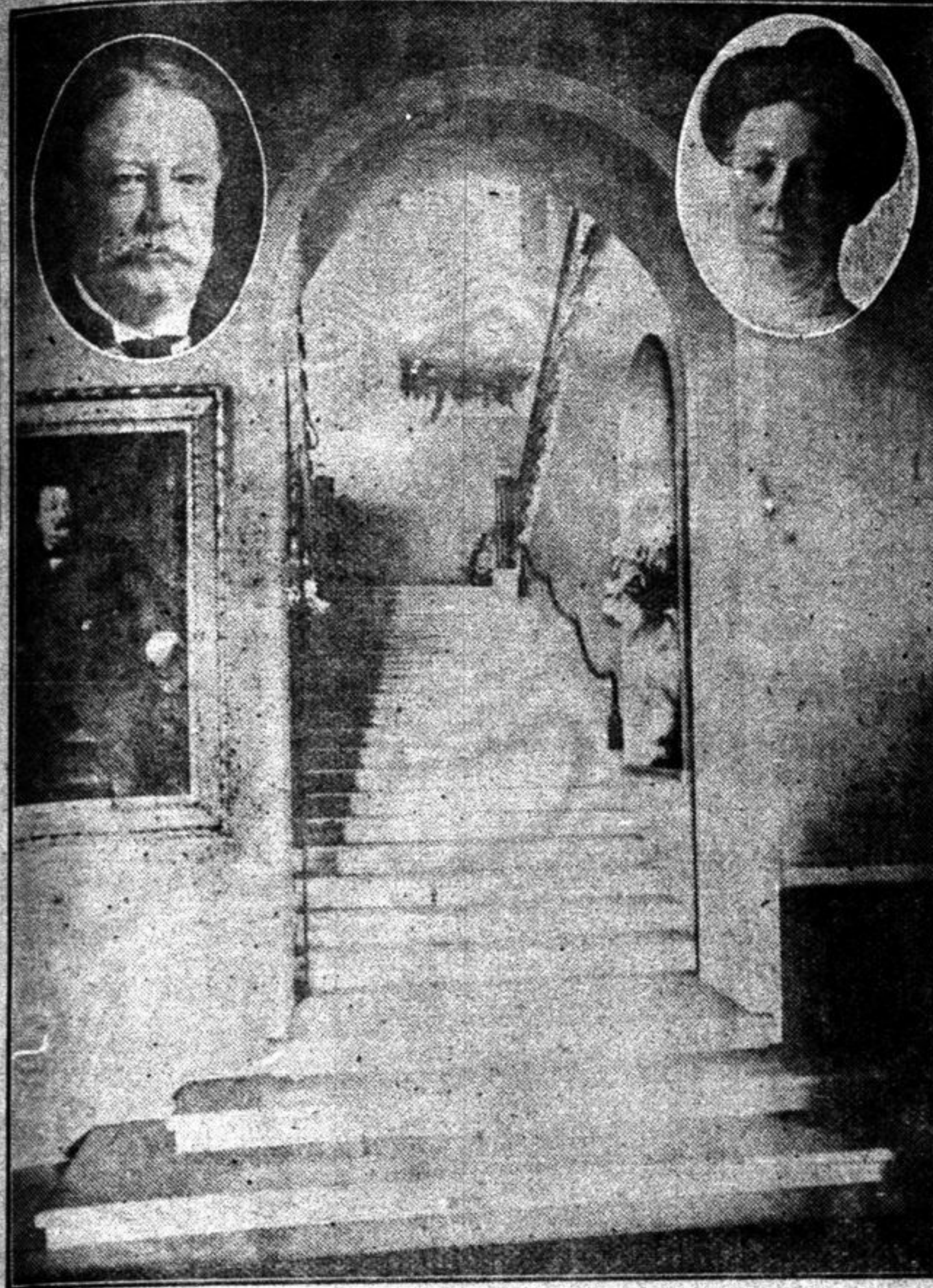


# New Year's Day at White House

President Taft

Mrs. Taft



GRAND STAIRWAY AT THE WHITE HOUSE DECORATED FOR THE NEW YEAR'S RECEPTION. WHEN THE PRESIDENT AND MRS. TAFT DESCEND THIS STAIRWAY THE OPENING OF THE GREAT RECEPTION IS SIGNALLED.

The "social season" in Washington opens nominally with the assembling of congress. In reality, it blooms fully only with the White House reception on New Year's day. This is always one of the most beautiful functions of the winter. The great conservatories, into which one enters from a back door of the Executive Mansion, are rife with choicest flowers with which to decorate every room. Palms and ferns add their touch of summer green here and there, and the ladies appear in their freshest toilettes. It is truly the president's reception. He and his wife are supposed to be receiving alone, though, in point of fact, the wives of cabinet ministers and other ladies assist. They stand in line in the oval-shaped "Blue Room," perhaps the most beautiful of the White House parlors, in its furnishings of pale blue and gold.

From eleven in the morning until half-past one, or later, the procession of guests files by. First comes the supreme court in a body, headed by the chief justice. Then approach the members of the diplomatic corps, most of them far more stately and distinguished in manner than our plain citi-

zens, and dazzling in their uniforms, decorations and orders. The officers of the army and navy rival them, however, in their gay, full-dress uniforms, as they come next in the line.

