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A booklet describing this ideal fuel and its use will be delivered to every customer of the North Shore Gas Co. Please read it carefully—it will be worth your while. If YOU do not receive a copy please write or call at our office.

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Highland Park Fuel Company and Frank Siljstrom, Local Agents
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Harder Hardware

and the *harder* you think about hardware, the *harder* you will think about *Harder* Hardware, for *Harder* Hardware is *harder* than just ordinary hardware, because *Harder* himself stands back of the quality of his hardware with a guarantee that makes good. And thus it is that everybody wants the

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DEATH WARNINGS.

Soldiers Who Foresaw Their Fate
on the Eve of Battle.

KNOW THEIR TIME HAD COME.

It Was Not Mere Fancy, but Grim Premonition, That Moved These Men to Read Their Own Death Warrants—A Case of Red Tape and a Bullet.

Premonitions get little attention, and those who have them little sympathy in these days. During the war, however, a premonition came to be looked upon as a most unwelcome guest. In the company I went out with there were two Garfield brothers. The younger, a quiet, modest fellow who spent his leisure time writing letters and reading, never joined in camp amusements, told a few of his more intimate friends while the regiment was in camp opposite Fredericksburg, Va., in 1862, that he would be wounded in the first battle he went into and die from the effects of it. The boys laughed at him and tried to cheer him up, but it was of no use, he never changed his mind. Aug. 28, 1862, was the first battle of the regiment. Young Garfield was as brave as the bravest at Gainesville.

"This is my first and last fight, boys, and I shall do my duty," is what he said when the regiment plunged into that battle, in which the Iron Brigade of four regiments and two regiments of Doubleday's brigade, the Fifty-sixth Pennsylvania and the Seventy-sixth New York, met "Stonewall" Jackson's sixteen regiments and held them in check for four hours, our brigade alone losing 800 of its 2,500 men.

"I'm hit, goodby, boys," said Garfield, as he fell out and went to the rear.

"Yours is a flesh wound in the calf of the leg and in a few days will be all right," said the surgeon to Garfield.

"Tell my parents I did not shrink my duty," pleaded the poor boy.

And he lay there without a word of complaint and died.

Near him was "Kicker" Finch of the same company with a shattered knee, a much worse wound than Garfield's. Finch demanded attention. He forced the nurses to keep his wound bathed in cold water, and if they were at all neglectful he swore at them. Finch lived to kick about poor hardware and salt junk cut from dead horses, but Garfield is sleeping in the Bull Run cemetery.

Frank King was a rollicking young fellow in the same company, generous, brave and popular, a slinger who always drew an audience. Like a hero he fought at Gainesville, Second Bull Run, South Mountain, Antietam, Fred-

ericksburg and Fitzhugh crossing. "Lime, this finishes my fighting," was what Frank King said to Lime White, a comrade, just as the Sixth Wisconsin swung into line for a charge the first day at Gettysburg.

"Killed in battle" is what the orderly entered after Frank's name that night. "Have all the fun with me you desire, gentlemen; it is your last chance," was what Major Phil Plummer of the Sixth Wisconsin said to a company of officers who were chaffing him about being so very sober the day before Grant moved into the Wilderness in 1864. Forty-eight hours later they rolled his blanket about him and buried him where he fell. Nothing could convince him that he would not be killed in that battle, though he had escaped in a dozen other great battles.

Captain Rollin P. Converse, who had won his way from the ranks and gone through a score of great battles, went into the first day's fight of the Wilderness, May 5, 1864, confident that he would do his last fighting that day. He never fought more bravely. They left him on the field with a thigh cruelly torn and death looking him squarely in the eye.

A Confederate surgeon told Converse that his leg would have to come off.

"That would not save my life, so let it alone," was his quiet reply. But the surgeon began to arrange for an amputation.

"Let that leg alone," said Converse. The surgeon paid no attention to the wounded captain until Converse had taken out his revolver and pointed it at him. There was no amputation. At the next day they buried Converse with both legs.

Lieutenant John Timmons of Company C was entitled to muster out July 16, 1864, his three years having ended, but red tape intervened and delayed the order. Days and weeks passed without the word which would take him out of the service. On the night of Aug. 10, 1864, an order came for the regiment to march. A march then, in front of Petersburg, meant a battle.

"This is tough," said Timmons. "I ought to have been mustered out and gone home a month ago. In a day or two we shall have a fight, and I shall go to my long home—be killed."

The first of the Weldon railroad battles, Aug. 18, John Timmons was killed—died of red tape and a bullet.—Chicago Record Herald

His Conscience.

"Oh, yes, he's a very fine alderman."

"Why, I'm told he can be bribed."

"Of course. But he has some conscience about it."

"How is that?"

