

TRAVEL IN PICTURE AND IN STORY.

AT RAVINIA PARK THEATRE.

North Shore people are to be congratulated in the prospect of so fine and entertaining a course of musical lectures as those of Dr. Edward Burton McDowell. The first lecture on Jan. 7th will take the audience to Samoa and will undoubtedly be a very instructive lecture. The sec-



DR. EDWARD B. MACDOWELL.

ond lecture will treat of Panama on Jan. 14th, when the moving pictures will display the characteristics of the country and the scene will be presented in picture effects.

The last two lectures will be on Cuba and Jamaica. Tickets are now on sale and there ought to be a very ready and prompt sale of the season tickets which are now on sale.

OLD HICKORY CHIPS.

The firm of "Cannon and Gompers, labor leading and legislative business attended to," has not been formed in Washington.

Tom Johnson now has the credit not only of having defeated Burton and Roosevelt, but of having made a hole in the Taft boom.

If the Pittsburgh Dispatch is to be believed, tigers have weak lungs and cannot run over half a mile, but observers of the Tammany variety in N. Y., are inclined to doubt the statement.

At the age of seventy, Andrew Carnegie is living proof that the work of signing checks for large amounts does not necessarily shorten life.

The only thing likely to be done unanimously, and with enthusiasm by this Congress is the drawing of the mileage and monthly stipend.

An Iowa exchange says: "Next to a million dollars, a hearty laugh is about as pleasant a thing for the folks that haven't the million dollars.

A North Carolina man recently stole a box full of sermons from a preacher in that state. Possibly he thought that the preacher, like Shakespeare, should never repeat.

The Birmingham Age-Herald says: "All Alaska is covered with empty cans." As soon as Ala. is in the clutches of her prohibition law, that State will be in a similar fix.

The Salina, Kan. Journal devotes a column of editorial space to urging football players to be gentlemen. But what's the use, when football is becoming such a ladylike game?

The President says it is wrong to hoard money. It is also impossible at this time of year, if you want to keep yourself in good standing with the family.

Those N. J. squirrels that lined their nests with chewed-up fragments of thirty \$20 bills, have cured one person of the fear that banks are not safe.

An Indianapolis man who asked \$10,000 damages for alienation of his wife's affections, was awarded \$1 by the jury, which, evidently, has a pretty good idea of the value of affections so easily alienated.

The movement to tax all wheels in Chicago seems to have resulted in quieting down most of the university professors who have been talking too much lately.

Mrs. Howard Gould's effort to induce the court that a \$700 skirt is a necessity, will result in making some young men think once more before leaping in to matrimony.

Senator Tom Platt has introduced a national corporations' bill but is mum as a clam about the President's suggested parcels post.

"Congress doesn't understand the financial question," says Senator Bailey. Well, it seemed to understand that phase of it relating to raising its own salary.

Congress doesn't seem to be in any sort of a hurry to adopt the President's ideas about paying the expenses of the national campaign. Perhaps Mr. Roosevelt might make them sit up and take notice by suggesting that the Government pay the expenses of Congressional campaigns.

According to the Louisville Courier Journal, the Democratic party is composed of a lot of sinners and Col. Watterson.

If Shakespeare didn't write Shakespeare's works, and John Milton didn't write his own name in the Bible, maybe the stenographer did it from dictation.

Mark Twain suggests that we get Mr. Carnegie to reform the alphabet. It is dangerous to make such a sug-

gestion to a man who needs so many directions into which to bend his energies and his pocketbook.

The constituents of some of the brand new Congressmen who went to Washington to run things, must begin to wonder why nothing has yet happened.

It may be assumed that a number of colored soldiers approve of the adverse criticism of the President's message on general principles.

The message to Congress was really an address to the American people on the condition of the universe.

Perhaps the President waited for that interview with Mr. Watson on the greenback question, before recommending a definite plan of currency reform to Congress.

Mr. Tom Johnson will call at the White House shortly, just to "pass time o' day," and show there are no hard feelings.

When they begin the trials of those who have been hoarding money, a lot of us can plead "not guilty."

Mr. Taft's boom revives, Mr. Knox's after a week's plunge is quiescent; Mr. Foraker's, like faith, "the evidence of things, not seen."

It takes all sorts of men to make a Congress.

GLEANINGS — WISE AND OTHERWISE.

Herbert Beerbohm Tree tells how on one occasion he chanced to fall into conversation with a Gaelic guide. After asking him a few questions as to his mode of life he was startled by a return of hostilities. "And what may ye do for a living?" "I," said the actor, a little taken aback. "Oh, I'm on the stage." "Circus or hand-bell ringers?" Mr. Tree hastened to explain that he was neither, and added, "My work is more serious than that." Ah, weel, he said at length, in tones of intense disappointment, "it seems to me you are no much better than a meenister."

The visitor had already spoken at considerable length, when he said, "And now I want to tell you of a 'boy I once knew. He had a good father and mother," the visitor continued, when he found several pairs of eyes had returned to their survey of his face, "and they did all that lay in their power to make him happy. But the boy was thoughtless and selfish; he frittered away his time, and never thought of the future. Today, instead of filling an honorable and useful position in life, where do you suppose he stands, children, as a man?" "He stands before us!" shrilled all the little boys and girls in prompt and joyous unison.—Youth's Companion.

A story is told of Mark Hopkins, the San Francisco millionaire, who

planned to build a luxurious and extravagant palace as his home. Before it was finished he lost his reason. His insanity showed itself in a failure to appreciate his personal identity. He thought he was some one else than himself. His companion would take him upon the hill and let him look at the progress of his magnificent palace. At one time he observed, "I wonder who that fool is, who is wasting so much money on a house."

"What is the best uniform to fight in?" asked George IV of a gallant Life Guardsman, after the battle of Waterloo.

"Shirt-sleeves, your Majesty," responded the man.

A quiet man rang a door-bell on Beacon street one night. "Is the gentleman in?" he asked of the servant. "I don't know. Did you wish to see him particularly?"

"Oh, no! I merely wanted to tell him his house is on fire."

A lawyer in Eastern Connecticut, whose reputation in the community was not very high, met an old gentleman one day, and said to him: "Do you know, Mr. H— that I am a direct descendent from Miles Standish?"

"Is it possible," was the reply; "What a descent."

A lady once appeared before Leo XIII. in a very low-necked evening dress, and the Pope sent a cardinal to remonstrate with her. "The Pope, madam, is rather old-fashioned," he said, "and dislikes seeing any lady in evening dress. I, on the other hand who have spent six years of my life as a missionary among the cannibals, am quite used to it."

The best case of absent-mindedness of which we have lately heard was while he was crossing the street a watering-cart let its flood loose upon him. The professor quietly raised his umbrella and walked two blocks before he discovered that the sun was shining brightly.

A teacher showed his small pupils a zebra, saying, "Now, what is this?" "A horse in a bathing suit," was the prompt reply.—La Caricaturista.

"Tommy, you naughty boy, why did you cut that worm in two?" "Why, I thought," said Tommy, hesitating, "I thought he would not be so lonesome if there were two of him."

There was a young lady of Tampa, Whose hair grew damper and damper; When to dry it she tried, She just gave up and cried,— And threw it all into the hamper.

There was a young man in a flat, The kind they call "anti-fat," He couldn't turn round, But he said, "I have found That I know jut where everything's at."—William Wallace Whitelock.