More soberly clad, senators and representatives and other officials follow them, and then comes the motley crowd of the "general public," rich and poor, small and great. Every one enjoys a handshake with the president and his wife, then passes on into the Red Room and beyond. Occasionally one hears a stranger say: "My father went to school with your father," or "I knew you when you were a baby. Did you ever hear your mother speak of Miss Sally Sparks?" and other quaint and intimate speeches. Sometimes upon hearing one, the face of the president lights up and his set, conventional smile falls like a mask. It is a slight worth seeing.

Never have a more cordial and socially accomplished host and hostess presided over the White House than President and Mrs. Taft. The coming New Year's reception there may confidently be expected to prove one of the most successful in its history.

## HOW COCOANUTS ARE USED

Immense Value of the Trees and How the Crop is Garnered.

A coconut tree in the Islands of Trinidad and Tobago begins to produce nuts in four or five years after planting, and reaches maturity in twelve or fourteen years. The average life of a healthy tree is fifty years, often very much longer. The production of nuts does not average more than one hundred a mature tree. At present coconuts for export are invoiced at from \$13 to \$22, a probable average of \$16 a thousand, copra at 4 to 5 cents a pound, and the oil at 90 cents a gallon. The nuts are mostly shipped to Philadelphia and New York, the copra to Europe and the oil to the other West India islands.

Cocconut trees are planted about 150 to the acre, and fifteen to eighteen feet apart. Unskilled labor, coolie labor chiefly, is paid 30 to 50 cents a day, while the pickers get 90 cents a thousand, and a higher wage if the trees are very tall. In some sections the trees are being affected with bud rot, but every effort known to science is being used to limit the spread of the disease. It is not, however, generally prevalent, but works most injury in sections where there is too much moisture. Insect pests have also to be contended with, but these thus far have not caused much alarm among the producers. The natural annual death rate of the trees, as stated by a leading horticulturist, does not exceed five a thousand, and 5 to 10 per cent in sections of plantations where the bud rot prevails.

The cocconut industry is considered very profitable, and is rapidly growing here. The largest producer grows 5,000,000 nuts a year, another 3,000,000, while the remainder are mostly small producers. The shells are looked upon as

waste, except as they rot and become fertilizer, or when used on the large estates for road making. An effort was made a few years ago to utilize the fiber as a marketable product, but the effort proved unsuccessful, probably because it was not carried out on the right lines.

## HER PROOF OF IDENTITY

Cashier of Telegraph Company Thinks It Sufficient and Pays the Money.

Many are the stories told regarding ladies who visit banks, telegraph offices and similar places and are asked to conform to certain prescribed business usages, such as properly indorsing a check or presenting proof of identity. One of the latest is told by the Cleveland Leader in Town Talk: "Several days ago a handsome woman, handsomely dressed and accompanied by two small boys, called at the Western Union office to cash a telegraph money order she had received from her husband, who was in Chicago on business. Cashier John H. Cox asked the woman all the usual questions about identification, but with no satisfactory results. Absolutely she had no documentary proof of her identity. As a last resort, Mr. Cox said: 'Now, madam, I would like very much to give you the money this order calls for. Can't you prove to me some way that you are Mrs. Blank?' Hesitating a moment, the woman exclaimed: 'Why, yes, of course I can. How stupid of me not to think of it before.' Then, pointing to the two boys, said: 'These, sir, are my sons.' She got the money."

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To Stop Cough in Church. Every woman has experienced the mortification of one of those exasperating, hacking little coughs which tickle the throat and seem to grow worse the more one tries to overcome them.

They always come upon one just at a time when the kindly cough drop has been left at home and it is impossible to procure the saving sip of water.

Many a woman has hastily left her seat in a church with a red face and the echo of a hacking little cough following her down the aisle and into the vestibule, when the trouble might have been conquered in a very simple way.

A cough drop is not at all essential to the stopping of a tickling cough.

A bit of paper, torn from the corner of a hymn book leaf or an available pamphlet or leaflet, will answer quite as well as the bit of board or licorice, for the action of the throat muscles in masticating the bit of paper and the consequent flow of saliva soon eases the cough, and by the time the paper is reduced to a pulp the cough will have eased, and one's nervousness will be entirely gone.

### The Table Groaned.

"There are several names for it," explained the talkative boarder; "it may be called the deborned conundrum or the amputated conundrum or the half point conundrum. It's a conundrum that has had its enacting clause stricken out. Here's a sample: The one is a Barkis that's willin', and the other is a Willis that's barkin'."

"But what is the question that goes with it?" asked the argumentative boarder.

"There isn't any question that goes with it. It has been deprived of its interrogation point. That is why it may be called a half point conundrum."

Nobody said anything in rejoinder. But the table groaned.

### Do You Know Him?

The musician had delighted her audience for an hour with classic melody, and at some one's suggestion she was now rendering one of her own compositions.

At the close she wheeled suddenly about on the stool amidst plaudits and general expressions of admiration. Her own little "piece" had struck closer home than the classics.