"Why, you can buy him to support a measure, but he won't stay bought."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

To do just one thing at a time has led many a harassed soul into quietness and order and rest.

ALPINE CURLING.

Almost Surgical Skill Used on the Ice to Make it Perfect.

Scotch players regard the conditions of Alpine curling as somewhat too luxurious. The ice is almost too perfect, and the tactics that proved successful on the rough ice of a Scottish pond have to be abandoned in favor of more subtle methods.

The ordinary visitor to the Alps has very little idea of the science and work which are necessary to insure a good rink, and the Scotch curler who has been accustomed to the rough ice formed by a few nights' frost is somewhat startled when he sees an army of ice-men working through the night. A rink in the Alps is a costly business. The ground is carefully leveled in the spring, and after the first fall of snow a squad of ice-men tramp the snow down as evenly as possible. The flooding is done in a series of elaborate stages, which can be carried out only when the sun is shining.

The secret of good ice is to go slowly. This was proved by a clever experiment. The discovery of this was due to Rudolph Bauman, perhaps the best ice-man in the Alps. He filled two wooden tubs with water, and the first froze hard in a night. The second was allowed to fill gradually, drop by drop, throughout a fortnight. The two blocks of ice were then put in the sunshine, and, whereas the ice that had been formed in a single night disappeared within a week, the other block survived for three weeks.

The ice is carefully doctored every night with the skill of a first class surgeon. Small holes are trimmed and scooped out with a knife. They are then filled with finely powdered ice and sprinkled with boiling water. The result is an absolutely even surface of good ice.—London Times.

Right Up to Date.

"In regard to the custody of the child," said the judge in handing down his decision in the divorce case. "I'll let the young lady decide for herself."

"Oh," replied the worldly wise young thing, "if mamma is really going to get all that alimony I guess I'll go with her."—Brooklyn Life.

Sacrifice For Art's Sake.

"You say you have devoted your life to art," said the man who tries to be polite, even when surprised.

"Yes," replied Mr. Cumrox. "I have devoted myself to an effort to become rich enough to own a gallery of genuine old masters."—Washington Star.

More Trouble Coming.

Ambulance Surgeon—Cheer up! You are not going to die! Motorist (looking at wrecked machine)—I don't know about that. That was my wife's auto.—Chicago News.

WANTED, FOR RENT, FOR SALE

FOR RENT

—FOR RENT—Reasonable; choice 10 acres of ground, with six room house, good basement, large barn and out buildings; modern improvements in house and barn. Apply 414 McDaniel Ave. 52 pd

—FOR RENT, reasonable—4-room cottage, with basement; modern improvements, with or without two acres of ground. Apply 414 McDaniel Ave. 52 pd.

—FOR RENT—Two furnished rooms. One large room with steam heat, bay window facing Sheridan Road. Inquire at Beehive bargain store. tf

—FOR RENT—Rooms, single or ensuite in Highland Park hotel. Steam heat, electric light and with or without bath. Good service guaranteed. Low rates to April 1st. tf

—FOR RENT—Furnished rooms and housekeeping suites. 215 E. Central Ave. Telephone 249. tf

FOR SALE

—FOR SALE—1 team horses weighing 3300 pounds; 1 set teaming harness, 1 wagon, 1 buggy, 1 carriage, 1 cart, 1 plow, 1 pulverizer, hay and feed. Sam Charbonneau, Libertyville, Ill., one block north of C. & M. E. Diamond Avenue station. 52 pd

—FOR SALE—White Wyandotte eggs for hatching, \$2.00 per setting of 15. F. L. Cheney, 1005 N. Sheridan, Rd. 4f

SITUATIONS WANTED

—WANTED—Serving and day work. Mrs. Hulda Grisson, 132 North Ave., tel. 850-R. 51 pd

WANT A SITUATION?—J. M. Donsing can supply positions for men and women by day or week. State Bank Building, telephone 263. tf

HELP WANTED

—WANTED—Competent man to work on my place. Must understand care of horses and garden and have good references. Steady employment to good man. O. H. Morgan, 238 N. Sheridan Road. 51

—WANTED—Girl for general housework. Mrs. M. A. Mihill; phone 843-W. 52

LOST

—LOST—Week ago Monday, package containing brown vest and pair brown trousers. Reward if returned to L. Nelson, 115 E. Central Ave. pd 52

—LOST—On Sunday, Feb. 23, between the Trinity church and 418 Glencoe Ave., a Trinity medal with monogram "L. H. S." on one side and "Easter '07" on the other side. Finder please leave with N. A. Aldridge, Erskine Bank bldg. 52

MISCELLANEOUS

—EMPLOYMENT AGENCY—Women desiring work should register with me. If you need help address Mrs. Geo. Smith, Jr., over Schumacher's drug store, tel. 320. tf

—WANTED—4-room cottage with modern improvements. Apply at Shoe Shop in Press office building. tf

Highland Park Mail Service

List of mails arriving at this office:
6:30 a. m. from all points; 7:41 a. m. from all points; 9:33 a. m. from all points; 12:19 p. m. from all points; 1:05 p. m. from all points; 2:43 from all points north; 3:44 p. m. from all points; 5:44 p. m. from all points; 6:12 p. m. from all points north.
Mail closes at postoffice daily except Sunday.

