

Protecting the Uncivilized.

The United States is now a party to the international treaty for protecting the natives of Africa from the drink traffic. Senator Lodge has also introduced a measure whose object is to extend similar protection to all uncivilized people. It is intended to include in the latter the prohibition of the sale of firearms as well as rum. Civilization has lagged sadly in consummating this movement, our own nation being one of the last to unite in the treaty respecting Africa. It is to be hoped that the new proposition will gain the consent of the nations at once and that these international agreements will be rigidly enforced.

—Union Gospel News.

Drinking in France.

Drinking in France is increasing to such an alarming extent that not only statesmen but other prominent men are beginning to feel the need of an active crusade against the evil. The minister of education has ordered the principles of temperance to be taught in the public schools, and temperance unions are working among the people. A noted physician of Paris, Dr. Jaquet, not long ago delivered a lecture which attracted wide attention on account of his severe rebuke to mothers who continue their drinking while nursing their children, thus causing a "wholesale poisoning of infants on the breast." To this he charges much of the drunkenness among the French people.

—Union Gospel News.

"Sympathy?"

—After all the tears of all the brewers for all the woes of our poor, distressed soldiers, it has suddenly been discovered that Uncle Sam had a few stray dimes left with which to buy sugar and ginger-snaps for the boys in blue. Up to the passage of the Army Canteen Bill we were told that to cut off the army grog was to cut off the precious little treats with which the profits of the canteen supplied the camps. The syndicate that makes most of the beer solemnly assured the readers of all American papers that unless the boys in blue were permitted to blow in their pay at the canteen there would be no more cinnamon and sugar for their cakes; whereas if the brewers were permitted to keep the canteen, so unselfish and generous they were, out of every round silver dollar the soldier put into their tills they would spend a nickel for him in chocolate bon-bons. And it went against them. And now comes forward Uncle Sam and appropriates \$700,000 for the purchase of all the extras and delicatessen the soldier needs. That is at the rate of about \$7 per man per year on the new footing of the army. And the soldier does not have to drink himself drunk every night in order to have sugar in his coffee next morning, either.

Pluck Did It.

Somebody was heard the other day criticising the extravagance of our new High school building when a by-stander remarked, that without it most of our boys could not get any education to speak of. To the careful attention of those who sincerely hold that opinion we would commend the following: Henry Clay, the "mill-boy of

the slashes," was one of the seven children of a widow too poor to send him to any but a common country school, where he was drilled only in the "three R's." But he used every spare moment to study without a teacher, and after years he was a king among self-made men. The boy who had learned to speak in a barn, with only a cow and a horse for an audience, became one of the greatest of American orators and statesmen. —The American Boy.

Good Common School Education.

Every boy and girl that is educated should be able to—

Write a good legible hand. Spell all the words in ordinary use.

Know how to use these words. Speak and write good English.

Write a good social letter. Add a column of figures rapidly.

Make out an ordinary account. Receipt it when paid.

Write an advertisement for a local paper.

Write an ordinary promissory note.

Reckon the interest or discount on it for days, months and years.

Draw an ordinary bank check. Take it to the proper place at a bank to get the cash.

Make neat and correct entries in day-book and ledger.

Tell the number of yards of carpet required for the parlor.

Measure the pile of lumber in the shed.

Tell the largest number of bushels of wheat in the largest bin, and the value at current rates.

Tell something about the laws of health, and what to do in case of emergency.

Know how to behave in public and society.

Be able to give the general principles of religion.

Have a good knowledge of the Bible.

Have some acquaintance with the three great kingdoms of nature.

Have some knowledge of the fundamental principles of philosophy and astronomy.

Have sufficient common sense to get along in the world.

—National Educator.

EDITOR NEWS LETTER:

One of the hopeful signs that I see in our present political atmosphere is the almost strange political combinations that have been formed, and, unless I greatly misinterpret the drift of affairs, there will be more scratching of tickets, both town and city, than has ever been before in Deerfield or Highland Park. This may make work for judges and the clerks on election day, but it is a hopeful condition for the tax-paying public because it means education in politics. There is almost certain to be this spring more studying of the fitness of individuals than is customary. I know this from my own feelings, and I know it because I hear the same thing from my neighbors. The ticket of township supervisor is an illustration. Both candidates are thoroughly honest, upright men; both of them are naturally capable men; therefore, in selecting I must make my choice entirely independent of any personal considerations, and this is as it should be. A man who cannot waive his personal friendships, even his kinships and

vote independently of all personal considerations for the candidate who will best perform the functions of the office, is not (at least to that extent) a good citizen.

Mr. McDonald has filled that office for two years. I have never heard a single thing in which he has not been both capable and wise. It is fair to assume that he could do much better a second term than the first. He has not been a man in the past who has been continually soliciting some office. Therefore very many will be more strongly inclined to him than to the other candidate. And, if it be true that he will prove the safer man in the office, especially at this time when the people are overburdened with taxes, then he is the man that should be elected. The same principles should apply to every other candidate in the field, both on the township ticket and on the city ticket. In the last two years the tax-payers of this city and the citizens generally have felt that the administration has been an abortion, and it has been a very expensive one. On all sides there is a general demand for change and everything indicates that a change will come. —Tax-Payer.

