

It has been the keeping of the little white hearse in the stable more than it used to stay there that has done more than anything else to bring up the average of life. "Save the children!" is the cry of modern humanity and of the modern health department. Here is an illustration—one of many which could be cited, says the Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post. Last summer the health department of Rochester, N. Y.—we take one of the cities of the second class so as to make the illustration the more impressive—established in the most crowded parts of the city five stations where the purest milk could be obtained for infants, each station being in charge of a trained nurse. Dr. Goler, the health commissioner, states that a thousand lives were saved. In New York city a generous merchant has been supplying pure milk to the poor for several years, and in every instance the mortality in the sections where the stations were located was lowered. "There is nothing so cheap as human life" has long been the declaration of the pessimist, and many good people have accepted it, if not entirely at least in part. If a machine is broken, they say, it takes money to repair or replace it, and the lost time of the machine is invaluable; but if a workman is maimed or killed there is another workman ready to step into his place and the mill grinds on. But this is not the enlightened or the true view; it is not the modern creed. Every child born has its financial weight. We estimate every immigrant to be worth \$1,000 to the country, and surely our own babies are as valuable. The duty, then, as well as the problem, is not only to save the life of the tot but to bring it up under such conditions and with such encouragements and protection as will enable it to get a strong hold on life and to become one of the country's wage earners and wealth builders.

Ours must be, not "a nation of amateurs," but a nation of professionals, if it is to hold its own in the coming struggles—struggles not merely for commercial dominance, but for the supremacy of political and moral ideals, says the Atlantic. Our period of national isolation, with all its brought of good or evil, has been out-lived. The new epoch will place a heavy handicap upon ignorance of the actual world, upon indifference to international usages and undertakings, upon contempt for the foreigners. What is needed is, indeed, knowledge, and the skill that knowledge makes possible. The spirit with which we confront the national tasks of the future should have the sobriety, the firmness, the steady effectiveness, which we associate with the professional.

At the conclusion of Wu Ting-fang's address at the Fourth of July celebration in Philadelphia, one of the young women seated on the platform passed a small American flag to the distinguished Chinese diplomat, with the request that he write his autograph on one of the white bars. A fountain pen was forthcoming, and Minister Wu graciously complied. The incident was witnessed by others, and in a short time a perfect avalanche of small flags poured down upon him, with similar requests from their owners. Wu took it good naturedly and for quite awhile was kept busy inscribing his autograph.

At Wichita a small boy went into the studio of a photographer and said he wanted his picture taken. "I want it taken on my horse," said the boy, and jokingly the photographer answered: "All right, bring your horse up." The boy disappeared, but in a minute there was a smash and a bang on the stars that almost shook the building, and in came the boy leading his saddle pony. The photographer was game, however, and, finding his bluff called, he mounted the boy on his pony and took his picture.

At a revival meeting in a Georgia town a man arose and said that he was the wickedest man in the city. "I'd go to perdition if I should die tonight," he concluded. Immediately an old deacon started the hymn: "If you get there before I do, look out for me—I'm coming, too." Then the deacon wondered why everybody laughed.

"Twentieth Century Lovers' Guide" is the title of a work written by a miss who doubtless lives in a section where the young men have to have houses tumble on them in order to understand.

Many a man has sacrificed the best part of himself in his struggle for success. He has given up his friendships, torn up all the tender ties of his early years, sacrificed everything which he then held dear, to the goal of his ambition. In his mad rush for the "almighty dollar," all that is beautiful in his social life has been lost sight of. He has developed his money-getting powers, the faculties which grasp and hold, at the expense of all his nobler qualities, very truly writes Orson S. Marden, in Success. In middle life, he suddenly awakens to the fact that he no longer loves music, that his admiration for poetry and painting has evaporated. He finds that he does not linger in the glory of a sunset as he used to do. He no longer cares to lie on his back in the grass and study the stars. He finds it difficult to carry on a conversation in society as he once did. In fact, there is only one thing in life that yields him pleasure—his business. In the narrow rut, between his office or store and his home, he finds his only joys.

Mrs. Susan Auwerter, of Braddock, Pa., furnishes a prize story of the recent hurly-burly in stocks. About five years ago she purchased 18 shares of Northern Pacific, paying \$10 a share. Shortly afterwards the bottom fell out of the market and the stock became practically worthless. Her brother-in-law owned some of the stuff, but sold it for 25 cents a share and urged Mrs. Auwerter to do the same. She declined to do so, but put them up on cheap frames on the walls as a reminder of what then seemed to be a folly in making such an investment. During the whirl in Wall street, when the stock was jumping \$100 at a leap, she sent her shares to New York, where they were gobbled up at an immense figure. Now it develops that Mrs. Auwerter failed to pay an assessment levied some years ago, and there seems to be small prospects of her getting the purchase price.