7:11 a. m. from all points north; 8:00 a. m. from all points except for Highwood to Kenosha; 11:41 a. m. for all points north; 12:35 a. m. for all points except for Fort Sheridan to Kenosha; 2:13 p. m. for all points south, east and west; 3:14 p. m. for all points north; 5:42 p. m. for all points; 6:00 for all points; Sundays 5:16 p. m.

Caribou Horns.

The caribou, or water buffalo, of the Philippines often attain to great length of horn, one specimen, it is believed, standing quite without a rival in that respect. Measured along the curve of the horns, it is over twelve feet from one tip to the other. The spread of this animal's horns is greater than the width of several of the narrow lanes of the town—Dolo—where his owner lives, and in consequence a brown line of sootied bark on the thickest bamboo hedges often marks the route which this splendid old giant has traversed.—Wide World Magazine

Voltaire's Possor.

Voltaire's test to ascertain the sense of responsibility of an individual was to ask him to suppose that he had in front of him a button. The effect of pushing the button would be to obtain one's dearest wife—love, fame, wealth, power, or what not—and at the same time to cause the death of an unknown Chinaman? What would he do?

A Delicate Mission.

"I've got to see a young man today on a delicate errand."

"Ah! He wants to marry your daughter?"

"No, I want to marry his mother, and I don't believe he views me in the most suitable light."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Earning a Whipping.

"Will you take off some of your shoes for a minute, Miss Sereen?"

"What in the world for, Johnnie?"

"Mamma said you was gettin' crows' feet somethin' awful."—Houston Post.

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A PAMPERED POET.

Wordsworth Was Waited on Hand and Feet by His Family.

The somewhat doubtful pleasure of a visit to Wordsworth in his home at Rydal Mount, as described by Mrs. Kemble, is thus given by Mrs. L. D. Walcott in "Memories of Victorian London":

"It was not a pleasure—the Wordsworths were such queer people and so wrapped up in themselves. Even though you were their guests you were expected in everything to play second fiddle to the man of the house. Round him everything revolved. You might have a poor breakfast, cold dishes, bad coffee—things were mostly bad at Rydal that were only for the inferior general company—but the master's comfort was sedulously attended to—so different from my other poet friend, Mr. Southey, with whom I also stayed at the lakes. Southey was everybody's body, attending to every one, looking after every one himself, while in the Wordsworth household it was the custom for the head of the house to breakfast in bed, wife on one side, daughter on the other, both wholly absorbed in ministering to his wants, while every other person in the house hung about."

"And it was the same all through the day. You might as a stranger long to see all you could of those beautiful lakes and mountains, and almost any hosts would have taken care that you should, but not so the Wordsworths. If it were a dull day and rain impending there was a chance of his getting wet, and all the pros and cons were debated in your presence, but without any reference to your possible witness. If there were a cold wind they shook their heads with decision; he was never allowed to walk or drive in a cold wind.

"One was fairly sick of it, and I would not have stayed even the three days I did but that I was on my way to Greta Hall, and did not like to inconvenience the Southneys."

BAGGAGE SMASHING.

An English View of American Methods and Our Big Trunks.

A fact to be sternly borne in mind, especially by those who voyage round the world, is that luggage which will serve for every other place on earth is too often useless on American railways. The wretched breakage of luggage goes on on every American railway. A trunk may travel round the world, on all the European railways, and in the hold of every kind of boat; it may be heaved in and out of sampans, dumped about by bullock carts and knocked about by coolies and carriers, and arrive at, let us say, San Francisco, as sound and serviceable as when it left the London terminus, and before it has journeyed half across the American continent, be smashed and useless. Many thousands of pounds' worth of European travelers' luggage is thus gratuitously destroyed every year.

The American press, and in some degree the public, treat the "baggage smasher" as a joke, instead of being, as he is, an almost criminal survival of the barbarous days of America, one of the last points on which the United States falls of being a civilized country. To this abuse are due the monstrous, iron-bound trunks which mark the average American traveler, a nightmare to the porters of less reckless countries, and for the transportation of which the owners on continent of railways not seldom pay more than they do for their own first class tickets. Just as the struggle goes on between projectile and armor plate, so does the conflict between the American traveler to build luggage which will beat the baggage smasher, and of the baggage smasher by more and more strenuous smashing to beat the traveler and trunk builder.—London Times.

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