"Ah," said the listener who had heard the selection for the first time, "that is very beautiful—charming—melodious—it sounds just like something I've heard before."

### Fame at Last.

"Whatever is the matter, Percy?" asked the poet's wife, "why are you tearing your hair so?"

"O, Scribblers' Magazine has sent me an acceptance for a poem!"

"Why, that's grand! You have been trying to sell them something for so long."

"Well, perhaps it is, but I find the sonnet I meant to send them is right here on my desk and what I sent them was the backing sheet that I've been using on my typewriter for the last three months!"

### The Enthusiast.

It was after the football game. Amid the plaudits of 50,000 enthusiastic spectators the full back of the victorious team had been carried from the field on the shoulders of his joy-crazed cohorts. He was the hero of the hour. By his unaltd efforts defeat had been turned into glorious victory within one minute of the call of time.

He was in the hands of his rubbers when his chum entered the dressing room. "I had the pleasure of sitting next to your best girl during the game," said his chum.

"Did she enthuse over my playing?" asked the star full back with that beautiful modesty so characteristic of the modern gridiron gladiator.

"Well—er—" replied the chum, not without a certain hesitancy, "when you made your 45 yard run for the last touchdown, and the flags were flying, and we were all yelling ourselves into a state of idiocy, and everybody felt sure of your place on the All-American team, she turned to me and said:

"Hasn't he beautiful hair?"

### Screwed Up Their Courage.

It was the hour of family confidences. Mr. Buggins had finished his evening papers, and in slippers and dressing gown was toasting his toes before the asbestos fire log, while the wife of his bosom was putting a few stitches in the table cover she was doing for Aunt Mary, and which she hoped to have finished by Christmas.

"I did something today that I've been screwing up my courage to do for a long time," said Mrs. Buggins. "Yes?" said Mr. Buggins, mildly interested. "What was it?"

"You know that odious Mrs. Bjoness?" replied Mrs. Buggins. "Well, I paid her a call that I have owed for nearly a year."

"My dear, I can sympathize with you," said Mr. Buggins. "Today, by a strange coincidence I paid that odious Mr. Bjoness a bill I had owed him for quite a long."

## Marriage and Liberty.

Liberty comes in such different ways! For women it comes most often through marriage. Nine women in ten have more space after they are married for the exercise of their wills than they had before; therefore we can all see more clearly what they really are. The most tyrannical husband cannot rob a woman of her authority over her children and her household. The good woman is better, the hard woman is harder, the mean woman is meaner than ever she was.

Usually a married woman has a more strongly marked character than her unmarried sister. Her friends find it more easy to call up her mental face; they are more sure how she will act in given circumstances. Marriage is almost always fraught with some surprises to the student of character. These surprises are loosely described as changes; but change in character is so rare an occurrence more especially in women, that it should never be regarded as an explanation unless all others fail.

Montenegro is a kingdom now instead of a mere principality. Over in Montenegro there are people probably who think we care.

The man who introduced moving pictures into this country is dead, but whether he died remorseful or unrepentant the dispatches do not say.

A hobble skirt in which a disguised burglar tried to escape assisted greatly in his capture. Thus we see that even the hobble skirt hath its uses.

Meat prices have come down, according to market reports, but some of the local dealers evidently don't read the papers. Somebody ought to tell 'em.

While it is true that one makes acquaintances with queer people on one's vacation, it is not always necessary to go on a vacation to achieve that end.

The latest thing at Newport is a rag-time bear dinner. A bull and bear dance would look pretty lively, only it would be unpleasantly suggestive of "shop."

A motorcycle ran against the rear end of an Indiana mule the other day, and it is reported that two or three pieces of the machine were afterward found almost intact.

One of the Harvard professors pathetically declares that Yankee blood is dying out. We suspect that the trouble with him is that he hasn't been away from a big town lately.

A man in New York bet six months in jail on the election and lost. Now, despite his efforts, he can't break into jail to pay the debt. A worse hard luck tale could scarcely be told.

A California magistrate has decided that telling a person to go to the infernal regions is not profanity in the legal sense of the word. But the status remains of its being very rude.

That Long Island judge who ruled that \$3,000 a year is enough for the education of a sixteen-year-old girl doubtless had in his crude masculine mind only the useful things. Other kinds cost more.

A Mississippi man who put a stick of dynamite in his pocket and then fell down with it will recover from his injuries. A man so favored by pure "dumb luck" as this ought to be in steady demand as a mascot.

If shoveling in coal and carrying out the ashes were all there is to running a furnace it would be excellent exercise. But many a man becomes dangerously fatigued when it comes to writing out checks for the coal merchant.

An Indiana man died recently after having lived for ninety years without ever having had his face shaved or his hair cut, so he claimed, but the story seems incredible. Surely his mother must have cut his hair when he was too young to put up a fight.

The story from New York that loans to the aggregate of \$50,000,000 have been negotiated abroad indicates that American credit is excellent, and also that the money is likely to be put where it will do the most good in promoting American enterprises. Incidentally it is proof that the money market is by no means as "hard" as had been supposed.