

Nov. 8th. 1910.—F. P. Hawkins and wife et al to J. J. Hayes lot at S W Cor. Deerfield Ave and Green Bay Road, Highland Park. W D \$6000 00

Everts Wrenn and wife to Dale Sweet and east 75 ft lot 2 blk 3, Wrenns Add to Highland Park. W D \$1500 00

Nov. 12 F R McMullin and wife to C F Smith and wife lot 13 and part lot 14, Clarks sub of blk 54 Highland Park. W D \$1 00'

HIGHWOOD ITEMS

Percy Richards of Highwood was granted a decree of divorce from Sarah Richards Monday last, in the Circuit Court on the grounds of cruelty.

The wedding of Mr. James Finley, and Miss Hilda Winters took place on Wednesday the 16th, at the home of the bride. The ceremony was conducted by the Rev. M D Tremaine of the M. E. Church of Highland Park, in the presence of about twenty-five relatives. The brides two sisters and their escort, Mr Drake and Mr Mentver attended them. The happy couple departed to spend their honeymoon in the Southern part of the State.

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NORTH SHORE CHURCH DIRECTORY

HIGHLAND PARK CHURCHES.

METHODIST (NORTH AVE) CHURCH

Pastor, Rev. M. D. Tremaine. Sunday services—Morning 11 a. m. Evening 7:30 p. m. Sunday School 10 a. m. Junior League 2 p. m. Epworth League 6:40 p. m. Wednesday, Prayer Service 7:45 p. m.

BAPTIST

Pastor—Rev. Leroy Dakin. Sunday Services—Morning, 10:45; evening, 7:45.

B. Y. P. U. Young People's—7:00 p. m. Sunday School—12:00 noon. Weekday Prayer Meeting—7:45.

EPISCOPAL CHURCH (Trinity)

Rector—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 (Ebenezer)

Pastor—Rev. Rice. 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. R. Schultz. 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., 7:27 p. m. Woman's Society—First Thursday in month.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

Pastor—Rev. R. Calvin Dobson. Sunday Service—Morning, 10:30. Sunday school—12:00 noon. Weekly Pray Meeting—Wednesday, 8:00 p. m.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE

Reader Oliver Brown. Sunday Service—10:45 a. m. Sunday School—12:00 noon. Wednesday Evening—8:00 p. m.

ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH

Pastor—Rev. Jas. O'Neil, D. D. Sunday—First Mass, 8 a. m. Sunday—Second Mass, 10 a. m.

MASONIC

HIGHLAND PARK—A. O. F. Lodge No. 876, A. F. & A. M., meets first and third Thursdays.

SPIRIT OF ROMANCE.

To the spirit of chivalry, and love of adventure that characterized the wonderful days of long ago the average writer turns for his romantic tales of love and war, but it seems somehow as though enough of romance can be found in the world at every period of its existence, even in its present most practical and, perhaps, its most unpoetical stage, to make volumes of absorbing interest, but the mystery of the past appeals to the ordinary mind with more persistence than the wonders of the present; perhaps, because the intervening periods of time have endowed the occurrences of other days with something of the charm of their own uncertainty. The influence of poetry, of music, of art, of the drama, of literature, helps to mold a world of loveliness, and contributes in no small way to the happiness of living, says the Charleston News and Courier. Into each profession some of the spirit of romance has crept, much of which has been handed down from generation to generation as a priceless heritage. The artistic temperament best understands the making of those rose-sweet romances which breathe their fragrance far and wide and make the world a better place in which to live, but even those of us who are not blessed with poetic natures cannot, indeed must not, fail to trace along our daily paths the romance of the world itself with all its throbbing beauty—a romance of life and color, of effort and achievement, and above all of joy and happiness.

Sometimes the question is asked, "What becomes of all the gold?" It is a well-known fact that the total of the precious metal mined is not fully accounted for by the amount of gold coins in use or the quantity of gold employed in the arts. A good deal of it "gets away" in some fashion and hides from the sight of the statisticians and the economists. Perhaps a little light may be thrown on the mystery by the experience of a woman in South Bend, Ind., who while digging in her flower garden found \$1,145 in gold pieces. It is believed the money was buried by the woman's father, who died some years ago. How much more has been disposed of in like fashion or stored away in miser's hoards and in secret places by those who wish to keep the coin against a time of need?

