

Park Fuel Co.
EL. President
**Trade Coal
Wood
Cement and
Building Material**
Building let us give you
sand, Gravel, Cement
lime, Fire Clay, etc.
Telephone 335

Theatre
d. Ill.
Shows Every Night
Wednesday
Nights
10 CENTS

Shouldn't We Be Busy?
Give you the best leather and
workmanship at the low-
est price and will do your work
the day if desired. All work
guaranteed. Give us a trial.
We buy Old Shoes
Highland Park Shoe Repairing Shop

System
Diverting minds forget
man whose mem-
ory days has little
implies forgetfulness,
er matters. It isn't
ve the telephone.
the train, or forget the
elled, or the social duty
you for the sign of the

one is the antidote for
one Company
Manager
e 9903

Insurance Agency
d-1877
s all its branches
Tornado Life
Employers Liability
Companies Lowest Rates


Fresh
popular. They are made right
from the kettles every day.
Cream Caramels
Peanut Brittle
Plate Chips
Home Made Candy
Kitchen
Highland Park, Illinois

The Geo. Colburn Music Studio
VOICE, VIOLIN AND THEORY
Chorus and Orchestra Conducting
135 South Second Street
HIGHLAND PARK
Telephone 632

FRED SCHAEFER
PLUMBING
23 N. Sheridan Road, Highland Park
Telephone 909

J. P. STEFFEN
Fresh Butter, Eggs
and Poultry
331 McDaniels Avenue
HIGHLAND PARK, ILL.
Telephone 909

Estimates Furnished Prices Right
Geo. H. Morris
Painting and Decorating
Wall Paper, Etc.
Supplied
506 Lincoln Place Telephone 833-W

For UP-TO-DATE SHOES

J. A. Blomdahl
17 St. Johns Avenue Telephone 247

Chas. E. Russell
Civil Engineer and Surveyor
Lake Forest, Phone 534-w
Surveys, Subdividing, plans
& estimates for private &
public improvement work
Office: Erskine Bank Bldg.
Phone 309

Telephone 436 449 Deerpark Ave.
E. E. FARMER
Excavating and
Cement Floors
Concrete Work Estimates Furnished

Telephone 832-R Elm and Maple Trees
and Sheds for Sale
Thompson Street Trees
Patrick F. Cawley
Contractor for
Public Works and
Landscape Gardener
Licensed Sewer Digger
Concrete Work, Etc. 233 North Second St.
Highland Park, Ill.

Madam, Read McCall's
The Fashion Authority
McCall's is a large, artistic, hand-
somely illustrated 100-page monthly
Magazine that is adding to the happi-
ness and efficiency of 1,100,000
women each month.
Each issue is brimful of fashions, fancy-
work, interesting short stories, and scores
of labor-saving and money-saving ideas
for women. There are more than 50 of
the newest designs of the celebrated
McCALL PATTERNS in each issue.
McCALL PATTERNS are famous for
style, fit, simplicity and economy. Only
10 and 15 cents each.
The publishers of McCALL'S will spend
thousands of dollars extra in the coming
months in order to keep McCALL'S head
and shoulders above all other women's
magazines at any price. However,
McCALL'S is only 50¢ a year, positively
worth \$1.00.
You May Select Any One McCall Pattern Free
from your first copy of McCALL'S, if you
subscribe quickly.
THE McCALL COMPANY, 236 West 37th St., New York
NOTE—Ask for a free copy of McCALL'S wonder-
ful new sewing catalogue. Sample copy and pat-
tern catalogue also free on request.

HIS RISE TO POWER
CHAPTER XI.
With a Great Price.

JOHN was standing at the win-
dow of his courthouse office.
The sense of loneliness was
upon him again. It may be
that the slight of Katherine Hamden
sauntering down Main street in com-
pany with a bearded summer gen-
tlemen had something to do with his
mood.
Then another vision was accorded
him—a fat white horse lazily draw-
ing an ancient top buggy in which
Senator Murchell, for all the world a
prosperous farmer passing into age
amid pence and plenty.

