

feat of the temperance candidate and the hole in the sitting room carpet. Therefore, I say, I like the spirit of St. Patrick's day, because it is a bright and happy spirit.

I like to think of our lives as set to tunes. I know people—don't you—who are marching solemnly to "Hark From the Tomb," and people behind them who trudge to "Work for the Night is Coming," with a platoon following to "Come, Humble Sinner." We do not always hear them all, for away ahead, with tumult and crash is the great band who march triumphantly to "Joy to the World." And one here I met who, by the gleam of his eye, the tread of his foot, the heartiness and cheer of his voice and the general jubilee of his being reveals to me unmistakably that he was set to "St. Patrick's Day in the Morning." I verily believe that should I hear his voice on the River Styx the gloom would be dispelled, and I should forget Charon and his boat. I am possibly writing myself down

spend the snowy days so long as they find the way back through trackless space to my orchard and bring good cheer on St. Patrick's day in the morning.

My mother had a genius for putting words in the mouths of birds. To the little yellow one to whom we ordinarily attribute the uninteresting statement of "peep, peep, peepee," she gave a literal translation of "sweet, sweet baby." To one fellow who habitually hung his nest in the tree that shaded our croquet ground, she gave the words, "you're beat, you are beat." When Bill Martin, with his energetic fluttering, squares himself and delivers an undesirable string of jabbering, she interpreted the order into "go get your reaping hook. It is worth listening to and the advice worth heeding. It is time now, with his advent, to take up the instrument of industry, which incidentally is the instrument of happiness, and join the matrix in a note of praise to spring and St. Patrick.

I shall let the record stand, secure in the knowledge that I shall not be alone. When my small nephew held on to his hat and looked up at Miss Liberty, in New York harbor, he whistled significantly. "Whoopee!" he said, "I should think she would get jolly lonesome up there." Even so. It is the ones away up above their fellows who look, and are lonesome. Down here, I have plenty of company. Most great people are plain people, so, on the whole, it is not a bad crowd of us who swing our feet and sway our bodies a little faster, and smile indulgently upon the fellow who plants his foot in the downward steps on our corn toe, and speak a little more heartily to the newsboy on the corner while the jolly old strain winds out on air. For you see, the whole lot of us get the spirit once in awhile, and blithely enough we go while it lasts; the pity is that we can't keep it up to the end.

It is a pity that the shamrock withers and the green flag droops. All hail to the leaf, the flag or the spirit that waves or breathes a new impulse for joy or quickens the heart throbs of the children of the earth until the beat sends a red glow into the cheek and a sparklee into the eye.

Even though we grasp each inspiration by the time the first flutter is visible and hold on to it until the winds of adversity have whacked it to rags, we shall hardly have had enough to keep us marching blithely all the way. There will be pauses in the music when soberly enough we must tread, therefore it behooves us to let no flutter of the flag that quickens, or strain of the tune that inspires, pass by unheeded. And when the tempest and cyclones which lay waste all that was fairest and dearest of the dreams of life are sweeping and nothing remains but a happy will be he who hears beneath the window of his soul the strains that bear promise of a bright morning.

Down here we say that the martins come on St. Patrick's day, and whether it is chance or foreordination, I have rarely known it to fail that the sparrow who had unwisely built his nest in the box which belongs by right of heritage to "Bill Martin," has not come to grief and his eggs to the ground sooner or later in the day, while Bill thrills more cheerfully than melodiously from the roof, I have heard that these brilliant songsters continue to puzzle ornithologists as regards the place of their winter sojourn. I do not care where they

saint did. What more need he—what more need we—do to gain immortality? The serpent, the type of all evil, is all that needs to be banished; and though he has taken upon himself many forms and some are large and some are small, though some slough in dark places and some gleam radiantly across our path in the full sunlight, we can with the shealah of God's word and God's eternal power banish him now as of old.

It is my impression that when we have so effectively wielded the weapon, that hate shall give place to love, and despair to hope and error to truth, life will be one eternal "St. Patrick's Day in the Morning."—Ida May Cromwell in the Woman's Daily.

