

TUNA A REMARKABLE FISH

Swaggering Musketeer of the Sea is the Largest of the Game or Bony Fishes.

Charles Frederick Holder, the California naturalist, thus describes that remarkable fish the tuna: "The tuna is a pelagic fish, a free lance, an ocean rover, a sort of swaggering musketeer of the sea, the largest of what may be termed the game or bony fishes, attaining a maximum weight of nearly 2,000 pounds and an approximate length of fourteen feet or more. Such a fish is very exceptional, though specimens weighing 1,500 pounds have been taken on the New England coast. I once entered a school in a big launch. The school divided to port and starboard as we passed through it, and I had a view of one or two fishes that appeared to be more than half as long as the boat.

TAMENESS OF A SEA LION

Old Ben, Weighing Half a Ton, is Often Met on the Streets of Avalon.

In describing the islands lying off the southern coast of California Frederick Holder writes: "The feature which will really amaze the wanderer among the Channel Islands is the tameness of some animals. To meet a bull sea lion weighing approximately half a ton on the main avenue of a town, 50 feet from the water, is a possibility of a startling nature, yet I have seen Old Ben, the head of the Santa Catalina sea lion rookery, on Crescent avenue, Avalon, surrounded by tourists who snapped their cameras at him with impunity.

A New One.

Nimble wits and a glib tongue frequently save erring New York "coppers" on trial before the deputy commissioner at police headquarters. Not long ago a giant patrolman, accused of being about a quarter of a mile off his beat, evaded this excuse: "You see, it was like this, your honor. I was patrolling my post, when I thought I heard a man up the street yelling 'Fire! Fire!' I ran in the direction of the sound, and, would you believe me, Mr. Commissioner, there stood a fellow out on the sidewalk trying to wake up a friend of his on the second floor, and he was yelling with all his might, 'Meyer! Meyer!'"

Bride Was Deaf.

At a marriage service performed some time ago in a little country church in Berkshire, when the minister said in solemn tone, "Wilt thou have this man to be thy wedded husband?" Instead of the woman answering for herself, a gruff man's voice answered: "O! will."

Again the minister looked up surprised, not knowing what to make of it, when one of the groomsmen at the end of the row said: "Er be deaf. O! be answerin' for er."—London Telegraph.

An Editor's Trials.

People won't love us; we have finally made up our mind to that. Yesterday we mentioned the case of a man who has one child and who every evening buys the child an ice cream cone from a street wagon. And we mentioned how the five poor children across the street looked longingly at the fortunate child and wanted some up to noon today nine men had

...that it was a "dig" at them, and said the man across the street had plenty of money but was too stingy to buy his children ice cream cones.—Aitchison Globe.

A Welcome Exchange. "What was the happiest moment of your life?" asked the sweet girl. "The happiest moment of my life," answered the old bachelor, "was when the jeweler took back an engagement ring and gave me sleeve links in exchange."—Tit-Bits.

LAMB ONCE A JOURNALIST

At One Time He Was Actively Engaged on the Staff of the London Post.

In connection with Lord Glenesk's recently published history of that old-established London journal, the Morning Post, it is interesting to recall the fact that at one time Charles Lamb was on its staff of contributors. This gentle essayist wrote largely for a column headed "Fashionable Intelligence;" in those days, as Lamb says, "every morning paper, as an essential retainer to its establishment, kept an author who was bound to furnish daily a quantum of witted paragraphs."

In his essay "Newspapers Thirty-Five Years Ago," Lamb seems to have been rather pleased with the "sticks" of that he contributed to the press; we now find that "Dan Stuart," his editor, entertained a different opinion as to their value. "As for good Charles Lamb," he said, "I never could make anything of his writings. Of politics he knew nothing; they were out of his line of reading and thought, and his drollery was rapid when given in short paragraphs fit for a newspaper."

HOW SHE GOT RID OF THEM

Discouraged Visits From Her Niece's Children by Teaching Them Verses From the Bible.

