

THE MILK-WEED PERIL.

Dan Sheaben, the popular milk man, is in trouble; that is, he thinks he is. He has just read that the enterprising farmers of a certain New England state have discovered that the common milk-weed, the *asclepiadaceae cornuti*, by careful cultivation, enriching, etc., can be made to produce large quantities of good, sweet, nutritious milk. By cultivation the weeds can be made

into a good-sized little tree. They tap the trees, just as they do sugar maples, with a $\frac{3}{8}$ -inch bit and spout, hang on a tin bucket and get a pailful of milk each day, and sometimes an extra one during the night.

Mr. Sheaben bears that the farmers out there are turning their cows into beef and will depend exclusively on the milk-weed dairies. What troubles Dan is that the old judge will hear of it, start a milk-weed bed in his garden, set the town on fire for milk-weed beds and knock his business higher than Gilderoy's kite. That is what makes him look so pale and thin—he lies awake nights thinking over the milk-weed peril.

NEW LAUNDRY.

The Park is the proud possessor of a new laundry. Mr. Charles F. Riley, for some six or eight years the foreman in a big laundry establishment in Chicago, has taken the Ortlund stand on Laurel avenue (west), fitted it up with the latest and best machinery, and will turn out first-class work in every respect. He says he will make a specialty of hand ironing of shirts—that is, he will do up our linen "like mother used to do it."

There is work enough here for two good shops. A little competition will tend to keep more work here at home and give better and more prompt service. His phone is No. 40.

ABOUT THE PHILIPPINES.

Sergeant Thompson, of the Fort, spoke in the Baptist lecture room to a large audience Wednesday evening of his three years' life in the Philippines. He is not a public speaker and was quite diffident at first, but to us it was quite deeply interesting for the whole forty-five minutes. He is an imperialist, but for all that he gave us lots of valuable information. He has seen the "water cure" applied many times. He has an intense dislike of the Tagalogs, but he knows a lot about the people, country and the war.

Who's News-Letter are you reading?

THE "CHINA SHINE."

The parishioners of Rev. A. A. Pfanstiehl learned that Saturday, the 10th, would be the twentieth anniversary of the pastor and Mrs. Pfanstiehl's marriage, and determined to observe the occasion in a fitting manner. Hence they prepared crates, boxes, baskets and armsful of china, Haviland, of course, for the manse. The result was china galore, loading down an immense table, besides that

many select pieces, as Mrs. W. B. White's cup and saucer, which she picked up last summer on a jaunt with her husband through the Emerald Isle. It is a choice and rare collection.

Mrs. Charles Everett and Miss Harrington presided at the piano. Mr. and Mrs. Pfanstiehl came in to greet their guests as the wedding march was rendered. Mr. Anderson sang a few solos, after his inimitable manner, and Father Street became a boy again and "spoke a piece" just fitted to the occasion.

The ladies of the parish served ice cream and cake, and at a seasonable hour the company dispersed, having enjoyed a most delightful evening. The event was a complete surprise to Mr. and Mrs. Pfanstiehl, which made it all the more enjoyable.

WORK THREE CITIES.

It is claimed that a gang of bicycle thieves are

Kenosha, Racine and Milwaukee, and that the thieves are making large sums of money by stealing wheels. During the last few weeks five wheels have been stolen in Kenosha, seven in Racine and six in Milwaukee. It is claimed that a gang visits a town and one of the number steals a new wheel. He manages to get to the limits of the town with the wheel, when he meets one of his companions in crime and the latter takes the name plate from the wheel and puts on a new one, changes the saddle and rides away. With these changes there is little trouble in disposing of the wheel. Several wheels recently stolen in Kenosha have been recovered, but there are still many which are missing, and the theft of which has not been reported to the police.—Waukegan Gazette.

A Boston poetess is the author of the following verse:

The devil sends the wicked wind
That blows our skirts knee high;
But God is good and sends the dust
That blinds the bad man's eye.

The gifted lady was evidently unaware of the fact that there is a very effective dust protector for the eyes that is within the reach of all men.