No one can "study the agitation against the lawlessness of capital, whether private or semi-public, without recognizing that it is the result of a sense of justice and a revolt against what the great majority of people believe to be wrong-doing on a colossal scale. A great deal has been said about the attack on property. There has been no attack on property. Americans, being practical, and having, in the largest number, the largest stake in the existing order, are not destructive. There has been no attack on money as money, nor on great combinations of capital as combinations. What has been attacked has been the illegal, lawless, and tyrannical use of money. The people of the country do not object to rates because they are high; they object to them because they are unequal. It is not a movement in the direction of economy; it is a movement in the direction of equal service for all men. It is a movement against special privilege and unequal and unjust discrimination between individuals and organizations. It is a misfortune that this great tide of feeling and conviction which now absorbs every other interest in the country should not have had its rise inside the churches, and that a great moral revival should touch men first as citizens and secondly as members of religious organizations.—The Outlook.

A friend has favored us with a copy of the Foraker tribune, published at Foraker, Okla. On its front page, at the head of the first column, it carries: "Our ticket: For President, Hon. William H. Taft." Speaking of the irony of fate, that looks like a whole foundry running over-

The days of the little Presidential boom are numbered.

If William D. Haywood, ex-Secretary of the Miners association, is permitted to talk long enough, he may convince the country that the President knew what he was about when he classed him as an undesirable citizen.

This is
Albert Larson's
Space
Watch it Each Week

son's for your Stationery.
Our goods are up-to-date
Prices, reasonable with good
variety to choose from.
Remember we carry Correspondance paper by the box, quire or tablet form.

ALBERT LARSON.
Tel. 2454. 7, St. John's Ave
Highland Park. Ill.

THOMAS McNICHOLAS
Contracting and Jobbing
Excavating and Grading and Concrete Work
Licensed Sewer Building
Men furnished by the day or no per centage. 319 N. Green Bay Road
Phone 2412 Highland Park

E. M. LAING
Contractor for Public Works
Phone 220 328 Park Avenue

M. WOLAK, TAILOR
First Class Suits for ladies and gentlemen made to order.
Cleaning, Pressing and altering Ladies' and Gentlemen's Garments
Phone 2383 120 Central Avenue
HIGHLAND PARK, ILLINOIS

HIGHLAND PARK STATE BANK
Savings and Checking
Accounts Solicited.....
F. W. CUSHING, President
D. A. HOLMES, Cashier

Veterinary Surgeon
C. W. LASSEN, M. D. V.
Treats all Domestic Animals,
Calls promptly Attended to
OFFICE AT RESIDENCE
Deerpath Ave, near Green Bay Road.
Tel. 214. LAKE FOREST, ILL.

Office Fletcher Block Phone 3382

DR. E. C. KAYE
DENTIST
HIGHLAND PARK ILLINOIS

HOURS 10 to 12 a. m., 1 to 4 p. m. Phone 215

DR. ROSWELL F. CONNOR
Osteopathic Physician
Nervous and Chronic Diseases a Specialty
Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturday
W. E. Brand Bldg., Sheridan Road
Highland Park, Ill.

Office Hours 9 to 12 1 to 5 Telephone 2991

DR. JAMES WATSON
DENTIST
HIGHLAND PARK, ILLINOIS | St. Johns Ave.
Opp. Depot

Phone 1641 New Bank Block


DR. B. A. HAMILTON
DENTIST
Demonstrator N. W. University

DR. JOHN F. BEAUMONT
Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat
Highland Park, Ill. 47 St. Johns Ave.
Hours: 4 p. m.
Chicago, Ill., 1404 Heyworth Building
Cor. Madison and Wabash Ave.
Hours: 9 to 1:00 p. m.

DR. ALBERT R. SHELDON
CONSULTATION HOURS
8 TO 9 A. M. 47 St. Johns
1 TO 3 P. M. Avenue
Phone 20 HIGHLAND PARK, ILL.

Highland Park Hotel
BYRON J. STEVENS, PROP.
Rates, \$2.00 to \$3.00
First Class with Modern Improvements
Suites of Rooms with Baths.
Opposite N. W. Depot, Highland Park
Office Phone 77. Private Phone 1361.

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



DRINK ABANA SPRING WATER
Bottled at Libertyville
Being naturally absolutely pure and clear as crystal it is the ideal Table Water
Ask Your Grocer

PATENTS
and TRADE-MARKS promptly obtained in all countries, or no fee. We obtain PATENTS THAT PAY, advertise them thoroughly, at our expense, and help you to succeed.
Send model, photo or sketch for FREE report on patentability. 20 years' practice. SURPASSING REFERENCES. For free Guide Book on Profitable Patents write to
503-505 Seventh Street, WASHINGTON, D. C.
D. SWIFT & CO.