"What has become of those two children who visited you so often?" asked one West side woman of another. The other smiled discreetly. "They are the children of my niece, and she was making a convenience of me. Of course I love the children, but I never allow myself to become much of a victim of imposition. My niece is an extremely gay young widow, and she does not like to take care of her children. She is fond of shopping, matinees, afternoon teas and everything, in short, which takes her away from home, and she got into a habit of sending her children over to my house for me to take care of whenever she wished to get about. I decided it was time to break up the habit, for her own good and that of the children, as well as mine, so I did."

The Boss.

President McCrea of the Pennsylvania railroad, in his study of all classes of men who are under him, entertains a great admiration for the Irish foreman of a gang of laborers who went to any lengths to show his men that he was the real boss. One morning this foreman found that his gang had put a hand car on the track without his orders.

"Who put that han' car-r-r on the track?" he asked. "We did, sor," one of the men answered respectfully. "Well," he said shortly, "take it off ag'in!" The laborers did so with some difficulty. "Now," said the foreman, "put it on ag'in!"—Popular Magazine.

Knew She Was Right.

An auction was announced of the library and household effects of a man who had once entertained in a lavish way, and among the persons who went to the sale were many who had enjoyed the fallen family's hospitality. When a set of after-dinner cups was put up one woman said: "There are only five of those, not six." The auctioneer consulted his catalogue and replied: "Thank you; you are right," and proceeded with the sale. Then the woman whispered to the one next to her: "I knew I was right, because my husband dropped one of that set the last time we dined there."

WHY THE OX WAS MUZZLED

Old Welsh Plowman Took Timely Precaution to Save the Tail of the Leader.

The oxen were harnessed tandem fashion; stocky little Welshmen they were from the western hills, usurpers there, for the true Sussex ox is red. They eyed me with an expression of plaintive inquiry, and I noticed that the rear one's moist black nose was guarded by a string muzzler, through which he snorted at me in a manner hardly inviting confidence. The old plowman smiled indulgently while I admired them.

"Why do you muzzle the rear one?" I inquired. "Look at the t'other's tail an' ye'll see," he chuckled. And certainly the leader's tail was not so bushy as it should be. "There aren't many oxen used now for farm work?" I asked. He shook his head. "Only a few, just here an' there, mayhap," he answered; "horses an' ste'm plows 'a' done away with 'em. 'Sides, there ain't many smiths left now as can shoe an ox. Rare fun it is, I tell ye, stickin' the kevs on 'em, throw 'em into the air, an' hold 'em up by their necks down w' a pitchfork. Ha! ha! rare fun it is, lad."

The old man agreed with me. He had the rosy, childlike un wrinkled face of the countryman, his eyes were gray-green, the color of the Channel sea below the edge of the Downs; his grizzled head shook as he cut into his bread with the pointed blade of a big pocketknife. "No, things ain't as they were," he said slowly.—Manchester Guardian.

SWAM TO SHORE IN BASKET

Desiring to Join His Sweetheart, a Sailor Risks Life in Jumping From Ship.

Love for an old sweetheart and desire to save her from a marriage arranged by her parents impelled Makinzono Inousko of Seattle, Wash., a sailor on the steamer Inaba Maru, to risk his life in a daring attempt to escape from the vessel. Waiting until the dark hours of the night Makinzono picked up a bamboo basket, and, holding it over his head, leaped from the steamer. Both guards and ship's officers heard the splash and rushed to the spot. Electric flash lamps and the ship's searchlight shot their rays over the waters, but all that was discernible was a bamboo basket bobbing around in the bay. Apparently without any guidance the basket floated around the end of the grain elevator and disappeared. In the morning Makinzono was missed, and investigation developed the manner of his escape.

Murdered for a Cent.

A quarrel over a single penny led to a murder in Hoboken the other day. A man from Nebraska, who stopped at a hotel in Hoboken while awaiting the sailing of the steamer for Europe, put a penny in the slot of an automatic music box in the dining-room of the hotel, but the box refused to pour forth the expected ragtime tune. The Nebraskan became indignant and upbraided the German porter. The latter explained to him that it required a nickel and not a penny to set the mechanism of the music-box in motion, but that explanation did not satisfy the man from Nebraska. He became abusive and when the porter threatened to put him out, he pulled a revolver from his pocket and shot the porter dead.