Misfits

The Marengo Republican is authority for the following and says a boy was expelled from school for reading this essay on pants: "Pants are made for men, and not men pants. Pants are like molasses—they are thinner in hot weather and thicker in cold. The man in the moon changes his pants during the eclipse. Don't you go to the pantry for pants. You might be mistaken. Men are often mistaken in pants. Such mistakes make breeches of promise. There has been much discussion as to whether pants is singular or plural. It seems to me when men wear pants it is plural when they don't its singular. Men go on a tear in pants, and it is all right, but when the pants go on a tear it is all wrong."

"Yes," said the man who was sitting out in front of a log house, "there is some malaria around here." "Do you suffer much from it?" "I don't suffer as much as I useter. When I'm havin' a chill, I think about how good an' warm I'll be when the fever comes, an' when I have the fever I think about how cool the chill will be, an' that way I manage to git right smart o' comfort." —Kalamazoo Gazette.

A good story was told at an election meeting. An Irishman obtained permission from his employer to attend a wedding. He turned up next day with his arm in a sling, and a black eye. "Hello! What is the matter?" said his employer.

"Well you see," said the wedding guest, "we were very merry yesterday; and I saw a fellow strutting about with a swallow-tailed coat and a white waist-coat. 'And who might you be?' said I, 'I'm the best man,' said he; and, begorra, he was, too!"

This is said to be one of the diversions occasionally indulged in at Kansas City: Solemn-faced Man (with newspaper)—Well, I see there was a singular accident at one of the slaughter houses out at the stock yards yesterday. A

man who was leaning out of an upper story window let go and dropped sixty feet and wasn't hurt a particle. Eager Listener—How did that happen? Solemn-faced Man—They were pigs' feet.—Register.

Pat: "If wan of us gets there late, and the other isn't there, how will he know if the other wan has been there and gone or if he didn't come yet?" Mike: "We'll aisly fix that. If Oi get there furrust, I'll make a chalk-mark on the sidewalk; and, if you get there furrust, you'll rub it out."

One day an interpreter was translating a remark of Mrs. Francis E. Clark, to the effect that she and the doctor were two carrier-pigeons, flitting over the globe and lighting here and there. The grave interpreter, without moving a muscle, declared to the natives attending upon his words that the two Americans were an old cock and an old hen flying about the world.—Congregationalist.

The following incident, reported over twenty years ago to the South Middlesex Conference by its president, Hon. John C. Park, has probably never found its way into print. While waiting for the train at one of the Newtons, a delegate requested an Irishman to explain why the vane on a neighboring Unitarian church pointed due north and that on the Orthodox church pointed in the exactly opposite and proper direction. His verdict was prompt and brief. "Arrah, it's for want of grass." The listeners were unable to decide whether it was a case of mispronunciation or of sarcasm.

Two brothers by the name of Pigg have petitioned the St. Louis court for a change of their name to Penk. They find it impossible to get married, as no lady will consent to become a Pigg, and have all the neighbors asking her: "How is Mr. Pigg and the little Piggies?" And more than this they are annoyed by bad boys singing under their window "Big pig, little pig, root hog or die."

There is something refreshing in the absolute astonishment that visitors to a printing office sometimes display at the commonest things.

"What is that black-looking thing standing up in that corner?" is sometimes asked by an unsophisticated observer; and the nearest typo; answers: "That is the printing-office towel. We always stand it up in the corner."

It Staggered the Crowd.

The lawyer who evidently considers life one huge, continuous joke entered the clerk's office at the city hall yesterday with an expression of extreme radiance overspreading his countenance. The clerks and others having business in the office at the time ceased their several pursuits. Experience had taught them that the aforesaid lawyer would say something of an entertaining character.

"Gather 'round, boys," he said. "I have a dandy for you this morning. It's the best so far of the year 1901."

The speaker paused. The others

silently waited for what was coming.

"Now, listen carefully," resumed the lawyer, "and note the beauty of the connection between the three sections of this little conundrum. Here it is: 'If the postmaster should visit the zoo and while there be eaten by the wild animals what o'clock would it be?'"

There was another pause. Finally the clerk in charge of the dockets ventured the answer: "It would be all day with the postmaster."

"Wrong, entirely wrong," commented the lawyer. "I didn't ask what time; I asked what o'clock would it be."

A third pause. Then by general consent the answer was requested.

The lawyer gaily announced: "Ate, P. M."

Before the gathering had recovered the lawyer had flitted from the room and was headed for the court of appeals to try the postmaster-zoo-wild animals conundrum on the higher tribunal.

—Washington Star.

The City for the People.

Six hundred pages of fact and philosophy on public ownership, direct legislation, municipal home-rule, proportional representation, the merit system of civil service, the automatic ballot, and the best means of overcoming political corruption; such is the important book entitled "The City for the People," by Professor Frank Parsons. An appendix gives the text of the leading statutes and constitutional provisions on direct legislation, municipal ownership and home-rule together with improved forms suggested for future legislation.

No question before our people to-day is of more vital interest than the problem of monopoly, and no presentation of the disadvantages of private monopoly and the benefits of public ownership that has come to our notice, possesses more clearness or force than that contained in the opening chapters of "The City for the People."

Professor Parsons' articles in the Arena and other magazines have already given him a wide reputation as a clear thinker and vigorous writer, and his book shows the same depth and breadth of research and strength of presentation which characterizes his former work. We are sure that reformers and all who are interested in progressive ideas will find it a most useful book. The "Equity Series," 1520 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, is published by Dr. C. F. Taylor, who selects the subjects to be discussed and supervises the preparation of the books. His aim is education, not profit, and this book, 600 pages, crammed with facts and arguments, is sold for fifty cents paper or one dollar cloth.

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