

A Pinless People.

A member of the Chinese legation, clad in splendid, pale hued silks, was talking. "Pins," he said, "cause untidy habits. We have no pins in China. The right way to fasten things is with buttons and buttonholes or with loops and frogs. To fasten things with pins is to make use of an untidy makeshift. To employ pins is to become lazy and slovenly. We have no pins in China. Certain foreign manufacturers shipped millions of them to us in the past, but we sent them back. We had no use for them. We were too neat."

They Love Dante.

A magnificent upper chamber of the municipal palace (the Palazzo Vecchio) in Florence is set apart in memory of the great poet Dante. To it each of the sixty-nine provinces and all of the larger cities and towns of united Italy have contributed a banner in his honor. There are over 300 of these banners in all, and the donors, in eager emulation, have tried to make each offering more beautiful than the others. The banners are of the differing colors of the provinces and bear their arms in exquisite embroidery or in paintings by the first living artists. The fervor of the homage paid here to the immortal Italian poet stirs the heart of even the passing stranger. Whatever the jealousies or estrangement of these people, beside his tomb they are united.

Six Hundred Years Without a Doctor.

According to Pliny, Rome flourished for 600 years without a doctor. It is maintained by some, however, that when making this statement Pliny was not aware that certain Greek physicians resided in Rome at least during a part of the period named. But there is certainly no question that in the early days of its history physicians were very scarce in Rome and doubtless because there was little occasion for their services. With the advance of civilization maladies have multiplied, and with the increase of disease there has been a proportionate increase of physicians.

Not a Barber Shop.

A Connecticut clergyman, says a writer in Lippincott's, while visiting friends once tucked his napkin into his collar to protect his clothing from the juice of the grape fruit at breakfast. He laughed as he did it and said it reminded him of a man he once knew who rushed into a restaurant and, seating himself at a table, proceeded to tuck his napkin under his chin. He then called a waiter and said, "Can I get luncheon here?"

"Yes," responded the waiter in a dignified manner, "but not a shampoo."

Some Little Excuse.

"What have you to say as to this charge that you kissed this girl?"

"I admit it, but there were extenuating circumstances."

"What were they?"

"She sat in my lap and threw her arms around my neck."—New York Press.

Terse.

First Ward Leader—Do you have any trouble keeping your voters in line?
Second Ward Leader—Oh, no; a word to the guys is sufficient.—Philadelphia Record.

The architects of most air castles occupy garret apartments.—New Orleans Picayune.

THE WORLD OF THE DIVER.

His One Great Danger Lies in His Utter Helplessness.

Every surrounding, every condition, almost every detail of the submarine diver's work is as if invented by the romancist for a setting to a weird, uncanny tale.

The one great danger to the submarine diver lies in his utter helplessness. No matter how or where he turns in his marvelous world, where even the very laws of nature seem turned topsy turvy, he is handicapped with odds against the life within him. Groping in the murk of the pitchy darkness of a river bottom or crouching on the sands in the green gray twilight of an ocean bed, he works alone, a monster headed, awkward, hideous creature, squeezed as if in a vise by the tons upon tons of water surrounding him and clad in a cumbersome, unwieldy armor, stiff as sole leather, which often proves his casket.

From the instant the helmet is screwed down and the "helper" grasps the life line and lowers the diver hand over hand, the "click, click, click," of the pumps bringing fresh air and the hiss of the escape valve carrying away the "used up" air, sound in the diver's ears. The "click, click, click," becomes part of his subconscious self. He is listening for it always, ever; not a "click" escapes him. He starts violently at the slightest irregularity of the sound. He listens for it so intently that to save his soul he cannot count correctly 100 bricks into a bucket, taking them one at a time.—A. W. Rolker in Appleton's.

AN ODD BIRD SPECIES.

She Does the Courting and He Most of the Nursery Work.

Wilson's phalarope is very common in nearly all parts of the northwestern prairies wherever there are grassy pools or sloughs. It is a quiet, beautiful little bird, with no immodest outcries, feeding prettily along the moist margins of the sloughs and not distressing itself over our presence. From nearly every standpoint this phalarope, like all other species of its class, is an anomaly among the birds. Apparently a land bird, it has partially webbed or scalloped feet and is a good and graceful swimmer. The female is the larger and handsomer of the pair. She does the courting and he most of the subsequent incubation and nursery work. He is duly meek and obedient, as becomes the husband of an amazon, for so worthy and strenuous a young female as she will not tolerate a buck hanging around idle when there is plenty of useful work to be done. For her part, to lay eggs so big that the chicks are clothed and able to run at birth is all that should reasonably be expected of her. Their marital relations are otherwise scandalous from our point of view. Two or three idle, vainglorious females are often seen devoting themselves to one little male at the height of the nesting season, and no one seems to be sure whether or not he is the husband of any one or all of them. Anyhow, they are all head over ears in love with him.—Herbert K. Job in Outing Magazine.

A Lucky Escape.

During the Spanish war, while the battleships were on blockade at Santiago, it was customary to load the six pounder guns every evening to protect against possible torpedo boat attack. While the triggers were being eased down one of the guns on the Massachusetts was accidentally discharged, the shot passing over the quarter deck of the Texas, which was lying next in the blockading line. All the officers of the Texas were on deck smoking and talking when the shot passed a few feet above their heads. Almost before it struck the water a signal was started on the Texas from its commanding officer, Captain Jack Phillips, to the commanding officer of the Massachusetts. The signal was, "Good line, but a trifle high."—Harper's Weekly.

60 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

PATENTS

TRADE MARKS
DESIGNS
COPYRIGHTS & C.

Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communication strictly confidential. HANDBOOK on Patents sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents. Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive special notice, without charge, in the

Scientific American.

A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, \$3 a year; four months, \$1. Sold by all newsdealers.

MUNN & Co., 301 Broadway, New York
Branch Office, 625 F St., Washington, D. C.

Telephone All Dep'ts **The Fair** Private Exchange 3
CHICAGO, ILL.—State, Adams and Dearborn Sts.

SPECIAL NOTICE

To Residents of

Evanston	Fort Sheridan	Lakeside
North Evanston	Grosse Point	Highland Park
Wilmette	Highwood	Lake Forest
Winnetka	Kenilworth	Glencoe
Ravinia	Llewellyn Park	

Goods Purchased **TODAY** delivered **TOMORROW**

DELIVERIES

of all purchases will hereafter be made by our own wagons and our own drivers, under our own direct supervision, instead of by Suburban Express Companies, as heretofore. By this change, we hope to vastly improve our delivery service, in which we are aiming at perfection.

Suggestions as to how we may better serve your interests in any direction, will be gladly received and given careful consideration.

Respectfully,
THE FAIR

A. H. YAGER
EXPRESSING and
FREIGHT TRANSFER
FURNITURE MOVING
All Orders Given Prompt Attention
Office at Laegeler's
Drug Store

For Sale
Cut flowers, Bulbs and Bedding Plants of all kinds
Perennial Plants and Shrubs
RALPH J. SOUTHERTON
FLORIST & LANDSCAPE GARDENER
Phone 1231
Moraine Road—Highland Park, Ill.

FRANK SILJESTROM
Ice, Coal, Coke
Wood and Kindling
Office and Yard
FIRST STREET AND ELM PLACE
Phone 65
HIGHLAND PARK, ILL.