

CLEAN MONEY.

In an effort to keep the paper money of the country fairly clean, the United States government redeems every year about \$600,000,000 worth of it, replacing the old bills with new ones. But even thus the average dollar bill is obliged to do duty for about twenty months, while \$5 notes remain in circulation for nearly three years, and those of higher denominations considerably longer. It is urged that the stream of new money ought to be made to flow out of the treasury more rapidly; and that, with this end in view, Section 3932 of the Revised Statutes ought to be amended so as to permit holders of worn and defaced currency to forward it by registered mail, without charge, to Washington for redemption. The paper money is kept too long in circulation. As for coins, they ought to be thoroughly cleaned and sterilized after reaching the treasury, before being thrown out again into the arteries of commerce.—Bulletin of American Bankers.

Cook, eat, wash dishes. Cook, eat, wash dishes.

Other people have time to hear and read and see. Their lives grow richer and fuller. Their souls have open windows. They get out once in a while.

Cook, eat, wash dishes. Cook, eat, wash dishes.

It's unjust, she reflects. Why should things be like this? Why should one woman have \$2,000,000 when another can't even hire a servant? Why do some people have everything, people with not half, not a quarter of her appreciation, and she have nothing? Why doesn't somebody or something up there beyond that blue sky see and know and make things fairer?

Cook, eat, wash dishes. Cook, eat, wash dishes.

She is ready to cry at the mere thought of more pots and pans.

But the man was a wise man. He knew. He understood. He put his arms around her.

"Dear," he said, "I'd like to give you everything. I'd give you the

BETTER THAN A GOLD BRICK.

A promoter with an extraordinarily good thing, says the Minneapolis Journal, came in yesterday and offered us a slug of stock in his good thing provided we got some of our oldest and best friends to invest \$10,000 where it would make them \$20,000 inside of three months. We looked hastily around and found that all of our oldest and best friends extant had left merely a segment of last week's salary and a small quarter moon of chewing tobacco against a time of great need. We told the promoter of the good thing of our friends' destruction by poverty, but advised him to give us 100 shares of the good thing in return for our good will. He took the proposition under consideration, but has made no report on same. So up to date we are nothing out.—Bulletin of American Bankers.

FOR THE WOMAN WHO HATES WORK.

A man asked his wife why she looked so discontented.

"Why?" sighed the woman. "Because the sight of these dishes make me sick! It does! What have I got to live for? Here the world is full of places I'd like to go and things I'd like to do. There are hundreds of things I'd like to think, if I dared. There's books, and there's travel, and there's music, and there's making friends I can't have them. You can't get the money to give them to me and I haven't the time for them even if you could. I haven't time for anything except washing dishes—and I'm sick of washing dishes!"

"But somebody's got to wash the dishes," the man said. "Would you like me to?"

"You!" she scoffed. "—And break every other piece? I should say not! I'll do it myself."

There wasn't anything really the matter with this woman. She was only out of sorts. In her woman's way, every woman gets out of sorts now and then, just as every man does in his man's way. This woman's soul was stirring. Its big white wings wanted to bear her away from a dull monotony. She didn't know exactly what she did want, only she knew that she was hungry for something she didn't have, so she took it out on the dishes.

It isn't very easy to enthuse over washing dishes. There are so many of them, and they come three times a day with such a deadly regularity.

me and I have you, and it isn't such a bad old world at that. Some of us can be the pretty shiny parts of the machine, some of us can be out by the windows, and then some of the rest of us have to be the little cogs and wheels on the inside, where we're not as pretty and where we don't see as much. But I guess we are the ones that make the machine move. I guess if it wasn't for you and me and all the rest like us the old machine wouldn't be good for much. I'm not sure that washing the dishes isn't a beautiful thing, and maybe a little better for us than looking at St. Peter's or hearing a string quartet, if we've got to choose between them. Every dish you wash doesn't mean anything but 'I love my husband,' and every dish you wipe and put away doesn't mean anything but 'this is home.' Come on! You wash and I'll wipe!"

And the woman—but everybody knows what the woman did.—Chicago Journal.

A wealthy Englishman had bought an estate without having seen it. He believed that he could trust the man he bought it from, and a month or two back he went over to have a look at the place. The drive from the nearest railway station to the newly acquired property was a matter of twelve miles. The Englishman hired a Highlander to drive him. As the cart jogged along, the stranger said: "I suppose you know the country here—about pretty well, friend?" "Aye, ilka foot o' t," the Scot answered. "And do you know Glen Accra?" "Aye, weel," was the reply. "What sort of a place is it?" The Scot smiled grimly. "Aweel," he said, "if ye saw the de'il tethered on it, ye'd juist say, 'Poor brute!'"—English Paper.