Couldn't Come Back.

Enoch Arden crept softly up to the window and peered in. The former Mrs. Arden sat talking sternly to Enoch's successor. "Do as you like," she was saying. "But remember this, it's just as I told Enoch when he got to thinking he was boss of the house: You ma' go away, but you can't come back." Fortunately Mr. Tennyson learned of the incident before the eminent literary prize ring got to it.

Sensitive.

"Miss Passay is furious with that society reporter." "Why so?" "He published the announcement of her approaching wedding under the column headed 'Late Engagements.'"—Life.

A Hero.

The Player—You're a lover of music, aren't you, Mr. Smith? The Hearer—Y-yes, but don't mind me. Go right on playing.

Every moderately well-educated person knows that the water, but not so many are aware that we are still aquatic animals. Every cell except those of the outside skin is dependent upon a surrounding liquid to keep it alive, and if it became dry it would perish. A person who realizes this fact will always take care to drink plenty of water, and will also eat plenty of fruit and vegetables, since these contain large quantities of water, and that is purer form than is usually available. The pickaninny shows his good sense when he feasts upon the juicy watermelon, and instead of ridiculing him we might better go and do likewise.

Why He Sought Pardon.

Roque-laure, the reformed jester of Louis XIV., contrived to get out of many a scrape by his ready wit. One day he went to the king to ask his pardon for having struck off the helmet of one of his sentinels, who had failed to give him the military salute. Louis, who knew his man, wondered that Roque-laure should crave his pardon for so venial an offense, and said to him: "This is a serious matter, Roque-laure, but I will pardon you this time." It afterwards turned out that the soldier's head was in the helmet, and fell with it to the ground.

Unusual.

Knocker—Say, here's an original baseball story. Second senior—How's that? Knocker—Here's the game in 't'ighth inning instead of ninth.

HERE'S A GOOD CHILD STORY

One Which Comes From the Family of a Boston Educator and Has Unusual Originality.

Perhaps the most startling child story extant, however, comes from the family of a famous Boston educator, whose children all are distinguished by an unusual degree of originality. Several boys and girls of various ages have been adopted into this family, so the sudden appearance of new and well-grown associates seems to the younger members quite natural. This rather unusual attitude toward family growth worked out oddly a year or two ago, upon the occasion of the Christmas play, when the little ones annually write, rehearse and produce, quite without adult assistance, for their parents.

The plot of the play included the financial redemption of a highly worthy couple—this being an extremely cultured and sociologically learned yet natural group of youngsters—by the good luck of the husband, played by an eager urchin of seven, in the gold fields of Alaska. The happy bridegroom returned to his weeping bride of a year in a nick of time, bearing with him a huge and heavy bag of gold. The bride, in a neat speech, revealed to him the poverty-stricken, hungry straits to which she had been reduced, and warmly commended his skill and industry in gold finding. Then, rising with a proud and modest air, she gently informed him: "And I, meanwhile, have not been idle!"—and, drawing a convenient curtain, disclosed an assorted group of laughing boys and girls as "Our children, dear!"

The audience, not unnaturally, rocked with helpless laughter, but those dear little ladies and lasses still are wondering why.

Teaching Correct Speech.

A woman of culture and travel has made a glorious success teaching correct speech. It is surprising how much incorrect speech there is among our educated people. They cling to provincialisms, incorrect pronunciations, wrong use of words, and unmusical intonations. The southerner holds to the soft, less utterance of his "mammy" days; the middle western flattens his vowels; the Bostonian throws his r's completely out of joint. This woman undertook to correct such errors and teach a pure, perfect English speech to a few young women. She became so successful that she was compelled to start a school of correct English which has grown to great proportions. This particularly promising field is open in every town in America.—The Delineator.

