

ONE OF WOMEN'S CHARMS.

Sense of Reserve Said to Add Much to Attractiveness.

A woman, especially to be attractive, must preserve a sense of reserve; she must, so to speak, keep up a certain amount of mystery about herself. There is a folklore tale of a woman who, finding her married life unhappy, went to a white witch for a charm against the trouble. She received a flask filled with a colorless liquid, which she was directed to take and hold in her mouth whenever she was disposed to quarrel with her husband. She obeyed directions, and, delighted with the effect of the charm, went back to the witch for a fresh supply when that was exhausted. "The liquid was merely water," said the wise woman. "The virtue of the remedy consists simply in holding your tongue in keeping back angry answers." To adopt the rule, says Woman's Life, once given to a gushing girl by a friend who knew the world, "Never speak of yourself, and never say anything which is uncalled for," would at first seem likely to make Trappists of all the world; yet it is to be questioned whether, after all, the advice was not wise. There always are people who like to talk, whose favor is to be won by interested listening, and good listeners are rare.

CHANCE FOR A HOME-RUN.

Schoolboy's Comment on Absence of Attraction of Gravitation.

A clever teacher, who has the power of calling out originality in her pupils, says that she would have no use for text books if she took time to answer all the startling questions asked in the class-room. One day the attraction of gravitation was under discussion, when one of the boys said that he didn't see any need of it, anyway. "It seems to me," said he, "there's no particular use in having the earth attract things. Now, when the apple fell, and made Newton think out the reason for it, that apple might just as well have stayed where it was until somebody gathered it." "You play ball, don't you?" asked the teacher. "Well, suppose you knock the ball very high, what happens?" "It falls." "But if there were no attraction towards the earth, it wouldn't fall. Don't you think that might prove inconvenient?" "My!" cried the boy; "what a bully chance for a home-run!"

Joined the Dead at Their Meal.

In the medical press is a story of a man who believed that he was dead and who for that reason refused to take any nourishment. "How can the dead eat and drink?" he asked, when food was pressed upon him. It was obvious that unless something were done to bring him to his senses the delusion must soon become actuality; he would die of starvation. The strangest ruse was tried. Half a dozen attendants, draped in ghostly white, crept silently in single file into the room adjoining his, and, with the door open, sat down where he could see them to a hearty meal. "Here, who are these people?" inquired the patient. "Dead men," answered the doctor. "What!" said the other. "Do dead men eat?" "To be sure they do, as you see for yourself," was the an-

swer. "Well," said the corpse, "if that is so, I'll join them, for I'm starving." The spell was broken, and he sat down and ate like 40 famished men.

Eating Stew Through Straws.

Doing as my Indian friends did, I seized in my turn a chunk of mutton from the kettle and proceeded to eat it. How I was to get my share of the stew, however, I could not conceive, as licking one's fingers is a slow process and inadequately nourishing. On the floor table, however, was a pile of what looked like dark blue lead pencils. The governor took one, stuck it into the kettle and peacefully sucked until he was satisfied. It was simply sucking—not lemonade—but mutton stew, through a straw. Then he carefully proceeded to eat the straw. Sucking the stew through it had softened and flavored it for eating. I mastered the game at the first trial, writes Frederick Monsen in the Craftsman, and from that time was a devoted adherent to piki bread, as well as to many other dishes and customs of my good friends, the Hopi.

What More Could Be Asked?

"On the way down here from up home I saw your advertisement in the paper," said "Ozzy" Hitchcock, as he entered the office of the New Notion company in his Sunday suit, his boots creaking at every step. "I'm here in the city to get work." "I hardly think you're just the man we need now," and the clerk in charge surveyed his caller with an unflattering gaze. "You spoke of wanting a young man with a good address," said "Ozzy," in his loud, clear, district-school voice. "I guess Laneville, N. H., is as good as any you could find, and father has the only store in the place."—Youths' Companion.

Quality of Trustworthiness.

People would try harder for trustworthiness if they knew how lovable a quality it is. When you know you can rely upon anyone, that whatever they undertake to do will be done, that you can really pass over a share of your load to them, you cannot help liking them. On the other hand, it does not matter how amiable men be, if they are forgetful, if they are unpunctual, if they habitually neglect, they become sources of such annoyance that one's liking is apt to die out.—W. R. Nicoll.

They Moved Down to Boston.

