-
getic in nature, built on a large pat-
tern, wide between the eyes, a born
winner of men; who can grapple
young men as with hooks of steel,
and make them love and reverence
him; who can go out to some of our
smaller cities and towns for an even-
ing's address, and come back with a
whole belt full of scalps; who can
immediately secure the confidence
of those in charge of secondary schools
and turn them and their pupils to-
ward us; who will be a power in the
university, and in the community,
and in the state. If you know of
such a man put me in touch with
him."

The friend promptly wrote on the
margin of the letter this answer: "I
know your man. Will just suit you.
Only man in the country that will.
Don't know whether you can get him
or not. Do no harm to try. Name
is Brooks,—Phillips. Lives in Bos-
ton."

The writer has for nearly half a
century been looking for teachers.
The woods are full of them; many
of them ready to work at almost any
salary; present finely worded cre-
dentials from college presidents,
ministers, etc.; stood first in their
class in Greek and Latin and math-
ematics.

The writer advertised recently in a
Chicago paper three lines wanting
a person for a certain position.
Eighteen replies came by the next
mail; many of them suggesting that
we name our own salary.

Go out on the street and classify
all whom you meet in three classes.
First, those at the opposite pole; the
men who are simply existing, not
living; passing on from day to day
content so be that they can get
enough to eat from week to week
and a little something to wear. But
in the third class, the men who are
living for a sublime purpose: the
men who are struggling to reach a
high, noble, moral plane; men who
are striving to attain the highest
success after godliness; men who are
laboring in the spirit of true brother-
hood to help their neighbors; men
who are toiling and moiling to make
humanity around them free in the
fullest and grandest sense of the
term. And you will find the third
class, we firmly believe, much the
smallest.

In this connection, the following
little poem is expressed:

How far away is the Temple of Fame?
Said a youth at the dawn of day:
And he toiled and dreamed of a deathless
name,
But the hours went by and the evening
came,
That left him feeble, and old, and lame,
To nod on his cheerless way.

For the path to Fame is a weary climb
Up a mountain steep and high,
There are many who start in their youthful
prime
For the battle with fate and time;
For one who reaches those heights sublime
Are thousands who fall and die.

The youth who had failed could never
guess
The reason his quest was vain;
But he sought no other help or bliss;
He followed the glittering prize, success,
Up the narrow pathway of selfishness,
And this had been his bane.

"How far away is the Temple of God?"
Said a youth at the dawn of day;
And he strove in a spirit of brotherhood,
To help and succor, as best he could,
The poor and unfortunate multitude
On their hard and dreary way.

He likewise strove with adversity,
To climb the heights above;
But his dream was ever of men made free,
Of better days in the time to be,
And he followed the path of Love.

He was careless alike of praise or blame,
But after his work was done,
An angel of glory from heaven came,
And wrote on high his immortal name,
Proclaiming this truth, that the Temple of
Fame
And the Temple of God are one.

For this is the lesson that history
Has taught since the world began:
That those whose memories may never die,
That shine like stars in our human sky,
And brighter grow as the years roll by,
Are men who have lived for Man.

—Selected.

A Coaching Party.

Last Friday afternoon a coaching
party of fifteen persons under the
charge of S. P. Child, assisted by
several other competent gentlemen,
took a drive out into the country.
They had the elegant dray from Mr.
Martin's Moraine stables, with four
imported English bays, making the
gayest party of the season. How
they all got into or onto that one
dray surpasses our comprehension,
unless they did as the young people
down in Vermont used to do, when
they went to singing school or spell-
ing bees of winter evenings, the

party being larger than the sleigh.
But they all went. The route lay
through our west side, down Central
avenue, across the slough, past the
picturesque brickyards, the old-time
poultry farm of Dr. E. B. Weston,
through beautiful Deerfield, over the
prairies, across the pellucid Des
Plaines river into the lovely village
of Half Day, to the Hotel Vernon.