Limited Vision.

There was a man once—a poet. He went wandering through the streets of the city, and he met a disciple. "Come out with me," said the poet, "for a walk in the sand dunes." And they went. But ere they had progressed many stages, said the disciple, "There is nothing here but sand." "To what did I invite you?" asked the poet. "To walk in the sand dunes." "Then do not complain," said the poet. "Yet even so your words are untrue. There is heaven above. Do you not see it? The fault is not heaven's; nor the sand's."—Maarten Maartens.

Crushed When Auto Turns Over. San Jose, Cal., Aug. 2.—A touring car bearing a party of San Franciscoans skidded and turned turtle near Santa Clara. Mrs. I. Nowell was badly crushed.

Church Directory

- HIGHLAND PARK CHURCH. Pastor—Rev. Leroy Dakin. Sunday Services—Morning, 10:45; evening, 7:45 p. m. Christian Endeavor—8:45 p. m. Young People's—7:00 p. m. Sunday School—12:00 noon. Weekday Prayer Meeting—7:45. EPISCOPAL CHURCH (Trinity). Pastor—Rev. P. C. Wolcott, D. D. Holy Eucharist—7:30 a. m., and on festivals and first Sunday in month 11 a. m. Matins and Litany—11 a. m. Evensong—5 p. m. Sunday School—9:45 a. m. EVANGELICAL (Ebenzer). Rev. G. W. Engelder. Prof. E. E. Rife, Ass't. Sunday Services—Morning, 11:00 a. m.; evening, 7:45 p. m. Christian Endeavor—8:45 p. m. Sunday School—10:00 a. m. Wednesday—Prayer Service, 8:00 p. m. Friday—Bible Study and Choir, 8:00 p. m. FIRST UNITED EVANGELICAL. Pastor—Rev. B. K. Schiller. Sunday Services—10:45 a. m., 7:30 p. m. Week Day (German)—Wednesday, 7:30 p. m.; English, Friday, 7:45. GERMAN LUTHERAN. Pastor—A. Starck. Sunday Services—10:00 a. m., 7:30 p. m. Woman's Society—First Thursday in month. PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH. Pastor—Rev. C. P. Goodson. Sunday Service—Morning, 10:30. Sunday School—12:00 noon. Weekly Prayer Meeting—Wednesday, 8:00 p. m. Sunday—First Mass, 8 a. m. CHRISTIAN SCIENCE. Sunday Service—10:45 a. m. Sunday School—12:00 noon. Wednesday Evening—8:00 p. m. GLENCOE CHURCH. CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH. Pastor—Rev. M. W. Darling, D. D. Sunday School—9:45 a. m. Sermon—11:00 a. m. Young People's Class—8:30 p. m. Prayer Meeting—Wednesday, 8:00 p. m. THE CHURCH OF ST. E. ZABETH. (Episcopal). Rev. Luther Pardee, Priest in charge. Holy Communion, 7:30 a. m. Second Celebration and Sermon first Sunday in month, 11:00 a. m. Morning Prayer and Sermon, except first Sunday in month, 10:00 a. m. Evening Prayer and Sermon, 5:00 p. m. Sunday School 9:45 a. m. GERMAN LUTHERAN CHURCH. Pastor—Rev. C. Hintz. Sunday Service—10:00 a. m. Wednesday Evening Meeting—7:30. WINNETKA CHURCH. CHRIST CHURCH—EPISCOPAL. Shepherd Road and Humboldt Ave. Pastor—Homer Worthington Starr. Communion, 7:45 a. m., 1st Sunday in month. Sunday school 10 a. m. (closed July and Aug.) Morning Service and Sermon—11:00 a. m. (services in Chapel, Linden and Oak.) Communion on all Holy Days—7:30. CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH. Pastor—B. S. Winchester. The Graded Bible School—9:45 a. m. Morning Services—11:00 a. m. The High School Grades and Men's Bible Class—12:30 p. m. Evening Services—8:00 p. m. FIRST SCANDINAVIAN ENGLISH CHURCH. Pastor—Victor J. King. Preaching—11:00 a. m. Sunday School—3:30 p. m. Young People's Meeting—8:00 p. m. Sermon—8:00 p. m. Tuesday Services—8:00 p. m. Friday Bible Class—8:00 p. m. SACRED HEART PARISH—LAKESIDE. Pastor—F. J. Haarth. Low Mass—8:00 a. m. High Mass—10:00 a. m. KENILWORTH CHURCH. KENILWORTH UNION CHURCH. Pastor—Chas. P. Horswell. Services—11:00 a. m. The Women's Missionary Society—Wednesday, Oct. 9. WILMETTE CHURCHES. FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH. Lake Ave. and 11th. Sermon—10:30 a. m. Sunday School—12:00 noon. Young People's Meeting—8:30 p. m. Evening Services—7:30. Wednesday Prayers—8:00 p. m. Ladies' Society—On second Fridays. CHRISTIAN SCIENCE. Reader—H. A. Hall. Sunday Services—10:45 a. m. Sunday School—12:00 noon. Wednesday Evening—8:00 p. m. ST. JOSEPH'S CHURCH. Sunday—6:30 a. m., 8:00 a. m., 10:30 a. m. Wednesdays—8:00 to 9:00 p. m. Holy Mass—8:00 a. m. CHURCH OF ST. AUGUSTINE. Holy Eucharist—7:30 a. m. Morning Prayer—10:30. Sunday School—12 noon. Evening Prayer—7:30. FIRST METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH. Lake and Wilmette Aves. Pastor—James Ormay. Morning Services—10:30. Sunday School—11:45 a. m. Sermons—8:00 p. m. Spworth League—10:10 p. m. Wednesday Prayers—8:00 p. m. Aid Society—First Thursday of the month. Church Board—First Tuesday of the month. W. F. M. S.—Second Thursday of the month. MASONIC DIRECTORY. HIGHLAND PARK—A. O. Fay Lodge, No. 876, A. F. & A. M., meets first and third Thursdays. EVANSTON—Evan's Lodge, No. 524, A. F. & A. M., meets first and third Thursdays. ROGERS PARK—Park Lodge, No. 845, A. F. & A. M., meets North Clark and Laus Avenue, second and fourth Thursdays. RAVENSWOOD—Ravenswood Lodge, No. 177, A. F. & A. M., meets Melrose and Hermitage Avenue, second and fourth Mondays. Winthrop Avenue, first and third Wednesdays. EDGEWATER—Edgewater Lodge, No. 991, A. F. & A. M., meets Bryn Mawr and