The remarkable instance of a cure of tetanus after the jaws were locked, effected in Milwaukee not long ago, has been paralleled in New York, the patient being a seven-year-old boy. He lacerated his right hand and left knee, which were cauterized by a physician. Ten days later, however, he became violently ill, showing symptoms of tetanus, and being removed to a hospital, where for four days his jaws were locked and for eight days he was subject to frequent spasms. At the first injection of the improved serum from the New York board of health 5,000 units were used. After 30,000 units had been administered the lad showed improvement and gradually grew better, until a week ago he was discharged from the hospital completely cured.

One of the precious things that escaped destruction in the fire that wrought such havoc at the Brussels exhibition was the priceless collection of lace loomed by the former queen of Italy. As all the world interested in lace-making is aware, Queen Dowager Margherita has revived the lace industry in Italy, and her endowed lace factory at Venice is visited by many travelers. Brussels as well as Venice in old times was famous for its lace, and no doubt the Belgians inspected the Italian collection like connoisseurs. The collection is now again in the possession of the queen dowager.

"Hobble Skirt—More Fullness in Vogue," reads a headline. Can you blame the men?

Surely the Gulf of Mexico is old enough to quit tumbling out of bed.

Cleaned up your garden for next season?

Whiskbroom won at the Newmarket races. It wins on every Pullman car every day.

We ate \$36,000,000 worth of peanuts last year. (Note—This is the national, not the editorial "we.")

STREET NAMES AS MEMORIALS.

In Paris, where one may visit the Street of the Fourth of September, it will be possible presently to traverse also the Street of Edward VII. By designation in the latter instance France will honor a late great and good English friend; in the other case the beginning after Sedan is commemorated of the present republic. Considering the array of New York streets and avenues running to a mathematical terms, we are reminded how far we have neglected memorial opportunities in the naming of our thoroughfares. Certainly we have honored Washington in New York—several times, indeed, in the several boroughs, says the New York World. We have Lafayette in street and avenue, and did have him in boulevard till Riverside drive was extended. A few other names we have remembered of men great in state or nation. There are perpetuations, too, of the names of old local families. But where is our Avenue of the Declaration of Independence? Where our Boulevard of the Fourth of July? Where our Street of the Surrender of Yorktown and our Place of the Emancipation Proclamation. In the absence of such historic designations for important thoroughfares is a real metropolitan deficiency. Newer New York offers abundant chance to remove the fault. But instead of suggestions to this end we have a change of name for fine old Long Acre square, and a proposal is actually made to wipe out the famous old Bowery? We are not a sentimental people.

A Brooklyn woman lately wrote to the marriage license bureau of that city to know if she could be supplied with a good, honest, sober husband. The clerk in charge explained that, while he had a few model men on hand, they were all married and the supply was entirely too limited for the demand. The fact that the matrimonial market is understocked with honest, sober husbands may be one reason why the divorce courts are overcrowded.

If islands continue to rise on the Alaska coast one should be accommodating enough to furnish a stepping stone from America to Asia at the narrow Bering strait.

That marriage is the worst kind of a failure is the opinion of a Gotham broker who is paying his first wife \$240 a month alimony and whose second wife wants alimony to the tune of \$500 more.

A New Jersey pastor says that women who wear hobble skirts should be spanked. True, but in that skirt there's no chance of getting them in the proper position for spanking.

Cleveland has gone ahead of Baltimore in population, which may be taken as proof that they did not count in the oysters in the latter city.

A Boston milliner's shop has been raided as a policy joint. As if a milliner's shop didn't get a man's money fast enough as it is.

AMERICAN PHILANTHROPY.

The celebration of the centenary of the University of Berlin was a great occasion for Germany and its capital. It was also an interesting occasion for the scholars and thinkers of the whole world, says the Chicago Record-Herald. The United States participated in the ceremonies, and in more ways than one. What was Berlin a century ago and what is it today? What was Germany then and what now—politically, industrially, intellectually? Modern Germany owes everything to education and organization to science and method, and the things fostered by its universities and schools. They have fought for freedom of teaching and have secured it, and now the emperor himself takes a keen interest in their efficiency and strength. To improve the facilities in teaching natural science the kaiser, by personal effort and solicitation, secured a fund of \$2,500,000 for Berlin university. It is said that he had American generosity to higher education as his inspiration and his telling argument. He seems to have kept a record of American gifts and endowments and to have improved every opportunity to let his wealthy friends know that a little emulation, a little "Americanism" in that direction, would be pleasing and quite consistent with patriotism.

COUCH OF LUXURY.