A minute later came a knock at his
door. "Come!" he said.
The senator entered. "Afternoon,
John."
"What can I do for you?"
"Humph! Don't seem very glad to see
me. You might ask me to sit down."
John pointed to a chair. "Why heat-
tate? It's your courthouse, isn't it?"
"Understood you'd taken a mortgage
on it yourself lately?" Murchell sat
down, looking genially at John.
"So you think I'm a bad man and a
disgrace to the state?" the senator in-
quired at last.
"Well, just about that," John said
quickly.
"Toid Miss Roberts I'm a bad man,
didn't you?"
"I could have said that you are a
shameful force in politics; that you
have exploited a great party and the
ignorance of the people; that you have
built up a machine for the sole pur-
pose of looting the state; that you have
got and held power by compelling pub-
lic servants to use the influence of
their office to perpetrate your machine
and by buying the votes of the cor-
ruptible. There's probably a lot more,
if I only knew it. I've never heard
that you used your power for any good
thing. Without profession or business
you are a rich man. How?"
"Humph," grunted Murchell, who
had listened without display of feeling.
"Doesn't mean much. You'd have hard
work proving any of it."

They relaxed into silence. John
looked out of the window, awaiting in
cold silence the senator's next words.
Murchell preserved his usual impass-
sive front. It was not the first time
he had encountered the intolerance of
youth. But never before, save during
the Sheehan trial, had the intolerance
pierced the crust of the man.
He broke the silence. "What do you
want to do?"
"A good many things you wouldn't
understand—principally, I suppose, to
smash you and your organization.
That probably sounds funny to you."
Murchell did not laugh. He merely
felt pity for an unpractical young
dreamer.
"You can't smash the organization."
"It must be smashed, because it ex-
ists to deprive the people of the right
of self government."

"A pretty phrase. It's common sense
politics. The people don't want to gov-
ern themselves—they can't. They need
some one to take the burden from them.
How are you going to smash us?"
"It may be simpler than you think,
Senator Murchell. When the people
understand what you are they'll smash
you."
The other smiled pityingly. "You
think because you've sent a few poor
devils to jail you're a man of destiny,
don't you? You think I'm merely a
wicked old fellow who's got power
and is using it for his own selfish ends.
If I were just that you could smash
me. But I'm more than that. I am
an institution—a part of a necessary
institution, one that society, that prop-
erty, that business, can't get along
without. You can't smash William
Murchell—that is, put some one in his
place. But you can't smash the insti-
tution. And you can't judge a system
by its incidental errors."

John smiled, not very happily. "I've
heard that before. The weakness of
your argument is that the errors seem
to be essential. Government isn't,
or shouldn't be, merely a matter of force,
nor exist only as the servant of prop-
erty, even if all you say is true. And
I've got to go on."

"And where'll you come out?"
"If you will try to break me. You
may succeed. But you will observe



credules. He went to the window, start-
ing out wonderingly. He saw a strange
thing—Jeremy Applegate, stumping
across the square and pausing under
the flag, looking up. The veteran's
hand rose, as though in salute; then,
arrested midway, it fell limply, and Jer-
emy marched on.
John pointed. "There, senator, is one
who entered the service of your insti-
tution. Now he is a broken spirited
old man with just enough soul left to
be ashamed. If I became part of your
machine, in the end I'd become like
that—different in size perhaps, but the
same in kind. I," he said, quietly, "pre-
pare your enmity; it's safer. You repre-
sent an institution. I stand for a
principle, a fundamental principle. You
can smash John Dunne—oh, very
easily, no doubt. But Senator Mur-
chell, you can't smash the principle!"
The senator did not often permit
himself the luxury of losing his tem-
per, but he was exceedingly close to it
just then. The friendship he had of-
fered to a young man whom he liked
strangely, well had been contemptuously
rejected, and the hurt was all the
deeper because he had broken the rule
of a lifetime to make the offer. He
carefully waited until the emotion had
subsided before speaking.
"It's a good deal simpler to state a
principle than to follow it in practice.
And you can't judge politics by one
year's experience. However—"
He stopped long enough to put on
his hat.
"You went out of your way to de-
nounce me. You took a time when
I'm needing friends to do it, too. In
spite of that I made you an offer in
good faith. If there's anything in you
I'd have given you the chance to
prove it."
"I," he concluded, and he spoke as of
some divine edict, fixed and immutable—
"I rarely offer friendship to those
who fight me—never twice."
He went out.