SPECIAL NO. Notice is hereby interested that the City of Highland Lake and State created that a cast iron supply pipe, to drains, shut off valves, to be constructed under Woodland street in Highland Park, County of Cook, and provided said improvement and the bonds thereon being on file in the Clerk of said city, the County Court assessment account assessment to be made and returned final hearing (the Fifteenth (15) 1910, or as soon as the court said assessment (10) installments, rate of five (5) per cent on all installment of issue of first valuation desired may file court before said hearing. Sense: E. Officer appointed ment. Dated at Highland A. D. 1910. WHY WOMEN Through a Mistake Permits Her Why do some others keep their youth? Here is one reason why wears out, grows old, is that of duty, she neglects the beginning of a scheme or plan with work, with relaxation. This she follows, feeling tired, because she occurs regularly the soon become a thing without her. She settles round and round interestingly. Can any woman originality of even mere pretence and without the help her husband, full of love and the strong of kind them to only the neighbor calls. In because the of your home house her to cess of speech. Cultivate a the world and interests be far renewed will solve the problem. WANTED PA British West in expense for House, M An English on a war vings to St. K West India left many of the state or even state crowds gathered refused to help was to be given their work light on the Jd six years ago the island, much raised, much United States. charge of the head of lumber house whose giving in a riddle and ends "What's that men who were "That's for "Who's got "You are, I "Who's got work?"