The most perfect resting place ever devised for a human being is just beneath the roof, and then you must be able to see the shingle nails sticking through. If a gentle rain be falling, so much the better. Five minutes spent in that sweet retreat are enough to banish the memory of every trouble. Debt and death lose their terrors, and the peace that passes understanding comes upon you, says the Washington Post. You become a boy again and enter once more into the world that used to be. Soon the dark corners of the room are peopled with the images of childhood. Over where the old clothes are hanging you can see the outlines of a dismantled ship, while down the sandy shore come Robinson Crusoe and Man Friday. A swarthy face peeps from behind the big trunk. It is Farnighea, the strangler, creeping stealthily upon his victim. Faster and faster they come, some pleasing, some ferocious. You welcome them all and are not a bit afraid, and the rain drips, drips, with a steady, monotonous sound. Then comes a blank. Next morning the spell is broken, but the memory remains. You see the old clothes and the trunk, and find that the only goblin tapestry in the room is a cluster of cobwebs over the little dormer window. But you had slept the sleep of the just, and found it most refreshing.

English owners of homing pigeons have lost so many of them this season that they believe there is an especial cause. This cause, many of them are inclined to suspect, is wireless telegraphy. Many will dismiss the indictment as fanciful, on account of the comparative weakness of the current which wireless telegraphy brings into play. The answer to this is that the current does not kill the birds, but only confuses them, causing them to miss their way. If the Marconi current affects pigeons, why not gulls? Indeed, it would seem not impossible that wireless telegraph stations may be the means of greater disaster to gulls than lighthouses.

Perhaps if the truth were known a considerable proportion of the so-called automobile "accidents" would be found to have resulted from befuddled heads and unsteady nerves. The menace of a man under the influence of liquor and in an automobile is easily appreciated, and when it is demonstrated that crashes on the road are due to drunkenness the punishment should be severe. Those who insist upon running amuck on the highways should be made to pay a heavy penalty, whether they be sober or drunk.

The problem of the unemployed sometimes appears to be to get the unemployed to accept employment. A gentleman much interested in the welfare of the workers called a meeting in Missouri to devise ways and means to help the unfortunate. There were forty unemployed men present. A farmer came along and offered work to all hands. But the forty looked the jobs over and with one consent declined the farmer's proposition. And that probably is typical of conditions in various and sundry other localities.

The usual fate of get-rich-quick schemes is collapse at the end. And the "lambs" are fleeced as a preliminary. A speculative scheme of this kind in Connecticut has brought up in the bankruptcy court, with unsecured claims of \$500,000 to be settled. And the further sequel no doubt will be the charging of the sum to the profit and loss account of those foolish enough to "invest."

Women arriving at the port of New York from abroad, who wore their furs to escape paying duty on the wraps, had it made even more warm for them by the explanation that their excuse of nonpayment for duty wouldn't wear.

A German musician says that our craze for ragtime is the great obstacle to creative work in American music. Ragtime? Sounds like a faint echo from our past. Our friend must have got his idea from old newspaper files.

Los Angeles has its first policewoman. On the first day in which she patrolled her "beat" she arrested lots of notice.

"OH, YOU CIDER!"

Fall is the season when man is moved to praise of things humble in origin, but rich in fulfillment. The young turkey struts about, preparing himself for November's ideas; the woods cackle with the dropping of hickory and butternut as the boys sent clubs into the branches, and the pumpkin swells and yellows on the vine. Especially is it the time when the muse inclines to sing of cider. And the muse might be in far worse business, says the Detroit News. The Romans knew the drink, and before them the Greeks. In the days of Isaac and Jacob the pastoral tribes were familiar with its bead and zest. To such drink does the palate yearn in these October days. Exalted be the natural, undistilled juice of the first pressing. A good custom is the old one of grating up a little horse-radish and dropping it into the scoured casks that are to hold the liquor. It improves and lends the tang, which is beyond the powers of description. With a cool place for its storage, the resultant product can be kept in any receptacle. If no cool, cobwebby cellar be at hand, then a stone jug will do admirable service. From either a generous-mouthed pitcher, topped with the lightest, ariest bubbles that ever rode an underlying depth of rich, clear brown, can be brought out to make an autumn or winter evening with book and hickory meats and popcorn and a snapping fire an evening of life, indeed.