your own commence. I'm told by
every one before I have tried long,
while I am still winning, that I'm
doomed to be a failure."
"Now it is you who will not see." She
became more gentle. "Do you think
I could care for a wedding? It isn't
you we distrust, but your ideal. I
know more of politics than I did a year
ago. Your dream will get you only
disappointment. Even the big men
who have cleared the forest they found
this country used the forces they found
at hand, compromised with evil to
create good. And their good stands."
Suddenly she leaned toward him and
placed a hand on his arm. "Look,
John!" She pointed to the north star
glimmering faintly in the moonlight.
"That star is beautiful, but it is very,
very high. Can't you understand? Ask
me to go with you to the mountain top
and I will go. I will help you climb,
but to that star—and I can't."
She had shaken him, as she could al-
ways shake him, set him to question-
ing the real value of the purpose that
through forces over which he had no
control, as it seemed, had grown until
it filled his life, excluding all else. Her
hand still rested on his arm, yet he
found strength to answer:
"You've said it yourself—caring isn't
everything."
He got to his feet slowly. She, too,
rose. With a sudden jealous contrac-
tion of her heart she realized how lit-
tle of the grief she had thought to see
was in his look. Strength was there,
the strength to suffer and to with-
stand, and something else, almost a
glow, the reflection of a spirit handed
down to this man across the genera-
tions from an age of martyrs who
were glad to pay for their faith. With
a great relief he was paying for his
faith, and it became the more precious
to him.
She found the need to justify herself
before him.
"At least," she said unsteadily, "you
will remember that I didn't pretend
until it was too late for you to escape
me and then carry you into going my
way, as many women have done. I'm
not quite so selfish as that. Am I
wholly contemptible?"
He judged her generosity.
"You aren't contemptible. It is only
that you don't love. Love doesn't hag-
gle or try to drag down. You have
mistaken, honestly mistaken, some-
thing else for it. If you cared—but
you don't. You will find that out
soon."
For a little she looked at him un-
waveringly. Then her strength seemed
to waver.
"You are right, I suppose, and I have
missed a great deal. Goodby," and
went in to her house.

CONTINUED NEXT WEEK

A MOTHER'S TRIBUTE.

Pathetic Ceremony at Night on an At-
lantic Ocean Liner.

Strange, perhaps, to us, but very
touching, is the tender, intimate sollec-
titude of the Latin races for their dead.
"I nostri morti," as the Italians are
wont to call those whom they have
lost. There is a simple yet touching
incident that was related by a passen-
ger on one of the great transatlantic
mail boats.
A few days before the steamer sailed
from Havre its captain received a
letter from a peasant woman of Indre-
et-Loire. In it she explained that her
only son had been a cook on the Titan-
ic and had gone down with the vessel.
She was sending, she wrote, a cross
which she begged him to drop into the
sea at the spot where the disaster oc-
curred.
The cross came in due time, a simple
cross of wood, fashioned rudely enough
by the mother's fingers, and one night,
as the great vessel neared Newfoundland,
for the space of a minute her en-
gines ceased to pulse, and the little
wooden cross, weighted with lead, sank
beneath the waves of the Atlantic—
Paris Cor. Philadelphia Telegraph.

Stevenson on Invalidism.

