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DANIEL COLE

The people of this community were shocked this forenoon to hear of the sudden death of Mr. Cole. It seems he had taken a load of kindling wood down to the home of Samuel Bowden on the east side of the railroad tracks at Ravinia, and on his return was re-crossing the tracks when his wagon was hit by an electric car and Mr. Cole instantly killed and the wagon badly broken up. The car was in charge of Edward Nolan, as motorman, who was also in charge of the car which killed the late aged Mr. Stuart near the Laurel avenue viaduct. Mr. Cole was killed at the Ravinia crossing just north of the depot.

Daniel Cole was born July 25, 1844 in Jefferson, and has lived here some thirty years. He was well and widely known to everybody as "Dan" and was a skillful veterinarian. He was everybody's friend, the advocate and warm supporter of good men and measures for town and city government.

His father was accidentally killed in 1853, and his mother, Mrs. Elizabeth Willard was killed here in 1893 at the Central avenue railroad crossing.

He leaves a wife and three children, Mrs. Edward Zimmer, Albert, his only son married, and Miss Mabel, so long in the Telephone Exchange. As we go to press the coroners inquest is in session.

FOR RENT

A new modern 12-room house; electric lights, gas, 2 bathrooms, laundry, hot water and hot air furnace and all conveniences. Address B. F. Gump, Highland Park.

Hindoo Thieves Would Not Steal the "Doctored" Oil Used in American Machinery.

The prejudice against blood that is a part of the religion of the Hindoos has been made to serve a useful purpose. When the American engineers were building an electric power station in the Mysore territory in southern India they found that something was wrong with the lubrication of the machinery. The oil disappeared. They discovered that a Hindoo must, by his religion, take a periodical bath in oil. The workmen had drained the bearings for bathing purposes.

How to stop the thieving was a puzzling problem until some one solved it. The Hindoo does not eat meat and he will not touch anything that has blood in it. Two or three animals were killed, therefore, and blood was dripped into the bearings. There was no more stealing of oil, however many other things were stolen.

THE HUNTER'S MONTH.

Loads of Large Game Being Shipped to the Cities—Friendly Cameras Protect Wild Life.

For a great part of the country the hunting season has opened. In a little while one will begin to see in the papers figures setting forth the amount of game shipped from each station on certain railroads which reach the big woods.

To sensitive persons, says the Youth's Companion, the numbers are appalling, and the sights in the baggage cars would be still more repugnant. The carcasses of deer and of an occasional moose are piled one above another almost to the roof, and among them are many does and fawns. Yet before the passage of adequate game laws the conditions were worse. Deer were shipped by the schooner load from Maine to Boston, and birds by the barrel. There are still too many—far too many—killed, but the number is lessening.

Nature study in the schools and the manufacture of good cameras, which can be sold at a low price, have done much to protect the lives of animals. Those stories of the woods which give wild animals the attributes and feelings of human beings may be, doubtless, poor science, but they are not bad morals. They do at least foster sympathy and encourage an altruistic imagination. To know the woodchuck intimately robs one of the desire to make a target of him, and a stump or an empty can does duty instead. The camera gratifies that love of the chase which is inherent in healthy young boys and men, and fosters it without the pain of killing.

OLD PUBLIC LIBRARIES.

Anglo-Saxon Kings Founded Many Before Norman Invasion of England—Books Were Costly Then.

Though it is the popular idea that public libraries are of modern origin, there is proof that the Anglo-Saxon kings of England were disposed to erect them and works were brought from Ireland where sciences had been much earlier cultivated than in Great Britain. But the invasion of the Normans, says the Chicago Daily News, stopped the spread of libraries and the first in England after the conquest was established at Oxford, in Durham (now Trinity) college, in the thirteenth century by Richard de Bury who purchased from 30 to 40 volumes of the abbot of St. Alban's for 50 pounds weight of silver. Before that time books were kept in chests and not in a room styled a library. At the end of the seventeenth century there were only six public libraries in Great Britain. The first circulating library was founded by Allan Ramsay in 1725, whence he diffused plays and works of fiction among the people of Edinburgh. So successful were Ramsay's efforts, that it is said that within 70 years nearly every town and large village possessed a library. The first in London was started by Botho, a bookseller, in 1740. Birmingham obtained its first circulating library in 1751. The next step was the free library, Manchester possessing the first in 1850, being quickly followed by Liverpool, Birmingham and other large towns.

"Towers of Babel" is what a New York man calls the tall buildings going up in that city, not because they are so high, but because there is a babel of tongues among the workmen employed on them. Irish and German, Italian and Scotch, with now and then a native-born American, work side by side.

DANGERS OF CIVILIZATION.

Bashful Young Man Has a Streak of Hard Luck at His Best Girl's Home.

A young man from Silver Lake called to spend the evening with a Jastle Rock girl the other night, says the Castle Rock (Ore.) Advocate. A storm came up and the girl's father asked him to remain over night. He was a bashful young man and the next morning when he was invited to a seat at the table he very reluctantly accepted. He sat opposite the mirror and discovered that he had forgotten to comb his hair. Then he dropped his fork on the floor and as he stooped to pick it up he upset his coffee. Matters went from bad to worse until the young man quit eating and put his hands under the table.

The loose end of the tablecloth was lying in his lap and when he touched it he turned pale. He thought it was his shirt and in his nervous excitement while dressing he had forgotten to put the garment inside his trousers. There was no time to lose. He hurriedly stuffed the supposed shirt inside his trousers. Two minutes later when the family arose from the table there was a crash. The dishes lay in a broken mass on the floor. The young man pulled three feet of the tablecloth out of his pants and fled through the door. He is now hiding and the girl is looking for a less bashful lover.

MAKING PRECIOUS STONES.

Chips of the Ruby Turned Into Stones of Commercial Size—Are Pronounced Genuine.

Rudolph Oblatt, a chemist and expert on precious stones, is reported to have invented a process for the fusing of particles of ruby, known as ruby waste, into stones of a commercial size. The stones which he has produced have received considerable attention from local geologists and are pronounced genuine. He selects, says the New York Commercial, from the small, rough, genuine ruby particles whose colors and qualities are practically the same. One chip he places upon the top of a U-shaped platinum tube. He then applies the heat, which is concentrated by a special process and forced upon the ruby with an air pressure of 800 pounds. As the chip is melted he adds other chips until he has built up a genuine ruby whose weight varies from five to ten carats. The operation requires from one to two hours.

After the ruby has been produced a difficult task remains—that of cooling of the stone, which is at a tremendous heat. This is accomplished by a scientific process which prevents cracking. The ruby is sent to the precious-stone cutters, where it passes exactly through the same process as a stone from the Burmah mines.

The Hereros, now in rebellion against Germany, have a pretty fair opinion of themselves and of their chief. One of their songs begins: "What is the king of England, what is the king of Germany compared with thee, O Mahero, first among all princes? Have they so many cattle as thou? No! Who is so mighty as art thou?" The Hereros despise Europeans. The name for a European is "otyrumbo"—"white thing."

Ancients Had Pins.

Pins have been found among the Egyptian mummies and in the prehistoric caves of Switzerland.