The passenger traffic between the United States and Europe continues to offer most alluring inducements. Many of the big companies are adding the newest, largest and swiftest vessels to their fleets. One of the latest launchings is that of a ship that is being built by a French line, to run to New York. This is one of the greatest craft yet completed, and when put in commission will be able to carry 2,020 passengers. The total cost will be about \$5,000,000. That is what foreign concerns are doing to get American trade. And Americans permit them to monopolize a business that should be in American control and which should be a most important auxiliary in extending American commerce.

Has aviation as a "sport" no longer power to attract? Reports from the old world are to the effect that the principal British and continental meetings this year resulted in financial loss to their promoters, who are "cut" a total of \$375,000. Most of the "bird-men" also are worse off in pocket through participation in the exhibitions. Some "big money" has been made in the United States and in Europe by winners of prizes offered in aerial competition. But there are numerous signs that the matter has been overdone, both here and abroad.

The drowning of more than a score of the battleship New Hampshire's crew through the swamping of a boat within a few yards of the shore suggests the imperative necessity of teaching all our blue-jackets to swim. By outrigging a netting from every war ship when lying in suitable ports or even while at sea a means could be provided for teaching this essential art to men recruited from prairie states, and others who have never learned how to keep afloat in the water or propel themselves through it.

At a dinner in Chicago a prominent army officer advocated the conscription system for filling the ranks of the military establishment, and said we can never have an adequate outfit until we adopt that method. Still, the average American will probably continue in the belief that the best soldier is likely to be one who enters the army voluntarily.

A Seattle man wants a divorce because his wife eats seven pounds of meat a day. And then has the nerve to ask him for ostrich plumes, too, we presume.

We hear now of inoculation against ordinary colds. The best inoculation against familiar hunger is, and will always be, food.

A bluejacket's life in the time of peace will soon be compared with that of the football player for uncertainty.

SCHOOLS IN PUBLIC PARKS.

Boston's finance commission has placed itself upon record as favoring the building of one of the public schools in one of Boston's public parks. If the suggestion should be acted upon by the Boston city government it would probably involve a unique experiment. A schoolhouse is to be built in a portion of the city where property is high-priced, and even at a high price it is difficult to get a suitable site. In Washington park the city has an area of 396,125 square feet in such location as to make an ideal site, says the St. Paul Dispatch. The commission argues that the school building will occupy but 12,000 square feet of this space, and that the curtailing of the breathing area will, therefore, not be serious. On the other hand, the fact of having a school in the park will attract to it a maximum number of children and promote the object of the park.

While the finance commission does not wish to make its recommendation a precedent, it has in it a suggestion of value. The plan might be worked both ways, locating schools where convenient in public parks so as to give the children a maximum of ground for recreation, and turning the grounds about such buildings into breathing spots for the use of the neighborhoods, especially in vacation times.

The pessimist can always find food for gloomy thought. The facts that the census shows a big increase in population while the death rate is decreasing will prove to that individual, who, like the proverbial Scotchman, is never happy unless he is miserable, that the nation is going to be overcrowded until somebody has to be shoved off the earth to make room for the rest.

Those who have been wondering as to whether America would produce a new race have their answer. The hobble skirt race has been inaugurated on Long Island. It was won in seven falls.

A Tokyo cable announces the Japanese will make a dash for the south pole to try and beat the American and British expeditions. The more the merrier. And may the best man win.

Girls caught shoplifting in Philadelphia explained that "they wanted to be stylish." In order to satisfy that desire they should have confined their misdeeds to smuggling.

A western man claims he is insane and brings forward as proof the fact that he was married three times in three months. "Insane" is an inadequate word, we opine.

New York has formed a league to banish French from the bill of fare. Merely to call a chef a cook would be a great gain.

The cheaper cuts of horse meat now cost 20 cents a pound in Paris. And yet people thought autos would make horses cheap.

Sauerkraut is superior to beans as a diet, says a Boston scientist. Bostonians will take steps to deport him to the Fatherland.

President Simon of Haiti refuses to ride in an automobile, which is proof enough that he likes his job and wants to hang on to it.

Somebody claims that New York is the purest city in the land. It's up to some of the rest of us to clean up, if that's the case.

Japan claims the secret of making pearls artificially. The secret of making hobble-skirts naturally will never be found.

One by one the comic supplement jokes come true. In Detroit a hen-pecked liontamer has really taken refuge from his wife by sleeping in the cage.

If there are a great number of hens of the Scranton, Pa., variety we can expect the price of eggs to drop in a few days.

When a town has only one barber it might be well for a guardian to be sent along with him when he leaves the city.