Robert Louis Stevenson, himself the
most heroic of invalids, would have
agreed with Sir George Birdwood in
his contempt for the valetudinarian.
"To forego all the issues of living in a
parlor with a regulated temperature,"
he writes, "as if that were not to die
a hundred times over, and for ten
years at a stretch! As if it were not
to die in one's own lifetime, and with-
out even the sad immunities of death!
As if it were not to die, and yet be
patient spectators of our own pitiable
change! The permanent possibility is
preserved, but the sensations carefully
held at arm's length, as if one kept a
photographic plate in a dark chamber.
It is better to lose health like a spend-
thrift than to waste it like a miser.
It is better to live and be done with
it than to die daily in the sickroom."
London Chronicle.

California's Petroleum.

Petroleum was produced in a small
way in California very early in the
history of the country—in fact, long
before it was invaded by the army of
gold seekers. Mr. C. Morrell, a druggist
in San Francisco, is commonly
credited with being the first to attempt
the distillation of kerosene from crude
petroleum. This was in 1857, but sev-
eral years prior to that Andrew Pico
made illuminating oil from petroleum
which he obtained in the Newhall re-
gion in Los Angeles county. This oil
was burned, so it is said, in lamps in
the mission San Fernando—Argonaut.

Patience is the strongest of strong
drinks, for it kills the giant despair.—
Jerrild.

Foot and Shilohs
VENCEL MUZIK
BARBER SHOP
W. Central Ave. Highland Park

Dr. E. A. Hamilton Dr. I. L. Baughman
DENTISTS
Suite 4, 5 and 6, State Bank Bldg.
Telephone 678 HIGHLAND PARK, ILL.


DR. WATSON
DENTIST
45 St. Johns Ave. Highland Park
Telephone 374

Telephone 57
F. A. TUCKER
Butter, Eggs, and Home
Dressed Poultry
LAKE SHORE CREAMERY
515 Oakwood Ave. Highland Park
Telephone 87

TRYING to do business
without advertising is
like winking in the dark.
The merchant may know
what he is doing but no-
body else does.

OVER 65 YEARS
EXPERIENCE
PATENTS
TRADE MARKS
DESIGNS
COPYRIGHTS & C.
A representative sketch and description may
quickly ascertain our opinion free of charge and
investing a probable profit. HARRISON, on Patent
and Trade Mark agency, of securing patents.
Patents taken through HARRISON & CO. receive
prompt notice, and are prosecuted in full.
Scientific American.
A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest cir-
culation of any scientific journal. Terms: \$3 a
year, four months \$1. 300 Wall Street, New York
MUNN & CO. 361 Broadway, New York
Branch Office, 11 F St., Washington, D. C.

**The Highland Park
State Bank**
is a SAFE BANK
in which to put
your SAVINGS—
Its cash is counted
and its Securities
Scrutinized by the
State Authorities
periodically. It
publishes a sworn
statement of its
condition in this
newspaper from
time to time.
CROPLEY G. PHILLIPS
President
WM. M. DOOLEY
Cashier
C. F. GRANT
Asst. Cashier

**Clean Your
Carpets**
on the
floor
Don't send
your
rugs
and
carpets
to the
cleaner,
don't pay
a man
to beat
them.
Save
them
this
hard-
worn
and
torn—
use
the
money
to
pay
for
a

**DUNTLEY Pneumatic
Sweeper**
IT'S A HIGHLY EFFICIENT
suction sweeper and revolving
brush sweeper, all in one. Gets
five to six times as much dust as
old style carpet sweepers. Runs
just as easy. Does the work of
a \$195 vacuum cleaner and more.
Not only gets all the dust out of
the body of rug or carpet, but
picks up pins, threads, lint, etc.
No electric power needed. Save
your strength and
keep your house
thoroughly clean all
the year long.
Send me your name so
I can arrange to give
you a
Free Demonstration
in your home
Duntley Pneumatic Sweeper Co
6501 State Street CHICAGO, ILL.