Mrs. H. G. Wells and other grown-ups have had their merry gibes at Boston, but here is a little miss whose unconscious irony puts their best efforts to shame. "Why," asked Dorothy the other night on going to bed; "why can't we see fairies?" "Because they do not live in the fields and woods here any more," replied her nurse. "Where are they, then—in heaven?" "Perhaps so." "Oh, I know," said Dorothy after a moment of silent thought. "The angels got tired of their old mansions in the skies, so they let the fairies have them and moved to Boston."—Judge.

Not a Botanist.

"When we were out automobiling on the boulevard yesterday I stopped to look at the rhododendrons." "What part of the car is that?"

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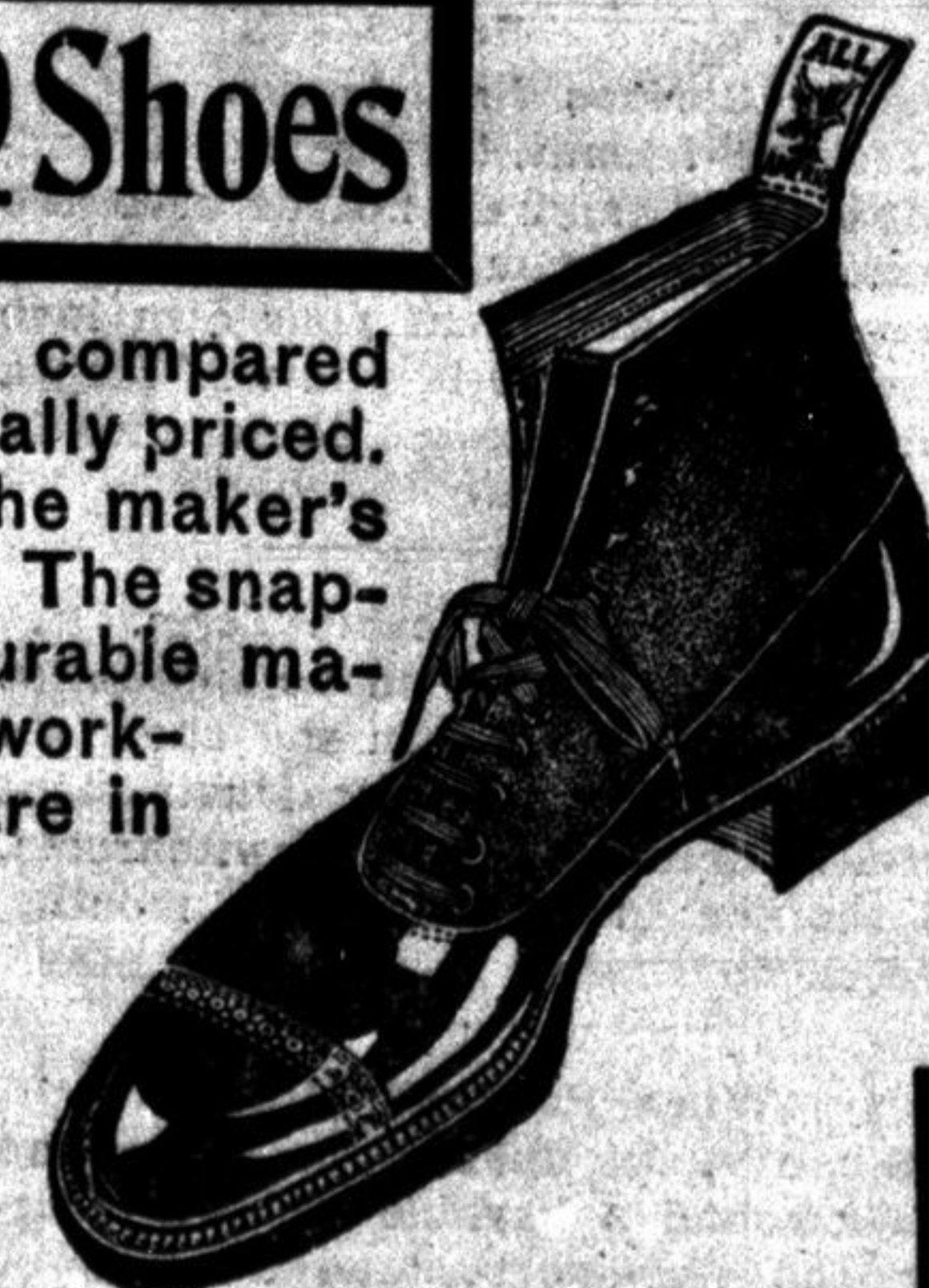
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