Speculation is the bane of our American financial life. Avoid it as you would poison, as it unfits a man for his regular work, and leads to anguish of mind, sorrow and ruin. Work rather as the forces of the Almighty work in nature, unhastening yet unrelenting. If you are to be called to great tasks or high command, you will be prepared for them as Joseph and Moses were prepared at the beginning of history, and as Washington and Lincoln were prepared in our own annals.

"There is a divinity that shapes our ends. Rough hew them as we will."

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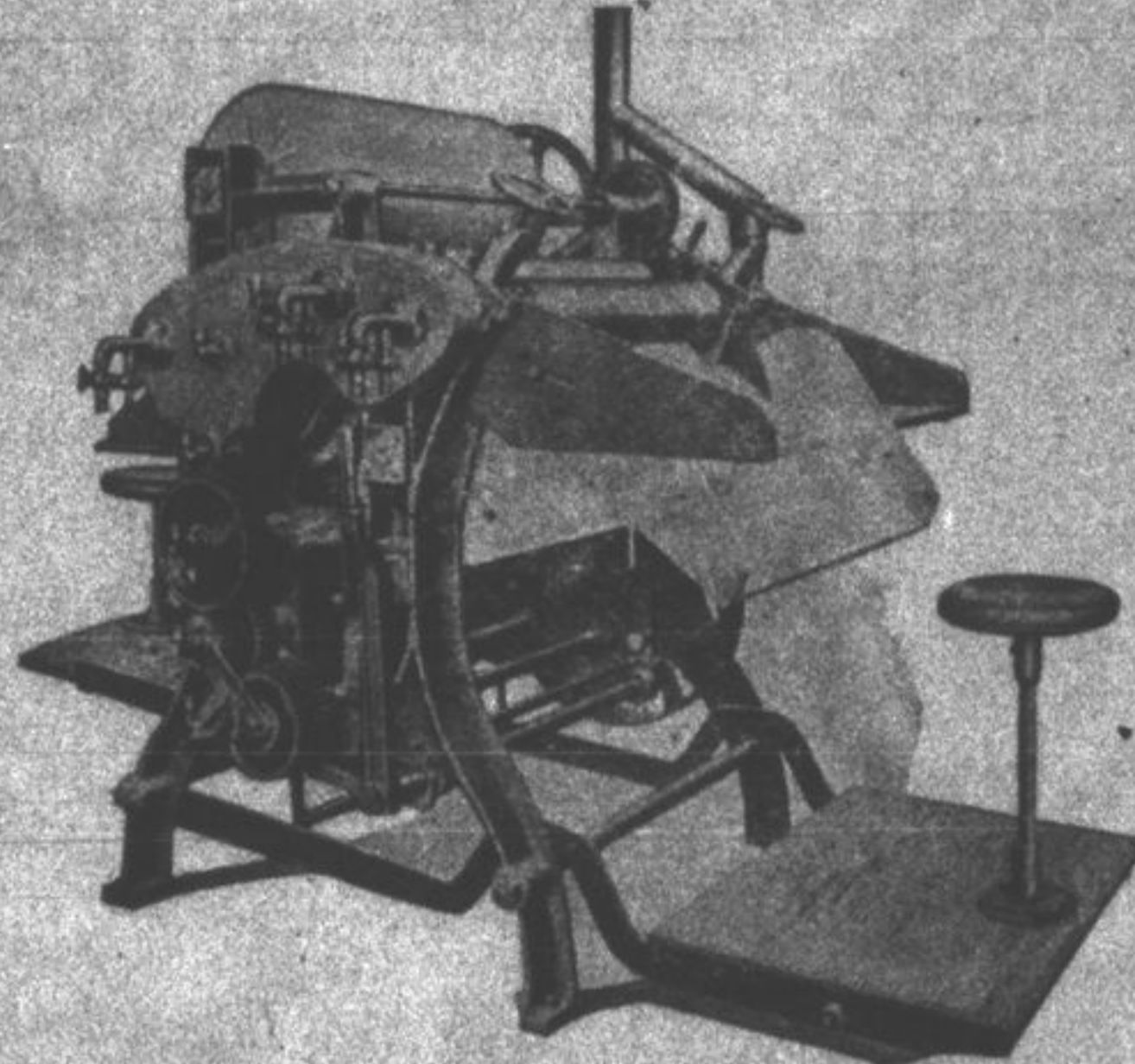
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