

Our Outlook

be bought off. Even if the courts of the United States were not strong enough to reach him, Rockefeller must face the inevitable judgment that attaches to him who "bulldeth a city with blood" and "oppresseth the poor to increase his riches."

Life-Sacrifice for Lepers

What an infinite distance there is between the purpose and spirit of the hunted oil king and the man and who is willing to consecrate his life to the relief and help of suffering and helpless humanity.

Mr. French who is a commandant in the Salvation Army is now at Honolulu arranging to open a leper's mission and his wife offers to go and together they will share this absolute surrender of life's social joys and prospects and give themselves to the cause of the lepers.

It is not said what provision they will make for their family who we presume must remain behind with the knowledge that their parents will be as truly dead to them as though buried in the public cemetery. The family consists of five children ranging from sixteen to nine years of age.

GLEANINGS--WISE AND OTHERWISE

"What are those splendid silver cups for?" asked the man in the jeweller's shop. "Those, sir, are race cups, to be awarded as prizes. Well, if that is so," said the stranger, taking the largest in one of his hands, "suppose you race me for this one." He started off, with the jeweller after him, but the stranger won!

In a little village in Illinois the school mistress saw one of the little boys crying. She inquired the reason. "Some of the big boys made me kiss a little girl out in the school yard," was the reply.

"Why, that was outrageous! Why did you not come right to me?"

"I didn't know you would let me kiss you," he said.

The following letter, written by an amorous swain of the Emerald Isle to his lady fair, is unique for its Irish bulls: "My darling Peggy,—I met you last night, and you never came! I'll meet you again to-night, whether you come or whether you stop away. If I'm there first, sure I'll write my name on the gate to tell you of it; and if it's you that's first, why, rub it out, darlin', and no one will be the wiser. I'll never fail to be at the trystin'-place, Peggy, for, faith, I can't keep away from the spot where you are, whether you're there or whether you're not.—Your own Paddy."

Stern of mien and keen of eye, the school inspector was examining the boys on arithmetic. "Now," he said, "I'll jst set you one more sum. If a cat falls down a bottomless well, and for every two feet it climbs up it falls

down three, how long will it take to get out of the well?" One boy got hold of a slate, and after filling both sides of it with a mass of figures, asked for another slate. "Good gracious, boy!" snapped the inspector; "haven't you the sense to see that the cat will never get out of the well?" "Don't be in a hurry, sir," replied the boy. "There's plenty of time, and heaps more slates. If you wait long enough, I'll bring the little beggar out in Australia."

A negro's definition of a bigot was given in the following terms: "A bigot,—why, a bigot am a man what knows too much for one and not-enough for two."

A young woman was asked in company where Shakespeare's plays were being discussed, if she enjoyed Romeo and Juliet. She replied that she had never read "Juliet," but she thought Romeo was just lovely.

A certain German professor of music to be met with in English drawing-rooms is an entertaining old gentleman. To him recently a lady said, when one of his compositions had just been rendered by one of the guests, "How did you like the rendering of your song, professor?" "Vas dot my song?" replied the professor, "I did not know him."

An Irish clergyman during his first curacy found the ladies of the parish too helpful. He soon left the place. One day thereafter he met his successor. "How are you getting on with the ladies?" asked the escaped curate.

"Oh, very well," was the answer; "there's safety in numbers."

"I found it in Exodus," was the quick reply.

Doyle and Yelverton, the two eminent members of the Irish bar, quarreled one day so violently that they came to hard blows. Doyle, a powerful man, knocked down Yelverton twice, vehemently exclaiming, "You scoundrel, I'll make you behave yourself like a gentleman!" To which Yelverton, rising, replied, with equal indignation, "No sir; never; I defy you. You could not do it!"

"O mother," cried a youngster who had been visiting an elder brother in school, "I learned lots to-day."

"What was one thing you learned?" asked the parent.

"I learned in the 'rithmetic class," was the reply, "that the square of the base and perpendicular of a right-handed triangle is equal to the sum of the hippopotamus."

Senator Hoar was showing some Massachusetts visitors about Washington, D. C., one day, and was pointing out a magnificent old residence built years ago by a famous and rather shady lawyer of his time.

"Why," the senator was asked, "was he able to build a house like that by his practice?"

"Yes," replied Hoar, "by his practice and his practices."

Little Jeannette's mother found her one day with her face covered with jam from ear to ear. "O Jeannette,"

said her mother, "what would you think if you caught me looing like that some day?"

"I should think you'd had an awful good time, mamma."

RELIC OF SCOTTISH QUEEN.

Englishman Owns Handbag Once Property of Unfortunate Mary.

In the possession of Dr. A. F. Germain of Brighton, England, is a beautiful embroidered little handbag. It is an interesting relic of a bygone time, and figured in a famous scene. When the unfortunate Mary, queen of Scots, was led to execution this little satchel of violet velvet formed part of the costume she wore. It contained a rare and costly handkerchief. As she passed to the block, Mary took the dainty handkerchief out and handed the bag to her favorite attendant, Lady Jane Douglas. She cherished it ever after as a memento of her lamented queen. The little bag is made more interesting and valuable by the fact that Queen Mary herself embroidered and made it. The needlework is very beautiful and rare, being peculiar to the time of the beautiful young queen. Until recently the bag has been in the possession of the Douglas family in Scotland, being kept at Castle Dumfries among the family heirlooms. A late Lady Douglas presented it to a favorite brother-in-law, Sir William Watkins Wynn, and this gentleman, realizing the appreciation of Dr. A. F. Germain for this interesting relic of the unfortunate Queen Mary, gave it to him, and it is still in his possession. The bag is prized very highly by Dr. Germain, and he keeps it in a glass case, with a descriptive historical note attached to it.

DO BEST WORK AT NIGHT.

Quiet Hours the Proper Time for Intellectual Labor.

Prof. Victor Hallepeau of the Paris Academy of Medicine declares that the best intellectual work can be accomplished between midnight and dawn. "The true secret of long continued, valuable brain work," he says, "is to cut the night in two. The scholar, the inventor, the financier, the literary creator should be asleep every night at ten o'clock, to wake again at, say two, in the morning. Three hours' work, from two to five, in the absolute tranquillity of the silent hours, should mean the revealing of new powers, new possibilities, a wealth of ideas undreamed of under the prevailing system. From eight to eight or 8:30 sleep again. Take up again the day's work; the brain will still be saturated with the mental fruits of the night vigil; there will be no effort in putting into practice or carrying further what was planned or begun those few hours before. The habit may be hard to acquire, but mechanical means of waking at first will induce the predisposition."

Putting It Mildly.

"You resent that critic's opinions?" "Not at all," answered Mr. Stormington Barnes. "What I resent is his egotistic presumption in considering his opinions to sufficient importance to warrant their public expression."

Albert Larson

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