One of the most notable library symptoms is the tremendous increase of interest in spiritual and theological problems, said a prominent librarian recently to a writer in the New York Sun. It is astonishing to see how many men and women are reading eagerly everything dealing with questions of life and immortality. We have a great many elderly readers who are absorbed in such literature. I suppose modern thought has upset their early beliefs, and they are struggling to readjust their theories and doctrines in the little time that is left to them. Psychology and all forms of occultism have a grip upon the public interest now, and sociological works find 20 times the number of readers they had even ten years ago. It interests me to see how many young men are delving in sociology and economics, a large proportion of them being from the working classes.

There is an opportunity in Cuba for the investment of capital, if persons investing will be content with moderate returns, says Senator O. H. Platt, in Success. I don't think our new possessions hold out any inducement for an American who proposes to support himself and to better his condition by his labor. The climate of the tropics is not favorable to the northern workingman, and the capitalist who expects to double his investment in a year or two, according to the present craze for obtaining immediate wealth, is very likely to be disappointed. Business methods, business sagacity, and contentment with reasonable returns, are likely to make ventures of capital fairly remunerative.

There is no end of odd names in North Carolina. One of the best-known men in Raleigh named his children after the states of the union, and they are among the most prominent people of that section to-day, among them being Rev. Wisconsin Royster and Vermont Connecticut Royster. Newburn is the home of Sharp Blunt. The home of Sink Quick is in Richmond county. Prof. Dred Peacock, of Greensboro, is one of the foremost educators in the state, while the home of Dawn is Raleigh.

Spain's women slaves. Nearly 1,000 women in Spain work in the fields as day laborers; 350,000 women are registered as day servants—that is, they work for their food and lodging. There is no such class anywhere else.

The Pullman Drawn a Ton. On level pavement a pull of 38 pounds will draw a ton of macadam. It takes 46 pounds and a rough gravel 147 pounds.

One of the paradoxes of waste is that the persons most addicted to it are not men and women of independent means, who can support themselves in spite of their extravagant expenditure, but the poorer classes. There is hardly an able-bodied laborer who might not become financially independent, if he would but carefully husband his receipts and guard against the little leaks of needless expense, says Prof. William Mathews, in Success. But, unfortunately, this is the one thing which the workingman finds it the hardest to do. There are a hundred laborers who are willing to work hard, to every half dozen who are willing properly to husband their earnings. Instead of hoarding a small percentage of their receipts, so as to provide against sickness or want of employment, they eat and drink up their earnings as they go, and thus, in the first financial crash, when mills and factories "shut down," and capitalists lock up their cash instead of using it in great enterprises, they are ruined. Men who thus live "from hand to mouth," never keeping more than a day's march ahead of actual want, are little better off than slaves.

One of the clerks in the Philadelphia post office found in a bundle of mail, Very Slow Mail on a recent morning, a postal card Delivery, which had been sent from Morrisville, Pa., on February 11, 1878. Morrisville is a little more than 23 miles from Philadelphia, so the clerk announced that the postal had made about a mile a year on its way and had therefore broken all records in slow transit. No one knows where the card had been during the many years, but it is not believed that it has been outside of Pennsylvania, and from its appearance it does not seem to have been shelved. The clerk said it looked as though it had been undergoing many exciting experiences during its travels. The postal card was addressed to Charles B. Horner, a nurseryman of Mount Holly, N. J. It was sent by the Glenwood nurseries, of Morrisville. A clerk accidentally read the card. He says it said: "Please come over and see us as soon as possible."

Three ships at New York are now used as sea hotels. Each evening they put out to sea and are back at the wharf at 6:30 a. m. The charge is \$1, with an additional 50 cents for a table d'hote breakfast. Bunks line the upper deck, which is protected by a watertight awning. During the day the bunks are converted into seats. On the main deck there is a handsome apartment for women and a smoking room for men. A tug tows the ships to sea and back. State-rooms with bathing facilities are provided for those who want them. This noyel fleet has been organized by Mr. John Arbuckle, who will devote the profits to charity. The Saturday evening boats remain at sea until Monday morning. In case a passenger is disorderly he is taken to the tug and confined.

Assistant Secretary of State Adee, who is very deaf, has a unique device for appraising him of the intrusion of a visitor. He has a teapot slung over the back of his chair by a string, the end of which is tied to the doorknob. When a visitor enters, the door, swinging open, raises the teapot to a level with the assistant secretary's head. As the visitor advances, the door, closing, lets the teapot swing down till it touches the floor with a crash. The visitor usually gives a leap of surprise and fear, and the assistant secretary state, apprised by the crash, looks up with a glad smile, extends his hand, and says to the unnerved visitor: "What can I do for you?"

Texas is becoming very gay. State Geologist Dumble has disclosed to the people of that state sources of mineral wealth that are astounding. He says that in one county alone, that of Cherokee, there are 60,000,000 tons of rich iron ore in sight, and that in east Texas, as a whole, there are 3,000,000,000 tons. And by the side of this ore lies all the coal necessary to work the ore into shape. The geologist makes the flat statement that "no country in the world has cheaper material for something iron than east Texas."

How California women keep so young has long been a mystery, but Mrs. Worthington, of Monterey, addressing a meeting of women, explained that she had celebrated her seventeenth birthday twice. This was better than celebrating up to 34 and then stopping.

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