LOST AN ARM.

Last Friday night about 11 o'clock H. Thume, a member of the Twentieth Infantry at Fort Sheridan, was struck by a Chicago & Milwaukee electric car near Vine avenue, and his left arm was run over and crushed at the elbow. He was picked up by the crew and brought to the Hotel Ingleside, where Dr. Ingalls amputated the member above the elbow. He was then taken to the hospital at the fort. Later a second

amputation was found necessary, the arm being so badly crushed that the surgeons removed it at the shoulder.

The story told as to how it happened is that a couple of days previous to the accident he was held up and robbed of \$110, and he immediately started out to drown his troubles in whisky, and wandered onto the electric tracks with the result that he added the loss of an arm to the \$110.

At last account he was on the way towards recovery.

We will be thankful for any item of local news or matter of public interest. Telephone No. 92 or 773

A little paragraph is going the rounds of the papers that suggests a train of thought, in fact two trains. It is the record of human life, and here it is: Born, welcomed, caressed, cried, fed, grew, amused, reared, studied, examined, graduated, in

love, loved, engaged, married, quarrelled, reconciled, sugered, deserted, taken ill, died, mourned, buried and forgotten.

Here's one on the better half of a newly married couple who went to Chicago from Starke county a short time ago to spend their honeymoon. One day the bride, finding that she needed to purchase a few small articles, left the young husband and hotel to go shopping. She returned shortly and went upstairs to the door she supposed opened into her own room, and tapping gently at the door, she called affectionately, "let me in." No response came and she knocked again and called in insinuating tones: "Honey, please let me in." "Madam," answered a gruff, strange voice from within, "this is no bee-hive. This is the bath room."

Regulate your advertising expenditure to fit the season, but do not stop it any more than you would stop doing business for a month or two and then expect to reopen the store and go right ahead from where you left off—one is as sensible as the other; the argument applies to both.

WHEN SCHOOL IS OUT IN JUNE.

I hate t' go t' school in spring—
So much fun out o' doors!
I always get spring fever, too,
And hate to do the chores.
Sometimes I want t' quit, but ma
says "School will be out soon;
It's time enough fer you t' stop
When school lets out in June."

I look out through th' window at
The woods all green an' cool,
An' wish th't I wuz there instead
O' bein' here in school;
I'd jest play hookey if I da'st,

But if pa knew it I'd be dead
When school lets out in June.

It's lots o' fun to chase chipmunks,
An' lay 'round in th' shade,
An' go a swimmin' in th' erick,
Or h'ist yer pants an' wade;
An' once, down in the holler, Pup
And I we treed a coon,
An' got him, too! I wish 'twas time
When school lets out in June!

I wish I wuz that bumblebee—
He flew rigt through th' door
An' out th' winder—bet I'p never
Come back here any more!
I wouldn't have t' speak a piece
And feel jest like a loon;
I'd be a long way off from here
When school lets out in June.

—Selected.

The postal authorities at Washington, recognizing the liability of postmasters to make mistakes in getting letters in wrong boxes, have fixed a penalty of \$200 on persons taking mail out of the office other than their own and not returning it. The law is to have people look at

their mail before taking it out of the office and if they should have mail other than their own they must return it at once. It also includes newspapers. The excuse that it is the postmaster's fault cuts no figure. If you have been getting other people's mail you had better take warning or you will get yourself in trouble.

A wealthy man was about to pass to his reward, says an exchange, and the attending physician informed him that he had better send for a lawyer to draw up his will, which was done. When told that he could survive only a few hours, he turned to the physician, asking how much his bill was, and he replied, "\$100." He then turned to the lawyer, who had spent two minutes in drawing up his will, and asked him what his bill was. The lawyer said that \$100 would be about right. "Then," said the dying man, "I want one of you gentlemen to kneel on one side of the bed and the other man on the other side." This request was complied with. "And now," said the sick man, "I can die as my Savior died—between two thieves," and he calmly crossed the river.