Arriving at the hotel they found a
sumptuous dinner, previously ar-
ranged for, in readiness for them.
But by one of those mysterious hap-
penings, the cause of which no man
knoweth, Dr. Haskin and a little
company of friends, reached the ho-
tel awhile in advance of our coach-
ing party, and being mistaken for
one section of Mr. Child's company,
had made some perceptible inroads
into the broiled chickens, etc., pre-
pared for our coaching party. Of
course our genial Doctor was sorry.
It was rather late for repentance to
be effective, but the Vernon's well
known hospitality was so generous,
that our friends did not suffer any
serious inconvenience. It was a cap-
ital joke, all the better for being un-
intentional. The dinner was served
in about fifteen courses, a course for
each guest, and was so greatly en-
joyed that many of the party wished
to repeat the excursion this week.

Sometime after the dinner was
over, and the sights of the town all
seen, the party betook themselves
again to the drag, drove off toward
Libertyville, crossed the Des Plaines
over the new street bridge and so
meandered to Lake Forest, and
thence to the Park, which they
reached just as the old cathedral
clock in the church tower told the
hour of midnight. The return in
the soft light of the moon and the
cool night air, was charming. The
bucolic residents along the way
were often startled from their peace-
ful slumber, and cautiously looked
out from behind their closely drawn
window shades to see if the Boxers
were coming.

That Coat.

As everybody knows to be in
strictly good form, golfers must
wear the bright scarlet coats while
on duty, and as fatigue suits else-
where. The regulation coat of 1899
is a little different from that of this
season's, having a purple velvet ex-
posed at the collar, and genuine
gilt buttons, each bearing the
club's monogram, "E. C. C." Hence
a leading member of our club or-
dered a new coat and laid aside his
old one. As a new up-to-date coat
costs from \$10 to \$25, a transient
member thought to buy the laid
aside garment for about a couple of
dollars, as it was slightly worn, had
a few small ink spots and only or-
dering gilt buttons.

But such a translation was not to
be entered upon by a shrewd busi-
ness man in undue haste. Hence he
tries the coat on three times every
morning before going to as many or
more times every evening. It may
not be a perfect fit; did it wrinkle in
the back? Was it becoming his
complexion? And similar moment-
ous questions, demanded careful con-
sideration. So one evening he won
it out in making a call, and was sur-
prised to be greeted: "Hello, Fred!
When did you join the fire depart-
ment? His zeal for the coat was
dampened, but he tried it on every
day with uniform regularity. In the
midst of these things the Judge,
found it hanging over the ballus-
trade to keep its shape, tried it on,
and it fitted his Greek modeled form
like a glove, and became him like a
Glover Cleveland campaign plug
hat.

Finally our transient member said
he would put it on and wear it over
to uncle George's, and see how it
struck him, who being a connoisseur
in such matters, was delighted. De-
clared he had never seen his nephew
clad in more becoming apparel, was
a good wind to take it himself, and
when he learned his honor had tried
on the coat, was more anxious still
to own it, so that the nephew thinks
he may yet sell it to uncle George
for \$2.50.

Meanwhile the coat is to be
cleaned, pressed, etc., and await the
turn of the tide, for as Avon's bard
expressed it: "There is a tide in the
affairs of men."

An Evanson man has a ten-year-
old boy who delights in eating five
dollar bills. The youth disposed of
two of them at one sitting a few
days ago. The only serious prob-
lem seems to be the supply of five
dollar bills.

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And solicit a trial, feeling sure our superior
work will assure a continuance of your
patronage.

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succeed, one has to do one
thing, and do it well.

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We bend our every endeavor to have the choicest stock of Staple and Fancy
Groceries in Highland Park. Fresh Fruits and Vegetables received daily as
soon as they are on the market. It is anything in Groceries, telephone 46, or
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Mrs. Bock:—"Yes, ma'am; we have all the Fresh Fruits and Vegetables
in the market brought to our store every morning and all the Staple Gro-
ceries at lowest prices. Free delivery to your door."
"Thanks; all my friends speak highly of your store, and I will try you.
Good-bye."

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